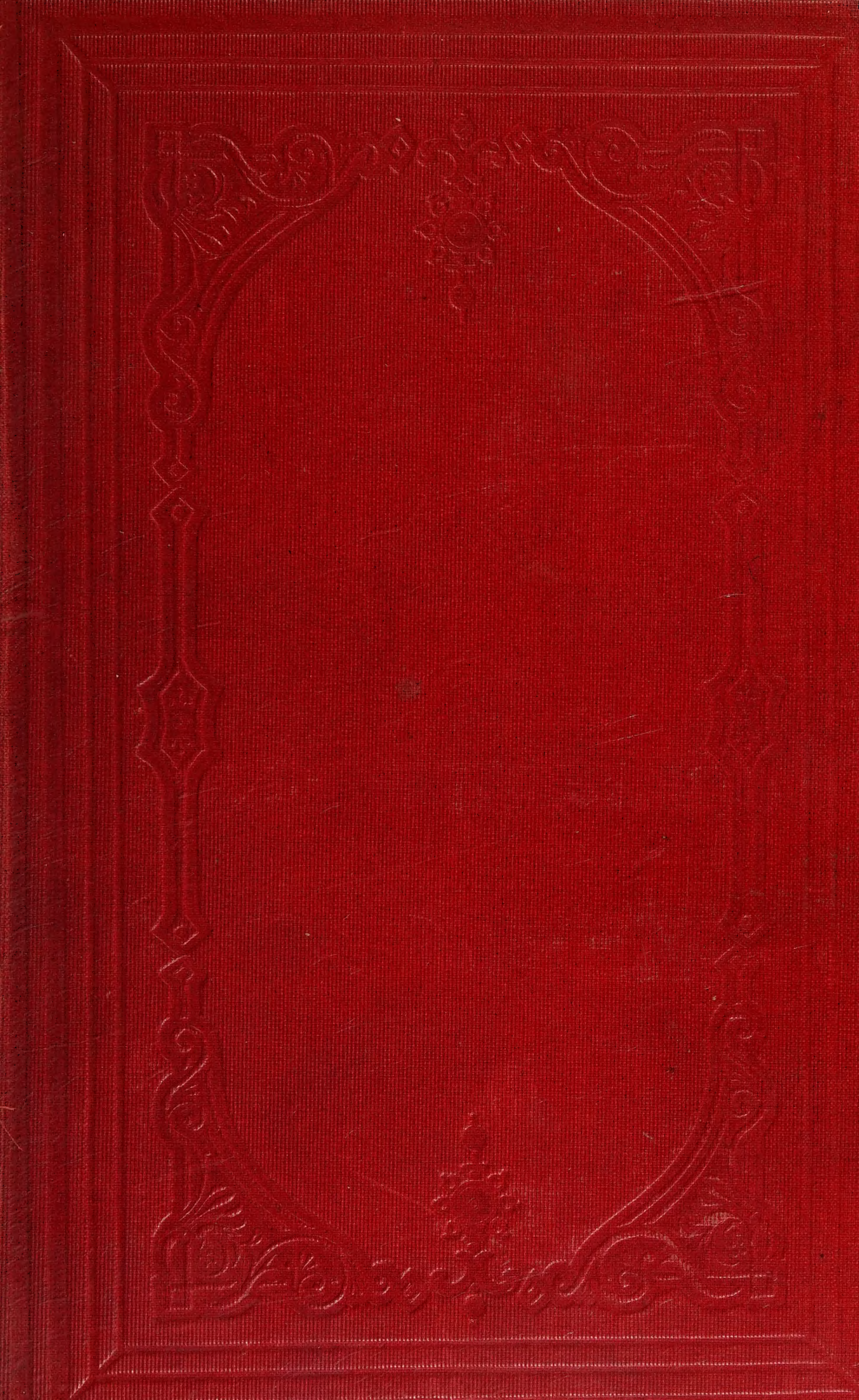

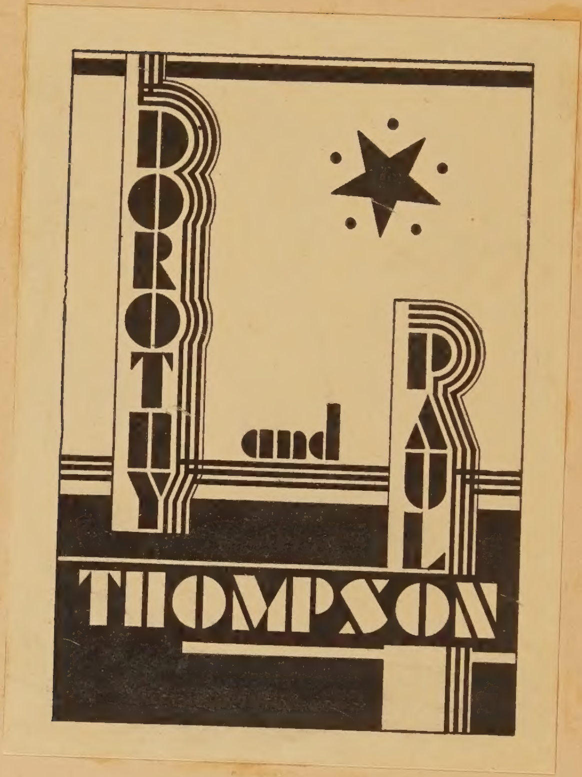
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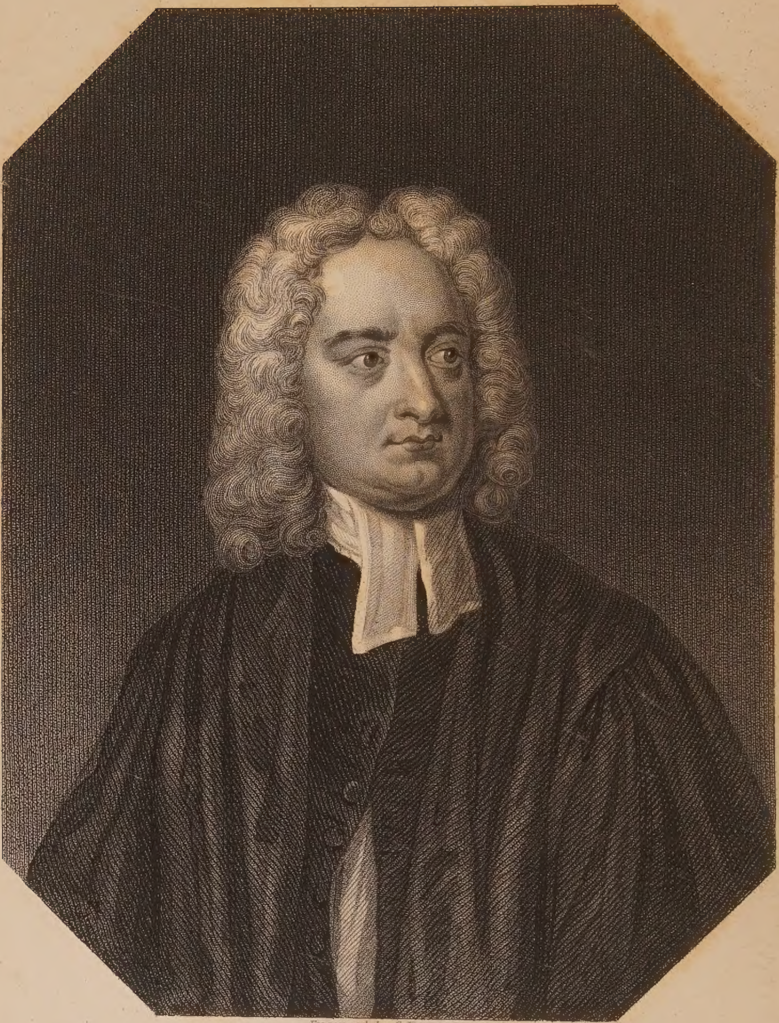

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JONATHAN SWIFT. D.D.

Dean of Saint Patricks, Dublin.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is remarkable that the most celebrated writer of his day, during the brilliant Augustan epoch of English literature, flourished under the reign of a queen, and that in the reign of a queen his works, after the lapse of a century, again appear in a cheap and popular form. To the system of publication which prevailed in his own times Swift was mainly indebted for the wide-spread reputation he acquired, by the diffusion of his writings through the greatest variety of channels, till by means of cheap and multiplied editions his masterly productions became as familiar to the readers of humble station as of high, and to those of other countries as of his own.

It was the great author's uniform object—alike agreeable to his literary ambition and to his high and liberal spirit—to give his works to the public upon as low terms as by mechanic art they could be prepared; and with this view he declined to make them a source of profit, to employ means to protect them as copyright, and more particularly to embody them in large and high-priced editions, accessible indeed to the few, but a book sealed and a fountain of knowledge shut up from the rest of mankind. The repeated restrictions placed upon the cheap knowledge system, after the accession of the Whigs to power in Swift's own times, were denounced by him with the spirit of a sage and a patriot, as inconsistent with civil freedom and the instruction of mankind. Other circumstances favoured the change; fashion, capital, taste, and art, all combined to create a monopoly of expensive and select editions, and in proportion as the immortal productions of the celebrated dean were withdrawn from the masses and the great public of the world to circulate among the polite, the fashionable, and the refined, his celebrity was unfairly restricted. He was judged by partial rules; and the author of "The Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels," who had written for mankind, was made the hero of a clique, amenable to the opinions of a caste, subjected to every wind of doctrine and party caprice, now extravagantly exalted by one faction, and then as unjustly reviled by another. The sense of mankind was no longer taken upon his merits as at the period when he lived, when the wide world of politics and letters was his arbitrator, when the twopenny tracts and the old penny broadsides diffused the knowledge of his inimitable writings into the remotest corners of the United Empire.

If, in proportion as Swift's productions were extensively spread abroad, his fame and popularity stood on a wider and a firmer basis, it forms a strong argument of their superior merit, of their ability and usefulness, and of the genuine wit and entertainment as well as the instruction which they contained. Swift wrote with no object but that of honest ambition to serve the cause which he conscientiously approved, and without even the common motives to stand foremost in literary fame, of which it is evident, from the little care he bestowed upon the publication or re-editions of his works, he was far less studious than of the purpose for which he wrote.

It was with a view of replacing the eccentric dean of St. Patrick's, his character and his writings, in the fair and full light of the public eye under which they formerly appeared by the same means of multiplied cheap editions, and of appealing from the merely select and patrician order, for which he never wrote, to the general and unbiassed judgment of the millions and of their posterity, that the following edition of his entire works was undertaken, and that a new life of the author was prepared, with scrupulous love of truth and fidelity, from the mass of voluminous materials placed at the disposal of the editor.

Having thus briefly alluded to the motives which actuated him in venturing to undertake so very onerous and responsible a task, it is the editor's next duty to describe the means he adopted to facilitate his object, and the new claims which he has to advance in looking for the countenance and support of the masses, as distinguished from the possessors of the large and expensive editions, now become, we believe, very nearly and happily exhausted;—another proof of the witty dean's fame, were any wanting, among the select few who have engrossed them.

One of the first objects to which the present editor directed his attention in the outset was to the glaring inaccuracies and discrepancies which, upon close inspection, were found to deface the existing texts of the different editions, from the period of the first spurious one of the "Miscellanies," and from Hawkesworth and Sheridan, to the splendid eight guinea edition brought out by sir Walter Scott. It is well known that Swift frequently revised the first impressions of his works; in particular his "Gulliver's Travels," and his satirical poems, much more than his political tracts and other pieces of a more temporary interest; and that this circumstance in great part rendered the original copy of little value for the purpose of being collated with subsequent editions, after those of Hawkesworth and Nichols made their appearance. Any one who compares the spurious edition of the "Miscellanies" of Pope and Swift with that subsequently prepared by these great writers, will perceive the extent of the dean's care in this respect; and the appearance of a copy of the "Gulliver's Travels" in the hands of a London bookseller[a] a short time ago, by its numerous interlineations and erasures, bore ample proofs of the author's desire to correct and improve his first essays to the utmost of his power.

"To write with fervour and correct with phlegm," was a maxim of his friend Pope, of which, with due leisure, Swift knew how to make an admirable use; and to this habit, founded upon a wise love of enduring reputation and profound respect for public opinion, we are indebted for the general correctness and clearness from ambiguities of thought and expression, which distinguish all the works of Swift published with his knowledge during his lifetime. To the same circumstance, favourable alike to Swift's reputation and the labours of his editor, the purity and genuineness of the early texts taken from his own corrected editions, consisting of the "Gulliver's

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[a] This curious and valuable specimen of the dean's reverence for the judgment of posterity was seen not a great while ago at the shop of—we believe—a Mr. Booth; but is no longer to be met with.

Travels," "Political Tracts," "Miscellanies," and "Poems," by Hawkesworth and Sheridan, with the additions of Nichols, are to be attributed; and in so far as these have been departed from in the hope of farther emendations and improvements, in so much will the genuine text of Swift be found to be defaced and corrupted. It is a curious fact that, although these series of editions have indubitably been taken one from the other, and not from collating the most recent with the earliest edition and with the original copies in different institutions, there should yet occur variations and discrepancies so great as to render it matter of doubt and difficulty to decide upon the original reading. Many of Swift's separately printed works differed from the same given in the editions, and all these editions likewise varied from each other; without excepting that genuine and most valuable work of all, the "Journal to Stella," of which a fair copy, as well as of the "General Correspondence," enriches the national collection in the British Museum.

It is in these posthumous publications, which never, like the printed copies, received the revision of the dean's own hand, that many variations and discrepancies are more peculiarly observable; and for an obvious reason. Never having been written nor designed for publication—thrown off in all the confidence of friendship—very often hastily composed in the hurry of business and on the impulse of warm feelings—it is almost impossible they should not abound with errors such as we still see, and be open to different interpretations and various readings in proportion to the differences of opinion in his editors. This portion of Swift's writings, a sort of public property (for in regard to his whole literary estate he may be said to have died intestate), which never received either his sanction or revision for publication, is exactly that which is most faulty in regard to the text, and calls for the greatest lenity from public opinion upon every other account.

Accordingly upon this portion of the text the editor has bestowed special care, by engaging adequate assistance to collate and compare not only the editions with each other, but each edition with the original MSS., wheresoever they were to be met with, at considerable labour and expense. Laborious as it was, many circumstances favoured this undertaking to form as far as possible, from different texts compared with original copy, a new corrected text, adhering as closely as was practicable to the reading of the first prints and the original documents. By thus recurring to first authorities the editor conceives he has been guided by a safe rule—by a principle that must insure the preservation of correctness, and genuineness, and purity, if not superior elegance and study of expression and language, in accordance with changes in orthography and the use of particles since the days of Swift.

It being the editor's especial object to give Swift's text as he wrote and as he corrected it, where found, he formed the basis of the following one upon these original documents; and having ascertained that Sheridan, with Nichols, approached the nearest to the genuine copy, he adopted it after it had been compared also with the first printed works, with Hawkesworth, and the edition of sir Walter Scott.

Without the slightest wish to utter a word in disparagement of the great and valuable labours not less than the immortal productions of the last celebrated writer, the editor is bound to state, in justice to the previous efforts of Swift's annotators, that in no other edition is to be found so many errors, so many glaring inaccuracies, so large a portion of little interpolations and numerous strange omissions, calculated greatly to deform and deface a text which called for particular care and attention to keep it free from the gradual corruptions which invariably creep in with the lapse of time. The editor is at the same time fully aware that faults so completely condemnatory of a modern edition of the works of Swift, at a period when every opportunity for attaining to correctness at least is afforded, formed no part of the literary character and labours, and are not attributable to the immortal author of "Waverley," either as an editor or a biographer. They lay in the system pursued by the proprietors of great editions in bringing out so vast and expensive a publication, as a regiment is brought out on a field-day, *en masse*, to make a grand show of war, and whose evolutions may be performed with far greater facility, though with less execution, than in a battle. Sir Walter Scott's would indeed have been a noble edition, had it equalled in point of a correct and genuine text its show and magnificence, its pleasing and able biography, and interesting notices.

Secondly, with reference to the editor's arrangement of subjects, the same plan has been pursued as in the preceding editions of Fielding and Smollett, the order of precedence being regulated not by the dates of their production, but by their relative importance and the celebrity they have acquired. This plan would be open to serious objections were they not obviated by the chronological order preserved in the "Life" and the analysis of the author's works, where the dates will be found in the order and sequence of their publication; whereas, by adopting the chronological series, both the least interesting and most unconnected and trivial parts of the writer's works would be obtruded upon the reader's attention. Swift's fame chiefly rests upon his ingenious and masterly political allegories in the form of prose fictions, which must endure as long as the language; and accordingly the "Gulliver's Travels," the "Tale of a Tub," and Swift's other prose works, will in this edition take the lead. The "Journal to Stella," the other Correspondence, the "Political Tracts," and the "Satirical and Occasional Poems," will be found arranged in pursuance of the same principle of relative excellence, as far as the public voice—seldom erroneous—has afforded a criterion of their merit. The arrangement adopted by sir Walter Scott was a great improvement upon preceding editions, but was still arbitrary and open to innumerable objections, from want of pursuing the simple plan now adhered to, in deference no less to the author's surpassing genius than to the reputation awarded him by the public voice. The best points in the arrangement of all former editions the editor has here introduced with fresh improvements.

It will be observed, with reference to the large body of annotations which had accrued from time to time in successive editions of the author's works, till they swelled to a height almost equal to the bulk of the text, only such portions have in this edition been retained as were found necessary to the clear understanding of the text.

The editor has next to return his thanks to several eminent individuals for their communications, and the new and valuable documents with which they have supplied him. It is more particularly his duty to record his obligations and those of the public to sir William Betham, knight and Ulster king of arms; to J. C. Croker, esq., of the admiralty; and to the Rev. C. Otway, of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin;—as well known by their writings as by their learning and research, their extensive collections and knowledge of the dean's published or unpublished works. The new documents for which he has been indebted to these gentlemen will be found in the APPENDIX, under their respective heads. Nor is he less bound to express his grateful sense of the valuable assistance and kind attentions of distinguished members of the families of Brabazon and Hamilton in Ireland; of sir Frederick Madden and of A. Panizzi, esq., the learned conservators of the treasures contained in the British Museum. It will be seen that to the excellent system pursued by them in regard to order and precision in the arrangement, the public is indebted for the editor's discovery of several new pieces never before published in any edition of the celebrated dean's works.

While, owing to these and other favourable circumstances, the editor has been enabled to enrich the present collection with new and well-authenticated additions, he devoted his earnest attention to detect the want of genuine character in some productions attributed to Swift in previous editions. Many poetical and other pieces contained in sir Walter Scott's edition, and of which that distinguished writer and critic himself expressed strong doubts, the editor, after mature investigation, decided to omit, as well on the ground of their very inferior character as the intrinsic and collateral evidence of their being written by other hands.

There is one remaining point upon which the editor has ventured to exercise his discretion. It is well known that the dean of St. Patrick's was in the habit of commenting upon the books which he read, especially on history, and those works in which he felt more peculiar interest. This he sometimes did in sallies of impatience and passion of the moment, not worthy his great mind, nor possessing either reflection or wit. Never intended for the public eye, mere ebullitions of disappointment and political rage, showing his prejudice in low and scurrilous terms against a noble people;—the editor trusts that he will be thought justified in having excluded from a popular edition of Swift's Works those violent expressions written on the margins of Addison's "Freeholder" and Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

In conclusion, the editor is rejoiced to have it in his power to state that the views which he has taken of the dean of St. Patrick's character as an honest and conscientious man, have been strongly corroborated by the additional evidence it has been his good fortune to obtain from the archives of St. Patrick's, by the kindness of the Rev. C. Otway; as will be seen from the autograph letter, and the curious and interesting matter in the Appendix.

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In the life and character of this extraordinary man and incomparable English classic, some points occur of so delicate and doubtful a nature, that a diversity of opinion must be expected always to exist respecting them; and some of such painful and unhappy interest, that they never can be dwelt upon without reluctance and regret. But of his singular genius, his transcendant talents, and his varied attainments, no question can be entertained; and by the apparently incongruous combination, which pervades his writings and his conduct, of sound good sense with piercing wit and whimsical eccentricity, he has transmitted to succeeding times more ample stores, both of instruction and amusement, than any other literary man of his age. The influence he exercised over his own times, by the unrivalled brilliancy of his powers, his masterly comprehension of the great interests then at stake, in the fierce struggle of irreconcilable parties, to both of which his principles were in part opposed, and the dexterity with which, in his caustic satires, he held up to public view their respective errors, have scarcely been estimated at their real value. His was a mind that belonged less to a party than to mankind; endowed with a firmness and a pride that prompted him in every situation to maintain an independent attitude. Supported by these feelings, he attained the highest eminence to which an individual in the ranks of private life can aspire, as the counsellor of the first ministers of state, and the strenuous supporter of the rights and interests of his fellow-men—and without them it is impossible that he could have acquired that political ascendancy which he undoubtedly enjoyed, or won that popular renown which rewarded his zealous and unwearied exertions for the peace, freedom, and religion of his country.

The leading characteristics of this great man's mind are strikingly manifested throughout his works in the astonishing efforts which he made to show mankind the causes of their corruption and degradation, and to teach the people in what consisted their weakness and their strength; in the grief and indignation with which he beheld their sufferings; and in the benevolence with which he sought to inspire them with a firm confidence in their means of ultimate emancipation. It is not surprising that a man of Swift's lofty wisdom, exact knowledge of human nature, and keen political sagacity, should have despised the extremes of party, and yet at the same time, by his surpassing wit and talents, should have extorted the admiration and homage of men of all ranks and all opinions. The most celebrated men of their age, poets and politicians—Bolingbroke and Oxford, Pope, Addison, and Arbuthnot—freely acknowledged the superiority of that master intellect which possessed so merited a power, so strange and fascinating an influence, in directing at once the destinies of a ministry and a people, the fortunes of his private friends, or a revolution in the public mind. It is perhaps the proudest triumph of his genius that the best and greatest men have borne the strongest testimony to his merits and to the extent of his political and literary fame. The language in which he is addressed by the most distinguished persons in every class, the learned and the witty, the great and the noble, the fashionable and the gay, carries sufficient evidence of the many estimable and engaging qualities by which such general affection and respect must have been attracted and secured.

But the happier period of his life, the splendid reign of a brilliant intellect, during which he reaped the abundant harvest of his celebrity and worth, basking in the smiles of that favour which he so much coveted, and making it his delight to honour and promote his friends, of whatever party they might be, was destined to have but too brief an existence. His day of life grew dark almost before its noon. The morning had risen amidst lowering clouds, through which the beams of his genius broke slowly, till they reached their meridian power; and his evening went down with an eclipse so dark as strongly to impress on the mind the frail tenure of those great endowments which not even the loftiest genius or the purest moral worth can permanently ensure to their possessor.

Jonathan Swift was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family of the same name in Yorkshire; of which the elder branch, in the person of Barnham Swift, acquired titles of nobility, dating the 20th March, 1627, as the viscounts Carlingford, &c.; but Barnham dying without issue, they again became extinct in the same generation. The younger branch was represented by the rev. Thos. Swift, vicar of Goodrich and proprietor of a small estate in Herefordshire, eminently distinguished in his day for his chivalric loyalty and attachment to the cause of Charles I., in which he is stated to have suffered more than any person of his condition in England. For this devotion, almost to martyrdom (and complete martyrdom of estate), his memory was greatly revered by his celebrated grandson, who contemplated writing a regular memoir of this doughty loyalist, assisted by his friend doctor John Lyon;[a] and from this circumstance it is not improbable that the stern unflinching spirit of the clergyman had its effect in exciting the lofty magnanimity and courage so conspicuous in his descendant, and perhaps in determining his choice of a profession. There are the same traits of daring in both—the fidelity and resolution which constitute the martyr; for we are told that this loyal parson was plundered by the roundheads no less than six-and-thirty times, yet contrived to secrete 300 broad pieces of gold, with which he made his escape to Ragland castle and presented them to the governor; an action, says his great descendant, which must be allowed to be the more extraordinary as it was performed by a private clergyman, with a very numerous family, of small estate, who had been often plundered and was deprived of his livings in the church.[b] Also, in his Journal to Stella (Letter 42), Swift expresses the strong interest he felt in all that related to his stout-hearted predecessor's family. "O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger with a seal of an anchor and a dolphin about it; but I think there is besides at the bottom of the picture the same coat of arms quartered with another which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamt it. My reason is because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write, so good night, MD." What is more, Swift raised a monument to his bold ancestor's memory, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich or Gotheridge. He had a drawing made of the monument, which he forwarded to obtain the opinion of his friend Mrs. Howard, who, having shown it to Pope, returned it with the following humorous lines written by that accomplished wit. The paper is endorsed in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery:"—

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[a] As appeared from a memorandum, labelled by Swift, with his own hand, "Memoirs of my grandfather, Thomas Swift, by Mr. Lyon, April, 1738." The portion compiled consisted of an account of the sufferings of the family in the royal cause, &c

[b] "Anecdotes of the Family of Swift," MS., T. C. D., written by Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D.

"Jonathan Swift
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gutherige,
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish dean.
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot;
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grand*sire*.
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own."

This bold church militant married Elizabeth Dryden, sister to the father of John Dryden the poet. By this lady he had no fewer than ten sons and four daughters; and, dying in 1658, was succeeded by his eldest son Godwin, then a barrister of Gray's-inn, who, by his matrimonial connexion with the noble family of Ormond, was subsequently raised to the attorney-generalship of the palatinate of Tipperary. This successful beginning induced other members of the family to follow him to Ireland, and among these four brothers was Jonathan Swift, the father of the celebrated dean. He also had been brought up to the law, and doubtless would have acquired a handsome independence; but, with the fatality which seemed to be prepared for his great but unfortunate son, even before his birth, he was cut off within two years after his marriage, in April 1667. His widow (of a Leicestershire family named Erick) was thus left with an only daughter, and pregnant of another child, with a slender provision not exceeding twenty pounds a-year, purchased during her husband's lifetime in England. It was necessary that the elder brother Godwin should do something to increase this stipend; but owing to an unhappy disposition for speculation (another name, according to Swift, for indolence and avarice) he did as little as he could, and she gave birth to this posthumous child, under no pleasing or promising circumstances, about seven months after her husband's death: and thus inauspiciously was ushered into the world the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, on the 30th of November, 1667, at the house No. 7, Hoey's-court, Dublin.

One of the first events of this great man's history seemed to partake of the strangeness and vicissitudes which marked his subsequent fortunes, for when only a year old he was spirited away—not by fairies, but by his English nurse, a native of Whitehaven, who, out of strong affection, without the knowledge even of his mother, conveyed the young Jonathan to England, whither she was summoned by a dying relative.[a] So attached was she to her charge, that she taught him to spell even at three years old, and at five he was able to read any chapter in the bible. It was not till his sixth year that the little Jonathan was reconducted to Ireland, his mother having preferred that he should remain in England to the risk of another voyage. Almost immediately on his return he was sent by his uncle Godwin to the school of Kilkenny, where he remained eight years, and was admitted on the 24th of April, 1682, a pensioner in the university of Dublin, with the advantage however of being placed under the judicious tuition of Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards bishop of Dromore.

The first proof, perhaps, given by the celebrated dean of his sterling wit and strong sense was the decided repugnance he evinced for the scholastic learning then so much in fashion, and still abounding with so many absurdities retained from the old collegiate system of education. The under-graduate course especially was then confined almost wholly to the works of the Stagirite, or those of his commentators, including the sophistic jargon of Burgerdiscius, Smiglecius, and their followers. We are not surprised that such studies were little congenial with that love of undisguised truth, and that clear bold assertion of it in its naked strength and majesty, which formed so striking a feature in Swift's character. His refusal to sully his mind and pervert his intellect by entering such absurd and thorny labyrinths showed that he possessed an understanding as well as genius in advance of the age in which he lived, and which distinguished him in all the memorable events and trying junctures of his future life. But how easily he could have mastered Kechermannus, and shone, no mean star, in the old logical treatises, appeared by his repetition of the logical queries propounded to him (says Sheridan) many years afterwards; and yet, to crown the solemn jest of the collegiate doctors, the most truly profound logician and close arguer of his times was stopped on first presenting himself, as he humorously expresses it, "for dulness and insufficiency," and of course failed to take his degree of bachelor of arts. To have been condemned for contumacy would have come perhaps nearer to the mark; for, according to his own account, he was so disgusted at the stupidity of the scholastic treatises that he never had patience to go through three pages of any of them. At the first public examination he refused to reply to the senseless jargon propounded to him; and when urged by his tutor to make himself master of this special branch of metaphysic science, he is stated to have inquired what it was he was to learn from those books? "The art of reasoning, to be sure," was the answer; on which Swift observed that he found no want of any such art; that he could reason without it; and that, as far as he could observe, it had the effect of teaching men to wrangle rather than to reason; and, instead of clearing up obscurities, seemed to perplex matters that were in themselves sufficiently clear. It was his wish to employ the reason which God had given him, which he would leave to time and experience to strengthen and direct, nor run the risk of having it warped or falsely biassed by any system of rules so arbitrarily and absurdly laid down. He considered his objections founded on truth and principle, resolutely adhered to them, and devoted his time to history and poetry; yet to pass muster he so far mastered the terms, that when he went into the hall a second time he passed his examination; but, it is recorded, only through the influence of his friends. It was inserted in the college register that he obtained his degree *speciali gratiâ;* a circumstance which, in reference to his unfortunate position in other respects, must have secretly excited his anger and contempt, more particularly if we consider that his reading was at this time extensive and various, and that he had already sketched out his first masterly and inimitable production of "The Tale of a Tub." It was most probably in this mood that the refractory student—who finally showed how easily he could master collegiate sophistries—lent his aid to a production entitled the "Tripos," a satirical piece, delivered in a speech at a common court in the university of Dublin, July 11, 1688, by Mr. John Jones, but attributed by Richardson and Dr. Barrett to Swift's own pen. Scott however hazards the more probable opinion that only a few satirical strokes were inserted to enliven the dulness of Jones's tirade, or his duller companion's wit; and it has certainly not that vehement and sustained power of invective so remarkable in Swift's earlier satirical effusions, and most of any, in that splendid emanation of wit which stands without equal or rival in our language.

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[a] Swift has oddly observed that he was brought over to England by his nurse in a band-box, &c. &c. &c.

The three following years Swift passed at college, rather from necessity than from choice, under very depressing circumstances, dependent on the small precarious bounty of his uncle, little known, it has been observed, and less regarded. By collegiate sophists and pedagogues he was in fact looked upon as a blockhead;[a] and it would seem that he returned the compliment with interest, and, by his own admission, inserted in "The Tale of a Tub," was meditating at the very time "An Account of the Kingdom of Absurdities." This design, like "The Tale of a Tub,"[b] he may probably have communicated to the authors of the "Tripos," and to other refractory students who had wit enough to enter into his views of the existing routine of scholastic education. It was shown, it is said, to his friend Mr. Waryng (though this is denied by the able Mr. Mason), among the few whose society he appears at this time to have cared to cultivate, and who were evidently under the collegiate ban—not for any open disorders, as was erroneously alleged, but for their too keen observation and satirical disposition; the indulgence of which led to the frequent suspension of some, and to the expulsion of others.

Few situations in life can be imagined more painful than that of Swift about this period—smarting under supposed humiliations—stern, high-minded—beginning to be conscious of his own vast expansive talents, original genius, and inimitable wit, as already manifested in his first satirical outbreaks. The narrowness of his circumstances was such as to forbid his joining the society of those equal to him in birth and family; and the proud student, scorning every kind of obligation from the higher,—with a magnanimous principle declined to associate with those of an inferior grade. Hence he lived much alone; and it is curious to observe how, from the opening of his splendid career, every circumstance seems to have combined to foster and develop the peculiar genius and the stern unflinching rectitude of character which impressed the proudest ministers of state and his greatest adversaries with a deference amounting to awe. It would appear as if every fresh obstacle, every great disappointment, served only to strengthen the native vigour and powers of his extraordinary mind; and to fit him for the exercise of those irresistible qualities which influenced the fate of nations, gave peace and security to Great Britain after a long and calamitous war, and first emancipated Ireland from the bitter curse of slavery, in teaching her how successfully to resist her oppressors. Had not this truly great man—distinguished even more for his knowledge of mankind, and his vast talents to comprehend every question connected with the interests of humanity and civil polity, than for his original genius—been thus early debarred the advantages attending birth and fortune possessed by his ancestors, received the niggardly support of a distressed relative, and been thrown early upon the resources of his own mind, the world might long have wanted the entertainment,—England the advantage and the honour,—and Ireland the political regeneration,—which they have derived from the wondrous powers of the calumniated dean of St. Patrick's. It is evident from his own words, as well as from every circumstance in his future career, that the events of his early life had remarkable influence upon his future success and celebrity; for, while a poor and distressed student, interested in courting the approbation of his tutor and the masters of the college, he had sufficient veneration for truth and the love of sound philosophy and learning, to scorn to load his lofty mind and vigorous intellect with the falsifying and exploded doctrines of the schools. It was this pertinacious love of truth and integrity which, in the opinion of his early and best biographers, did him so much honour; instead of being—as stated by Johnson and his abject followers, who felt obscured by superior powers and influence of genius like the dean's—a source of ignominy and disgrace.

The death of Swift's uncle Godwin, of a family disorder, it is stated—the loss of speech, and lethargy, very similar to that which carried off the illustrious dean—and the discovery of his embarrassed affairs, left the poor student unprovided for, deprived at once of the allowance which his misguided and unfortunate uncle could ill afford. His known hatred to schemes and projects was derived, or at least strengthened, by the misfortunes of the elder branch of his family, and a humorous anecdote is related that, when an old sea-captain once told the dean that he had discovered the longitude, he was advised to take care that he did not get out of his latitude, and to take example by his uncle and so many others, whose fate, if he did not look to it, would be the old captain's. In fact the sterling good sense and worldly knowledge of the future dean could never hear the merits of this hopeful head of the family descanted upon with any patience; he justly considered that he had weakly brought discredit and disgrace upon the humbler branches of his own name and family, if not consigned them to hopeless obscurity and poverty by his follies. It is no wonder that he never loved or could bear the mention of one with whom his early humiliation and sufferings were so closely associated; and those who have experienced the strange depressing power and the heartfelt torture of misfortune, doomed to receive a scanty and stinted allowance from the hands of distant relatives—perhaps themselves hardly less distressed—can conceive the nature of the torments which racked the bosom of the high and independent minded Swift. So painful indeed was the retrospect, that he sought to fly "wide as the poles asunder" from all recurrence to family relations; they were the nightmare on the otherwise peaceful slumbers of his youth, on his hopes, his future happiness, and perhaps the amenity of his genius; for in the noonday of his brilliant powers no one was more eulogised, even by his most powerful enemies, for his good nature, courtesy, and obliging disposition. Yet unfortunately so early in life was the finer feeling of gratitude benumbed, that the grand wisdom and mighty heart which would have regenerated and embraced the world, in the spirit of beneficence which dictated his writings, (when rightly interpreted and understood,) were arrested at the source, and, like a wound bleeding inwardly, gave no sign of the pain and suffering to the eye. In the words of a great poet he might truly have exclaimed, under the distressing circumstances by which he was surrounded, often a prey to gloomy meditations, to grief, indignation, and regret, when joined in his solitary chamber by the few eccentric or refractory spirits who sought for its own sake the wit and social charm gleaming through the mental gloom—

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[a] The wise collegians, perhaps, regarded the rude inscription of his name in schoolboy fashion upon his form, and still shown to strangers, as an additional proof of his want of logic.

[b] Some amusing instances are given by Mr. Mason of the efforts made by Swift's enemies to deprive him of the honour of writing the "Tale of a Tub"—not excepting Johnson and the dean's little parson cousin, of whom he says "I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go;" and challenges any person to prove his claim to three lines in the whole book:—"Let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author." The late William Hazlitt's remarks on this production are very excellent:—"The Tale of a Tub" is one of the most masterly compositions in the language, whether for thought, wit, or style. It is so capital and undeniable a proof of the author's talents, that Dr. Johnson, who did not like Swift, would not allow that he wrote it. It is hard that the same performance should stand in the way of a man's promotion to a bishopric as wanting gravity, and at the same time be denied to be his as having too much wit. It is a pity the doctor did not find out some graver author for whom he felt a critical kindness, on whom to father this splendid but unacknowledged production." (Lecture vi., delivered at the Surrey Institution.)

It is well known that Johnson in his private conversation frequently insinuated that Swift was not the author. "I doubt," he says, "if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his: if it was his, I shall only say he was 'impar sibi.'" ("Tour to the Hebrides.")

"When from the heart where sorrow sits
  Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And on the changing aspect flits
  And clouds the brow or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom which soon shall sink,—
  My thoughts their dungeon know too well,
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink
  And droop within their silent cell.
BYRON.

Yet there can be little doubt it was only by this ordeal of dependence, self-control, and unavoidable submission to circumstances, that Swift attained some of those qualities which raised him to an intellectual eminence from which he directed the policy of the ablest statesmen of his day, arrested the tide of public opinion, stripped the most popular Whigs, even Marlborough, of their hard-won power, and swayed the heart and passions of "the fierce democracy" to attain the particular object which he had in view.

The sense of his forlorn condition at this period was in some measure removed by the manner in which his uncle, William Swift, supplied the place of a guardian after the death of Godwin. The assistance he received was conferred with a better grace, and is said to have so far called forth the young student's acknowledgments as to obtain for him the title of the best of his relations. Yet the stipend was not increased though he had attained his twentieth year, and being barely adequate to support existence, he naturally turned his thoughts with some anxiety to his cousin Willoughby, the eldest son of Godwin Swift, then engaged in mercantile business at Lisbon. He appears to have been kindly disposed; nor was Swift's reliance upon his friendship misplaced, for no sooner was the merchant aware of his father's death than he sent by a trusty hand a sum to his cousin considerably larger than he had ever beheld at one time. It could not have arrived more seasonably: the lonely student, without a penny, was gazing wistfully from his chamber window, when soon his eye was attracted by the garb of a sea-faring man, who by his manner seemed to be making inquiries for some particular chamber. The thought instantly flashed across his mind that it might be for him; he saw him enter the building, and soon had the joy of hearing a rap at the door and beholding a packet in the man's hand. "Is your name Jonathan Swift?" was the first inquiry. "Yes, it is." "Then I have something for you from master Swift at Lisbon," at the same time displaying a large leathern bag, and pouring out the silver contents upon the table. Swift in the first transports of his joy pushed a number towards the sailor; but the honest tar refused to take any, declaring at the same time "that he would do more than that for good master Willoughby." This was the first time that Swift's disposition with regard to money manifested itself; and if we reflect upon the straits to which he was sometimes reduced at college, there was both good feeling and generosity in his offer so liberally to reward the conveyer of glad tidings, and assuredly nothing to countenance the charges of a mean or covetous disposition advanced by lord Orrery and other envious maligners of his just fame. At the same time he himself observed of this special favour of an all-wise Providence, that, instead of elating him, the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of money made him husband the gift so well that he was never afterwards without something in his purse.

Before accompanying the lonely and intractable student into the world it will be proper, if not interesting, to notice several other little calumnies which, commencing with the microscopic powers of lord Orrery, time and envious malice have magnified through the darkened glass of the sour and evil-dreading Johnson, who invariably most grudges his praise to the best and greatest characters, with a bold assertion and authority which warped even the clear vision and fair-judging criticism of sir W. Scott. Nearly all these charges are given upon the presumed evidence of the college records, which not one of these writers seems to have examined; and the entire account of scholastic insubordination, and of the degradation and punishments to which Swift was subjected, confessedly rests upon an *inference* drawn by the ingenious Dr. Barrett after a presumed examination of the college registers. Upon such a supposition, so eagerly adopted, was the absurd question first raised, and the mighty, heinous, yet ill-founded charges brought against the collegiate character and conduct of Swift, put into a formal statement, which even if fully substantiated ought assuredly to be considered less disgraceful than it is amusing. As a fair specimen of the whole, it is gravely asserted that no record of penal infliction occurs until a *special grace* for the degree of bachelor of arts conferred on him on the 18th of February, 1685-6; and yet the terms *speciali gratiâ* are, in the opinion of an ingenious correspondent of sir W. Scott, only those frequently made use of upon the formal admission of able candidates before the usual term; and so would vanish the "penal infliction," were it not made much more ludicrously penal and repeated many times over—with the exception of Dr. Sheridan, who says not a word of humiliation, disgrace, or kneeling for pardon before the junior dean—by Swift's numerous biographers. It will at least not be unentertaining, if not edifying, to present both sides of the question and leave it to the reader to draw his own inference, like Dr. Barrett, simply requesting him to bear in mind that the author of the "Tale of a Tub" was not quite the senseless blockhead and poor-spirited delinquent which it has been so studiously sought to make him appear. Dr. Barrett's *inferred* account, as embodied by sir Walter Scott, is to this solemn purport, not very unlike an arraignment before the high-court of Lilliput, or some heavy charge brought by one of the high-heels against the low-heels:—"The disgraceful note with which his degree had been granted probably added to Swift's negligence and gave edge to his satirical propensities. Between the periods of November 14th, 1685, and October 8th, 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel; for neglecting lectures, for being absent from the evening roll-call, and for town haunting, which is the academical phrase for absence from college without licence. At length these irregularities called forth a more solemn censure, for on March 18th, 1686-7, with his cousin Thomas Swift, his chum Mr. Warren, and four others,[a] he incurred the disgrace of a public admonition for a notorious neglect of duties. His second public punishment was of a nature yet more degrading. On November 20th, 1688, Swift, the future oracle of Ireland, was by a sentence of the vice-provost and senior fellows of the university, convicted of insolent conduct towards the junior dean (Owen Lloyd), and of exciting dissension within the walls of the college. He shared with two companions the suspension of his academical degree, and two of the delinquents, Swift being one, were further sentenced to crave public pardon of the junior dean. The bitterness of spirit with which Swift submitted to this despotic infliction, if indeed he ever obeyed it—for of this there is no absolute proof—may be more easily conceived than described. The sense of his resentment shows itself in the dislike which he exhibits to his Alma Mater, the Trinity college of Dublin, and the satirical severity with which he persecutes Dr. Owen Lloyd, the junior dean, before whom he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration." (Scott's "Life of Swift," vol. i. p. 23.)

The unworthiness, we think there is little doubt, would be found to be on the side of the calumniators of Swift's early life and conduct while at college, or we must otherwise consider it an extraordinary fact—almost a phenomenon in literary history—that while the writers of his own time, even his most inveterate enemies and his first biographers, make no mention of these dreadful indignities and prostrations, which they would have been too happy to do, it was reserved for the writers of an after-age to discover those minute spots and shades in the solar orb which the nearer vision and closer inspection of contemporary enemies and traducers — of Addison, Steele, and the utterers of Walpole's ingenious forgeries, and those of his creatures, to deprive the dean of his character for honour and integrity — could never enable them to see. How came it that events so recent, alleged to be so disgraceful, which on Swift's rapid rise must have formed the darling topic and common scandal both of colleges and courts, and given a zest to the malignant sneers of his titled enemies whom he had stung to the quick—his envious literary revilers were never keen-sighted enough to discover; nor had witty malignity enough to invent these, along with the other calumnies circulated by his political enemies?

We have shown that sir W. Scott qualifies his assertion of Swift's prostration with a cautious IF, yet afterwards concludes with the broad declaration that he had been ordained to make this unworthy prostration before the junior dean. Now what says an able and enlightened correspondent of the great biographer, whose arguments, if not well founded, are at least ingenious? He brings forward reasons borrowed from Dr. Barrett's "Life of Swift" itself, upon which the whole of these stupid and trumpery calumnies as to punishment have been founded, to prove exactly the contrary. Nay, he distinctly points out that from Dr. Barrett's own "Life" of the dean it appears that he graduated *above a year before* the usual time, which in Trinity college, Dublin, is four years and a half; and therefore that *speciali gratiâ* must mean that he got it by merit, or if it was afterwards suspended, as Dr. B. suggests, it might have been restored to him on intercession of friends. But there appears little to countenance the supposition that he was ordered to beg pardon upon his knees, and nothing to warrant the assertion that he submitted to such an indignity, as there is no trace of his remaining in college after the Revolution, which is the date Dr. Barrett assigns for that censure.

So much for the accurate examination of Dr. Barrett, and for the evidences upon which to rest the fine-spun theory of humiliation and disgrace, so pleasing to modern critics and to that inherent but not very honest desire, of pulling down in one age the idol which the fiat of contemporary opinion and the general assent of mankind have raised up in another. Besides, it always flatters our self-love to depreciate excellence which we cannot reach; and it is difficult to elucidate and expose these ingenious inquiries into Swift's failings, of which the motives, it is evident, are to raise us in our own good opinion, and lessen the feelings of respect and veneration we should otherwise cherish with our belief in the surpassing powers, the vigour of mind, and original genius of this extraordinary man.

"The dates, moreover," continues Dr. Barrett's refuter, "are very confused and contradictory as to the two Swifts; and while he allows Thomas Swift to have had a scholarship, and *suspects* that Jonathan had not, he forgets that very few ever remain in Trinity college, Dublin, after graduating, unless they enjoy scholarships; and that Jonathan Swift had one appears further from his remaining in commons, and being, according to Dr. B., suspended from commons by way of punishment, after graduating, which could be no punishment at all to him if his commons were not at the charge of the university." (See note to Scott's "Life.")

If further testimony were wanting to overthrow the brittle fabric of these idle old wives' tales of the dean's early degeneracy, and the strange freaks and vagaries which so long possessed him of running his head against the walls of his college, and frighting the ancient deans and proctors from out their propriety, it is to be found in a letter from Richardson to lady Bradshaigh, dated April 22nd, 1752, in which he says, "I am told my lord Orrery is mistaken in some of his facts; for instance, in that wherein he asserts that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great progress in his learning at the university of Dublin in his youth as any of his contemporaries." Leaving, however, these knotty points, with Dr. Barrett, to conjecture, it may be admitted that nothing short of college discipline and the heavy yoke of dependence could sufficiently have restrained Swift's stern and haughty spirit, by placing over him those two unflinching guardians, poverty and pride, during the most dangerous period of his life. They taught him early how to regulate his mind and passions, to inure himself to thought and toil, and by calm reading and meditations on history and living manners to prepare himself for the distinguished part he was destined to perform. That such a character could at the same time have been that of a low college reprobate, brawler, and haunter of obscure taverns, rather exceeds the bounds of human belief, especially when it is admitted that there is such extreme confusion in regard to dates and the names of the two cousins as to have given rise to erroneous statements in other respects. On the breaking out of the civil broils in Ireland, Swift, then in his twenty-first year, left that kingdom to visit his mother at Leicester, anxious to consult with her in regard to his future prospects. On reaching England he proceeded on foot, his usual mode of travelling from the commencement of his career, to his mother's dwelling, without friends, interest, or money—circumstances, however, to which we perhaps owe the future author of Gulliver, whom affluence might at once have made a contented bishop or a renowned professor. He had now the pain of beholding his mother almost wholly dependent on the precarious bounty of friends. With her he remained some months, and she judiciously advised him without hesitation to communicate his circumstances to sir William Temple, the distinguished statesman, who had married one of her relations.[a] This advice Swift resolved without longer delay to pursue, and accordingly again set off on foot for Sheen, at which seat the most accomplished scholar and the wisest as well as most experienced man of his times was then residing, aloof from the intrigues and corruptions of a court. Sir William received him not only with his usual urbanity and politeness, but with great kindness, of which the fact of Swift's first residence with him during a space of two years—however annoying it may have proved, in regard to trivial circumstances, to one of his irritable disposition and pride—may be considered as a sufficient proof. His story was heard with compassionate attention, and his sensible compliance with his mother's wishes, in submitting his natural pride to the dictates of duty—his dignified and self-respecting manner, together with his friendless position—all appealed to the good feeling and generosity of a man like sir William Temple.[b] In this elegant retreat, where he was comparatively his own master, free from the arbitrary surveillance and little inquisitorial rules of college life, Swift found what was most valuable to him—sound advice to direct the prosecution of his studies, refined society and conversation, leisure for historical researches and undisturbed reflections. With a zeal and resolution almost unprecedented in the annals of study, and only equalled by the fire and vigour of his native genius, Swift recommenced his system of self-education upon a more regular and enlarged plan than any pursued by the sophistical heads of a college, and extended it from poetry and history, long his favourite pursuits, to other important branches of human learning, which he now prosecuted with an avidity necessary to every great writer; surpassing that attributed to Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, and Pope; and with an unremitting assiduity in accordance with his more happy and improved circumstances. From the more known and read he extended his inquiries to the more abstruse and laborious writers; and, it is said, had the courage to encounter the profundities of Cyprian and Irenæus. No wonder the first interruption of these studious habits and intense application was the recurrence of a disorder which had attacked him at a still earlier period of life, attributed by him to a surfeit of fruit that induced a peculiar coldness of stomach, giddiness, and momentary loss of recollection—symptoms of the same disorder of which his uncle Godwin had died. His complaint became so violent that he was advised by his physician to try the benefit of his native air, but, receiving no advantage from the change, he returned to sir William Temple's, who had meanwhile removed to Moor-park, near Farnham. Here he met with the utmost sympathy from its distinguished owner, who obtained for him fresh advice; and Swift was enjoined to take more constant and more violent exercise, which he daily practised by running up a hill, it is said, near the house, and back again, every two hours; the distance being about half a mile, which he used to perform in less than six minutes. It is not surprising that, afflicted with a disorder of so dangerous and tormenting a nature, which gradually increased until it terminated in total debility and prostration of mind, he should snatch at any chance that offered to relieve him from so disagreeable a companion. But, with all due deference to medical knowledge, the writer of this may observe as a curious fact, having been a persevering pedestrian in his day, that the only unpleasant symptom of which he, in common with all other peripatetics whom he met, had reason to complain, was an occasional giddiness and a sense of coldness and weakness of the stomach after long-continued exertion. Now, if it is recollected that the dean was not only a determined student and a most rapid writer, by fits and starts, amidst all the turmoil of court visits, literary patronage, and state councils, but that he was, on economic principle and by the advice of his physicians, accustomed to perform all his long journeys (each of hundreds of miles) on foot, it is no forced or unfounded theory to assume that he either contracted or greatly aggravated the disorder with which he was afflicted, by the means he was advised to take for its removal. If a cause like this, or that of having eaten an improper quantity of fruit, is adequate to account for the affliction with which throughout life he was visited, it seems as violent as it is a harsh and unjustifiable supposition to attribute such a misfortune to early immoral excesses. Yet there are men who, in accordance with the system of defamation pursued, have not scrupled to insult the memory of Swift, and to vilify that great and moral character which extorted the admiration of his worst enemies, and won the applause and veneration of his friends, by the magnanimity with which he provided for and protected his political adversaries, when provoked by their ingratitude almost beyond human endurance to "whistle them down the winds, a prey to fortune." It is mortifying to reflect that, in order to account for a certain eccentricity of conduct usually found to accompany genius of an original and exalted kind, and for a distemper which most probably was owing to an inherent malady, a learned physician could be found,[a] so lost to reason and science, so dead to honour and the duties of his profession, as directly to ascribe the vertigo of Swift, with all its distressing consequences, "to habits of early and profligate indulgence."

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[a] Their names may be *inferred* to have been Nathaniel Jones and John Jones, supposed authors of the "Tripos" (though Swift was the Terræ Filius)—Mishael Vaudeleur and William Brereton.

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[a] It was during this visit that Swift's first love affair occurred. He became enamoured of a miss Betty Jones, afterwards Mrs. Perkins, of the George inn, Loughborough. (See his letters to Mr. Kendall and Mr. Worrall.)

[b] The statement made by a nephew of sir William and repeated by sir W. Scott and some other biographers, that Swift was hired by his uncle to read to him, and to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board—high preferment to him at that time—and that he was not admitted to his conversation or to sit at table with him, is another specimen of those injurious fictions to which we cannot allude in terms of too much severity. So the man, it appears, who was admitted to the intimate confidence of his noble relative and friend—who dined at the same table with William III., who in the intimacy of discourse taught him to eat asparagus in the Dutch fashion—who was intrusted with secret missions to the king—who was selected to edite his uncle's works (for such sir William was by marriage), and to whom he left a legacy as a mark of gratitude—we are to conclude dined in the servants' hall!

It is with feelings of unalloyed delight that the writer can in this instance record the clear-sighted views and the triumphant refutation of this cruel and absurd calumny by the immortal author of "Waverley," who, though little inclined to do more than strict justice to an author who launched his severest philippics against the Scotch nobility and people, yet holds the scales with an even hand, as far as his knowledge of the subject extended, and never consciously advanced that which he did not believe to be the strict truth. "To the hypothesis of this ingenious writer," says the illustrious biographer, "we may oppose, first, the express declaration of Swift himself that this distressing malady originated in the surfeit mentioned in the text, a cause which medical professors have esteemed adequate to produce such consequences. Secondly, his whole intercourse with Stella and Vanessa indicates the very reverse of an ardent or licentious imagination, and proves his coldness to have been constitutionally inherent, both in mind and person, and utterly distinct from that of one who retains wishes which he has lost the power to gratify. Those who choose to investigate this matter farther may compare Swift's 'Journal to Stella' with Pope's 'Letters to the Misses Blount,' in which there really exists evidence of that mixture of friendship, passion, and licentious gallantry, which the author of "Hygeia" has less justly ascribed to the correspondence between Swift and Stella. Lastly, it may be briefly noticed that the coarse images and descriptions with which Swift dishonoured his pages are of a description directly opposite to the loose impurities by which the exhausted voluptuary feeds his imagination. . . . We may therefore take Swift's word for the origin of his malady as well as for his constitutional temperance. And until medical authors can clearly account for and radically cure the diseases of their contemporary patients, they may be readily excused from assigning dishonourable causes for the disorders of the illustrious dead."—(Note to "Life," pp. 25—29.)

This masterly refutation of so calumnious a charge is creditable to the generally enlightened biographer of the extraordinary genius and no less wonderful wit whom he has commemorated; and it might moreover be remarked that, in all cases brought before the tribunal of public opinion where doubts exist, as is actually the fact with regard to some of these newly broached aspersions on Swift's moral and political character, it is invariably allowed to give the accused the benefit of those doubts—particularly when his most intimate contemporaries and his nearest neighbours had never either heard of or raised any malicious reports of the kind.[b] But to dismiss this unworthy discussion, obtruded only in justice to the calumniated dean—unhappy enough in the company of such baneful guests for life[a]—and from the necessary obligation of a biographer not to shrink from the question;—it appears that about this time Temple began to discover some of the great qualities of his young relation's mind, his striking originality of remark and acute powers of reasoning and observation; so that Swift himself has recorded that he then grew still more in confidence with him. He was always admitted to sir William's confidential interviews with the king, who was then in the habit of visiting at Moor-park to consult him whom he vainly wished to make his prime minister; and the great statesman being often confined to his chamber by the gout, the duty of making known his sentiments and advising with his majesty devolved upon Swift. It must have been an amusing scene; and the entertainment was no doubt mutual; for while the king, all whose ideas ran upon the extermination of his species—war, thought it the highest honour to offer to the studious poet, then busied in composing Pindaric odes, a whole troop of horse, and to teach him to eat asparagus in the Dutch fashion, stalks and all,[b] the views of the latter were directed to the more pacific aim of church preferment. Nor is it unlikely that he obtained some definite promise to that effect; for that he evidently counted upon it appears from a letter (1692) addressed to his uncle, in which he says, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

In the fourth year of his residence with sir William Temple, Swift went to take his master's degree at Oxford, to which he was admitted on the 6th of July, 1692. He was much pleased with the courtesy and urbanity shown him upon this occasion, and pointedly observed that he felt himself under greater obligations within a few weeks to strangers, than ever he had been in seven years to Dublin college:

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university;
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age."—(Dryden.)

The reception which he thus met with in the firs seat of British learning, independent of his connexion with Temple, afforded a satisfactory proof of the successful progress of his studies; and, inspired as he always appeared in his happier moments, it was at Oxford that he offered his first poetical effusions to the muse. One of these was a version of an ode of Horace (book ii., ode 18), written with considerable ease and spirit; and about the same time sir William and lady Temple pressed him to write his Pindaric odes, composed in the still prevailing taste of that day, and which may be pronounced not inferior of the kind to those of Cowley and Donne. They are addressed to Temple, to the king, and to the Athenian Society—"a knot of obscure individuals," says Johnson, "who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed to be sent, by letters. I have been told," he adds, "that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' so that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden."—("Life," p. 6.)

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[a] The learned Dr. Beddoes, who, in the ninth essay of his work called "Hygeia," pursues a train of fallacies in unison with those so fond of raking, like lord Orrery, into the offals of genius—straining every natural infirmity into moral turpitude, raising mole-hills into mountains, and delighting to revel in the humiliation and misfortunes of true greatness.

[b] As a further specimen of the same medical sagacity which advised Swift to run up a hill every two hours, which attributed his giddiness and deafness to profligacy and excesses, we shall insert, for the amusement of our readers, the notable prescription for his cure, by another physician, Dr. Radcliffe, "for a noisse in the head and deffness proseeding from a colde moyst humor in the head;" which, if taken, in all human probability added not a little to the existing malady:—"Take a pint of sack whey, make very clear half sack and half water; boyle it in sum plane racel sage and a sprige of rosemary; take it gowing to rest, with thirty or forty drops of spirit of hartshorn; continue it as long as you find benefit by it" (he safely might) "specially the winter season; he may sweaten or not with sirop of cowslep." He ordered "allsoe a spice capp, to be made of clowes, masse, and pepper, mingled, *finely* powned, and put between two silke, and quelted to wear next the head, and for a season to be sowed inside his wig."

[a] In a letter from the dean to Mrs. Howard (Aug. 19, 1727) he observes, "About two years before you were born I got my giddiness by eating a hundred gold pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, 'bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read—there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me one or other every year since, and being old acquaintance have now thought fit to come together."

[b] "Alderman George Faulkner of Dublin, the well-known bookseller, happening one day to dine in company with Dr. Leland the historian, the conversation reverted to the illustrious dean of St. Patrick's. Faulkner, who was the dean's printer and publisher on many occasions, mentioned that, one day being detained late at the deanery house in correcting some proof-sheets for the press, Swift made the worthy alderman stay to dinner. Amongst other vegetables, asparagus formed one of the dishes. The dean helped his guest, who shortly again called upon his host, when the dean, pointing to the alderman's plate,—'first finish, sir, what you have got upon your plate.'—'What, sir, eat my stalks?'—'Ay, sir, king William always eat his stalk.'—'And, George," rejoined the historian (who was himself remarkably proud and very pompous), 'were you blockhead enough to obey him?' 'Yes, doctor; and if you had dined with dean Swift tête-à-tête, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too.'"—(Scott).

Soon after the removal of sir William Temple to Moor-park, near Farnham, whither he was accompanied by Swift, it happened that a bill was brought into the house for triennial parliaments, to which the king was much opposed, and despatched the earl of Portland to sir William for advice, who advocated the measure, but endeavoured to remove the royal scruples without effect. Having now a high opinion of Swift's talents, and of his intimate acquaintance with English history, he deputed him to wait upon his majesty, and explain and argue the matter at greater length. Of this mission he acquitted himself with great credit, though it was not attended with success; it was in vain he tried to convince the king, and when he entered more fully into the subject with the minister he was informed that the obstacle was insurmountable, and at the same time the measure was rejected by the house. This was the first time Swift had come into contact with courts, and he has frankly acknowledged that it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

After a residence of about six weeks at the university, having entered himself at Hart's-hall, and obtained his degree of master of arts, Swift left Oxford to pay a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor-park.[a] From this period, it seems, he became anxious to establish himself in the world, and sought to realise those promises of preferment which had been held out to him. Still he continued to discharge the offices of humanity and friendship towards his illustrious relative for a space of two years, when, justly suspecting perhaps that he delayed providing for him from selfish views, and aware that his society had become agreeable as well as useful and necessary, he conceived it only justice to himself to remind sir William of the subject. The discussion which ensued was not of a pleasing nature. His patron was extremely anxious to have an accurate copy of all his writings, and Swift's advice and assistance would here be invaluable. Owing to the great statesman's increasing infirmities, the progress had been necessarily slow, ill adapted to one of Swift's vigorous mind and love of despatch. They are said to have parted with mutual dissatisfaction: sir William offered him some paltry employment in the Rolls-office in Ireland, of which he was then master, worth about 120*l.* per annum. He must have known that this was quite unsuited to Swift's habits and inclinations; and he replied with spirit, "that, since this offer relieved him from the charge of being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." At the same time sir William is stated to have refused to pledge himself with respect to Swift's future promotion in the event of his consenting to remain with him; and he no longer hesitated to seek his own fortune. Upon his arrival, however (early in 1694), Swift found that he could not be ordained without a testimonial of his good conduct during his residence with sir William; and he is stated to have delayed nearly five months before he would consent to obtain such a recommendation by a kind of submission[a] which must have been extremely grating to his feelings. This document it appears, however, was accompanied by a letter to lord Capel from his patron, the prompt arrival of which seems to throw doubts upon the article of submission, of which there is no evidence that it was ever required; and the result was that Swift was offered the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor; and to this small living, happy in his newly acquired independence, he retired. His letters for deacon's orders were dated 28th October, 1694, and those for priest's orders 13th January, 1694-5; and he was ordained into both by William King, at that time bishop of Derry.

We are informed by Mr. Monck Mason that the pathetic story, told by Sheridan and repeated by sir W. Scott, of Swift afterwards procuring this living for an aged clergyman who lent him his horse to ride to obtain it, has no foundation whatever.[b] He is represented "as the father of a numerous family, who, on account of his poverty, was unable to provide for them. It is a pity," adds this accurate and ingenuous writer, "that, being so very interesting, it should not be true, which appears from the following circumstances. First, Swift was not in Ireland when he resigned the living, but resident with sir William Temple. He held this benefice two years, contrary to the generally conceived opinion, and was resident at Moor-park from June, 1696, till sir William's death, as appears by his letters. Secondly, the person in whose favour he resigned was not an indigent clergyman, as is well known to his family; he had himself a moderate estate in that country, and formed several respectable connexions. It appears that he was neither old, poor, nor the father of a family. That he was not old is farther manifest from the fact of his having had a correspondence with Swift so late as the year 1731." [a]

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[a] This fully disproves the assertion of lord Orrery, that Swift was supported at the university of Oxford during a period of three years, with the invidious conclusions which he thence draws, of the same character, and equally well founded, as those attributed to Mr. Temple, the nephew of sir William.

[a] Considerable doubts, of which Swift ought still to have the benefit, are entertained on this head. It is justly remarked by Mr. Monck Mason that "the letter was taken from a copy of a transcript from the original: it may be genuine, but I like not this sort of evidence, and am sure the admission of such will more frequently lead to error than truth." It is indeed singular that so many of the documents implicating the dean rest on the same foundation.

[b] It will nevertheless be only justice to Swift's memory to give this alleged trait of his generosity and magnanimity—inasmuch as we have made it a principle from which we must not shrink, to meet the numerous envious and calumnious charges brought against him, and which have not only been insinuated but broadly asserted on worse than hearsay evidence—often with an affected effort at exculpation, to give weight to them—to which the creatures of Walpole and Swift's Whig enemies had invariably recourse;—

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

And how could he expect to escape, when men like Wharton, Steele, and the whole tribe of Whig corruptionists—with the exception of Addison and a few of the better class, whom he nobly kept in their offices—were hallooed on by the great whipper-in (Walpole) to worry and defame all he could not corrupt?

If Mr. Mason's dates therefore had only consorted with it, we should have been strongly inclined to give credence to the following incident, which is said to have occurred on occasion of Swift giving up his living at Kilroot.

"In an excursion from his habitation he met a clergyman with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a-year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own—rode to Dublin—resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which at first showed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude that Swift himself, deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted for the first time on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moor-park as sir William Temple's confidential secretary." (Scott.)

All that remains to be said on this curious story is with the Italian "Se non è vero, è ben trovato;" and perhaps of the two it is much fairer to speak that which is good of the illustrious dead, ill-founded though it be, than studiously to seek, with his worst political enemies, to blacken his memory by a series of injurious forgeries, of which the real authors remain in the dark, while only the utterers at secondhand give currency to them, as usual with counterfeit coin. Where are the originals to fix any deeper stigma on him than that of great pride and ambition?

It may here not improperly be remarked, that, if so little reliance is to be placed upon an account closely connected with time, place, and circumstance, repeated by all Swift's biographers, and which redounds so highly to his credit, how cautiously we ought to receive also those reports to his prejudice, arising out of confused names and dates at college, and from copies of letters taken from other copies, the evidence of which Mr. Mason so judiciously questions, and the original of which neither the transcribers who communicated them, nor the parties who adopted them, appear to have seen. We think an additional proof likewise that on the occasion of the presentation to his living, Swift was required to make no undue submission to his distinguished relative, is the fact of his being so early invited back by sir William, who became sensible how necessary he was to his existence. It is most probable, under all the circumstances, that the apology, or submission as it is absurdly termed, came not from the injured party but from him who had committed the error, who sought to atone for it, who now stood in need of the support and friendship which he had failed to value as they deserved, and who had in absence more truly estimated Swift's worth and talents. To the voice of friendship and suffering he could never turn a deaf ear; and in 1695 he repaired to Moor-park, where he continued to reside till sir William's death, which took place in January, 1698. There are abundant evidences both in the dean's and Temple's own letters to show that they again met upon terms of gentlemanly equality, without the most remote allusion to apologies or submission on either side beyond what the obligation thus conferred upon a dying relative and a great man, may be supposed to have awakened upon reflection in sir William's just and well-regulated mind. From that hour his friend and companion not only devoted himself with constant and unremitting care to smooth the pillow of declining age; to lighten the hours of pain, and relieve them by his social converse and wit; but he became his right arm in conducting his literary arrangements to a close, while the affection with which he regarded the dying statesman is shown in the memoranda which he so scrupulously kept of the changes and variations which marked his departure. Were any proofs wanting of the correctness of this view of the subject, they are supplied by the laudable industry and the ability of Mr. M. Mason, in his excellent work, who has given the correspondence which ensued between Swift and the representatives of the Temple family. Every word speaks highly in favour of the theory we have ventured to adopt in this "Life;" and in proportion to the genuine light obtained and which can be thrown upon the doubtful or disputed points of Swift's early history, the more unexceptionable will it be found to appear. For this purpose, and that of giving novelty and freshness to former narratives relating to this period, too much resembling each other, the observations of Mr. M. are here given at length. "Swift," he says, "was settled at Moor-park in June, 1696, and from that time forth until sir William's death in 1698 he continued to reside in his house, except when he made an occasional excursion to visit his mother, who received during this time frequent remittances from his favourite uncle William and his cousin Willoughby Swift." Swift manifested at all times a great respect for sir William Temple; his intimacy however with the male descendants of that baronet was finally terminated in 1726 by an opprobrious letter of lord Palmerstown, in answer to one of Swift which contained a request in favour of a friend, by no means meriting so unhandsome a reply. There is no passage in Swift's first epistle that can excuse the following paragraph of his lordship's answer:—"My desire is to be in charity with all men: could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired of this matter, or if you had any regard for a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report, to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you had declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These great refinements are past my understanding, and can only be comprehended by your great wits."

This vile insinuation received an answer temperate to a degree that will astonish the reader who is apprised of the irritable temper of Swift: his reply to this taunting ungenerous epistle is a *chef-d'œuvre.* He asks the noble peer "what title he could have to give such contumelious treatment to one who never did him the least injury or received from him the least obligation?" "I own myself indebted to sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house for any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies; for, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever; and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him." Swift's advantage, it is correctly added, in this short conflict was commensurate to the superiority of his understanding. And it was to this superiority, and to that lofty independence of character, which raised the literary men of his day so much higher in the estimation of all parties, broadly contrasting with the venality of Dryden and the writers of preceding reigns, that Swift was indebted, as well as to his sterling sense and wit, for the immense influence which he exercised upon his times.

That he at the same time possessed great sensibility and could both entertain and inspire strong affection, was shown by the manner in which Temple latterly regarded his distinguished nephew (at least in law), and may be seen from a letter by Mrs. Jane Swift (May 26, 1699), the dean's sister, who says—"My poor brother has lost his best friend sir W. Temple, who was so fond of him while he lived that he made him give up his living in this county (the prebend of Kilroot) to stay with him at Moor-park, and promised to get him one in England; but death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living."

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[a] From the admirably written and very entertaining work entitled "Historical Annals of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick," by William Monck Mason.

And such in fact was the result of Swift's having complied with the invitation of sir William to return to Moor-park, a kind and generous proceeding which made it doubly incumbent upon the party benefited to lose not a moment's time in returning it in the same manly and grateful spirit; but this he neglected to do, and left Swift unprovided for as he had found him. With regard to the legacy said to have been left (*100l.* in a codicil to his will) along with the bequest that Swift should edite an edition of his entire works, we are at a loss to see more in this than the personal interest of the author and the statesman, who seems to have satisfied his conscience with the prospective advantage such a task might afford him, in addition to a doubtful promise known to have been obtained from king William of a prebendary's stall at Canterbury or Westminster. If we wished to display in a stronger light Swift's greatness and magnanimity of spirit in these circumstances, we might refer to his own words, which evince the regard which he entertained for his deceased friend, concluding with the following remarkable observations:—"He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men." And another memorandum contains the following high and honourable eulogy of his character as a statesman and a scholar:—"He was a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, eloquence, of his age and nation. The truest lover of his country, and one who deserved more from it by his eminent public services than any man before or since, besides his great deserving of the commonwealth of having been universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time."

If we consider for a moment the situation of Swift when this splendid character of Temple was written; that he owed the profession he possessed, without fortune or preferment, wholly to his own good sense and resolution; and that, had he complied with his patron's first injunction to remain with him, he must have been cast friendless again upon the world, after eight years, the most valuable of his life, the greatest portion of which he had devoted to the interest and reputation of his friend—as regards obligation on Swift's side nothing can be said. For when, by his own discerning spirit and wise energy, he had made himself master of a profession, the utmost that sir William's care is known to have procured him was an obscure living in which a genius like Swift's may be said to have been buried alive—not promoted; and where, far from meeting society congenial to his temper and habits, he beheld only the degradation and sufferings of the people, withering under the blasting influence of the then dominant Whig party, the champions at that time of war, and the originators—with the help of bishop Burnet—of the public debt, paper money, corruption, and all the fruitful calamities to which Swift even then saw they must inevitably give rise.[a] The public spirit and patriotism by which he seems so early to have been actuated, and for which alone he entered on a literary career, breathe in almost every line of his early poetry, in his imitations, his Pindaric odes, and satirical effusions, which possess a fire and vigour that by no means merited the doubtful and ill-substantiated condemnation—stated on Johnson's hearsay already alluded to—of his great cousin Dryden. In his humble and cheerless retirement, indeed, at Kilroot, and his subsequent residence at Moor-park, he seems to have more assiduously courted the relief of poetical composition, which he had first commenced at Oxford; and in some of these occasional effusions the tenor of his mind and thoughts is strongly depicted, bearing that impress of mingled sorrow and indignation which the aspect of things around him and his future prospects were calculated to inspire. Another feature of them is the decided hatred which he expresses against folly and vice, and the power with which he strove to expose them in proportion as they extended their baneful influence from high places:—

> "My hate—whose lash just Heaven had long decreed
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

And in those interesting verses, so honourable to his right feelings, "on the Illness and Recovery of Sir William Temple," he gives expression to sentiments evincing a lofty sense of duty, a strength of virtuous will, and a disdain of mercenary motives or mean compliances, which carry a strong presumption of his previous habits of self-command and of his uniform consistency and high principle, deviations from which were only likely to occur from the predominance of pride or ambition. They are the more remarkable as having been written in some moment when extreme suffering or other causes had given to the manner of his friend and host, Temple, a degree of distance or coldness of which Swift subsequently complained, and was heard humorously to declare "that in faith sir William had spoiled a fine gentleman," in allusion to his harsh manner. Addressing the muse in the style that was still in vogue from the days of Charles II., and which was of itself sufficient to render Swift's earlier pieces—had they possessed greater merit,—neglected and obsolete, he exclaims in an emphatic tone,—

> "To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
> Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
> To thee what oft I vainly strive to hide,
> That scorn of fools by fools mistook for pride
> From thee whatever virtue takes its rise
> Grows a misfortune and becomes a vice;
> Such were thy rules to be as good as great—
> Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
> Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
> Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
> Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,—
> Know no base action, at no guilt look pale:
> And since unhappy distance thus denies
> T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
> Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
> To breed contempt where thou had'st hoped esteem."

In the sudden outbreaks of satirical passion, and in spontaneous unpremeditated lines like these, even more than in his letters, we seem to read his early character and feelings, the secret heart and spirit which sat alone in their self-sustained power and calm yet indignant grandeur, brooding over the philosophy, the sad moral of history, examining and arraigning before the tribunal of his judgment and conscience the motives by which he was then actuated. Before following him however from the shades of Kilroot and the elegant seclusion of Moor-park, into that active world where his genius shone with unrivalled splendour, it becomes (so soon again) the writer's painful duty to set at rest another of those absurd and calumnious falsehoods, invented doubtless long after the period to which it is referred, by some of his humbled and perhaps titled adversaries, writhing under the infliction of some of his keen satiric truths, and, unable to meet him in the field of manly argument, trying to arrest his fierce pursuit, like certain animals whose last chance of escape lies in exciting extreme disgust and nausea in their conquerors; and it is a curious fact that, with regard to Steele's baseness and ingratitude, Swift actually declared that by his shameless and impu-

[a] If any evidence of this fact is required it will be enough to refer to one of those occasional essays, written by Swift when in Ireland, and given for the first time entire in the present edition of his works, from a copy of the "Intelligencer" that appears to have been in his own possession, and which contains his remarks and signature at the end of each paper.

dent proceedings he had quite put it out of his (Swift's) power to do him any injury. We can only desire, in alluding to a charge so preposterous, to show that we consider it indispensable for every one who treats the life of a distinguished man not to conceal or disguise the truth, or attempt by any side wind to edge out of a question, however difficult or however trivial the circumstances. At the same time, it is a source of regret that sir Walter Scott or some of his other biographers evinced not some spark of the fiery scorn and indignation which would have actuated the dean himself, had he been able to detect the vile calumniator, and thus have spared future biographers of this celebrated man the strong aversion they must feel in dwelling upon such mean and despicable calumnies, when so many nobler and more inviting themes lie before them. It would be enough in any other case to observe that the name of the infamous lord Wharton is connected with it; but it seems to have been the fate of Swift—from the loftier eminence which he occupied, from his vast talents and unrivalled influence, and from one or two unhappy passages in his after life—to have offered a wider and safer mark for the shafts of calumny, and from the superior strength and vividness of his intellectual flashes to have shown more clearly the innumerable little motes in his mental sun. "Ex uno disce omnes" might indeed be adduced as a motto for the series of calumnies which spring from such a cause; but, if only as specimens of the human nature which he himself painted, they are sometimes not unentertaining when the motives of the parties interested are understood. Like most others, this foul calumny carries with it its own refutation by the strong array of facts and dates which, in addition to invalidating the particular charge by circumstantial evidence, present a general body of truths sufficient in themselves before the severest tribunal of justice to exonerate the character of the dean, even upon the ground of moral reputation and public character. The account of it given by sir Walter Scott will be found in the appended note, and to this will be subjoined his masterly, but not perhaps sufficiently indignant and emphatic, reply.[a] For there cannot be a doubt that, had not Mr. Malone and other friends of the calumniated dean's memory stood forward in the handsome manner they did, sifted the matter to its vilest dregs, challenged and compelled the utterers to confess its falsehood and to retract it, the statement would have remained, and the presumed record been referred to with the same unfounded confidence as other weak and ridiculous charges, upon the presumed evidence of copies of transcripts from original letters which no one has seen, but most probably original forgeries like the statements of lord Wharton and his creatures.

During Swift's final residence with sir W. Temple, in addition to performing the last offices of humanity with the generosity and assiduity of a friend who felt himself upon a perfect equality, or rather as the party conferring an obligation—for, as he himself expresses it after a lapse of seven years, "he found himself as much to seek as ever," and had to carve out his own course in the world—he was not only silently preparing the edition of that able statesman and amiable man's writings for the world, but defending his literary reputation and character, with the irresistible weapons of his wit and genius, from the bitter invectives of those scholastic blockheads who arrogated to themselves superior merit from appearing in the borrowed plumes—the mere husks and verbiage—of the ancients they affected so much to honour. The most disinterested kindness and the greatest service he could at that time confer upon a man whose reputation at this day belongs more to his literary tastes than to his political ascendancy—for, unlike Swift, he had the credit without affording the proofs of strong political wisdom,—was to support by his voluntary act the favourite theory to which the feelings, the refined taste, and the classic education of Temple had so much wedded him; and like some young heroic chief to defend the form of his aged sire from the assaults of his relentless foes. How grateful the dying statesman must have felt, could not be more strongly shown than by leaving a considerable legacy to his adopted son (hence the virulence of Temple's unworthy nephew), and by constituting his nephew-in-law his literary executor, than which he could not give a more marked evidence of his unlimited confidence in Swift's judgment and integrity.[a] Till that happier period arrived, and he began to appreciate the great and noble qualities of Swift's mind, we trace the sufferings of a genius conscious of its own powers, of a frank ingenuous nature which the slightest coldness or distance could make unhappy for days, though moods probably arising only from increasing physical infirmities or the strange variableness attending the departure of the fleeting soul. In the very words of his attached friend and relative, left us upon record, in all the tenderness and purity of generous friendship, we perceive the strong regard, amounting to veneration, which influenced Swift's motives towards one whose friendship and confidence he strove to possess, and, as in most of the objects he aimed at, fully succeeded in attaining. "Don't you remember," he says in a letter to Stella, "how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold or out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons?"

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[a] In an edition of the "Tatler" in six volumes, 1786, executed with uncommon accuracy and care, there occurs a noto upon No. 188, which among other strictures on Swift's history mentions the following alleged fact:—"Lord Wharton's remarkable words allude not only to the odium Swift had contracted as the known or supposed author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' &c., but they seem to point more particularly to a flagrant part of his criminality at Kilroot not so generally known. A general account of this offence is all that is requisite here, and all that decency permits.

"In consequence of an attempt to ravish one of his parishioners, a farmer's daughter, Swift was carried before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs (in whose family the examinations taken on the occasion are said to be still extant to this day), and to avoid the very serious consequences of this rash action immediately resigned the prebend and quitted the kingdom. This intelligence was communicated, and vouched as a fact well known in the parish even now, by one of Swift's successors in the living, and is rested on the authority of the present prebendary of Kilroot, February 6th, 1785."

It was not to be supposed that a charge so inconsistent with Swift's general character for virtue, religion, and temperance should remain unanswered; accordingly a reply was addressed to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, by Theophilus Swift, esq., who was zealous for the honour of his great relation, but it was refused admission on account of its length. An answer is also to be found in Mr. Monck Berkeley's "Reliques;" and in both cases the advocates of Swift, or rather his vindicators, urge the utter improbability of the charge, considering the circumstances of the case. It was shown by Mr. Berkeley that, had such a criminal stigma ever stained the character of Swift, some allusions to it must have been found amid the profusion of personal slander with which at one time he was assailed both in Britain and Ireland. It was further remarked that, had Swift been conscious of meriting such an imputation, his satire upon dean Sawbridge for a similar crime argued little less than insanity in the author. To which it might have been added that the same reproach is thrown by Swift on sir John Browne, in one of the "Drapiers." Above all, the proofs of this strange allegation were loudly demanded at the hands of those who had made a public calumny unknown to the eagle-eyed slander of the age in which Swift lived. To these defiances no formal answer was returned, but the story was suffered to remain upon record. That this atrocious story may no longer continue without an explicit contradiction, I here insert the origin of the calumny upon the authority of the rev. Dr. Hutchison of Donaghadee.

"The rev. Mr. P——r, a successor of dean Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, was the first circulator of this extraordinary story. He told the tale, among other public occasions, at the late excellent bishop of Dromore's, who committed it to writing. His authority he alleged to be a dean Dobbs, who he stated had informed him that informations were actually lodged before magistrates in the diocese of Down and Connor for the alleged attempt. But when the late ingenious Mr. Malone and many other literary gentlemen began to press a closer examination of the alleged fact, the unfortunate narrator denied obstinately his ever having promulgated such a charge. And whether the whole story was the creation of incipient insanity, or whether he had felt the discredit attached to his tergiversation so acutely as to derange his understanding, it is certain the unfortunate Mr. P——r died raving mad, a patient in that very hospital for lunatics established by Swift, against whom he had propagated this cruel calumny. Yet, although P——r thus fell a victim to his own rash assertions or credulity, it has been supposed that this inexplicable figment did really originate with dean Dobbs, and that he had been led into a mistake by the initial letters *J. S.* upon the alleged papers, which might apply to Jonathan Smedley (to whom indeed the tale has been supposed properly to belong) or to John Smith as well as to Jonathan Swift. It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe that he returned to Kilroot after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that he returned to sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he had left him; that during all his public life in England and Ireland, where he was the butt of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death it was unsupported, like too many others, by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane." This is conclusive; and had Mr. Malone's and his friends' example of open challenge and investigation been followed, fewer other absurd charges would be allowed to remain upon record.—(Scott's "Life of Swift," pp. 40—42."

As in all future occurrences of his life, Swift evinced in the controversy on ancient and modern learning the same correct taste and sound judgment which enabled him to see through the real object of Marlborough and the Whigs in prosecuting, for selfish aggrandisement, an endless and destructive war, that is, he saw that the aim of the moderns—of Bentley, Wotton, and the smaller fry, borrowed from the French controversy of Perrault and Fontenelle—had its source only in individual and national vanity, and deserved no mercy. There can be no doubt in any unbiassed and enlightened mind, in that of the true scholar and critic, on which side the balance was likely to incline; but Swift's was not a genius to rest content, in literary controversy, with a drawn battle. That which rendered the learned chivalry of Swift more valued on this occasion was that Temple had committed an error, which compromised his classical tact and reputation, by resting his authority on the Epistles of Phalaris, which he looked upon not only as genuine, but as exhibiting the antique spirit, grandeur of thought, and contempt of death, peculiar to the ancient tyrants and commanders. He had thus placed himself upon the horns of a dilemma, of which Wotton, followed by the doughty Bentley, did not fail to take advantage; and the circumstance of the hon. Mr. Boyle having undertaken a new edition of the Epistles gave rise to the two treatises, which so much amused the learned world, of Boyle *versus* Bentley, and consequently, of Bentley *versus* Boyle. Swift now threw his broad shield over his devoted friend; and the "Battle of the Books" infused a humorous spirit of happy wit and invention into the subject which it did not before possess. The design was erroneously said to have been borrowed from Coutrage's "Political History of the newly declared War between the Ancients and Moderns;" but, in fact, there is not the remotest resemblance between the two works: all the exquisite episodes and rich illustrations are Swift's own, and far beyond the merit and beauty of the alleged model; and it has been shown by Mr. Mason that he actually took not a single idea from it. The subsequent success of the "Battle of the Books"[a] (though in MS.), with the curiosity and admiration it excited, probably encouraged the author, about the same period, to complete his "Tale of a Tub"—an astonishing production, of which the fervid vehement style, sparkling wit, and vivacity of genius, seem to distinguish it above the happiest efforts even of his own resistless pen. It would seem, from a letter of Atterbury (29th June, 1704), that when this inimitable production first appeared it was given to one Edward Smith (Rag Smith) and John Philips; but by Congreve and the few wits then acquainted with the author's manner, it could not for a moment have been mistaken.

How eagerly the author had devoted himself to the study of poetry and history is evident from a list given by Sheridan; and he himself states that he had written and burned and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. Among other poetical pieces full of keen satire, but rough and inelegant as regards the versification, are some lines written in 1697, "Upon the Burning of Whitehall," remarkable for strong thought and vigour of expression, and a copy of verses written in "a lady's ivory table-book," which afford perhaps the first specimen of that happy vein of rallying foibles and peculiarities in which he afterwards became so expert a master.

It was at Moor-park, moreover, that Swift became acquainted with Miss Esther Johnson, afterwards known as the amiable and accomplished Stella. She was the daughter of a gentleman of family in Nottingham, engaged as a merchant in London, only in her fifteenth year, and possessed of beauty, elegance, and talents. She resided with another young lady, a niece of sir William's, in the same establishment, and the friend and companion of the statesman voluntarily took upon himself the tuition of his fair guests. As we are here about to enter upon the incipient cause of that which afterwards embittered Swift's existence, it will be proper in every point of view to give the opinions of one in whose high and liberal mind, and in whose admirable judgment, as well as accuracy of research, there is every reason to place confidence. Mr. Mason justly makes the same distinction which Swift himself did as regards the relative position of the parties, observing that she was a lady for whom he felt all that warmth of animated friendship of which his future life gives so many examples; but it appears never to have kindled into love. To that passion, during his whole life, Swift was remarkably insensible. Sir W. Scott likewise—alluding to a letter written to the Rev. John Kendall (11th February, 1691-2), in which Swift speaks of his cold temper and unconfined humour "as sufficient hindrances to any imprudent attachment; that he was resolved not to think of marriage till his fortune was settled in the world, and that even then he might be so hard to please he might probably put it off till doomsday"—also relates an anecdote (as amusing, perhaps, as apocryphal) which shows how strong was the restraint of prudential considerations in Swift's well-regulated mind. "A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the permission of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean, being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story. 'When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my schoolfellows and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired, and lay down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after on the spot gave me some relief.' To this the young clergyman answered, 'Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case—I own I deserve such a rebuke;' and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord-lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living, then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him." This is an admirable illustration, and must doubtless have had its weight in terminating a juvenile attachment between Swift and a Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of his college companion, after it had subsisted for a period of four years—a period "in which much," says sir W. Scott, "may have happened to abate the original warmth of Swift's passion; nor is it perhaps very fair, ignorant as we are of what had occurred in the interim, to pass a severe sentence on his conduct, when, after being mortified by Varina's[a] cruelty during so long a period, he seems to have been a little startled by her sudden offer of capitulation. It is, however, certain that just when the lover, worn out by neglect or disgusted by uncertainty, began to grow cool in his suit, the lady (a case not altogether without example) became pressing and categorical in her inquiries as to what had altered the style of her admirer's letters." To this it appears that Swift's reply was even more particular and more tediously categorical, in addition to the cold and insulting tone in which it is written, as little creditable to the writer's good feelings as to his gallantry, and which must have been intended to produce the effect of terminating the affair, as no lady of sense or delicacy could have subscribed to such harsh and unreasonable terms.

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[a] There is a singular parallel case in the present day, to which it gives the writer unfeigned pleasure to allude; the literary executorship of a man on an eminence very far superior to that of sir W. Temple; and a far greater master in his grand and peculiar sphere. We mean sir Walter Scott; to whose fascinating society the writer was no stranger. Could Mr. Lockhart instance, in the whole course of his editorial and literary experience, a stronger proof of unlimited confidence and friendship, than that given by sir W. Scott, when he intrusted his literary fame to his guardianship?

[a] "Johnson's veracity in stating that Swift borrowed his ideas from a work entitled, 'Le Combat des Livres' is not to be relied upon; it is pretty certain that no such work exists.'—Mason.

It is only just, however, to Swift to give Mr. M. Mason's clear-sighted view and evidence as to this affair:—"There is enough to satisfy us that the lady's coolness was at least equal to that of her quondam lover. Swift writes, 'I have observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you.' And afterwards he says, there was no other way of accounting for her behaviour but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for him. Some hints also at other causes of displeasure appear from Swift's words: 'If you like such company and conduct, much good may you do with them; my education has been otherwise.' I apprehend the following words of a letter, the original of which is in my possession, allude to the same business; it is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, and is dated from Moor-park, in 1698: 'I remember those letters to Eliza; they were written in my youth; pray burn them. You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me.' The residence of Mr. Winder being in that neighbourhood renders it probable that the female alluded to is Miss Waryng; if so, their affections had terminated long before the letter alluded to was written."—("Historical Annals," &c.)

In December, 1699, Swift suffered another severe mortification by the hasty and imprudent marriage of his sister with an obscure tradesman, a currier—old enough to be her father—who soon broke, and, as her brother had foreseen, treated her with neglect; and finally left her unprovided for with a family. We must not forget to add that it became Swift's first object to provide for her, and that he settled upon her family an annual stipend for the remainder of her life.

Swift's first occupation upon his removal to London was to publish a full and correct edition of the works intrusted to his care by sir William Temple.[a] They were dedicated to the king, from whom it is supposed the editor had already received a promise through Temple of the first vacant prebend in Canterbury or Westminster. If so, that promise, like most court promises, was made to be broken; and Swift, during his occasional attendance on ministers, received no satisfaction whatever. His patience becoming exhausted, he sent a memorial to the king himself; and informs us that "the earl of Romney, who professed much friendship, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, he said not a word of it to the king." (MS. by Swift.) At length, wearied and disgusted, he was induced to accept an invitation from the earl of Berkeley, appointed one of the lords-justices, to attend him as chaplain and private secretary to Ireland. Swift officiated in his new capacity till their arrival in Dublin, when a busy intriguing fellow named Bushe, having insinuated to his lordship that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman, obtained it for himself. Swift's indignation at this usage was frankly and boldly expressed; and he wrote a bitter and humorous lampoon, which obtained a wide circulation, at his lordship's and the new secretary's expense. This disappointment was followed by another. The deanery of Derry having become vacant, Swift applied for it, the earl having promised him the first benefice which should fall in. Again the secretary found means to set Swift aside, upon pretence that he was too young (he had, in fact, received a bribe of 1000*l.*)—an objection erroneously stated by lord Orrery to have originated with Dr. Wm. King, who entreated that the deanery might be given to some elderly divine. "I have no objection," said the learned prelate, "to Mr. Swift; I know him to be a sprightly ingenious young man; but instead of residing, I dare say he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to London, and therefore I entreat he may be provided for in some other place." Swift, aware that the matter must have been done with the earl's participation, insisted upon an interview with the secretary; and on being told the real state of the case, that it could not be had without 1000*l.*, indignantly replied, "then God confound you both for a couple of rascals!" and hastily left the castle. But his lordship, already smarting under the injured chaplain's satiric lash, lost no time in making due apology and offering terms of conciliation; and on the 22nd March, 1699, Swift was inducted to the rectory of Agher and vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the diocese of Meath. They were, however, not worth one third of the deanery; but on the 28th of September, 1700, he received a further recompense by being collated to the prebend of Dunlaven in St. Patrick's cathedral, and installed on the 22nd of the following month. In his poem of the "Discovery," as well as in other effusions, Swift holds both his lordship and his secretary up to the ridicule of the reader; but he was subsequently induced to preserve friendly terms with the earl—influenced, it is said, by his high respect for the countess—a lady of exemplary virtue and piety, whom he has extolled in his introduction to the "Project for the Advancement of Religion." Of these his united livings Swift, in his account-book for the year 1700, set down the annual value at 230*l.*; and it appears that he paid between March, 1699, and November, 1700, as much as 117*l.* for title, crown-rent, curate, &c. Indeed, it would appear from an account-book for 1703, kept by Swift, who was always extremely exact and punctual in his entries, that after these and other deductions the means left at his command were very slender, insomuch that Mr. Mason, who himself inspected the accounts, observes that it argued no very blamable ambition that he should wish to be somewhat richer, particularly as we learn from his "Journal to Stella" that his livings had in 1712 decreased, and the expense of living in Ireland was greater than before.

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[a] Miss Jane Waryng, "whom, by a cold poetical conceit," adds sir W. Scott, "he has termed Varina."

[a] During Swift's residence in England he never failed to visit his mother once a year at Leicester. His mode of travelling was suited to his finances; being always on foot, except when the weather was very bad, when he would sometimes take shelter in a waggon. With the help of a strong constitution and active limbs he traversed hills and dales, valuing gates and stiles not a straw, and dining at obscure alehouses with pedlars and carriers. The language and manners of those people indulged his comic humour, and supplied him with the means of studying human nature; but although he disguised himself to the utmost of his skill, yet he was once discovered by his fellow-travellers to be a spy on their manners, and obliged afterwards to travel in better company. To this passion he never sacrificed his habitual love of cleanliness: although be usually took up his lodging where he saw written over the door "lodgings for a penny," yet he used to bribe the maid with sixpence to give him a separate bed and clean sheets. "Perhaps we are indebted," adds Mr. Mason, "to the state of Swift's finances for the entertainment and instruction we receive from his admirable works; nay, we have his own words for it: in a letter to his friend Pope he says, 'I will tell you that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of great learning does the work of a blue ribbon or of a coach and six horses.'"

Upon the earl of Berkeley's retiring from the government, Swift, who had continued to exercise his duties as chaplain to the year 1700, withdrew to his vicarage of Laracor, where his conduct as a clergyman, his uniform piety, and respect for religious observances, gained him the esteem of different classes, as well as of his parishioners. An absurd and farcical description,[a] copied by some of his biographers, has been given of his journey, almost wholly destitute of truth, and of his abrupt and unfeeling manner of taking possession of his new livings. The amusing inventor (for Swift can boast fabulists without end, before and after lord Orrery) sets out very veraciously by assuring us he performed his journey on foot; that he wore decent black clothes, with strong worsted stockings, of which he carried a second pair and a shirt in his pocket; a large grey surtout, a large slouched hat, with a pole considerably longer than himself, which he had probably procured from some country hay-maker. It is impossible to recognise in this burlesque description "any resemblance," says Mr. Mason, "to what we are told were Swift's habits of life, of whom it is said he was so attentive to exterior appearances that he never went abroad without his gown. We should remember too that he was at this time chaplain to the chief governor of Ireland—a strange season for him to fix on to depart from his usual practice. But this writer does not proceed many pages before he finds a parish clerk to act as clown to the mountebank character into which he has done us the honour to transform the great genius and chief patriot of Ireland; this is Roger Cox, of whose costume we have the following description (p. 6):—'Roger's dress was not the least extraordinary feature of his appearance. He constantly wore a full-trimmed scarlet waistcoat of most uncommon dimensions, a light-grey coat, which altogether gave him an air of singularity and whim as remarkable as his character.' The writer, having equipped his heroes, proceeds next to relate their exploits, witty and humorous, which are about as true as the description of the characters themselves, and equally judicious and appropriate. A jest-book may be amusing, but a medley of jests ought not to be attributed to any real character; it would be more prudent for the compiler of such to fix upon a fictitious one, who may be each and everything he pleases; witty sayings attributed to a real person should be appropriate. . . . . Indeed, in the case of Swift, such publications are peculiarly objectionable; he was of a cast of character the exact value and true nature of which it is an object of high interest duly to appreciate. The peculiarity of his humour has not been thoroughly comprehended, even by some writers who think they have interpreted it rightly; to falsify it in the way the author of 'Swiftiana' has done, by attributing to him acts that he never did and sayings that he never uttered, is to do an injury for which his foolish jests can furnish no sufficient recompense."—("Historical Annals.")

This high testimony upon the best and most genuine evidence, from a writer intimately conversant with the most trivial as well as the most important passages in the dean's history, does equal credit to his heart and to his judgment; nor does he less ably refute the other stories appertaining to the want of dignity, and even levity, with which Swift was accused, while residing at these livings, of performing the offices of religion. The practice of having divine service on week-days being very unusual, it was at first very ill attended. It has been related of Swift, that on one of those days, finding there was no other person present but himself and the clerk, he began by addressing him as follows: "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places;" and proceeded in that manner through the service. This story is not however authenticated; it rests solely on the credit of lord Orrery; neither Mr. Deane Swift nor Mrs. Whiteway had heard it, until the earl's book made its appearance; and although they allowed it was like him, they believed it to be an invention of lord Orrery's to discredit the dean's respect for religion. Mr. Theophilus Swift says he read it in a jest-book, printed between 1550 and 1560. To this the writer of his life in the Biog. Brit. alludes in the following words: "This instance of levity it must be owned is sufficient to clear Dr. King, then bishop of Derry, from any particular ill-will to him in trying to prevent his promotion to that deanery."

"I have before expressed my doubt that King ever opposed the appointment of Swift, and have now to observe that this instance of levity, if it ever happened, must have occurred after that deanery had been disposed of, and could not therefore have had

[a] From the "Swiftiana."

any influence upon the bishop's opinion. But in truth, Swift cannot justly be accused of levity in those respects; his conduct, which was uniformly pious, should rather disprove the truth of the anecdote, than such an anecdote, ill authenticated, cast a blemish on his character; it would not be possible to adduce an instance from his works where he makes a jest of religion. There is another story, likewise related by lord Orrery, in his 16th letter, of his laying a wager one afternoon with Dr. Raymond, of Trim, that he would begin prayers before him; that both ran as fast as they could to the church, but Raymond, who had outrun Swift, walked decently up the aisle. Swift, however, did not slacken his pace; he passed Raymond in the aisle, and, stepping into the reading-desk, repeated so much of the service as entitled him to the sum which they had wagered. This story appears, like the others, to be a malicious falsehood, invented for the sole purpose of discrediting his character."—("Historical Annals.")

The whole of this statement is as true as it is admirable; and could the series of full and deeply studied and examined notes upon Swift's life in this distinguished writer's work appear prefixed to a new edition of the dean's writings, there can be no doubt they would form the most correct and complete biography of him that has yet been given to the world—presenting a mass of rich and most interesting illustrations in every particular, and which, from the minute investigation and comparison they display, may be relied upon, in addition to the requisite entertainment they afford. Of the same doubtful character are many of the anecdotes relating to this comparatively obscure portion of Swift's life, though appearing in the respectable character of a country clergyman, and with a seriousness and earnestness which had nothing of the frivolous and light demeanour so freely attributed to him.

"On Sundays," says sir W. Scott, "the church at Laracor was well attended by the neighbouring families; and Swift, far from having reason to complain of want of an audience, attained that reputation which he pronounced to be the height of his ambition, since inquiries were frequently made of his faithful clerk, Roger Coxe,[a] whether the doctor was to preach that Sunday.

"While resident at Laracor, it was Swift's principal care to repair the dilapidations which the church and vicarage had sustained by the carelessness or avarice of former incumbents. He expressed the utmost indignation at the appearance of the church, and, during the first year of his incumbency, expended a considerable sum in putting it into repair. The vicarage he also made comfortably tenantable,[b] and proceeded to improve it according to the ideas of beauty and taste which were at that time universally received. He formed a pleasant garden; smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks at its side. These willows, so often celebrated in the 'Journal to Stella,' are now decayed or cut down; the garden cannot be traced; and the canal only resembles a ditch. Yet the parish and the rector continue to derive some advantage from its having been once the abode of Swift. He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty. The tithes of Effernock, purchased with his own money at a time when it did not abound, were, by his will, settled for ever on the incumbent of that living.

"But Laracor had yet greater charms than its willows and canals, the facetious humours of Roger Coxe, and the applause of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Swift had no sooner found his fortune established in Ireland than it became his wish that Stella should become an inhabitant of that kingdom. This was easily arranged. She was her own mistress; and the rate of interest being higher in Ireland furnished her with a plausible excuse for taking up her residence near the friend and instructor of her youth. The company of Mrs. Dingley, a woman of narrow income and limited understanding, but of middle age and a creditable character, obviated in a great measure the inferences which the world must otherwise have necessarily drawn from this step. Some whispers so singular a resolution doubtless occasioned; but the caution of Swift, who was never known to see Stella but in the presence of a third party, and the constant attendance of Mrs. Dingley, to whom, apparently, he paid equal attention, seem to have put scandal to silence. Their residence was varied with the same anxious regard to Stella's character. When Swift left the parsonage at Laracor the ladies became its tenants, and when he returned they regularly retired to their lodgings in the town of Trim, the capital of the diocese, or were received by Dr. Raymond, so often mentioned in the 'Journal,' the hospitable vicar of that parish. Every exterior circumstance which could distinguish an union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature was carefully observed, and the surprise at first excited by the settlement of Mrs. Dingley and Stella in a country to which they were strangers seems gradually to have subsided. It is however highly probable that between Swift and Stella there was a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage when Swift's income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expense of a matrimonial establishment. And here it is impossible to avoid remarking the vanity of that over-prudence which labours to provide against all possible contingencies. Had Swift, like any ordinary man in his situation, been contented to share his limited income with a deserving object of his affections, the task of his biographers would have been short and cheerful; and we should neither have had to record nor to apologise for those circumstances which form the most plausible charge against his memory."

The following remarks are peculiarly happy, evincing that sterling good sense and knowledge of life for which Swift's great biographer was, like himself, so conspicuous above all his contemporaries:—

"In the pride of talent and of wisdom he endeavoured to frame a new path to happiness, and the consequences have rendered him a warning where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern.

"Meanwhile, the risk of ill construction being so carefully guarded against, Stella, with her beauty and accomplishments, was not long without an admirer. She was then about eighteen; her hair of a raven black, her features both beautiful and expressive, and her form of perfect symmetry, though rather inclined to embonpoint. To these outward graces were added good sense, great docility, and uncommon powers both of grave and gay conversation, and a fortune which, though small, was independent."—(Scott's "Memoirs of Swift," vol. i. p. 72.)

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[a] Roger was a man of humour, and merited a master like Swift. When the Doctor remarked that he wore a scarlet waistcoat, he defended himself as being of the church militant. "Will you not bid for these poultry?" said Swift to his humble dependant at a sale of farm-stock. "No, sir;" said Roger, "they're just a-going to *Hatch*." They were in fact on the point of being knocked down to a farmer called *Hatch*. This humourist was originally a hatter, and died at the age of ninety, at Bruky in the county of Cavan.

[b] The house appears from its present ruins to have been a comfortable mansion. The present bishop of Meath (whom the editor is proud to call his friend), with classic feeling, while pressing upon his clergy at a late visitation the duty of repairing the glebe-houses, addressed himself particularly to the vicar of Laracor, and recommended to him, in the necessary improvement of his mansion, to save as far as possible the walls of the house which had been inhabited by his great predecessor.

Neither were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person.[a] Sheridan says that Swift's affection for Stella had not at this time kindled into love. I think it proper to give some extracts from his memoir in his own words, because they tend to prove that Mrs. Johnson's removal to Ireland was not caused by any hopes or promises of a matrimonial connexion with Swift.—'Though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all the pride of blooming eighteen, yet it is certain that he never dropped the least hint that might induce her to consider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he still maintained the character of a tutor, a governor, and a friend.' 'The truth,' says Sheridan, 'is, that Swift at that time knewn ot what the passion of love was. He had long entertained a dislike to matrimony; he seems to have been under the dominion of a still more powerful passion—that of ambition. Urged by this reckless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England, absenting himself for some months from the duties of his parish and the charming conversation of the amiable Stella.'" To this statement Mr. M. very appositely replies—"It appears therefore that

> "'He liked, but had a rougher task in hand
> Than to drive liking to the name of love.'

"If the passion of ambition was so powerful as to overcome that of love at this early period of Swift's life, and that he could resist the allurements of youth and beauty at a time when they have usually the greatest influence, it is not credible that his love should afterwards obtain such strength as to master his ambition—a passion which usually gains strength with years, and in proportion as the former loses its power; especially as the temptations which before existed, if they had not altogether lost their force, must have been in a great measure weakened."—("Historical Annals," p. 243.)

The preceding view is founded on close and excellent reasoning, as well as on a knowledge of human nature, and Swift's character in particular. It will also account for the conduct of the parties more satisfactorily than upon any other theory; and as a specimen of the contradictions upon this subject we may mention that Hawksworth distinctly asserts that Mrs. Johnson was buried in solitude, and known only to Swift's most intimate acquaintance, having no other female acquaintance but Mrs. Dingley. And this passage is altered by Dr. John Lyon, in his copy of Hawksworth's "Life of Swift," so as to express exactly the reverse. A curious passage also occurs in a letter from Mr. Thomas Swift (the parson cousin, who laid claim to a share in "The Tale of a Tub"), in which he asks (1706) "if Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moor-park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the north or *anywhere else*), with full resolution to engage him."

It is not surprising that, Swift declining to avow himself as a lover, other suitors should step forward and become candidates for so fair a prize; for, in addition to the graces of her person, there was something extremely fascinating in the vivacity of manners and conversation of Miss Johnson. Among these the reverend William Tisdall, already on a familiar footing with the parties, became one of her admirers, and addressed a letter to Swift, then in London. He received a reply from the doctor (dated 20th April, 1704) in the following dubious and singular terms:—"I might with good pretence enough talk starchly and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours; in answer to all which I will upon my conscience and honour tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers: this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you, but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world, and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy; but that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you, indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother without the daughter giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which I think was a right and prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve; but the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortunes in losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was not your friend in the whole concern, though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequences that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents: nay, I went so far to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken, since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues; and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things,—I mean here in England, for as to the ladies in Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs or would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account."

The cautious and distant tone adopted by Swift is here remarkable, and assuredly no such letter was ever penned by a lover to his rival. The lady's own consent had not been obtained; and if she had ever been influenced in her decision by hopes of Swift coming forward, a recommendation like this, and similar letters which he declares he had addressed to Stella, were more than enough to extinguish them for ever. It seems astonishing that with such evidence before her, being indisputably a woman of sense and spirit, she did not immediately marry, or treat Swift thenceforward with perfect coolness and indifference. At the same time the guardian and friend ridiculed the lover, whom he declared that he recommended, with unmerciful severity—seizing his personal qualities and foibles to hold him up, if possible, in a more disgusting light;[a] and it is probable that he was not surprised to hear that Stella had rejected him. Whether or not he suspected the dean, he went about, in his rage of disappointment, venting his spleen in the most opprobrious terms, which he persevered in doing for many years. At the same time we ought to state the case Swift makes out for himself: "For the last fifteen years," he says, "he hath been often engaged in a flirting war of satiric burlesque verse. In these combats he has often fallen foul on persons who never dipped a pen either for or against him. As to me, who, I solemnly protest, was always innocent during the whole time his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well before as since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him was laid at my door, and only by himself."

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[a] The distance which existed during their whole lives between Swift and Stella is exemplified by the following passage of a letter from the former to Mr. Tickell, dated 7th July, 1726. "I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey." (Swift's Works.)

Swift, it must be remembered, in setting out on his literary career, made a resolution not to place his name to his productions, and neither to avow nor to consider himself accountable to any party for them. His disavowal therefore, as in the case of Butterworth, is worth nothing, and it is rather too much to give him credit for bearing meekly the attacks of Tisdall for fifteen years without returning them with interest. There cannot be a doubt as to the secret enmity and dislike manifest in Swift's letter, and that when he wrote it he had sufficient reasons for believing that "Black Tisdall," whose unodorous breath and other bodily infirmities he commemorated in song, would never be the accepted lover of the accomplished and elegant Stella:—

> "They say Black Tisdall's of your party,
> And Tom and bold translator Carty."

Sir Walter Scott, whose correctness of observation and whose singular power of penetrating real motives were not surpassed by any of his greatest predecessors, expressly states that "Swift maintained a long acquaintance with Tisdall without ever liking him, and he certainly felt rivalry in the case of Stella." In other words, he made profession of the most perfect friendship; and the truth is, that the vanity and the intense desire of being admired in this extraordinary man were so great that he wished to be esteemed and beloved by two of the loveliest women of his times without incurring the cares and responsibilities of married life in a station that would have made him appear ridiculous in the eyes of his greater clerical brethren. The entire tenor of his life, his letters, and his character itself, with his infinite pride and love of dominion, support us in this opinion, not before alluded to in the innumerable theories advanced by different editors and biographers, though both Mr. Mitford and Mr. Mason approach very closely to this supposition. The former observes that, "If Stella did not mistake the nature of Swift's attachment, she did not consider the other passions of his mind which might oppose or weaken it; of most men she probably would have judged rightly; but unfortunately she had to speculate on the motives of a person eminently singular in his temper and his thoughts, inclined to move out of the road which leads to general happiness, and to find one more congenial to his own disposition."—("Life of Swift.")

From the first, Swift's residence in Ireland appears to have been compulsory, and his repeated visits to England may be enumerated as among the "white days" of his dark and chequered life. It was the land of his hopes, of "the milk and honey" of that ambition of power which he so intensely coveted; and in 1701, with a mind confident doubtless in its own vast talents and resources, he left his lovely friends and his new parishioners without a sigh. It is singular to observe how difficult it is even for a man of extraordinary powers, under an arbitrary or a mixed form of government, to make his weight felt. It is different in republics and in limited monarchies, in which a powerful church and aristocracy have not already fixed their roots deeply and widely in the vitals of the state. Even though circumstances had in the main strangely seconded the views of Swift by his alliance and connexion with the family of Temple, by his casual insight into the history and politics of the times, and by his early acquaintance with the political characters of the day, it is a curious fact that he had made strenuous efforts to distinguish himself, as appears from his account of having burnt so many of his MS. papers, and having visited England so frequently without success. Upon his arrival this time, however (1710), he found the public mind in a state of excitement which followed the impeachment of the earls of Portland and Oxford, lord Somers and lord Halifax, on account of the part they had taken in the partition treaty. It was upon this occasion that Swift commenced that series of political tracts upon which his fame as a great controversialist and a man of consummate tact and talent, as well as of the most enlightened views and principles as regards civil government, political economy, and a true system of finance, now so broadly rests. It was these subjects, as they in succession occurred, which supplied him with inexhaustible matter for his satire and wit; for the follies and crimes of men, and the corruptions so deeply engrafted in the systems of government, of the church, law, physic, and science—monopolies, bubble companies, and the base time-serving spirit so predominant in the journals of the extreme parties in the state—offered ample opportunities for indulging his peculiar vein. The policy which Swift appears to have had in view, and to have advocated with unremitting ardour in his conversation, in his letters, and in his more serious tracts, was that of a moderator of the extreme parties in the state, and of a high and orthodox disciplinarian in the ecclesiastical government, which he considered an integral part of it.

It was by this peculiar distinction to which he resolutely adhered in all his writings that Swift incurred the charge of having deserted the Whig principles, which he first advocated, it is asserted, in a pamphlet—the only one he ever published in their favour—to be attributed to his early connexion with Temple, and with king William and his ministers, who had certainly laid him under no obligation to volunteer his wit in their support. As some corroboration of this supposed desertion of his principles, it was brought against him by his political enemies that he had enlisted himself even by name upon the side of the then existing government, whose party he subsequently abandoned, as plainly appeared in the copy of verses addressed to the honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards his friend and correspondent, lady Winchelsea:—

> And last, my vengeance to complete,
> May you descend to take renown;
> Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
> A Whig, and one who wears a gown.

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[a] "When a Roman was dying, the next man of kin
Stood over him gaping, to take his breath in.
Were Tisdall the same way to blow out his breath,
Such a whiff to the living were much worse than death."

But if his accusers will only be at the pains of consulting his character of a Whig in his "Arguments against the Power of Bishops," they will perceive the weight of the distinction we have pointed out. It will be seen that of his true Whig principles throughout life there cannot be the shadow of a doubt—that the inherent love of freedom, justice, and patriotism embued all his views of civil government, which it was the ambition of his life to reconcile to those of a high churchman; an object which, in his high enthusiasm for the amelioration of humanity and for the public good, he as vainly sought to realise as to reconcile the two rival statesmen, both of whom were his friends. But he justly accused the Whigs of dereliction of principle in their attempts to weaken and subvert the church; and the extreme Tories, with still greater justice, of aiming a death-blow at public liberty, by endeavouring to restore the arbitrary rule for which the first Charles lost his head, and to bring about the ruin of the Whigs by an hypocritical attack upon their system of corruption, war, and debt, for which the said Tories were only ambitious of substituting the glorious reign of the pretender. It was in this spirit of conciliation—a strange delusion to gain the mastery of an intellect like Swift's, something like that of his royal academy for the improvement of the English tongue, but which at the same time proves his humane and philanthropic disposition—that he wrote, under cover of a masterly investigation into the "Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome," a correct and luminous review of the existing state of parties in England. It was published without the name of the author; but upon his return to Ireland, in the warmth of conversation, Swift seems to have been surprised into a confession, the only one upon record, that it was his production. It was in fact ascribed to lord Somers, to bishop Burnet, and others among the ablest Whig writers; but the bishop was compelled, by the resentment of parliament, to disown it; and Swift, who had returned to Ireland, being taunted by the bishop of Kilmore as a young inexperienced man in denying Burnet to be the author, boldly declared that he had written it. Upon his next visit to England he had no longer the same motives for concealing the authorship, and was courted by all the great Whig leaders, who, so far from considering that they had secured so powerful an ally, were startled by the singular freedom and resolution with which he reiterated the profession of his principles in church and state; a declaration which they failed to take advantage of, and recalled to mind too late, upon the dismissal of the Godolphin ministry from office.

The following passages from this able production, not unworthy the classical historians he had so long studied, will confirm the opinions we have given and sufficiently refute the charge of a dereliction of principle which not even the Whig leaders and their partisans ventured to bring against him in the face of so frank, manly, and clear-sighted a declaration. "It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory, having formerly employed myself in other, and I think much better, speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; I told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics, and that besides I thought it impossible upon any other principles to defend or submit to the revolution; but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure; treated the persons of particular clergymen with courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill will for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by letting all denominations of protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side, but that the connivance and encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception would unite the church as one man to oppose them, and that I doubted his lordship's friends would see the consequence of this."

It will shortly be seen how pertinaciously Swift adhered to this public avowal of his opinions and principles of action in public life, and how prophetically he foretold the signal failure of the Whigs—their shipwreck upon that very rock which he generously discovered to their view. He had small thanks from the leaders or their party, who, like all disappointed men, felt only resentment for the advice by which they had neglected to profit, and stood exposed to the just reproaches of him who had uttered it.

Early in the ensuing year king William died; and on his next arrival in London Swift found queen Anne upon the throne. The Whigs seemed to have established their power upon a firm basis, but their best friend and adviser held aloof; and it is a bold assertion to hazard, though a true one, that no government could be safe opposed to the principles adopted by Swift, both in church and state, and to the immense talents and powers of invective of one skilled in every species of political warfare by dint of long study and a practical knowledge of the motives and principles of human action.

The most interesting epoch of Swift's life is now at hand; and, like the mathematician of old, he seemed only to want a place for the fulcrum by which he could move the system of his intellectual world. He felt sensible of his rising importance, and with the certainty of waking fame he possessed hope and confidence in his increasing powers, and doubtless this was the very happiest period of his existence. His time was passed in a pleasant interchange of the calm and soul-cheering duties of religion, in a most liberal yet discriminating dispensing of charity truly astonishing if compared with his poor resources, in the chastened society of those whom he esteemed and loved, and in occasional excursions, and regular visits to England, where he soon shone distinguished above all by his vast talents and varied acquirements; awing the most abandoned political journals and fiercest critics by the just dread of his lash and the terror of his satiric fame. He had no fiery ordeal, as with most other authors, through which he was doomed to pass, although in the outset he had formed some idea of it. His fine graphic and correct picture of a young writer's progress presents a happy illustration; it was addressed about this period to his friend Dr. Delany:—

"As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whizzing round his ears,
Will duck his head, aside will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;

Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chaps;
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries '*Lord have mercy on his soul!*'
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot:
But when with squibbing, slashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe,—I mean his fame;—
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face."

It was about the same period that Swift commenced his acquaintance with Addison and other great writers of the day, in whose society he spent some of his brightest hours, unalloyed for a season with the coldness or the secret ill-will and enmity of political feeling, which Swift, the generous friend and benefactor of both parties, was anxious to avert. Steele, Arbuthnot, and the other wits, sometimes including Pope, were accustomed to assemble at Button's, and Sheridan has left us a humorous account of the doctor's first introduction to men whose names are now almost inseparably connected with his own. Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet his name was little noised in the republic of letters. The only pieces which he had yet published were "The Battle of the Books" and "The Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome." Nor was he personally known, excepting to Mr. Congreve and one or two more with whom he had contracted an intimacy at sir William Temple's. It was related by Ambrose Philips that they had for several days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour without speaking to any mortal or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. They at last concluded him to be out of his senses, and the name that he went by among them was that of the mad parson. This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times upon a gentleman in boots who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" After staring a little at the singularity of Swift's manner and the oddity of the question, the gentleman answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."[a]—("Sheridan's Life.")

There are numerous other anecdotes—and perhaps more veracious—found scattered among the correspondence and other works of Swift, of which the practical jest he played off upon lady Berkeley offers a fair specimen. Being wearied with the monotonous task of reading Boyle's "Meditations" to her ladyship, he hit off an admirable imitation, entitled "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which her ladyship listened to with the utmost gravity, as a beautiful composition of the pious and learned author.

In 1704 appeared the celebrated "Tale of a Tub," which, though shown in manuscript at sir W. Temple's, and to a few of the author's friends, and kept by him during eight years, was now published without a name. The club at Button's it is said were not a little astonished to find the eccentric parson everywhere pointed out as the writer of this unrivalled performance. It became the general topic of the day, and excited public attention in an uncommon degree. The noted Sacheverell, meeting Smalridge, flattered him by affecting to believe him the author, when the latter it is recorded replied in an indignant tone,—"Sir, not all that you and I have in the world should hire me to write 'The Tale of a Tub.'"[a] In fact there is little doubt that it made him numerous enemies in high quarters, not excepting queen Anne and her court; and it probably proved a bar to his advancement in addition to his satiric effusions upon the favourites of the queen. "The author has reason," observed Atterbury, "to conceal himself, because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm than his wit can do him good." Though written to promote the interests of the high-church party, it was considered by superficial readers as profane; some even of the Tories were displeased at the freedom of the satire: both King and Wotton published answers to it, and upon the continent it was very unfairly construed by Voltaire and his followers into a covert design to advance the cause of scepticism and infidelity. Men of judgment, taste, and literary discrimination, however, did full justice to the motives by which the great satirist was actuated; and the most able and estimable belonging to all parties were soon added to the list of his friends and admirers; while the great leaders, whether Whigs or Tories, struck with the splendid and powerful display of talent, the bold correct allegory, the vivacity of the wit, and the rapid vehement vigour of the style, became proportionally eager to secure so resistless a champion for their respective ranks. Swift might have made his own terms; but, adhering resolutely to the distinction he had made with regard to his principles of action, he was for some time afraid of joining the Tories, from the extreme violence of a section—the leaders of the October Club,—or to coalesce with the Whigs, on account of their desire to render the church completely subordinate and instrumental to objects of state. Many of Swift's intimate friends, including the heads of both parties, and in particular Addison and Steele, being perfectly aware of the peculiar views entertained by him, never dreamed of charging him with inconsistency in refusing his support to the extremes of either party, and in finally making his selection to join the ministry which acted most in unison with his views of the church. His friend Addison, who had recently published his Travels, at this period (1704-5) sent him a copy of them with expressive marks of his highest esteem and regard.[a]

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[a] Another anecdote, attributed to the same parties at the same place, is as follows:—Swift was seated by the fire; there was sand on the floor of the coffeehouse; and Arbuthnot, with a design to play upon this original figure, offered him a letter which he had been just addressing, saying at the same time, "There! sand that." "I have got no sand," answered Swift, "but I can help you to a little gravel." This he said so significantly that Arbuthnot hastily snatched back his letter to save it from the fate of the capital of Lilliput. Their acquaintance had not then however ripened into intimacy.—(Scott's "Life of Swift," p. 83.)

[a] During the latter years of his life, it is said that Mrs. Whiteway observed the dean looking over this singular production, when, all at once closing the book, "Good God!" he exclaimed "what a genius I had when I wrote that!" He also considered it the cause of his favour with lord Oxford's ministry.

Among other distinguished men with whom Swift was already intimate, not merely upon political grounds,—except so far as he was invariably the strenuous advocate of Ireland,—were lords Somers, Halifax, and Pembroke; and to his other literary connexions he shortly added the acquaintance of Prior, Parnell, Garth, Philips, and more especially Pope and Gay, to both of whom he became warmly attached.

After the appearance of "The Tale of a Tub," up to the year 1708, Swift—though actively engaged in the composition of several works, forming part of that series of political allegories which requires the exercise of the highest genius, to be brought out at the precise period to attain some definite object—remained a close but calm observer, and published few pieces of any interest. He had prepared a masterly reply to the deistical opinions of Tindal, but seems to have been deterred from its completion by more important engagements. It aims some powerful blows however at "the infidels and latitudinarians," and covertly also at the Whigs, of whose policy in regard to the church he was an uncompromising enemy. He struck hard at the alliance between low-church doctrines, dissent, and infidelity, which he considered to form part of the character of the reigning Whigs. He wished to inscribe upon his political banner the principles of high-church independence combined with civil liberty, as both forming an integral part of the British constitution, but neither to be maintained by subserviency to the other. To allay the extreme violence of parties, to prove his own consistent views, and to show how far it was impossible for him to unite with the Whigs, he wrote his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man;" a production which caused the first estrangement between him and the heads of the party then in power. He found that no efforts to reconcile high-church principles with Whig politics were likely to be attended with success; he was compelled to make his choice between two evils; and, consulting the dignity and character of his order, he considered that in joining the existing opposition he chose the least. He boldly declares the motives by which he was actuated—his veneration for the church of England, and its government by convocation upon independent interests; while at the same time he as strenuously advocates the principles of the revolution.[b] "In order," he concludes, "to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter."

Opinions like these, even more strongly than the author's "Letter on the Sacramental Test," tended farther to widen the breach between him and the Whigs, and other causes were not wanting to aggravate the soreness felt upon both sides. The influence of Harley was beginning to be felt, and the Whig leaders taking the alarm, and finding their efforts to attach Swift to their cause in vain, wisely resolved to send him out of the way. With the vacillation of a sinking party they successively designed for him the post of secretary to the embassy at Vienna, and afterwards the bishopric of Virginia, with supreme authority over the clergy of the province—both offers which in the outset of his career Swift might have listened to; but court influence and the Wharton faction in the ministry prevailed, leaving Swift fired with resentment and eagerly watching his opportunity to inflict a signal revenge. As he emphatically expresses it in his Journal, "he had more mischief in his heart," and he was bent upon "giving it to the scoundrel Whigs all round;" the recollection of Somers' coldness, Halifax's treachery, Berkeley's corrupt and base violation of his promises, with Wharton's unprincipled conduct and abandoned character, having raised a storm of indignation in his breast which only their utter disgrace and humiliation could appease. The spirit of his political animosity indeed may be said to have pervaded all his writings from this period; while, to give them at once a keener edge and to secure for them a wider and more extensive range of influence, if possible to the perpetual exposure and ignominy of his enemies, he couched them in a succession of exquisitely wrought allegories, commenced with his "Tale of a Tub," and brought to still higher perfection in his "Gulliver's Travels," that wonderful illusion of intellectual painting, and his crowning triumph of the imaginative faculty. Where there exists power, the will to avenge is seldom wanting; "Vengeance is mine" is ever the motto of sovereignty in the natural as in the intellectual and moral world; and we are to remember that Swift's incentives to fiery action were newly impelled by the studied neglect and indignities cast by the Whigs upon that reformed church of which he was a member, by their corrupt and lavish expenditure, their interested and nefarious prosecution of an interminable war, and its consequent progeny of taxes, famine, and national debt. These combined causes of offence in Swift's estimation, whether well or ill founded, offered powerful instruments by which to work the utter downfall of a tottering ministry; and he availed himself of them with unscrupulous eagerness; inflicting successive blows, till with his merciless tomahawk he bore away with the merriment of the Indian warrior the scalps of the discomfited Whigs,[a] not excepting the hero of Blenheim, who in vain expressed his anxious desire to soften the resentment of Dr. Swift.

In 1708 he followed up his first attack in a tract entitled "An Argument against Abolishing Christianity," admitted on all hands to be an exquisite specimen of successful irony. He found time also for a humorous exposure of one of the prevailing superstitions of the day, in his "Predictions for the Year 1708," under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, in which he prognosticated the death of the great soothsayer Partridge himself, which was to take place on the 29th of March about eleven at night. The astrologer in his wrath published a serious reply, protesting that he was not dead, and that all were knaves who reported otherwise; but this only brought down on him the "Vindication of Isaac," to the no small entertainment of the public.

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[a] In a blank leaf at the commencement of the book Addison wrote—

'To Dr. Jonathan Swift,
The most agreeable companion,
The truest friend,
And the greatest genius of his age,
This book is presented by his
Most humble servant,
THE AUTHOR."

[b] "I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect overnight and burn in the morning."—(Letter to col. Hunter, Jan. 12th, 1708-9.)

[a] The earl of Wharton evinced an extreme desire to remove the sacramental test; another offence in the eyes of Swift, already in arms against him. The Whig party gave out in retaliation, that when Somers introduced Swift to Wharton as a fit person to be his chaplain, the latter answered, alluding to Swift's supposed opinions on religion, "We must not encourage these fellows; we have not character enough ourselves;" a sarcasm Swift did not fail to avenge. In addition to his "Short Character," he fell upon the devoted Whig by depicting him under the character of Verres, in one of the numbers of the Examiner; and his "Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland" has immediate reference to the subject of the abolition of the sacramental test.

The success of this exquisite burlesque is said to have induced Steele to assume a *nom de guerre* of so much popular attraction, and the papers which Swift generously contributed gave support to the heavy calibre of that unlucky writer's wit, who, when left without his friend Addison and other adventitious support, sunk to the level for which nature had designed him. During the ensuing year, Swift produced his "Project for the Advancement of Religion," addressed to lady Berkeley; a project of which Johnson correctly observes that it is "formed with just purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance; it can only be objected that, like many other projects, if not generally impracticable, it is yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting." He might have added that in this singular production the author had likewise a political object; and that, while endeavouring to inculcate the principles of religion and virtue, he still aimed at pulling down from "their bad eminence," as he conceived it, his now sworn enemies the Whigs.[a] Immediately after its publication, Swift returned to Ireland, still actively engaged in prosecuting his political warfare, to which he doubtless attributed, with the assistance of Harley's intrigues, the ensuing fall of the Whig ministry under Godolphin and Somers, when the Tories came into power. Swift, who had spent some of his happiest hours during this visit in Addison's society, at that time secretary to lord Wharton, was roused by this event to fresh efforts, and a perfectly new scene opened upon his aspiring mind.

The Irish clergy it seems had long complained of the payment of twentieth parts and first-fruits, which had been remitted in England, but all their efforts to obtain the same boon had proved unavailing. As early as 1708 Swift had displayed his zeal and activity in the Irish convocation, and he was now invited by the lord primate of Ireland and the other bishops to negotiate with Mr. Harley, who had so successfully exerted his influence for the English clergy, and was already aware of Swift's hostility to the Whigs, and the manner in which he conceived he had, like himself, been injuriously and even insultingly treated by the heads of that powerful party.[b] Full credentials having been prepared, Swift once more quitted his residence at Laracor,[c] and arrived in London early in September, 1710, at a moment when party violence was at its height. There was no longer a prospect that the moderate measures he had so strenuously advocated would produce the least effect, and as his political opinions turned chiefly upon zeal for the interests of his order, he declined all further overtures from the Whigs; and as, according to his own maxim, no good citizen could remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, he chose his party, and the good fortune of the Tories prevailed.

In that interesting narrative of events and anecdotes which he now commenced ("Journal to Stella") he describes the impression produced by his appearance on the scene of action, and the efforts made by the Whig party to win back so redoubtable a champion to their camp. "All the Whigs," he says, "were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig to save them from sinking; and the great men were all making their clumsy apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make of my ill-usage." As a further index to the motives by which he was actuated, and which bears out the judicious view taken of his conduct at this period by sir Walter Scott, we quote another passage which very significantly points to his future conduct in the fierce political struggles which ensued. "I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it would ruin the church and the clergy for ever." He had observed also with disgust that, on the approaching fall of the Whig administration, lord Wharton, who in his pride of power had treated him in the most arrogant style, suddenly changed his demeanour and affected to caress him, with the insidious design, as Swift suspected, of bringing him into discredit with the church party. The Tories, on their side, were not without alarm, and how strong were their apprehensions of those early Whig opinions which he had been known to entertain with regard to civil policy may be inferred from the avowal of the Tory leaders themselves (June 30, 1711), in the intimacy of friendship which ensued, "that Swift was the only man in England of whom they were afraid." He had moreover experienced a cool reception from Godolphin, which he bitterly revenged by his cutting lampoon of "Sid Hamet," which met with astonishing success and was read with loud applause at Harley's table, though not then suspected to be Swift's. The circumstances attending the fall of the Godolphin ministry, accelerated by the lengths to which they carried their prosecution of Sacheverell, and the high Tory excitement which it produced throughout the nation, are too generally known to require comment, and we shall proceed with Swift's own account of his interview with the new minister, given in his correspondence with archbishop King: —"As soon as I received the packets from your grace I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." He also states more particularly in his Journal (Oct. 4, 1710), "Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an hour two or three days after to open my business to him."

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[a] In his "Journal to Stella" he observes (p. 31), "Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day. It was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too; and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved or had any good opinion of." Halifax, it is asserted, had intimated a desire to make Swift a prebendary of Westminster, but this the latter valued as it deserved. So great was his dislike of Somers, that he not only called him in his Journal "a false, deceitful rascal," but represented his weaknesses and vices, in more than one of his tracts, in the most odious colours.

[b] "Swift was extremely anxious that Harley should have the full honour of granting the request of the Irish clergy, and was much dissatisfied with the directions he received from the bishops to solicit from the duke of Ormond what he judged had already been conceded by the premier."—(Scott.)

[c] "It appears that, in addition to his inimitably humorous attack on Partridge, a burlesque account of whose grievances was published by Dr. Yalden, he had in Ireland employed his leisure moments in preparing his famous "Prediction of Merlin," the British wizard, giving, in a happy imitation of the style of Lily, a commentary on some black-letter verses most ingeniously composed in enigmatical reference to the occurrences of the time."—(Scott.) Nearly at the same period he produced his verses on "Baucis and Philemon," those on "Vanbrugh's House at Whitehall," with some other light pieces of occasional humour, like the controversy with Partridge, and similar levities, better known to the general reader than those able and powerful political treatises which obtained for him so high a reputation and such extensive influence at the time.

It would appear that the new minister's courteous and bland demeanour was highly pleasing to Swift's pride, contrasted with the usage he declares he had experienced from the Whigs: he was met upon that footing of equality which his genius and temper exacted; there were no shifts or subterfuges had recourse to; a gentlemanly frankness was observed on both sides; and after inquiring into the measures the ministry meant to adopt, and finding they were moderate with regard to politics, and zealous and decided in favour of the high-church interests so much in unison with his own views, he engaged to support them with his whole heart and strength. The object of his mission necessarily led to frequent interviews with the first minister, and these afforded opportunities for a mutual confidence and respect which terminated in the most unreserved and lasting friendship. "I must tell you," he writes (Journal, October 7th), "a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee, which he immediately refused, and said that was no place for friends!"

In a few days he states the satisfactory progress he was making, though Harley was a man noted for his procrastinating spirit, even in affairs that vitally concerned the interests of his administration. "Harley tells me (October 10th) he has shown my memorial to the queen and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, 'the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you;' which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me. I believe never anything was compassed so soon; and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better." And he adds (October 14th), "I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and ten times more caressed."

Swift now clearly saw, from the extreme violence of the opposite party, that Harley's administration stood in need of every support to obtain a permanent footing both with the queen and the nation. To do this it was necessary to produce a marked change in public opinion, not only to influence but to sway the popular mind in regard to great questions which called for the most refined policy, combined with a degree of skill and dexterity which few controversialists ever possessed. It was no less than striking at the power and humbling the pride of the powerful party that had ruled alike the senate and the court, and contrived, by the illusion of military glory and the most corrupt practices, to render war and its public burdens almost popular, and by means of a national debt and a factitious moneyed interest, before unknown, to strike their fangs deep into the vitals of the state. It was, in fact, to produce a revolution in the temper and feelings of the nation that Swift now summoned his transcendent powers, and they proved equal to the herculean task he was so bold to undertake; its success fixed the Tories firmly in their seats, which they retained up to the close of queen Anne's reign. "The present ministry have a difficult task," he says (Nov. 29th, 1710), "and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and therefore I am glad to contribute all that lies in my power."

The writers upon both sides now prepared for the gladiatorial struggle that was to decide the fortune of the Tories still trembling in the balance, or the permanent humiliation of their foes. No stronger testimony to the celebrity already obtained by Swift can be adduced than that the best Tory leaders in so perilous a juncture intrusted to Swift alone the entire control and conduct of their political organ the "Examiner," before supported by the combined efforts of men like St. John, Atterbury, and Prior. He hesitated not a moment, though ranged on the other side he must have beheld with pain his friends Addison and Congreve, with bishop Burnet, Steele, and Rowe. He took up the controversial flail with the strength of a giant and the resolution of a martyr, who risked all to insure the triumph of the church to which he was so attached, to support the cause he had embraced, and doubtless to wreak his vengeance upon the men by whom he had been neglected in their prosperous day. No wonder that Addison prudently withdrew from the field; he knew the colossal power of such an adversary, the temper of his keen and trenchant blade, the resistless vigour with which he beat down every fence, and the merciless speed with which he pursued and trampled upon a routed foe. Besides, his more gentle and placid nature shrank from such an encounter with one whose genius, from his own admission, is to be placed in the highest rank, whose friendship he had cultivated, and whose respect and esteem, spite of all party feelings, he knew that he possessed.[a]

Swift's first paper of the "Examiner" appeared in little more than a month after his introduction to Harley; and he continued them till the middle of the following year, when, having attained the declared objects for which he wrote, he abandoned the undertaking as comparatively useless to his ulterior plans. During this period he grew into entire confidence with the ministry, was admitted to their privy councils held at Harley's house, and in all the great questions of state became at once their guide, philosopher, and friend, taking the unerring lead, and marshalling them the way to success with a singular foresight and sagacity bordering on the prophetic, and with a judgment which never failed him in the most trying crisis of events. The popularity of his writings at the same time was producing a gradual but decided change in public opinion, and met with almost unprecedented success. The observation made by the lord-keeper Harcourt seems very applicable to his strenuous efforts in the outset, to the effect produced by them, and to the confidential situation in which he stood as the adviser, no less than the Sampson-like champion, of their cause. "Dr. Swift," he observed, "is not only our favorite, but he is our governor"—an observation it would be difficult to believe without strong evidence besides that of Swift, and our knowledge how widely and deeply the influence of a consummate political genius and the mastery of lofty individual mind and nerve can extend. Nor was there any undue assumption in this; it was the result of his intellectual position, and until he obtained a solid footing in the ministerial confidence, upon which he could think and act, could display his real character and his power, we observe that he always conducted himself with the same courtesy and deference towards his superiors in rank as other people; requested to be admitted at the minister's levee from fear of annoying him in his affairs, and called many times upon him on his first arrival without seeing him. He had also expressed his fears to his friend Addison, at the same time asking his advice with regard to coming to England, and the little prospect there appeared of his being preferred in his profession by either party. How, therefore, he so soon carried it with the high and the strong hand towards the greatest personages in the state, we are at a loss to account for, except on the supposition of that strong intellectual faculty which raises its possessor to pre-eminence, subdues and commands all feebler minds, and moulds even obstacles and circumstances the most untoward to its special purpose. Soon we see he quarrels with the first minister, whose notice he had before courted with so much deference that he sent a messenger before to bespeak his regard on the ground that he was an ill-used man, as if he had been some poor traveller, without protection or the power of retaliation, suddenly set upon by Whig highwaymen and robbers. Harley must have smiled at this politic and modest demeanour in a man of the doctor's character; and the affected deference for the advice of Addison when he had doubtless made up his own mind equally shows the manner in which he concealed his opinion of his own powers and the objects he had in view. But once raised upon the shoulders of the men in power his genius rose equal to the occasion, beyond the expectations of those most interested in his success, and far beyond even the dread of enemies who fell under the lash of his withering satire. So deeply and justly did he feel offended at the premier sending him a bank-bill for 50*l.* that he refused to take him into favour unless he made an apology (one seldom required on that score), and as a farther humiliation sent the prime minister of Great Britain into the house with a message to the secretary to inform him that Dr. Swift could not dine with him that day if he dined late. And in another part of his Journal he warns St. John "not to appear cold to him at any time, for he would not be treated like a schoolboy; that he would not bear it from a crowned head, and he thought no subject's favour worth it."

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[a] Addison soon detected the new auxiliary, says Mr. Mitford, and retired from the field; though Dr. Johnson considers that his papers were superior to his antagonist's.

Dr. Johnson, according to Scott, overlooked the circumstance of Addison's previous retirement when he represented the controversy as conducted between Swift and his friend. The last Whig "Examiner" is dated 12th October, 1710; and No. xiii. of the "Examiner," the first written by Swift, the 2nd of November, an interval of three weeks.

There can be no doubt that a man who took these freedoms must have felt his power, and how indispensable that power was conceived to be for maintaining in their seats those who could brook such airs as the price of their existence as a ministry. Nor did he only exact this marked respect for himself; he set up a new standard for the conduct of the court and aristocracy towards men of talent and merit, as in the case of Parnell and his other friends, very different to any observed in the days of Butler or Dryden. He would have the ministers to consider it their duty as well as an honour to court the society of men of genius and worth, on higher grounds and from nobler motives than the obsequious flatteries and mean compliances they had been accustomed to receive; and this example, seconded by writers of high talent and independent feeling, like Pope and Addison, first emancipated our literature from its degrading servility to rank and power, and transferred it to the patronage of the public and the world. If he sometimes carried this spirit to undue lengths, and exercised the powers he had grasped with harshness, let us remember the cold insulting receptions he first met with from the Whigs, and the manner in which it is equally clear the Tory ministry would also have treated him and his friends if he had chosen to submit to their terms instead of assuming this high and independent deportment.

"I dined to-day," he says (Nov. 11, 1710), "by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made *me his excuses* for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing of money to government. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner, and upon an occasion the secretary said to him, 'The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift on Vanbrugh;' which I do not reckon so very good neither: but Prior was damped till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me among other things that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him." Had this ministry stood upon a firmer basis probably they would have shown Swift less deference and respect, but they felt the want of both his political sagacity and controversial talent, and doubtless humoured him "up to the top of his bent." Harley, after the defeat of the Whigs, had to guard against those of his own party who were determined Jacobites or high-flying Tories, resolved not only on victory but revenge; and to balance the furious activity of these factions, which at length, under St. John's guidance, undermined his power, he kept in place a considerable number of the Whig party. Swift early saw and warned him of the peril to which he was exposed, not so much from this temporising policy, to which he was favourable till the ministry gained strength and confidence, but from the discord between the leaders to which it gave rise. This, from the beginning he pronounced, would be the rock upon which the ministry would split: "It stood," he said, "like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side and the violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them." It is only surprising how, with such elements to contend against, they continued, supported even by Swift's pilot genius and judgment, to weather the storm so long as they did; but not a day or hour passed in which he was not attempting in some way to steer them clear of the dangers that threatened on all sides. It would seem, however, that misunderstandings were the order of the day, from which the great pilot himself was not exempt; for he broke out into mutiny and declared that he would desert the ship. "Mr. Harley (Feb. 6, 1710-11) desired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends." He had been insulted by the offer of a bank-bill, and adds, (Feb. 7,) "I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him and let him know I expected further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off." Swift accordingly received the apologies which he conceived due to the position in which he stood, and Harley and his friend and adviser became more intimate than before the failure of this attempt to place the latter on the footing of a hireling writer.

It would seem that he treated St. John with equal and even greater freedom when occasion called for it, and says (Feb. 25), "I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir T. Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed, &c." It would appear, however, that the secretary also knew how to take his revenge, for we are told "he put a cheat upon the doctor" by intercepting six dozen of excellent Burgundy which lord Peterborough had sent to be forwarded to Swift's cellar; but the secretary was "never quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds."

No time was lost in preparing for a trial of strength between the two great contending parties, and Swift was constant in his attendance at the premier's weekly council. "I dined with Mr. Harley to-day" (March 3, 1710-11). "Every Saturday lord-keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. I stayed with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much discourse together after the rest were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion when he desired it."

That opinion was often wanted, for the Whig leaders had prepared a powerful opposition and renewed their intrigues more assiduously than ever at court. Lord Somers was known to have been more than once closeted with the queen; the duchess of Somerset, far more artful and insinuating than her predecessor the duchess of Marlborough, now held the key; the extreme Tories took the alarm, headed by their October Club, and were urging the ministers to adopt bolder measures. To restrain their ardour, and at the same time to counteract the Whig efforts, was now the double task of Swift, and he girded up his loins to the combat with the spirit of a partisan determined to spare no means to pull down his enemies and to load them with obloquy and contempt. With this view he scrupled not to attack their characters, spared not their private history; their foibles, their vices, were all rendered subordinate to the writer's triumph, impelled by the fiery spirit of the polemic, carried to a height which no powers of genius and wit should perhaps be allowed to sanction or excuse. Marlborough, Godolphin, Sunderland, Cowper, and Walpole, were treated with the utmost freedom from all respect of persons, in a way hitherto unpractised: their weaknesses, avarice, or corruption, were boldly exposed, and, as regarded private affairs, with an acrimony and violence by no means justifiable. These repeated attacks on their main positions from the "Examiner" were made more murderous and annoying from a continual running fire kept up by his poetic wit and humour in a rapid series of pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers, under the management of writers whom he termed his understrappers. Godolphin, still smarting under "Sid Hamet's Rod," was only kept in countenance by the more bitter lampoons discharged at the "virtuous Somers" and his old enemy the earl of Wharton, in "A short Character" of him and his Irish government, in the course of which the author expresses his regret that the facts he brought against the latter were chiefly of a moral and flagitious character, which exceeded their political criminality, so artfully conducted as unfortunately not to afford grounds for the legal impeachment which he so well deserved. This desperate and uncompromising hostility, so little expected, seemed to astound the Whigs and carry terror into their ranks; but the advantages to have been reaped from it were lost by the outbreak of fresh divisions in the Tory camp. With some difficulty he reconciled the jealous leaders, and, following up his blows against the enemy in quick succession, brought out his tract in defence of Harley, "Remarks upon a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Greg," his "Advice to the Members of the October Club;" and was already directing his thoughts towards that revolution in public opinion to which he so greatly contributed—the opening of negotiations for the establishment of a peace.

Among the most interesting events alluded to in his Journal from the commencement of this first campaign—hardly less arduous than that of his great enemy Marlborough—we meet with the following passages, highly characteristic of the towering pride and ambition, as well as the zealous indefatigable spirit, of the writer. "I have taken (Feb. 13th) Mr. Harley into favour again;" and being farther conciliated by their bland deference and wise submission to his councils, his vanity breaks out again in this self-sufficient but frank avowal. (Feb. 17th.) "The ministers are good honest hearty fellows: I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a minister do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

How closely he observed the conduct and demeanour of the men engaged in the bold and perilous cause in which he was embarked, staking reputation and future prospects, and nailing as it were his colours to the mast-head, is apparent from the following brief remarks:—"I dined (April [illegible], 1711) with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong—perhaps there is nothing in it." And it is amusing to see how he followed up any idea that once took possession of him:—"I called at Mr. Secretary's to see what the d—l ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech—told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I expected every great minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour." As early as March 1710 he appears to have laid down the true policy of the ministry, and to have pondered the best measures for carrying that policy into effect. "This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, whether it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. . . . . . They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe lately, after much conversation with M: Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease." Swift's precautions, however, had disarmed their opponents of half their power by conciliating the members of the October Club,[a] who wished to push matters to an extreme; he had foiled all his opponents by the mingled vigour, wit, and irony of his "Examiners;" and having again renewed the campaign, he was already preparing notes for his masterly treatises upon "The Conduct of the Allies." "Lord Rivers," he says, "talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the 'Examiner' for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore if their advice was followed they would be blown up in twenty-four hours: and I have reason to think they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are two men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters." The chief danger, however, arose from want of concert and confidence in the leaders themselves. Harley was reserved and mysterious, became dilatory from having too great a weight of business upon his hands, and feared to trust his colleagues; while St. John, equally hot and active, was jealous, moody, and indignant. The high Tories of one faction were suspected of being favourable to the succession of the chevalier de St. George, headed by Bolingbroke, Ormond, and perhaps Rivers; and Harley, on the other hand, having, like Swift, been brought up with the Whigs, was disposed to moderate measures and in favour of the house of Hanover. "The Whigs whisper," he writes (Aug. 23rd, 1711), "that our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk of the secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the aspect of things. I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times." Though St. John was a man of great abilities, active, prompt, and vigorous, his love of pleasure, his jealousy, and ambition, were as serious obstacles to business as the too great caution and delay of his colleague. "The deuce is in the secretary," exclaimed Swift, quite out of humour (Oct. 31, 1711); "when I went to him this morning he had people with him, but says we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon. At two Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton; sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers—teazing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipping opportunities."

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[a] They consisted of about two hundred members of parliament, and met at the Bell tavern, in King-street, Westminster.

Owing to these and other causes, notwithstanding Swift's efforts, the affairs of the Tories wore an unpromising aspect. The Whigs were on the alert, and resolved to omit no opportunity to compass the ruin of their adversaries. The affair of the peace was one of extreme difficulty; popular opinion was in favour of the war, and it called for equal skill and daring to meet the opposition, with the lustre of Marlborough's victories fresh upon them, upon such ground, with any rational hopes of success. Swift saw that before venturing to hint a peace it would be necessary to point out such extravagant expense and imposition in conducting the war as would lead indirectly to disgust the nation with the conduct of the general and of the ministers who managed it. It would be necessary to conciliate different parties, and to obtain the full support of the country interest, so as to carry a decided majority in the house of commons. For these reasons Swift exerted his utmost care and judgment in drawing up his celebrated tracts entitled "The Conduct of the Allies," which produced so sudden and decided a change in public opinion regarding the war that the ministry were almost immediately enabled to carry their ulterior measures into effect. Within less than a month 17,000 copies are stated to have been sold; seven editions of the treatise having been printed in England and three in Ireland. The Tory members in both houses who spoke drew all their arguments from it, and the resolutions which passed were little more than quotations from it; in consequence of which the ministry gained a majority of 150, while the public feeling from without was still more loudly expressed. The importance, indeed, of Swift's exertions at this time seems to have made a deep impression upon the ministry, who had now time to breathe, to mature their plans, and, if diligent, wise, and cautious, as it was his great object to render them, to consolidate the power they had acquired. He set them the best example by performing everything he undertook with scrupulous exactness, care, and business-like promptitude, in theory or action; letting no opportunity escape him of urging the ministers to keep pace with him in carrying out the details of their plans. He told them boldly to their faces of their faults, sometimes in a serious, at others in a jocose mood, and above all things entreated them to preserve a good understanding. There are many little anecdotes which show with how much freedom, as well as wit and good humour, his intercourse with the great men of the day was carried on.[a] Swift had received a present of a curious snuff-box from colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he showed to lord Oxford, who, after having examined the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he spied a figure resembling a goose studded on the outside of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the colonel has made a goose of you."—"It is true, my lord," replied Swift; "but if you will look a little farther you will see I am driving a snail before me;" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's severe enough, Jonathan," said my lord, "but I deserved it." The Tory ministry, in fact, might consider themselves fortunate at such a juncture to possess a monitor who would thus faithfully and wittily remind them of their errors; a coadjutor to supply their want of tact and concert; an advocate to maintain their cause with the people, and to hold their powerful enemies at bay. His strong natural sagacity, rendered more penetrating by his close observations upon human nature, saw dangers at a distance, and more than compensated for the absence of that local and technical acquaintance with routine and details which might have interfered with the keenness of his intellectual vision. It is singular that although in many instances when the events took place, he reminded the ministers of his warnings and predictions, it seemed to produce very little effect upon their future movements. They had already had more than one miraculous escape, when their ruin soon after the meeting of parliament appeared inevitable; and had not so powerful a champion turned the tide of public opinion, and thrown round them the shield of his invincible wit and satire, the Whigs had so prepared their measures as to have supplanted the new men both in the court and the parliament. By his dexterous conduct he had placed the Whigs in a false position, and even rendered them obnoxious by his exposure of their motives in carrying on the war: he prevented the ministers coming to an open rupture at the most critical moment; and by the rapidity with which he followed up his attacks till the conclusion of a peace, he allowed the opposition no time to recover breath, making fresh appeals and exposing them to the people with all the powers of argument and ridicule of which he was master. Thus, his friend Prior having been sent on a secret mission to France, Swift instantly seized the moment, turning the incident, upon its accidentally transpiring, to the best account; smoothing the way and preparing the minds of men for the pacific overtures that were to follow. He wrote a little tract purporting to give an account of Prior's journey, full of the most natural and humorous incidents, but concealing under the guise of an actual journey the allusions and arguments necessary for his purpose. He correctly represented how England was considered the dupe of her allies, and bore nearly the whole burden of the war, of which her allies and her enemies finally reaped the whole advantage. It met with astonishing success, enabled the grand question of the peace to be carried smoothly and satisfactorily on, raised the ministry in public opinion, and gave the author leisure to look round and pursue one or two favourite plans wholly unconnected with politics. He had already succeeded in the affair of remission of the Irish first-fruits, and would have obtained still further boons, owing greatly to the popularity of several of his early tracts relating to the government and discipline of the church, had not the jealousy of the Irish prelacy, endeavouring to deprive the premier of the merit of these concessions, interfered with his purpose. It had long been his favourite project to form an academy to establish the English language upon some more solid foundation. With this view he published a proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue, conveyed in a letter to the lord-treasurer. But the plan which he wished to institute for the success of his purpose has been considered exceedingly defective: Swift's knowledge of the ancient languages is supposed to have been limited, and it is justly remarked by Mr. Mitford that the purity of a language will never be preserved by the laws of an academy; writers themselves participate in the causes of its change, and have neither the power to effect its renewal nor to delay its decline. Other and more pressing objects likewise soon engaged Swift's own attention and that of the ministry; and though we are told that the plan met with Harley's concurrence, it fell to the ground.

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[a] Some of these occur in the diary of bishop Kennet, whose strong Whig principles and terror of the pope and the pretender made him look upon Swift as one of Satan's imps, busied in restoring them to their ancient power and splendour. It is a most amusing sketch of the dean, the more graphic as coming from the hand of an enemy. "Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord-treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of two hundred a-year as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, esq., going in with the red bag to the queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as memoranda to do for him. He turned to the fire and took out his gold watch, and, telling him the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said the doctor was too fast: 'How can I help that,' he replied, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers. I see and hear a great deal to confirm a doubt that the pretender's interest is much at the bottom of some hearts: a whisper that Mr. Nelson had a prime hand in the late book for hereditary right; and that one of them was presented to her majesty herself, whom God preserve from the effect of such principles and such intrigues!"

Still more ludicrous is the picture drawn of Swift at this period by some critic of his political tracts, who describes the doctor presiding at his levee, with Patrick as his master of ceremonies, to whom his first instructions were, never to present any service. "Notice was given that all petitions be delivered to him on the knee, sitting to receive them like a Triton in a scene of wreck, where, at one view, according to Patrick's fancy in disposing of them, you might have seen half-shirts and shams, rowlers, decayed nightgowns, snuff swimming upon gruel, and bottles with candles stuck in them; ballads to be sung in the street, and speeches to be made from the throne; making rules of his own to distinguish which showed that he was greater than any of them himself. For if a lord came to his levee he would say, 'Prithee, lord, take away that d—d ch—p—t and sit down.' But if it were a commoner only he would remove the implement himself, swearing that he would send Pat to the devil if the dog did not seem willing to go to him himself."

During this period of active exertion (1710—1712), in which Swift's unrivalled talents, at once brilliant and profound, had placed him in the first rank of political writers, the ministers had not failed to express their sense of the obligations he had conferred by recommending him for promotion; but the intrigues of the duchess of Somerset and the interference of the archbishop of York prevailed with her majesty, in addition to certain prejudices she had imbibed against the doctor, to bestow the vacancies elsewhere. Swift now re-entered the field of controversy with unsubdued spirit and resolution; and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," a splendid and masterly piece of satire, made its appearance. "We have no quiet," he observes (Oct. 26, 1711), "with the Whigs; they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance very soon. I have written a paper which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction." So great was the alarm and indignation of the opposition on the publication of this last tract, that a portion of them, the Scotch lords, incensed at some national reflections, went in a body to complain of the author to the queen. A proclamation was accordingly issued, with a reward of 300*l*. for his discovery; but by the exertions of lord Oxford further proceedings were dropped.

Upon the meeting of parliament, 7th December, 1711, Swift's apprehensions of the queen's weakness and the counter-influence of the Whigs at court proved only too well founded. As forming the most interesting portion of his political life, it will be desirable to give the events as they occurred in his own words. "The earl of Nottingham began and spoke against a peace, desiring that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain, which was debated and carried by the Whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house." This result astounded the boldest partisans of the ministry, with the exception of Swift, who had forewarned them what would happen if the heads failed to act in concert and exert their utmost influence with the court. The queen's conduct tended to increase the alarm. "When the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her majesty whether he or the great chamberlain, Lindsey, ought to lead her out? She answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against a peace."

In consequence of this supposed change of sentiments in her majesty the clause was carried the next day in the house of lords almost two to one.—"The partisans of the old ministry" ("History of the Peace of Utrecht"), he says, "triumphed loudly and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile and to put his hands to his neck when any of the ministry were speaking, by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief-justice, began already with great zeal and officiousness to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers written in defence of the administration; in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party."

It would appear at this juncture that the fall of the ministry was inevitable, but having already been indebted to the exertions of Swift for their preservation they again looked to him for aid, which, if they had made a good use of his advice and the popular influence of his writings, they would not then have stood in need of. The ascendancy he had obtained and that extensive patronage which gave him the power, as he said, of serving every one but himself, were now at their height, and the stirring scenes that followed will be best conveyed in his own words, as strongly characterising the motives and objects of the contending parties.

"On the other side, all well-wishers to the church, the queen, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark both of his enemies' fury and the censure of his friends. Among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others to his immeasurable public thrift. Both parties agreed that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the events; and some began to doubt whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved." It must have been painful for Swift to make these severe but just remarks, attached as he was to the interests of the lord-treasurer, and sensible how closely his own prospects were blended with his success. The ensuing interview between them is one of the most striking of the kind upon record; it brings admirably both their characters into display; and it is curious to observe that Swift takes him to task rather like a monitor annoyed at the failure of his pupil than a friend prepared to sympathise with him on his misfortune. "Mr. Masham begged us to stay because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week I would set all right. He asked how? I said I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear: a poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, 'That the hearts of kings are unsearchable.' I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me." He goes on to say (Journal, Dec. 8th, 1711), "This is all your d—d d—l of Somerset's doing. I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

Swift, who had already shown his statesmanlike power and judgment in drawing up the celebrated "Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation," and the well-timed address of thanks to the queen, now set his whole mind and thoughts upon retrieving as quickly as possible the ground the ministry had lost. Instead of being daunted at the perilous aspect of affairs he vigorously applied himself to bring fresh accessions of popular opinion, while the premier, with equal firmness, took measures to strengthen his influence with the queen. Alluding to his promptitude and courage, Swift, as if eager to do justice to the great qualities displayed by Oxford at this eventful juncture, says, "He never wanted a reserve upon any emergency which would appear desperate to others;" and the correctness of this opinion was speedily shown by his not only becoming reinstated in the queen's favour, but acquiring influence sufficient to dismiss his most formidable adversaries. While the fate of the ministry still trembled in the balance Swift kept his word with the lord-treasurer of answering for the stability of his ministry if he would ensure him his staff of office for a week, by the admirable tact and vigour with which he pushed the Whigs and excited the popular mind in favour of the peace and other essentials to the consolidation of the Oxford administration. It is quite evident that Swift was greatly alarmed at this crisis, even more moved than the premier himself, at the sudden eclipse of his rising power and prospects; that he gives the ministers full praise for tact and resolution, and by no means arrogates for himself higher merit and influence in producing the increased stability of the Tory government than his exertions seem to have sanctioned. Yet many of his biographers, and in particular a noble author who prepared the way for Johnson and his disciples, question the reality of Swift's influence with the ministry, though it is more difficult to challenge his reputation and popular fame both with the English and the Irish public. He is supposed by them to have been amused only by the ministry with the shadow, not the substance, of a great and influential name; that he assumed the airs of a patron instead of acting the part of a friend; affected to perform greater services than he ever did or could; was suspected and shunned by Addison, and laughed at by Steele and other leading Whigs; nay, that Harley and St. John themselves never permitted him to see deeper than the surface. Nothing can be more amusing than to observe these futile suggestions of surviving envy and malice in those destitute of honesty and magnanimity sufficient to admit their own immeasurable inferiority, and the possibility of the bare existence of an intellectual vigour, acumen, and abundant wit, so far transcending what are met with in the mass of mankind. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow—the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtile diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics, he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top."—(Orrery's "Remarks on the Life of Swift.") In reply to this strange and confused invective, in which the falseness of the incongruous images, and metaphors stumbling upon metaphors, is not an unsuitable vehicle for the accusations they contain, it may be remarked that the men who received the benefit of Swift's exertions were fully as able to form an estimate of them as his lordship, and that, if they entertained designs unknown to their adviser respecting the succession, or any other,—a very improbable supposition,—it was only the more honourable to the character of the latter, showing their respect and deference for the superior ability and integrity of him whom they dared not to intrust with their dangerous doctrines. His labours in their cause are the best refutation of imputed want of influence and knowledge; while the extreme popularity of his works, his appeasing the continual discord and mutiny in the Tory camp, the painful confidence he complains of in having to reconcile the leaders themselves, his rendering innocuous the powerful October Club, his successful effort of bringing over the nation to listen to peace and to behold with apathy the dismissal of Marlborough himself from all his commands, and the fall of Somerset and the old favourites of the queen,—results following the skilful and masterly expositions in Swift's tracts on the war,—present an array of facts which no theories far more ingenious than lord Orrery's have yet been able to shake.

The lofty eminence to which Swift's powerful talents had now raised him seems to have excited the jealousy or ill-feeling of some of his early friends and ablest contemporaries. Addison, Steele, Henley, Philips, Rowe, and others of less account belonging to the Whig party, felt themselves completely thrown into the shade by one man standing alone and conspicuous, the great champion of his party; a writer too who had risen by the sheer force of wit and talent, independent and unconnected with literary or political partisanship, and by whom those who had not prudently retired from the conflict had been grievously overthrown. It is singular that, situated as they were, the great literary leaders of their respective parties, and both men eminently endowed with surpassing qualities of mind though of a different texture, Swift and Addison, under the strong circumstances which impelled them, never came into political collision, or allowed the madness of party to produce more than a temporary coldness, which ended in even a warmer friendship. In the history of political contests this is a gratifying fact, honourable alike to both parties, but more particularly so to Addison, who, instigated by the most amiable and praiseworthy motives not less than from policy, sacrificed to his regard and reverence for genius and friendship the honours to be reaped from political controversy—most probably the mortification of defeat. For Swift was no respecter of persons, whether of friend or foe, when the stern dictates of supposed duty influenced his conduct; and there cannot be a doubt that, had Addison so far mistaken his character as to have crossed his path, he must have shared the same fate as Swift's more humble adversaries. Policy and good feeling alike dictated the course he pursued; and we trace the same respect and deference as to a superior genius, so wise, and at the same time amiable, in his whole correspondence with Swift, even when the latter seems to place to Addison's account the puerile obstinacy, folly, and ingratitude of Steele's conduct. He observed the same uniform delicacy and respect to the close of his career, in regard to avoiding every occasion likely to produce unpleasant feelings or give offence; while Swift on his side conducted himself with equal disinterestedness and magnanimity under Steele's worst provocations,—interceding for Addison's friends with the ministry, though in open enmity with himself, and engaging that Addison's own interest should be held inviolate. If any confirmation of facts like these, so honourable to both, and affording so complete a refutation of the calumnies heaped upon Swift, were wanting, it is to be found in Addison's own correspondence under his own hand. In a letter written a little previous to this period, which shows the delight he took in Swift's society, and does justice to those social qualities and high characteristics which made him so much courted by the ingenious and well-informed of all ranks—not excepting the highest—we trace in every line the regard in which this great man was held by his amiable contemporary.—"I have run so much in debt with you that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is past, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. I hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th inst. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know that I obeyed all the bishop of Clogher's commands in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mr. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health. I am forced to give myself the airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffee-house, who are always asking me questions about you when they have aimed to pay their court to me, who love and esteem you if possible as much as you deserve.

"Yours entirely,

"J. Addison."

St. James's Place, April, 1710.

There was no one in whose society Swift took more unalloyed pleasure, or of whom he entertained a higher opinion for the sterling qualities of heart and mind, even after the divisions of party gave rise to some degree of restraint and coldness. The letter he received previous to his departure for England, soon after the tidings of his mother's death,[a] displays on the part of Addison a degree of regard and affection of which, with the exception of Tickell, he gave no other example in the course of either his literary or political connexions.

[From Mr. Addison to Dr. Swift].

"Dear Sir,—I am just now come from Finglass, where I have been drinking your health and talking of you with one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you that I long to see you, without assuring you that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am with the most inviolable sincerity, dear sir, your most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servant,

"J. Addison."

It would appear from both these letters, as well as from the general tenor of his friend's correspondence, that Swift's temper and disposition even during his prouder days were by no means of the austere or unamiable kind so generally attributed to him, but that he was distinguished for his engaging manners, his social genius, and good nature, as well as kindness of heart and almost universal charity. From that strange compound of wit and folly, Henley, who subsequently smarted under his satire, we gather testimonies to his good and gentle qualities in the following expressive language :—"I should not have presumed to imagine that you would deign to cast an eye on anything proceeding from so mean a hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and sweetness of temper for which you are so justly celebrated by all good men, as the *deliciæ humani generis;* and I make no question but, like your predecessor (an emperor again), you reckon every day as lost in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence."—(About 1709 or 1710.)

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[a] I "have now lost," says Swift, "my barrier between me and death: God grant that I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there." (Copied from Swift's memorandum-book for 1710.)

Other testimonials from the great Whig writers of the day, expressing their veneration for Swift's surpassing genius, and their regard for his virtues and merits as a man, might be adduced without number, did not matters more important than the envy and malignity of inferior minds claim our attention. The gradual coolness which supervened between him and the Whigs appears upon a dispassionate view of the correspondence between them to have been chiefly owing to the jealousy and even ingratitude of the latter, who, after Swift had engaged the ministry to retain them in their places, turned round upon the first opportunity against their benefactor, wholly neglected and abandoned him upon a change of fortune, and have been handed down in his own memoranda as examples of the truth of Rochefoucault's maxim, that "to make ingrates you have only to confer obligations." We learn from numerous passages in the Journal that the coolness and estrangement of which Swift complains soon extended in some degree to Addison,—commenced wholly upon the side of the latter, and must have been produced by that consciousness of inferiority so clearly shown by his cautious withdrawal from the controversy, and his abandonment of an office for which he was so little qualified. If we consider also that he stood at the head—at the literary head at least—of the opposition, that from a chief mover in the stirring scene he became an unwilling "Spectator," directing his attention wholly to literary trifles,—the tittle-tattle adapted for the meridian of the petty coteries of the hour, which only once elicited the good-humoured raillery of Swift,—it was natural that a man in Addison's position should feel a little annoyed and thrown off his balance. Of this we could adduce many curious instances; while Swift, on the other hand, tried every art consistent with what he conceived to be his public duty to protect and recommend the discomfited literary adherents of the Whigs. Congreve, Rowe, Philips, Steele, and Addison himself, were more than once indebted to his generous intercession; and he even threw his ample shield round those most exposed to the vengeance and antipathy of the ministry. With equal violation of principle and decorum, Steele, while he retained office under them, secretly attacked the Oxford administration with the utmost virulence. Under the stupid allegory of a change of managers at a theatre, he or Henley gave the character of Harley as that of a low intriguer who had wormed himself into the chief management to the detriment of the good old actors, and opened the way to foreign pretenders. He would have been deservedly cashiered for this absurd and impertinent attack upon those whose interests he was bound to defend; and he would have lost both his valuable offices of gazetteer and commissioner of stamp-duties, had not Swift, as he expressly states, risked his own reputation with the ministry to secure him the possession of the latter.[a] This disinterested act however, with the christian temper and self-command which, added to Steele's violent conduct, placed it out of Swift's power, as he justly states, either to retaliate upon him or to speak more in his favour, instead of conciliating seemed only to redouble Steele's ire, and from that time he threw off all decency and restraint in his language towards his former friend and his benefactor. Though he must have been aware that Swift had given up the direction of the "Examiner" at the forty-fifth number of the work, in the "Guardian" (No. 53) he attacks Swift in a tone of anger and affected contempt, pretending to class him with the notorious Mrs. Manley and other assistants of the "Examiner," scarcely scrupling to charge him with infidelity—which he knew must be the most galling of all imputations to a man who so far regulated his conduct by his religious convictions, that his benevolence and charity were the result not of mere good nature, but of principle and obedience to the divine laws. Swift felt the insult too deeply to enter into a vulgar controversy with "one who had put it out of his power to injure him by the obligations he had received;" but he fully vindicated himself in a letter to Addison, asserting his ignorance of any charges of the kind, even of the person of the editor of the "Examiner;" but which had only the effect of producing from Steele a still more angry and petulant reply. During the whole of this idle and unseemly contest on Steele's part, in which he seems to have been countenanced by Addison, the superiority of temper as well as of argument must strike every impartial reader as leaning to Swift's side; while jealousy and disappointed ambition are but too conspicuously displayed on the other.

The "Letter upon the English Language" was not the only literary publication which Swift found leisure to publish during the stirring period that ensued. As each of his productions was dictated by occasion, or directed to some political end or purpose—to the agreeable or the useful, in compliance with the precept of Horace—as well as to retaliate upon some unfortunate lord or great man who had incurred his displeasure, he threw off ballads, tracts, poems, and contributions to various papers, with an ease and rapidity which must have astonished the public had they appeared with his own name. But his known contempt for mere literary fame, and disregard of his own productions beyond the precise object they were intended to accomplish, when he "whistled them down the wind to prey at fortune," was the cause of annoyance and vexation to him during his lifetime, and of more serious inconvenience and mischief after his decease. Needy or rapacious men, who hang upon the skirts of genius like vultures upon the march of some noble army, took advantage of his remissness, and published for their own advantage—often with and sometimes without the author's consent—productions which, either separately or embodied in a proper form, would have made a very handsome addition to Swift's income. He was notwithstanding economical and desirous of increasing his resources; and we can only account for his apparent indifference on this head by his pride, his noble desire of standing on high and independent ground, without laying himself open to the suspicion of being actuated by the sordid love of gain in his professed principles, his political views, or his mere literary efforts. Actuated by such motives, instead of protecting he took pride in bestowing his copyright either on his friends or those printers or booksellers for whom he had any regard. He presented Steele with several able papers for the "Tatler," assigned over to his friend Pope his share in a new edition of the "Miscellanies," and made all his writings in fact subservient to the interest or objects of others; while he felt so little of the usual vanity of authors that, except in one instance,[a] he never seemed ambitious of claiming for himself even the just fame to which he was entitled. It was in this way that the publication of his "Miscellanies" first took place in the year 1711, by John Morphew, without Swift's name and most probably without his knowledge. At the same time the publisher brought them out respectably, and had the grace in a preface to apologise for the liberty he had taken with the author in giving these pieces to the world without his consent. From his observations to Stella it seems that he had himself contemplated the publication subsequently brought out by Pope—was annoyed at this spurious edition—and had some doubt that Tooke, with whom he was in communication, had some share in the undertaking in that imperfect form.

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[a] See the correspondence between Swift and Steele, and Swift and Addison.

The "History of the Peace of Utrecht," executed about this period with the view of strengthening the hands of the ministry, can hardly be regarded as a mere literary composition. Here was the strong foundation upon which the Oxford ministry calculated to raise the edifice of a more permanent power than their first weak hold upon the court and nation had promised. Without the talents of Swift to prepare as well as to defend pacific measures, it was impossible to mature their plans; for though Swift had succeeded in reconciling the popular mind to a peace, it was a different task to make its conditions palatable with a powerful opposition eager to excite commotion and to arraign the motives and rebut the arguments of the writer. This work, subsequently merged in the "Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign," was composed with great rapidity, every facility in regard to materials and the details having been supplied by his friends the ministers. At the moment it was completed fresh divisions broke out in the administration; Oxford and Bolingbroke viewed matters in so different a light that they refused to concur in some particular statements; and afraid of still further widening the breach, the author was induced to postpone its publication. He observes in one of his letters (to Miss Vanhomrigh, July 8, 1713), "I verily think if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what has since happened." It is evident indeed from many circumstances that Swift foresaw the downfall of the ministry long before the actors who were deeply engaged in the state drama, like the spectator calmly contemplating the game of which he sees more than the players. It was this knowledge that determined him to lose no time in employing such influence as he possessed for the welfare and happiness of others, if he could not succeed, as now seemed probable, in promoting his own interest with the ministry. The benefits he conferred upon men of worth and talent at this period, and the sums he raised to relieve the unfortunate and necessitous, raised him in the esteem of men of all parties, whom in a little time he succeeded in bringing together and meeting in a club under the affectionate appellations of relations and brothers, upon the avowed principle of affording relief to the worthy and distressed. Such facts of themselves supply sufficient proof that he was not elated with success and the reputation he had acquired, that he was actuated by the same motives, by the same calm, benevolent, and compassionate disposition, which made him fly to the relief of the afflicted or the oppressed, regardless of his own engagements, risks, or sufferings. The Whig Congreve was received by lord Oxford with such marked attention at Swift's particular request, as excited his astonishment and gratitude. "And thus," observes his benefactor with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure, "I have made a worthy man easy, and that's a good day's work." Instances of the kind are profusely scattered throughout his Journal, and in one place he specifies his meeting with the philanthropical society alluded to:—"I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen: it was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and lord-treasurer has promised me 100*l.* to reward some others." On the 13th again he adds, "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors. I was naming some time ago to a certain person another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me 100*l.* to give the other. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise, for I think it a handsome present enough. . . . I paid the hundred this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver."

The interview, likewise, which Swift brought about between Parnell and the premier, and subsequently between Addison and lord Bolingbroke, when they dined together at the house of the latter, shows Swift's uniform desire to promote amity between excellent and distinguished individuals, of whatever party. He usually contrived also that the ministers should make the first advances, so that, he observes, the lord-treasurer should desire to become acquainted with Parnell, not Parnell with the minister. In the instance of Pope, now fast emerging into popular fame, he exerted himself with all the affectionate energy of a parent; took his fortunes under his special care and protection, and by his active zeal and success opened the way for that lasting mutual respect and friendship which ended only with their lives. It was the same with regard to Gay and Arbuthnot, the last of whom, though he stood in no need of patrons, was indebted for the most delightful hours he spent, and for the relief afforded to the tedium of a fatal disease, to the kind and social qualities of his friend Swift. It is well known that the celebrated Berkeley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, dated his rise in the world to the generous and disinterested support of Swift; he recommended Rowe, and supported Prior, whose weakness and imprudence had reduced him from comparative affluence to a state of wretchedness and destitution. When his last exertions in favour of Steele were met by him and his friend Addison with jealousy, ingratitude, and even derision, he would not permit any alteration in the conduct of the latter to produce serious estrangement, and deeply regretted the coldness he could not but perceive. "Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this d—d business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall in so with the ministry, but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet." Soon afterwards he alludes to Addison as the cause of Steele's refusing to keep his appointment and expressing his obligations to his benefactor and to the ministry. He treated his friend's wayward and jealous humour with singular forbearance throughout, though he reflected upon and even ridiculed it in the strictness of private confidence, when addressing his friends in Ireland: "I called," he says, "at the coffeehouse, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance; talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. Is it not odd? But I think he has used me ill; and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele." This temporary distance and coldness, however, went no further; nor did it interfere with Swift's unvarying kindness towards his Whig friends and their acquaintance; he rescued Bernage and Beaumont from ruin, and placed Barber, the printer, in the highway to fortune; was eminently useful to Dr. Freind, and provided for Parnell and Harrison: "I took Parnell this morning" (Jan. 25, 1712-13), "and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I could not dine with lord-treasurer nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat towards the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless you! Adieu! I send this away to-night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief."

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[a] When he was provoked by some lacerating reflection upon his youth and inexperience to own himself the author of "Athens and Rome," &c.

It was now felt that the services which Swift had rendered the ministry had fully entitled him to some honourable provision. Lord Bolingbroke is said to have exerted his influence to the utmost, though Swift appears to have had no great confidence in him; and his friend the lord-treasurer certainly omitted no opportunity of attempting to induce the queen to give him preferment in England. But the influence of the duchess of Somerset, who had carried to the queen Swift's poem called the "Windsor Prophecy," created formidable difficulties; and it soon appeared that the first minister had not that necessary command and confidence which it is so indispensable at court for a leader of the administration to possess. Upon an impartial examination of all the circumstances it would be unjust to conclude that the ministry were insincere, as it has been generally asserted, and, while taxing his genius and exertions to the utmost, never intended to advance him. There is reason to suppose, on the other hand, that they obtained for him the best provision they were enabled; and though Swift affected to be wholly regardless of the results, it is not difficult to perceive, especially when the ministry began to totter, that he was not so much divested of anxiety as he wished the world to believe. We must not, however, anticipate.

The list of tracts composed by Swift in support of lord Oxford (as may be seen in the text) is in itself a formidable one, and shows with how much zeal and resolution as well as wit he devoted himself to what appeared a lost cause, and brought it triumphant at last through all perils and disasters. In the year 1712 he published his "Reflections on the Barrier Treaty," proving how little the interests of England had been consulted in that negotiation, and how much had been unduly conceded to the Dutch. It was shortly followed by his "Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the Third Volume of the History of the Reformation." We may form some idea of the effect which these writings must have produced at a period of so much excitement, when we consider their popularity at the present day, though we feel so little interested in the events which gave rise to them. Their intrinsic wit and merit redeem them from the general fate of political disquisitions; they appear to be written for "all time," not to serve the mere passing purpose of the hour; such are the powerful truths, such the immensity of genius which they display. "He seems to have had the same advantage over his antagonists," says Sheridan, "as Homer has given to Achilles, by clothing him in celestial armour, and furnishing him with weapons of celestial temper."

The first step adopted by lord Oxford to regain the queen's confidence and carry out the measures necessary to the existence of the Tory ministry was to restore the majority in the house of lords, and this could only be effected by engaging her majesty to create twelve new peers. This is an expedient to be resorted to only in cases of extreme peril or necessity; and the peculiar juncture in the ministerial affairs certainly required it. Swift, when recurring to this point some time afterwards, observes, "Yet, after all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her trimming and moderation." It naturally excited the loud clamour of the adverse party, who attempted to excite the people to violence by every means in their power, appealing to their worst passions, and with that singular ingenuity for which a discomfited party, long in the enjoyment of place, is always celebrated, attempting to convince the public that continual war, debt, and taxes are the natural inheritance of every free and great people. "The adverse party," says Swift (in his "History of the Peace"), "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain (which they loudly did) that it was a pernicious example, set for ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by these means become masters of the house of lords whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

But, serious as it was, this measure lost its importance in the nation's eyes, when followed by another of far greater boldness and decision, to which few men believed lord Oxford equal, after the trimming and doubtful policy he had pursued, with his singular hesitation and delay in openly breaking with the Whigs. This was no less than the dismissal of the duke of Marlborough from all his offices, and the removal of the last of the Whigs from power, who had yet been retained in the vain expectation of conciliating the heads of that powerful body. Prince Eugene had hastened to the succour of the war party upon hearing that further supplies were likely to be cut off; all the envoys were equally busied, in the fear that, like Othello's, their occupation would be gone, if the sinews of war, supplied by English gold and bravery, were once denied, and the nation enlightened as to the real state of the case. The Whigs, making their idol of prince Eugene, were enraged at the temerity of the Tories in daring to dismiss the great Marlborough, in whom the fate of the war, the debt, and the new moneyed interest—by which a few needy and grasping contractors, pensioners, commissioners, and their connexions of all professions, lived in state at the charge of a distressed and impoverished people—all hung in the balance; and took every possible advantage of the presence of prince Eugene, whose fame was the theme of every public meeting, and who, in his generous desire to secure the continued aid of such good allies, magnanimously declared he would carry on the war at his own expense. He was strongly seconded by the Somersets and the Whig interest at court, which bore an implacable hatred against Swift, and left no means untried to prevent his promotion in the church. The duchess even applied to the archbishop of York to join her in resisting Oxford's application to raise him to the prelacy, and he is said to have made use of the remarkable expression, "that her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a christian." When pressed for his reasons, however, all his objections resolved themselves into the general impression that Swift was supposed to be the author of the "Tale of a Tub," than which there exists not a more able and powerful defence of the church of England; and this being known to all just discriminators of the tenor of his arguments and rich stores of wit, this busy prelate was considered as acting too officiously from other motives than honest zeal, and his interference in itself would have proved no serious bar. The duchess, driven almost to despair, ran into the queen's presence, and, throwing herself upon her knees, besought with tears in her eyes that she would never permit Swift to be made a bishop; exhibiting at the same time those keen and bitter verses launched against her in the "Windsor Prophecy." The queen, naturally good-natured and compassionate, was stung with resentment at the freedom thus taken with one of her special favourites; and having previously imbibed other prejudices against him, she took a malignant pleasure in passing by Swift and showing her independence of her minister by bestowing the vacant see upon another.

It could not long remain a secret that Swift had incurred the queen's displeasure, and his enemies renewed their attacks with redoubled vigour. Not only was the whole weight of the court interest directed against him, but those who had delighted in his social wit and other estimable qualities, thinking him a marked man, held aloof from him. But Swift's mighty genius and powers, in themselves a host, laughed to scorn the efforts to injure him of his proudest and most malignant enemies. In vain did the confederacy to cry him down spread from the court to both houses of parliament. In the former, the earl of Nottingham—still smarting doubtless under the "Hue and Cry made after Dismal," in which celebrated ballad, unfortunately now lost to the public, Swift had humorously described that nobleman's secession from the Tories, stealing out of the ministerial ranks without hint or notice, with his adherents, at the most critical moment—commenced the attack in a strain of feeble commonplace; and in the lower house Walpole joined in the tirade, followed by a Mr. Aislabie, who had before professed the greatest friendship for the doctor. All these outbreaks of envious and injurious malice from men crossed perhaps in their particular designs, or thrown into the shade by the bold uncompromising genius of him who spoke of public men and their conduct with unflinching truth and spirit, proved as harmless as the foolish proclamation issued at the instigation of the Scotch lords, who gave to Swift's satire a tenfold keener point by solemnly proceeding in a body to complain of the wounds inflicted upon their national honour. The dealer of these unceremonious hits, instead of taking alarm at the attacks followed up in both houses, stood boldly upon his defence, and must secretly have been not a little amused at this dreadful display of legislative vigour, against the humble vicar of a small living in Ireland, for his manifold plots and conspiracies to undermine the church and state.[a]

From the tenor of Swift's Journal about this period it would seem he was becoming rather impatient at the supposed delay or neglect of his friends the ministers, in leaving him so long without some preferment becoming his character and reputation, and which might give greater weight and influence to his sphere of active and useful exertion. He had for some time refused to solicit or remind ministers of their avowed intentions; and he appears to have imputed the delay in a great measure to the dilatory habits of lord Oxford. Upon his prospects of success he expresses himself very cautiously in his correspondence, though it is clear that he had made up his mind to return to his willows, as he expresses it, if something were not speedily done for him: "It is the last sally I shall ever make," he says, (16th Jan. 1710-11,) "but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy, and I never desired more." Again, he says, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them;" and he adds, (May 22, 1711,) "To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little, and I would likewise be gladly somewhat richer than I am." In the course of a few months, it would also appear, from a passage, (July 1st, 1711,) that his friends in Ireland had become impatient, and were fearful of his returning without some proper preferment, when he would be considered in the light of an ill-used man—an observation which led Swift to take up the ministers' defence, and to declare, "I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him, and the secretary told me the other day he had refused a very good one for me, but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and if they would give me leave I would come over just now."

From other passages, however, it is clear that such was not his intention, except in the case of complete failure, when he had resolved to abandon and cast off the ministry, as he proudly termed it, the moment he thought he was unjustly treated. The warrants for three vacant deaneries having been filled up by the queen without his name, he informed the lord-treasurer he had determined to set out for Ireland; an intimation probably which induced the latter to stop them; and after considerable delay and the expression of much captious jealousy on Swift's side, who grew exceedingly irritated and excited towards the close of the business, a warrant for creating him dean of St. Patrick's was signed on the 23rd of April, 1713, and in the beginning of June he set out for Ireland.[a] His intention was to remain there some time, but he had scarcely gone through the necessary forms, and recovered from an illness which had confined him to his living in the country, when, fresh divisions having broken out in the cabinet, he was prevailed upon to return to England. It was with difficulty he succeeded in obtaining a temporary cessation of hostilities between the Tory leaders, become more frequent and inveterate since

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Swift's real offence consisted in his satire upon the duchess:

"Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her - spouse:
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils," &c.

[a] The value of the deanery was estimated at above 700*l.* a year, much more than Swift affected to think it was. He was never, during his residence in England, introduced to queen Anne, though he expected it, owing to the misrepresentations of his principles made by his enemies at court. The lord-treasurer, who was accused by Bolingbroke of neglecting the doctor's interests, was more to be pitied than blamed, as he was naturally unwilling to confess how little the queen's prejudice left it in his power to serve Swift, while he wished to retain his friendship and his services. It was some time before Swift was aware of the real state of the case; he then became impatient and indignant, feared that his enemies would wholly bar his promotion, and insisted in no measured terms upon the premier doing as much as he could for him without waiting to secure preferment for him in England.

the peace and a feeling of greater security. That peace having been again attacked, Swift defended it manfully, devoting himself to the completion of his history, and resuming his valuable inquiries into the affairs of Ireland, where the madness of party, added to the sufferings of the people, had recently led to acts of open violence. Having invited the attention of ministers to the subject, placed in their hands the "History of the Peace of Utrecht," as the strongest barrier he could raise for their defence, and exhorted them, as they valued the interests of the country and their own characters, to endeavour to act with some degree of concert, he became anxious to attend to his newly-acquired interests in Ireland. Scarcely, however, had he entered upon the affairs of his deanery, when, to use his own expression, a hundred letters came in pursuit of him to recall him with all speed; for no sooner, it appears, had he turned his back, than Oxford and Bolingbroke had come to an open rupture. He was exceedingly annoyed at being thus interrupted before he could regulate the discipline of his own deanery; and in a letter dated from Ireland to the archbishop of Dublin he states that he should do all in his power to save the trouble of such a journey, which neither his fortune nor his health would very well permit. Upon this occasion, having contrived to meet them together at lord Masham's, he expostulated with them more freely than he had before done; but, to his equal surprise and concern, he found there existed an increased degree of coldness and aversion amounting almost to antipathy. At last he prevailed upon them to go to Windsor together the next day, pleading some appointment to avoid attending them, but taking care to follow to watch the result of his good counsel. It was, as he feared, wholly thrown away upon them: he had only one other meeting with them, and, finding any reconciliation wholly impracticable, he told them that, as he was a common friend to both, he would not take part with either of them, but wished to withdraw from the scene: he foresaw their disunion would be fatal to the general interest, and he was determined to have no more concern with public affairs. In several passages of his letters he seems to hint that, had others done their duty as zealously as he had himself endeavoured, the breach might have been made up. "I only wish," he says to his friend Pope, "that my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling ministers to each other. . . . If this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered." His own expressive lines upon this subject show what his feelings were when he said that all hope was lost:—

"By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require;
What could he more but decently retire?"

Swift had been anxious for preferment in England to be near his friends and literary connexions, to enjoy the society of those whom he admired and loved; and to avoid the sight of the sufferings inflicted upon the unfortunate people of Ireland, which he declared made his blood boil and his flesh creep—a view of government and society which doubtless led to his singular production of a proposal for the Irish to eat their own children. But had his wishes, and the exertions made by his friend Oxford to retain him in England, been crowned with success, Ireland might still have sighed for a liberator and a benefactor; and all that she has since achieved by other leaders, his mere disciples and imitators, would still have been a work not yet performed. Providence, however, as if in compassion to a subdued and unhappy people, who had exhausted all the horrors of military conquest, and the worse infliction of a government and a church essentially opposed to its political and religious independence, raised up the mighty genius and irresistible arm of Swift to avenge and to vindicate the rights of an oppressed and insulted nation.

It is evident, from his letters to his different friends and from his own recorded observations at this period, that Swift looked forward to the speedy dissolution of the Tory ministry. As his services might be suddenlycalled for in some emergency, he was unwilling to make a new voyage from Dublin to London every month to compose the differences of the ministry, and wisely determined to stop a short time and watch the progress of events. He returned to the house of his friend Mr. Geary, at Letcomb,[a] where his active mind not permitting him a moment's rest, after transmitting his directions to his Irish agent, he sat down to compose his tract called "Some Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs;" in which he charges the ministers as the cause of the reigning disorders, and lays the greatest blame upon the one whom he most loved and admired, lord Oxford. It is quite evident that he believed both lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke to be more sedulously engaged in advancing their own designs than in promoting the interests of the public; and his motives were doubtless to excite their fears by the hints thrown out, that, instead of either triumphing over the other, they would probably both be deserted as well by their own party as by the queen. "It may be matter," he says, "of no little admiration to consider in some lights the state of affairs among us for four years past. The queen, finding herself and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and the insolence, the mistaken politics and destructive principles of her former ministers, calls to the service of the public another set of men, who by confession of their enemies had equal abilities at least with their predecessors, whose interest made it necessary for them to act upon those maxims which were most agreeable to the constitution in church and state; whose birth and patrimonies gave them weight in the nation, and who (I speak of those who came to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the strictest bonds of friendship."

The old controversy with Steele was now renewed with the bitterest animosity on both sides. In a number of the "Guardian" (128) Steele charged the ministry with negligence in executing that stipulation of the treaty of Utrecht relating to the demolition of Dunkirk; and when on the point of being elected a member of parliament for Stockbridge he renewed his attack in a pamphlet—"The Importance of Dunkirk Considered,"—which produced some noise; and in the absence of Swift, with other tracts on the Whig side, was beginning to produce an impression by no means favourable to the stability of the Tory ministry. It was probably upon this ground that Swift's presence and services were again required, as much as to heal the divisions in the ministry; and the expectations of its leaders were not disappointed. Swift took up their quarrel with all the spirit of his former partisanship, eager also to inflict what he considered just retributive punishment for Steele's continued insolence and ingratitude. Both were in the highest degree angry and excited; and it is humiliating to read the low and despicable shifts, the petty malice, and the personal animosity which this public controversy produced. In "The Importance of the Guardian Considered" he reflected on the person, morals, and abilities of his early friend, holding up his portrait to the laughter and ridicule of the world: he exposes his pretensions to rank as a statesman, and his meanness as an original writer, as the appropriator of others' productions, to give him character, in the Tatlers and Spectators, and the occasional author of a wretched Guardian; following up his career as a soldier, alchemist, gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, and gentleman-usher. In another, entitled the "Character of Richard Steele, Esq., with some Remarks by Toby Abel's Kinsman" (1713), which bears evidence of Swift's hand, though generally ascribed to Dr. Wagstaffe, the reflections are so ludicrous, as well as severe, that Steele is said to have been more affected by it than by any previous publication of the kind, and to have ascribed it to Swift, or to his active instigation:—"I think I know the author of this; and to show him I know no revenge but in the method of heaping coal on his head by benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves, for no other reason but that I know his sensibility of reproach is such as that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language that he has given me." ("Englishman," No. 57.) It may indeed be remarked, as a singular fact, that Swift himself alludes to the sensitiveness of his disposition in this respect, and that it was a peculiarity of his earlier character. "I was originally," he says, "as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened." (Letter to Dr. Irving, June 8, 1732.) Not content with this, he attacked Steele in a most ludicrous paraphrase of the first ode of the second book of Horace, said to be wholly his own composition. Steele, with the assistance of Addison, Hoadly, Lechmere, and Marshall, in preparing the "Crisis," intended to excite the public upon the subject of the protestant succession, and the too great influence of France. It was brought out with much *éclat*, with the view, it was said, of benefiting the reputed author in his necessities by crying it up with the public—an advantage of which Swift, who seems in this controversy to have thrown off his usual restraint or regard for Addison and his friend, did not fail to avail himself in his caustic and bitter comments in the "Public Spirit of the Whigs."

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[a] Some enemy of Swift composed a mock diary in the dean's manner, printed in one of the Grub-street tracts, on the occasion of his disappearance from the deanery, which gave rise to great dismay among the friends of the administration, and triumph to their foes.—See Swift's letter to the second earl of Oxford (1737), with an account of this transaction and his efforts as mediator.

See also the copy of verses by Smedley, fixed on the door of St. Patrick's on the day of Swift's instalment, inferior only to his own in point of wit and humour.

But neither this controversy nor his strictures upon the conduct of ministers in his "Free Thoughts" had time to produce much effect before the somewhat sudden death of the queen carried dismay into the Tory camp, dispersed the best-conceived schemes to the winds, and made a complete revolution in public affairs. It was a terrific blow to the Tory party throughout the country; cut short the dean's prospects and ruined his hopes of ever receiving preferment and residing among his old acquaintance in England. Dr. Arbuthnot, in a letter addressed to his friend Pope, gives an interesting account of the impression produced upon Swift by this important event. "I have seen a letter from dean Swift," he observes: "he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Within a few weeks after the death of the queen Swift returned to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued to reside several years without once visiting England. It was there, in the year 1717, he became completely reconciled to Addison, and maintained a constant correspondence with distinguished individuals of both parties; and it appears from one of his letters to Pope (as early as January, 1710) how much he had pressed lord Oxford in favour of Addison, Rowe, Congreve, and Steele: he also gives his elegant answer to lord Halifax when he asked the earl on the first change of ministry to spare Congreve; acts which must have been a source of delightful reflection to him after having quitted the busy scene of politics. He says also, in a letter to lady Betty Germaine, "When I had credit for some years at court I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation;" and he more than once observes that lord Oxford never once refused him any request of that sort. The extent of his public and private charities while in England was very great, of which we may form some idea from the number of addresses from persons little known to him, or with whom he was wholly unacquainted. He procured the rectory of St. Andrew, Holborn, for Sacheverell, though he held him in such light estimation that he refused to see him; moved only by a principle of justice for his having rendered assistance to the ministry and been neglected by them.

Swift's return to Ireland, under circumstances so unexpected, anticipating the speedy downfall of the party he most approved and the friends he best loved, must have been attended with many uneasy reflections. The spirit of faction ran high; reports the most injurious of the ministry's design to bring in the pretender, and the epithets of Tory and Jacobite, were spread on all sides. Swift, from the conspicuous part he had played, became a marked man, and though he studiously withdrew from all participation in political matters, he was recognised and insulted in the streets of Dublin by the mob, while the higher classes sought the favour of the court by treating him with studied neglect and contumely. He was compelled, in order to protect himself from outrage, to draw up a petition to the house of lords, especially against the brutal and dangerous attacks of lord Blaney. The exercise of riding was essential to his health, always variable; but in other respects he lived perfectly retired, devoting himself to the duties of his station and the arrangement of his domestic affairs.

Subsequently, upon the breaking up of the Tory administration, Swift's feelings and conduct upon the occasion are described in a letter, addressed most probably to the archbishop of Dublin's proctor or agent (July 29, 1714), in which he says, "I have been these two months fifty miles from London, to avoid the storm that has happened at court. The news will tell you a post or two before this of my lord Oxford's laying down office: he was to do it yesterday. He has sent to desire I would stay with him at his house in Herefordshire, which I am not likely to refuse, though I may probably suffer a good deal in my little affairs in Ireland by my absence. This makes it necessary for me to desire you would please to renew my licence of absence, which expires about the end of August, when this incident changed it. I think it is about this time four years that you came to my lodging with Mr. Pratt to tell me the news of lord Godolphin's going out, which was as joyful to me as this is otherwise. I believe you will reckon me an ill courtier to follow a discarded statesman to his retirement, especially when I have been always as well with those now in power as I was with him. But to answer that would require talking, and I have already troubled you so much.

"I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT.

"Pray let the absence be general as before. I was very near wanting it some months ago with a vengeance. [Perhaps for the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.'] I know not what alterations this change may make in the scheme for Irish promotions: I hear Drs. Pratt and Ellwood are secure."

This letter does infinite honour to the heart and feelings of the man, in whom affection and gratitude absorbed every thought of the tempting offers to his ambition and pride.

It would seem that the subsequent renewal of a strictly friendly and social intercourse between Swift and Addison took place about 1717, upon the latter coming as secretary into Ireland. The regard with which Swift now treated him shows how happy he was in the opportunity afforded of their meeting once more without the fatal influence of party throwing a damp upon their mutual regard.

"I should be much concerned," he says, "if I did not think you were a little angry with me for not congratulating you upon being secretary. But I choose my time, as I would to visit you, when all your company is gone. I am confident you have given ease of mind to many thousand people who will never believe that any ill can be intended to the constitution, to the church or state, while you are in so high a trust, and I should have been of the same opinion though I had not the happiness to know you. I am extremely obliged for your kind remembrance some months ago by the bishop of Derry, and for your generous intentions, if you had come to Ireland, to have made party to give way to friendship by continuing your acquaintance. I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now beside that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for any friend or for myself. When I conversed among ministers I boasted of your acquaintance; but I feel no vanity from being known to a secretary of state. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single: for it is a prodigious singularity in any court to owe one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to tell you a secret,—that three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.

"It is now time for me to recollect that I am writing to a secretary of state, who has little time allowed him for trifles; I therefore take my leave with assurances of my being ever, with the truest respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

Other evidences are not wanting of the friendly disposition felt by Swift towards his early and beloved connexions, of whatever party, and in his correspondence with Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, are some passages of exquisite pathos and beauty, expressing his sorrow, especially as he became aware of the more frequent inroads of disease. In one of his letters to Pope (Jan. 10, 1721) he alludes to the retired habits and mode of life he had so prudently adopted during the re-action of popular opinion and the triumph of the Whigs, which rendered it dangerous for the dean to appear in public without being protected, so great was the excitement produced by the violent conduct, impeachments, and prosecutions of the new ministry. "In a few weeks," he says, "after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I know neither the names nor the number of the family which now reigneth, further than the prayer-book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are at peace or war. And this mannre of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence and for fear of provoking party zeal." It is clear from the foregoing and other passages that, though Swift wisely resigned himself to circumstances not to be avoided, he felt keenly the marked contrast between his present mode of life and that in which he exercised the intellectual power and ascendancy he so strongly coveted. His gloom and disappointment break out in spite of himself, while he affects to hold politics and princes in utter forgetfulness. "I say nothing" ("Dedication to History") "of his present Britannic majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and likely to continue so. I might have avoided some years' uneasiness and vexation during the last four years of our excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country and among a most profligate and abandoned people. . . . . Upon her majesty's lamented death I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time there is not a northern curate among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the transactions of the world." In the frank unreserved communication with his friends in England about this period, Swift supplies us with the most interesting details respecting his residence in Ireland, which he always regarded as an honourable exile, the result of necessity and not of choice. He draws the portrait of an unhappy and discarded statesman rather than of a dean of the English church, who had recently received promotion, satisfied with his lot, and indulging hopes of further preferment; and this spirit of querulous disappointment, injurious alike to his health and happiness, till he once more plunged into the sea of controversy, is shown without disguise in one of his letters to Gay:—"I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find, and when I write it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, sleeping, walking, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." It was probably with a view to relax from his former severe exertions, and to diminish the force of that inveterate disease which pursued him through life, that Swift now gave up so much of his time to what he termed the bagatelle, courting only those acquaintance who, instead of competing with or thwarting him, felt gratified in his society and treated him with deference and respect. Among the most agreeable of these were sir Arthur and lady Acheson; and during the dean's residence at their seat, Market-hill, it is observed by Scott that he produced some of the most marked specimens of his very peculiar poetical vein. "The inimitable poem entitled 'The Grand Question Debated' is a proof of the same brilliant humour and happy power of assuming and sustaining a feigned character which distinguished 'Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition,' and other effusions of the author's earlier days; and which at length was too apt to be lost in the trifling and punning intercourse which he maintained in old age with Sheridan and other friends."

He enjoyed moreover the almost constant society of his favourite pupil, and now more mature friend, Stella, of Dr. Sheridan, Dr. Delany, and a select few both of humbler and higher rank; and in the discharge of his clerical duties, in conducting the affairs of his deanery, presiding at occasional dinners, and dispensing charities, seemed to have forgotten there existed a political world in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, when tidings which roused some of his former spirit and all his affection for England, recalled him to a recollection of the part he had played. This was no less than an account of the committal of his friend lord Oxford, to whom he had already shown the most devoted attachment, to the Tower, at the instigation of his most active enemies. As Swift had before followed his fortunes into retreat, and refused to participate in the expected accession of lord Bolingbroke to the premiership, so he now wrote to him in the most urgent terms to beg that he would allow him to share his captivity. The tenor of his letter is that of a grateful and attached follower, who, with the delicacy of a sensitive and noble mind, humbles himself and expresses increased respect and attention upon witnessing the fallen fortunes of a beloved friend. "My lord," he says, "it may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances; yet I could never forgive myself if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor services and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you on my own behalf; and if I am refused it will be the first request you ever refused me."

Of the sincerity of Swift, and the high estimation in which he held the character of lord Oxford, there can be no doubt; and in a short paper called "Great Figures made by several Persons in particular Actions or Circumstances of their Lives," we find among examples drawn from antiquity the mention of Robert Harley at his trial. After the death of queen Anne the Whigs, bent upon proceeding to extremities, declared the peace of Utrecht contrary to the interests of Britain, and the managers in it were impeached. Lord Oxford, after an imprisonment of two years, was tried for high treason, when, a difference arising between the lords and commons, the latter, out of pique, failed to support the impeachment, and Oxford, greatly to the mortification of the Whig leaders, was unanimously acquitted. But Bolingbroke, during the negotiation of the peace of Utrecht, was charged with treasonable intimacy with the French ministers, a suspicion which was strengthened by his supposed intimacy with Madame Tencin. Though the fallen minister was disinterested enough to refuse to take advantage of Swift's generous proposal, he lost no time after his acquittal in replying to his friend in a letter expressive of the utmost regard and affection; and during the whole period of his first residence in Ireland he continued to receive the same assurances of undiminished respect from his political and literary friends, to which we owe some of the most interesting portions of his works—the correspondence.

Another source of uneasiness to Swift was the repeated contentions he had to encounter with his chapter and the prelacy of the Irish church. The archbishop of Dublin, who had never regarded him with a friendly eye, continued a vexatious opposition; and Dr. Sterne, the man who was indebted to him for his promotion, tried to thwart him in all his arrangements; but the dean was not one to raise questions without knowledge, or to sacrifice the least particle of his rights: he administered them with a firm hand, and finally quashed the vexatious proceedings of his predecessor and others, and restored discipline and obedience among the officers of his chapter. He had no sooner however surmounted his difficulties here, than others of a more delicate and complicated nature met him in the unfortunate attachment which Miss Vanhomrigh, a young person of great personal attractions and accomplishments, had conceived for him when he visited her family in England. It seems to have taken its rise very much in the same manner as that of Miss Johnson, the unfortunate Stella, from strong admiration of Swift's brilliant talents and powers of pleasing, and from too frequent intercourse in the relative characters of tutor and pupil. From Swift's own letters it would appear also that the attachment, in whatever way so unhappily formed, was in some degree mutual. His poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," a fanciful appellation formed out of Esther Vanhomrigh, gives sufficient though mysterious hints to countenance the same supposition, and its existence doubtless tended to embarrass his return and embitter his residence, with regard to his familiar friendship for Stella, in Ireland. In a letter addressed to the former (8th July, 1713), he seems to deplore the necessity which removed him from England: "I staid," he says, "but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick, and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the dean and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there which they say is mine. At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off and change to dulness."

It would appear from Swift's letters as well as occasional passages in the "Journal to Stella," that he had found other occasions, wholly independent of politics, to prove his fidelity and devotion to the friends he had left in England. When the duke of Hamilton fell in a fatal duel with lord Bohun, he showed the most compassionate kindness and attention to his friend the duchess, and when other relief was of no avail he uniformly administered the consolations of religion; while his charities in every respect were as well directed as they were extensive. In the instance of Guiscard's nefarious attempt to assassinate Harley, and the subsequent efforts made to injure his character by insinuating suspicions of his treasonable correspondence with France, and more than all in his becoming the instrument of saving him from another premeditated assassination, Swift invariably showed the warmest sympathy and most tender alarm for the sufferings and danger of his friend. He seems always to have been on the watch; and one day while he was with Harley, then lord-treasurer, a packet was brought in which by its exterior appearance excited the doctor's suspicions. He begged to be permitted to open it, which he did with great precaution, and discovered three pistols cocked and charged, with a string attached to discharge them: according to another account they were barrels of large ink-horns, filled with powder that was by some process to be ignited. However this was, Swift considered the danger real, and that he had really saved the life of the lord-treasurer; though the Whigs were wicked enough to turn the whole affair into ridicule, and to write ballads and lampoons upon it, under the title of the band-box plot, and even scrupled not to insinuate that the doctor was himself the author of the terrific plot, to raise his importance in the lord-treasurer's and in the nation's eyes. But Swift as stoutly maintained that his own life was actually in danger not less than that of the minister; and after the nearly fatal experience they had had in the case of Guiscard, and in the inveterate hatred and violence of the Whigs, Swift was perfectly justified in attaching to it the importance which he did. Swift is stated by Scott to have been trusted by Oxford in his private as well as public affairs. He was supposed to have assisted in the negotiations which preceded the alliance between the lord-treasurer's eldest son and the only child of the duke of Newcastle, and in the arrangements which followed for the division of the duke's inheritance betwixt her and lord Pelham, the male heir. This was a point which Oxford had so greatly at heart, that Bolingbroke afterwards termed it the ultimate end of his administration. Swift, upon this joyful occasion, wrote the poetical "Address to Lord Harley on his Marriage." But his sympathising friendship is still more deeply manifested in his letter to the lord-treasurer on the death of his daughter, the marchioness Caermarthen, than which there is nothing in the English language more beautifully and feelingly expressed. And the constancy of his attachment at the most distressing period of Oxford's life was such as well made good the manly expressions of regard with which, on retiring from London, he bade his lordship farewell:—"When I was with you I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind; you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give, and this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater because I loved you so much the less for your station, for in your public capacity you have often angered me, but as a private man never."—(Scott's "Memoirs," &c.)

In the formation of the philanthropical society of brothers, which afterwards gave rise to the more celebrated Scriblerus' Club, Swift's object was still to promote the benefit of others, by uniting the powerful and wealthy in a bond of affectionate love, for the protection of the unfortunate; or the witty and accomplished, by combining to diffuse sound principles of taste and composition.[a] Of the latter, Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were the members. "It was," says Scott, "the well-known object of their united powers to compose a satire upon the abuse of human learning. Part of their labours has been preserved in the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' which gave name to the society; and part has been rendered immortal by the 'Travels of Lemuel Gulliver:' but the violence of political faction, like a storm that spares the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed this little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so various, so extended, and brilliant, can never again be united."—(Scott's "Memoirs," &c.) During Swift's last attempts to reconcile the great Tory leaders, he prepared for press two additional tracts—"Memoirs relating to the Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in 1710;" and "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the last Ministry, with relation to their Quarrels between themselves, and the Design charged upon them of altering the Succession of the Crown." His object was to vindicate the conduct of the Tory ministers and their party, and to rebut the serious charges brought against them by the Whig writers; and he especially ridiculed the popular bugbear of an intention to bring in the pretender. They were also drawn up less with any temporary view than as a calm and impartial appeal to the justice of posterity.

The account of Swift's reception in Ireland subsequent to the queen's death and the dissolution of the Tory ministry, by lord Orrery, offers a singular contrast to that given by Dr. Delany at the period of the dean's instalment; for the discrepancy between the two is so great that we are justified in concluding they were speaking of different periods. In the first instance he was received with marked respect, if we except the scurrilous verses by Smedley upon his taking possession of the deanery; but it is doubtless the second time of his return from England to which Orrery refers when he says that he dared hardly venture forth and was pelted by the populace. And it was probably when thus treated, than which we can imagine nothing more galling to a man so fond of popular influence and power, that he designated the people as a vile abandoned race, from whom he seemed desirous of seeking refuge anywhere. His prudence and integrity, however, even in the opinion of the critical Johnson, soon changed the tide of public feeling—he was seldom in the wrong—his spirit rose with opposition; and the archbishop of Dublin (Dr. King) almost invariably gave way, like the archbishop of York and his other opponents; who finally solicited either the acquaintance or friendship of the good but eccentric dean. So confident, indeed, was his friend lord Bolingbroke in his powers of pleasing where once he obtained an introduction, that, on Oxford's dismissal, he courted the dean's support upon any terms, engaging that he would even reconcile him to the court and his inveterate enemy the duchess of Somerset, and open the treaty for his promotion to an English bishopric. During his brief tenure of power, (only a few days,) Bolingbroke showed his high estimation of the dean by obtaining from the queen an order for one thousand pounds to cover the charges upon his instalment, of which, though suddenly deprived of this benefit by her death, and finally giving it up to his enemy Walpole—*multa gemens*—as he expresses it, offers no less a striking proof of his immense influence with a man like Bolingbroke. "Yet," to his immortal honour," observes Scott, "when his favourite path of honour, ambition, preferment, opened anew before him (in the place of honourable exile in Ireland), he paused not a moment, but wrote to solicit a renewal of his licence for absence, then on the point of expiring; not that he might share the triumph and prospects to which he was invited by the royal favourite and the new prime minister, but in order to accompany his beloved friend and patron to neglect and seclusion." (Scott's "Memoirs," &c.) Such was the man upon whom libels upon libels were showered, whom the mob insulted in the streets, and even young men of rank so forgot their education and ancestral honours as to insult openly, and endanger his life in the public highways, till they compelled him in his own defence to apply for legislative protection. Being under the necessity of taking daily exercise, and unable to venture out without risk of his life, he drew up a petition addressed to the house of lords, upon an unprovoked and brutal outrage upon him by one of the members of their house; and as it throws strong light upon his mode of living, and is an amusing anecdote, we give it here:—

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[a] "The following notice of Swift" (observes Scott) "occurs in a poem on the late 'Examiner,' which appeared about this time:—

"'O Jonathan of merry fame,
As Swift in fancy as in name,—
Here lie, as thou hast often done,
Thy holy mother's pious son;
Deprived of paper, pen, and ink,
And, what is worse, deprived of drink:
For lo, thy idol ox, thy staff and rod,
As thou wouldst say, are dropp'd by God.'"

"The humble petition of Jonathan Swift, D.D., and dean of the cathedral of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

"Most humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place in winter so convenient for riding as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit to take that road. That in the last session of parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before and the other behind him, he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise drawn by two high-mettled horses in such a manner that his servant who rode behind him was forced to give way with the utmost peril of his life; whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards, to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen, driving a light chaise drawn by fleet horses, and intent upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him. That, by great accident, your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and, the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them, whereupon one of the gentlemen said, 'Damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you?' and, calling to his servant who rode behind him, said, 'Tom (or some such name), is the pistol loaded with ball?' To which the servant replied, 'Yes, my lord;' and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner often said to the gentleman, 'Pray, sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered.' The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed that the person who spoke the words above mentioned is of your lordships' house, under the style and title of lord Blaney, whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. secretary Addison, in the earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes and a broken fortune. That the said lord Blaney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordships' house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms against the like or a worse insult from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

"Your petitioner is informed by his learned counsel that there is no law now in being which can justify the said lord, under colour of his peerage, to assault any of his majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives that by only happening to ride before the said lord he could not possibly give.

"Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships, in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the king's highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life by the force and arms of the said lord Blaney."

Among others of the same aristocratic stamp sir Thomas Southwell, one of the commissioners of the revenue, often mentioned as a friend in Swift's letters and journal, took equal pride in kicking at the dying political lion (as Swift was then considered), by treating him with marked contumely and neglect. The dean had occasion to address him upon some occasion respecting a matter of business in public. "I'll hold you a groat, Mr. Dean," was the vulgar reply, "that I do not know you at all." Some time afterwards, when this hopeful sprig of aristocracy was created my lord Southwell he conceived it would forward his views to court the popular and influential drapier, expressing of course the deepest regret, like the two archbishops and other aspersers of the dean's good name, for his past conduct, as being occasioned by the heat of party; and once attempted to regain the insulted dean's acquaintance by saluting him with the greatest courtesy. But Swift, with that readiness of retort for which he was so remarkable, gave him back his own coin in the very words he had used—"I'll lay you a groat, my lord, I do not know you."

Other instances of the lofty demeanour and courageous conduct of the dean, under the adverse circumstances of his party and the Whig persecutions which ensued, are not wanting, which raised him both in private and public opinion previous to the popular opposition he commenced with reference to the introduction of Wood's notable scheme, and the oppressive Irish government of Walpole. To such a degree also was the spy-system carried on as to induce the dean to secure his manuscripts as well as his ordinary letters from the gripe of the new government, which, on again attaining power, took warning by the fate of its Tory predecessor in neglecting to destroy those whom it had conquered, and, by impeachment and other processes, not only crippled its adversaries, but reduced them for the period to absolute extremity. Swift's private letters were opened, and a packet addressed by him to the duke of Ormond's chaplain was seized by a messenger. It was even industriously reported by the Whig emissaries that dean Swift had suddenly absconded in consequence of the treasonable contents of newly discovered papers; and many other little dirty arts to blast his fame were resorted to. Had there existed the shadow of a power of proceeding against him, there is no reason to doubt that the great Whigs of the day would have seized upon it to effectually silence the voice of one who, by his single efforts, had turned the tide of public opinion, opened the way to a peace, and deprived them of the means of all their permanent war abuses, their taxes, contracts, and wide-spread speculations. The dean was held up, however, as a suspicious and disaffected person; and all his Whig acquaintance held aloof as from a marked man: nor are traces of this spirit wanting in the letters of his former correspondents. In one from archbishop King, the professed friend but secret maligner of Swift's reputation, this derogatory tone, implying censure, suspicion, and sarcasm—

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike"—

is peculiarly observable, and may serve as a sample of the thousand. "We have a strong report," he says, "that my lord Bolingbroke will return here and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you."

How frankly and nobly on the other hand, with the indignation of conscious rectitude, Swift repels the mean insinuations of the archbishop and his numerous traducers of the same character!—"I should be sorry," he observes, "to see my lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer, because he is a person for whom I have always had and still continue a very great love and esteem. And as to myself, if I were of any importance I should be very easy under such an accusation, much easier than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger. I am surprised your grace could think or act or correspond with me for some years past, while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man, declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in. I always professed to be against the pretender, and am so still. And this is not to make my court, which I know is vain; for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions, which I think on as seldom as I can. Yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty, because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found."

As affording the most happy illustrations of the dean's real character and opinions at this period, exhibited in his mode of living, his private converse, and correspondence with intimate friends, we shall continue to give occasional extracts from his own letters in preference to retailing the petty scandals from the pen of lord Orrery and his imitators, whose allegations have been amply refuted by the ablest and most impartial of Swift's biographers, from the honest Delany to the pre-eminently distinguished Scott.

Although it is evident that Swift considered himself in a state of honourable exile in Ireland, he adapted himself to his circumstances with the becoming spirit of an Irish resident who has no means of escape. He opened his house for a public table two days in every week, and his fame and social wit not having suffered by political conflict, his entertainments became gradually frequented by numerous visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance and taste among the ladies, attracted no less by curiosity than by the amiable manners and accomplishments of Stella (Miss Johnson), who lived not far from the deanery, and presided upon these occasions, but simply in the character of a guest.

Upon other days, however, the dean often dined at a stated price with Mr. Worrall, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was the more pleasant to him owing to the peculiar neatness and good humour of his wife. To this frugal mode of living Swift was the more inclined from his earnest wish to pay some debts: what he adopted from principle he continued from choice, and for the means it gave him of more extended charities, of restoring and ornamenting the cathedral, besides the hopes he had early formed of founding an hospital and of leaving the deanery to his successor in a more improved state than he found it. His parsimony, which doubtless increased with age, was thus held subordinate to his dignity, his public spirit, and his benevolence; and it was his customary saying that he was "the poorest gentleman in Ireland who ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach." The rest of Swift's time during his earlier residence in Ireland appears to have been spent in occasional excursions, when he made his observations upon the character and condition of the people, in occasional visits to the seats of his friends and to his vicarage at Laracor, which he still retained. Always fond of the more refined and dignified amusements of the country, he took pleasure in laying out grounds, in planting and cultivating, as he termed it, "his willows"—a pursuit in which he would often indulge at Quilca, the country residence of his friend Dr. Sheridan, and which gave rise to some amusing anecdotes to be met with in his works. But his happiest moments in his relaxation from the superintendence of his clerical duties were spent in addressing his friends in England and receiving tidings of their welfare.—"Two years' retreat," says lord Oxford (6th August, 1717), "has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish than even, at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to Windsor. My heart is often with you." Nor are the expressions made use of in the letters of lord Bolingbroke[a] and Swift's other friends, when every interested motive and all views of ambition, wealth, and power had ceased to operate, less honourable to the character of Swift, whose great and amiable qualities seem to have possessed in his absence, the same power over those who knew him with all persons and of whichever sex, as they had done when he was present before them. Of this singular power, resembling a sort of fascination in Swift's conversation and society, there are a number of striking instances on record from the very first manifestation of his remarkable character and talents; for, to make a summary from the beginning of his most extraordinary history, it is certain that a pretty bar-maid of an inn at Leicester first fell in love with him, and awakened his mother's apprehensions of his forming an imprudent engagement; the sister of his college companion Mr. Waryng next became attached to him, and was so deeply smitten as to urge him closely on the topic of matrimony. Yet, strange to say, in neither of these affairs does it appear that Swift at all assumed the character, much less the usual assiduities, of a lover; and all the inference we can make is that there are peculiar qualities in certain men of mental and personal superiority which first give rise to admiration in woman's eyes, then to love, and lastly to the desire of monopolising the beloved object. There is no proof upon record of Swift ever having made the first advances, or of his ever having replied in the usual love-terms to those advances when made. On the contrary, the evidence is altogether of an opposite kind, that the intercourse was one of mind and of a purely intellectual kind, and that the opinion entertained of Swift's natural coldness and perhaps constitutional defect was a correct one; but that he possessed some peculiar attraction in the ladies' eyes, the circumstance of his having received an anonymous declaration of love from a third lady at an early period of life seems to offer some degree of proof. His correspondence with the fourth lady upon the list seems to have commenced very much in the same manner, on the lady's side, from the unhappy circumstance of having been early brought into contact with the superior power of Swift's intellectual and fascinating conversation. The manner in which Miss Vanhomrigh's affection for Swift (the fifth in the strange eventful history of his love affairs) sprung up, bore almost an unvarying resemblance to the preceding; the attachment like the intercourse with the family was gradual and slow, unintended, unexpected,—perhaps without either weakness or premeditation on either side; and rather springing out of circumstances and a certain unhappy fatality than from the fault or even acknowledged volition of the too unfortunate lovers; for the passion of Vanessa undoubtedly gave rise to corresponding declarations at least upon the side of Cadenus. Swift was probably not aware of the existence of so devoted a love on the part of Vanessa until it became irremediable, and too late for either to retract. In 1714 her mother died; and having some property in Ireland, and listening at the same time to the dictates of her love, she followed Swift into Ireland. He sought by every means to change her purpose, and her arrival was a source of deep anxiety to him. There was nothing he more dreaded than that the knowledge of her being in Dublin, or his visiting her there, should transpire. It would be idle to attempt to disguise the truth, that throughout the whole of this most unhappy affair Swift is thought to have acted with a degree of harshness and cruelty which, though very probably intended to promote the ultimate peace and happiness of both, by restraining or turning into another direction the stream of her affections, at once sensitive and impetuous, was followed by sudden and fatal results. It will here be most interesting to give those passages from the mutual correspondence which seem to throw light upon the progress and character of their intimacy, to follow it to the close, and to dismiss it as we should some painful and unhappy casualty from our sorrowing recollection. In most of her early letters she anxiously importunes the object of all her hopes and her fears for a reply; and in the whole correspondence she displays high talent, the most amiable temper, combined with an enthusiastic desire to please the object of her heart's devotion.

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[a] Nothing in the English language can surpass the admiration of Swift's high qualities, the tender regard and enthusiastic devotion due to superior mind and intellect, than the following extract from a letter of lord Bolingbroke's to Swift (October 23, 1716):—"It is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence. Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows;—if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends, and that among these you ever had and ever shall have a principal place."

By a full and impartial representation of facts the public will be enabled to judge how far the strictures passed upon the dean's conduct, with relation to this unhappy affair, by those critical tribunals which so much influence public opinion, are founded in truth. If correct in their accusations that the dean made use of the slightest artifice or premeditation in gaining the lady's affections, they must convict him of having uttered the most gross and palpable untruths. Of these the person most interested, to whom they were addressed, would have been happy to show the fallacy, if Swift had been bold enough to advance assertions so utterly unfounded, or had entertained the slightest suspicion of her early passion, or the most remote idea of addressing her except in language of the strictest propriety and paternal regard, until the fatal declaration of her unalterable love, when there is not the least proof that he ever sought, though he returned it. Had he been to blame, or committed himself in any particular, the lady was too deeply interested not to have taken advantage of the circumstance; whereas she never once throws the shadow of a reproach upon his perfect frankness, openness, and truth, far from considering him in a moral view at all responsible for the sufferings she had so unwittingly incurred. Would he have dared to attest his perfect guilelessness, as he did in his poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," when the lady and the lady's friends might easily have exposed his treachery and falsehood, had he assumed any other character than that of a maturely aged tutor and friend of her family? Would she nowhere in her letters, in passages where she gives way both to passion and indignant feeling, have reproached him with the falsehood of words, which attested his conscious innocence, like the following?—

"His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind;
He hardly knew till he was told
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights were over
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care:—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse."

Swift appears here to have stated the case as it occurred, or he would not have ventured to have spoken so directly to the point; while, at the same time, his sagacity pointed out the unfavourable construction which, under circumstances so peculiar, might and would be put upon his motives and conduct. In this respect it appears to us that the poem, so admirably conceived and executed, was not written solely as a peace-offering or compliment to the charms of the complaining lady, but as a record of the facts and circumstances of the case as they really occurred; a fair statement of the blame or responsibility to which he was exposed, and containing his just vindication in a bold appeal to posterity,—for the author must have felt the poem would live,—which the party for whom it was written, were it not true, might have covered with infamy and contempt. In his entire correspondence he displays the same open fearless reliance upon the rectitude of his motives and his conduct, and it is evident that, while he soothes and compassionates her, he feels that she has no claim or tie upon him whatever; nor does she insinuate one fault but the want of a passionate return of her misplaced affection; for Swift was then infirm, suffering both in mind and body, and fast declining into the vale of years. Vanessa's passion therefore ought to be regarded, not as that of a young woman whose affections had been sought and then spurned by her equal in years and rank, but as an instance of that peculiar class which by some fatality fixes its views upon one object, while that object itself is wholly unconscious of what is passing in the other's mind. Swift doubtless felt himself very much in the situation of a man who receives a love-letter or a valentine from an anonymous hand; and, if we are to credit the story as told to the lady herself, was not bound to feel any more responsibility than for such a declaration—which he also really received—from an unknown hand. Nothing can possibly be farther from the tone of real love or tenderness than that in which Swift addresses miss Vanhomrigh in those letters upon which so much stress has been laid, dating from the beginning of August, 1712. It is curious too that he never once made use of the word "dear," addressed to so many commoner friends: for which she rallied him, and expressed a sort of jealousy, which did not however induce him to make the slightest alteration; and he preserves the formal address "To Mrs. Hester Vanhomrigh, jun., at her lodgings over against Park-place, in St. James's-street, London." The following appears to have been written from Windsor, while he was engaged in the heat of party politics, and passing the life at once of a politician, a writer, and a social wit:—"I thought to have written to little Missessy by the colonel, but at last I did not approve him as a messenger. Mr. Ford began your health last night under the name of the Jilt, for which I desire you will reproach him. I do neither study nor exercise so much here as I do in town. The colonel [Vanessa's brother] will intercept all the news I have to tell you, of my fine snuff-box [presented by general Hill], and my being at a ball, and my losing my money at ombre with the duke and duchess of Shrewsbury. I cannot imagine how you pass your time in our absence, unless by lying a-bed till twelve, and then having your followers about you till dinner. We have despatches to-day from lord Bolingbroke [at Paris]; all is admirably well, and a cessation of arms will be declared with France in London on Tuesday next. I dined with the duke of Shrewsbury to-day and sat an hour by Mrs. Warburton, teaching her when she played wrong at ombre, and I cannot see her defects; either my eyes fail me or they are partial. But Mrs. Touchet is an ugly awkward slut. What do you do all the afternoon? How came you to make it a secret to me that you all designed to come to Windsor? If you were never here, I think you all cannot do better than come for three or four days; five pounds will maintain you and pay for your coach backwards and forwards. I suppose the captain will go down with you now for want of better company. I will steal to town one of these days and catch you napping. I desire you and Moll [Vanessa's sister] will walk as often as you can in the park, and do not sit moping at home—you that can neither work, nor read, nor play, nor care for company. I long to drink a dish of coffee in the sluttery, and hear you dun me for Secrete, and 'Drink your coffee—why don't you drink your coffee?' My humble service to your mother, and Moll, and the colonel. Adieu."

In the following, likewise, instead of using any endearing epithets or adopting the least affectionate tone, the whole tenor of the letter is as opposite as can well be conceived to that addressed by a lover to the object of his regard. "Miss Hessy," he begins, "is not to believe a word Mr. Lewis says in his letter" (it is written from his friend Lewis's office). "I would have writ to you sooner, if I had not been busy and idle and out of humour, and did not know how to send it to you without the help of Mr. Lewis, my mortal enemy. I am so weary of this place that I am resolved to leave it in two days, and not return in three weeks. I will come as early on Monday as I can find opportunity, and will take a little Grub-street lodging, pretty near where I did before, and dine with you thrice a-week, and will tell you a thousand secrets, provided you will have no quarrels with me. Adieu."

In the next (also without date) Swift seems to allude to the difficulties in which the family of Mrs. Vanhomrigh was placed by the sudden death of the father, although possessed of considerable property, subjected as it was to litigation, and of an estate in Ireland. Swift would have dissuaded them from going to Oxford, owing to the risk, we are to infer, of being seen by some parties who had claims upon them. This letter has not a single introductory epithet, and commences in the most unloving and business-like manner. "I did not forget the coffee, for I thought you should not be robbed of it. John does not go to Oxford, so I send back the book as you desire. I would not see you for a thousand pounds if I could; but I am now in my nightgown writing a dozen letters and packing up papers. Why then, you should not have come, and I know that as well as you.

"My service to your mother; I doubt you do wrong to go to Oxford; but now that is past, since you cannot be in London to-night; and if you do not inquire for acquaintance, but let somebody in the inn go about with you among the colleges, perhaps you will not be known. Adieu."

Swift, it is evident, was consulted by the Vanhomrighs with regard to their affairs in the most confidential manner, and it is this which gives to his letters so matter-of-fact and so familiar a tone, addressing, as he invariably does, each member of the household in the same free and jocose style as if he himself formed one of the family. "I have writ three or four lies in as many lines. Pray seal up the letter to Mr. Long and let nobody read it but yourself. I suppose this packet will lie two or three hours till you awake. And pray let the outside starched letter to you be seen, after you have sealed that to Mrs. Long. See what arts people must use" (alluding to the embarrassed circumstances of the party), "though they mean ever so well. Now are you and Puppy lying at your ease without dreaming anything of all this."

The following appears to have been addressed by the lady to the dean when at Windsor, and displays both grace and wit in her happy manner of rallying him on his silence and his too evident indifference:—"Had I," she observes (London, Sept. 1, 1712), "a correspondent in China, I might have had an answer by this time. I never could think till now that London was so far off in your thoughts, and that twenty miles were by your computation equal to some thousands. I thought it a piece of charity to undeceive you on this point, and to let you know, if you give yourself the trouble to write, I may probably receive your letter in a day; it was that made me venture to take pen in hand the third time. Sure you'll not let it be to no purpose. You must needs be extremely happy where you are, to forget your absent friends; and I believe you have formed a new system, and think there is no more of this world passing your sensible horizon. If this be your notion I must excuse you; if not, you can plead no other excuse; and if it be, sir, I must reckon myself of another world; but I shall have much ado to be persuaded till you send me some convincing arguments of it. Don't dally in a thing of this consequence, but demonstrate 'tis possible to keep up a correspondence between friends, though in different worlds, and assure one another, as I do you, that I am your most obedient and humble servant,

"E. VANHOMRIGH."

In pursuance of the example doubtless set by Swift, the lady here adopts the same distant terms both in the opening and close of her letter; and it will appear how soon she felt the restraint and pain of this cold and distant manner, and in vain attempted to throw the spell of more endearing epithets over the cold and provoking manner of the dean. "Mr. Lewis tells me," she continues (Sept. 2nd, 1712), "that you have made a solemn resolution to leave Windsor the moment we come there; 'tis a noble resolution, and pray keep to it. Now, that I may be no ways accessory to your breaking it, I design to send Mr. Lewis word to a minute when we shall leave London, and if there be a by-way you had better take it, for I very much apprehend that seeing us will make you break through all, at least I am sure it would make you heartily repent; and I would not for the world, could I avoid it, give any uneasiness on this score, because I must infallibly upon another. For when Mr. Lewis told me what you had done (which I must needs say was not in so soft a manner as he ought, both out of friendship to you and compassion to me), I immediately swore that to be avenged of you I would stay in Windsor as long as Mrs. H——e did; and if that was not long enough to tease you, I would follow her to Hampton-court; and then I should see which will give you most vexation—seeing me but sometimes or not seeing her at all. Besides, Mr. Lewis has promised me to intercept all your letters to her, and hers to you; at least he says I shall read them *en passant;* and for sealing them again, let him look to that. I think your ruin is amply contrived, for which don't blame me but yourself, for 'twas your rashness prompted to this malice, which I should never else have thought of."

To this spirited epistle the dean replied next day from Windsor castle, with the addition of a fine haunch of venison sent to the lady's mother, in his usual bantering style. "I send this haunch of venison to your mother, not to you, and this letter to you, not to your mother. I had your last and your bill, and know your reasons. I have ordered Barber to send you the overplus sealed up: I am full of business [about his preferment] and ill-humour. Some end or other shall be put to both. I thought you would have been here yesterday: is your journey hither quite off? I hope Moll is recovered of her illness, and then you may come. Have you 'scaped your share in this new fever? I have hitherto, though of late I am not well in my head. You rally very well; Mr. Lewis allows you to do so. I read your letter to him. I have not time to answer, the coach and venison being just ready to go.

"Pray eat half an ounce at least of the venison, and present my humble service to your mother, Moll, and the colonel. I had his letter, and will talk to him about it when he comes. This letter I doubt will smell of the venison. I wish the hang-dog coachman may not spoil the haunch in the carriage."

Previous to setting out for Ireland to take possession of his new preferment, Swift again addressed to her the following letter, full of acknowledgments for the attentions he had received both from herself and the lady's family:—"I promised to write to you, and I have, to let you know that it is impossible for anybody to have more acknowledgments at heart for all your kindness and generosity to me. I hope this journey will restore my health. I will ride but little every day, and I will write a common letter to you all from some of my stages, but directed to you. I could not get here till ten this night. Pray be merry and eat and walk, and be good; and send me your commands, whatever Mr. L. shall think proper to advise you. I have hardly time to put my pen to paper, but I would make good my promise. Pray God preserve you and make you happy and easy; and so adieu."

From Chester upon his way to Ireland Swift again writes to the lady's mother (humorously addressed to "Madam Van, at the sign of the Three Widows, in Pom-roy-alley, with care and speed"—June 6, 1713); and his letter contains perhaps rather more of a loving and affectionate character than any we have seen addressed to her daughter, while he at least allows her the distant and dignified epithet of madam:—"You heard of me from Dunstable by the way of Hessy. I have had a sad time since. If Moll's "even so" had been there, she would have none left. Now Hessy grumbles that I talk of Moll. I have resolved upon the direction of my letter already, for I reckon Hessy and Moll are widows as well as you, or at least half-widows. Davila [the historian] goes off rarely now. I have often wished for a little of your ratsbane [coffee]; what I met on the road does not deserve the name of ratsbane. I have told Mr. Lewis the circumstances of my journey; and the curious may consult him upon it. Who will Hessy get now to chide, or Moll to tell her stories and bring her sugar-plums? We never value anything enough till we want it. I design to send Hessy a letter in print from Ireland, because she cannot read writing-hand except from Mr. Partington. I hope you have heard again from the colonel, and that he is fully cured of ——, I don't know what, I forget. It was under cover to Mr. Lewis that I wrote to you from Dunstable; I writ to Hessy by Barber from St. Albans. I left London without taking leave of sir John. I fear a person of his civility will never pardon me. I met no adventures in all my travels, only my horse fell under me, for which reason I will not ride him to Holyhead, I can assure him that. I could not see any marks in the chimney at Dunstable of the coffee Hessy spilt there; and I had no diamond ring about me to write any of your names in the windows. But I saw written *dearest lady Betty Hamilton*, and hard by *Middleton Walker*, whom I take to be an Irish man-midwife, which was a plain omen of her getting a husband. I hear Moor, the handsome parson, came over with the archbishop of Dublin. Did he not marry one Mrs. Devenesh? Lord Lanesborough has been here lately on his way to Ireland, and has got the good will of all the folks in our town. He had something to say to every little boy he met in the streets. Well, he is the courteousest man, and nothing is so fine in the quality as to be courteous. Now Moll laughs because I speak wisely, and now Hessy murmurs again. Well, I had a charming handsome cousin here twenty years ago. I was to see her to-night, and in my conscience she is not handsome at all; I wonder how it comes about; but she is very good natured, and you know, Moll, good nature is better than beauty. I desire you will let me know what fellows Hessy has got to come to her bedside in a morning (a custom with French ladies), and when you design again to hobble to Chelsea, if you did not tell me a lie as I much suspect. My head is something better, though not so well as I expected, by my journey. I think I have said enough for a poor weary traveller. I will conclude without ceremony and go to bed. And if you cannot guess who is the writer, consult your pillow, and the first fine gentleman you dream of is the man. So adieu."

It would appear that, on the same day (June 6, 1713) when this amusing epistle was penned, Vanessa was engaged in replying to one of his former letters to herself, still preserving the formal address of "sir."

"Sir,—Now you are good beyond expression in sending me that dear voluntary from St. Alban's. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I describe, to find that your head is so much better already. I do assure you all my wishes are employed for the continuance of it. I hope the next will tell me they have been of force. Had I the power I want, every day that did not add as much to your health till it was quite established as Monday last should be struck out of the calendar as useless ones. I believe you little thought to have been teased by me so soon; but when Mr. Lewis told me if I would write to you that he would take care of my letter, I must needs own that I had not self-denial enough to forbear. Pray, why did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well as Moll? Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since. But nothing of poor Hess, except that the mark will be in the same place of Davila where you left it. Indeed, it is not much advanced yet, for I have been studying of Rochefoucault, to see if he described as much of love as I found in myself a Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. How does Bolingbroke [Swift's horse] perform? You have not kept your promise of riding but a little every day; thirty miles I take to be a very great journey. I am very impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn."

The depth and sincerity of Vanessa's affection are manifest in this letter; and it is equally evident, from the following written the same month, that her passion augmented instead of decreasing in the absence of its object. It possesses all the interest and pathos of the most touching drama:—

"It is inexpressible the concern I am in ever since I heard from Mr. Lewis that your head is so much out of order. Who is your physician? For God's sake don't be persuaded to take many slops. Satisfy me so much as to tell me what medicines you have taken and do take. How did you find yourself while a-shipboard? I fear it is your voyage that has discomposed you; and then so much business following immediately before you had time to recruit; it was quite too much. I beg you to make all the haste imaginable to the country, for I firmly believe that air and rest will do you more good than anything in the world besides. If I talk impertinently I know you have goodness enough to forgive me when you consider what an ease it is to me to ask these questions, though I know it will be a great while before I can be answered; I am sure I shall think it so. Oh! what would I give to know how you do at this instant! My fortune is too hard; your absence was enough without this cruel addition. Sure the powers above are envious of your thinking so well, which makes them sometimes strive to interrupt you; but I must confine my thoughts, or at least stop from telling them to you, or you may chide, which will still add to my uneasiness. I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing to you till I heard you were better, for fear of breaking my promise; but it is all in vain; for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, or paper, I certainly should have had some other invention; therefore I beg you won't be angry with me for doing what is not in my power to avoid. Pray make Parvisol write me word what I desire to know, for I would not for the world have you hold down your head. I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here."

The intense anxiety expressed in this letter shows how greatly the one pervading sentiment which absorbed all other cares and affections had altered the former happy and rallying humour of Swift's fair correspondent; and he must have been struck with grief and apprehension at the evidence of deep increasing passion and the fatal tendency which it betokened to one or both the parties interested in the sequel. And from whatever cause derived, wretchedness, indignation (the *sæva indignatio* which he had fixed over his grave), and sad unavailing regret, must have torn his inmost heart that he could not return and prove himself worthy of so charming a being's love, so unalterably enthusiastic and devoted to him alone. With what heartfelt delight she hails the symptoms of his returning health, and proves the truth of that observation pronounced by Swift himself to be correct, that in woman love almost invariably begets desire, while in man it is the opposite—desire most frequently gives rise to love! For though not a word escaped him, many circumstances combine to show that Vanessa was secretly beloved, and that the previous acquaintance with Stella, and perhaps some other unknown obstacle, stood in the way. The following letter affords a decided proof that she felt the truth of this, and that, had Swift been a man free to act and likely to give way to the dictates of passion in opposition to the sense of stern duty and obligation, he would have been only too happy to possess the treasure of a love at once so pure and ardent as almost instantaneously to destroy its victim, when she felt that she had incurred his severe displeasure. He must have been more or less than man to have read it without feelings of the deepest grief, tenderness, and gratitude; and, as he truly states in his beautiful poem on the subject,—

"Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise;
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest."

And though it is evident that towards the close of her fatal passion he loved and even adored her perfections, if we are to believe his own words, and that his nature indeed was capable of love resembling hers, he yet in the outset had not the remotest idea of becoming an object of so passionate a devotion of heart and soul:—

"She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books and time and state affairs
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love."

And especially the following lines, if we may give him credit for a sincerity he dare hardly have assumed could the lady have convicted him of guilt, exhibit his most triumphant defence, and the best refutation of the calumnies heaped upon him by his political enemies up to the present day:—

"His conduct might have made him styled
A father and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

This is not saying much for love; and nothing to promise a favourable termination to their acquaintance, such as Vanessa sighed for.

"Mr. Lewis," she resumes (June, 1713) "assures me that you are now well, but will not tell me what authority he has for it. I hope he is rightly informed; though it is not my usual custom when a thing of consequence is in doubt to fix on what I earnestly wish. But I have already suffered so much by knowing that you were ill, and fearing that you were worse than you have been, that I will strive to change that thought, if possible, that I may have a little ease, and more—that I may not write you a splenetic letter. Pray, why would you not make Parvisol write me word how you did, when I begged it so much? And if you were able yourself, how could you be so cruel to defer telling me the thing which I wished of all the most to know? If you think I write too often, your only way is to tell me so, or at least to write to me again that I may know you don't quite forget me; for I very much fear that I never employ a thought of yours now except when you are reading my letters, which makes me ply you with them (Mr. Lewis complains of you too). If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so; except it is what is inconsistent with mine [alluding to Stella]. But why don't you talk to me that you know will please me? I have often heard you say that you would willingly suffer a little uneasiness, provided it gave another a vast deal of pleasure. Pray, remember this maxim, because it makes for me. Pray, let me know when you design coming over [June, 1713]; for I must beg you to talk to Mr. P. and settle some affairs for me. Pray, let me hear from you soon, which will be an inexpressible joy to her that is always"——

The unfortunate lady soon makes more earnest complaints of hearing from him so seldom:—"Here is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts; and happy Mrs. Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe before you leave Ireland I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write; and I had rather you should wish so than entirely forget me. Confess, have you once thought of me since you wrote to my mother at Chester? which letter I assure you I take very ill. My mother and I have counted the Molls and the Hessys; it is true the number is equal, but you talk to Moll, and only say '*now Hessy grumbles.*' How can you indeed possibly be so ill-natured to make me either quarrel or grumble, when you are at so great a distance that it is impossible for me to gain by doing so? Besides, you proposed that the letter should be directed to me; but I'll say no more of this, but keep my temper till we meet. Pray, have you answered the letter I wrote you to Chester? I hear you had a very quick passage. I hope it was a pleasant one, and that you have no reason to complain of your health. We have had a vast deal of thunder for this week past. I wish you had been here last Thursday; I am sure you could have prevented the bills from being lost."

The last passage, we may here observe, affords strong collateral evidence of the high estimation in which Swift's political influence was held at that period;—that bills containing articles of the treaty of commerce with France, so important to the credit of the Tory ministry, might owe their fate to the tact and talent of a single individual, and that individual not a member of the commons' house. And other passages of Swift's correspondence tend to confirm the lady's view of the case. "Are not you," she continues, "prodigiously surprised at sir Thomas Hanmer and lord Anglesey [going over to the Whigs]? Lord! how much we differ from the ancients, who used to sacrifice everything for the good of the commonwealth; but now our greatest men will at any time give up their country out of pique, and that for nothing. It is impossible to conceive the rejoicings that are among the Whigs since that day, and I fear the elections will add to them. Lord-treasurer has been extremely to blame, for all his friends advised him to let it be dropped by consent till next session; but, depending on the same success he had on the malt-tax, he would not do it. I know you'll say, 'What does the slut mean to talk all this stuff to me? If I was there I had as lieve hear it as anything they could say; but to pursue me with your nonsense is intolerable.—I'll read no more.—Will! go to the post-office and see if there be more letters for me? What, will this packet only serve to teaze me?' I can tell you you'll have none from lady Orkney by the post, whatever you may have by any other carriage. I have strictly observed your commands as to reading and walking. Mr. Ford can witness the latter, for he has paddled with us several nights. I have a vast deal to tell you about him when I see you. Mr. Lewis has given me the *Dialogues des Morts;* and I am so charmed with them that I am resolved to quit my body, let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me; for I find no conversation on earth comparable to yours; so if you care I should stay on earth, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure."

Poor Vanessa appears to have had just reason to complain of Swift's silence and apparent indifference, an interval of upwards of a year now occurring in their correspondence. Yet he says when residing in Berkshire (June, 1714),—"You see I am better than my word, and write to you before I have been a week settled in the house where I am;" and after describing his quiet mode of life already alluded to, he concludes with hoping that she is in good health and humour, and desiring his service to Moll, keeping to the last what he doubtless esteemed most important,—the assurance that his cold was quite gone. Again he writes the ensuing month (July, 1714),—"I find you take heavily that touch upon your shoulder [threatened arrest]. I would not have writ to you so soon if it were not to tell you that, if you want to borrow any money, I would have you to send to Mr. Barber, or Ben Tooke, which you please, and let them know it, and the sum, and that I will stand bound for it and send them my bond. I did not know our posts went on Tuesday, else I would have writ two days ago to tell you this. I do not see how you can be uneasy when the year is out; for you can pay only what you receive: you are answerable for no more, and I suppose you have not given bonds to pay your mother's debts. As for your 2*l.* 5*s.* that you gave your note for, if that be all, it is a trifle, and your owning it with so much apology looks affected. If you have no more secret debts than that, I shall be glad. But still I cannot understand how any of those creditors of your mother can give you any trouble, unless there be some circumstances that I do not know the bottom of. I believe I shall not stay here [Upper Selcomb, Wantage] much longer, and therefore, if you wish to borrow money, I would have you do it soon, and of the two rather of Ben Tooke; because I have just drawn a note upon Barber for thirty guineas for my own expenses. I believe a bond had better be sent to me down to sign; and I will send it back to you, and you may give it Ben. You may speak freely to Ben of this, and if he has no money by him we must apply to Barber. I am forced to conclude in haste, because the post-house is two miles off, and it will be late if I stay longer. Adieu. My service to Molkin."

The real kindness and liberality of Swift's disposition are here apparent, though he affects to conceal the interest he feels under the guise of indifference and a business-like attention to the details of the affair. When Vanessa followed him to Ireland, and, in going to take possession of her property, fixed her temporary residence in Dublin, the dean's alarm and vexation are too strong to be repressed, and he is in evident dread of becoming compromised by some indiscretion on the lady's side. This is the only excuse that can be offered for the hasty and almost brutal language contained in some of his letters; and that dated from Philipstown (Nov. 5, 1714) seems to have been written under an impression of some impending disaster (addressed to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at her lodgings, Turnstile-alley, near College-green, Dublin).—"I met your servant when I was a mile from Trim, and could send him no other answer than I did, for I was going abroad by appointment; besides, I would not have gone to Kildrohod (the Irish name of Cellbridge, her estate) to see you for all the world. I ever told you, you wanted discretion. I am going to a friend upon a promise, and shall stay with him about a fortnight, and then come to town, and I will call upon you as soon as I can, supposing you lodge in Turnstile-alley, as your servant told me, and that your neighbours can tell me whereabouts. Your servant said you would be in town on Monday, so that I suppose this will be ready to welcome you there. I fear you had a journey full of fatigues. Pray take care of your health in this Irish air, to which you are a stranger. Does not Dublin look very dirty to you, and the country very miserable? Is Kildrohod as beautiful as Windsor, and as agreeable to you as the prebend's lodgings there? Is there any walk about you as pleasant as the avenue and the Marlborough-lodge? I have ridden a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come; and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

Vanessa having replied in a strain of grief and affliction bordering upon despair, Swift wrote in a more subdued and softened tone, evidently in still greater alarm at what might next occur:—"I will see you in a day or two," he says; "and believe me it goes to my soul not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner if a thousand impediments had not prevented me. I did not imagine you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you, I fear, to-day, having affairs of my place to do; but pray think it not want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to the utmost." With how much pleasure Vanessa received any approaches to a milder and more affectionate spirit, like these, in him she loved, may be inferred from the buoyant and joyous character of her next letter:—"Is it possible that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. Did not I know you very well I should think you knew but little of the world to imagine that a woman would not keep her word whenever she promised anything that was malicious. Had you not better a thousand times throw away one hour at some time or other of the day than to be interrupted in your business at this rate? for I know it is quite impossible for you to burn my letters without reading them, as it is for me to avoid reproving you when you behave yourself wrong. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behaviour, for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely I here tell you now that I have determined to try all human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which it is said never does. . . . Pray think calmly of it! Is it not better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world [alluding perhaps to Stella]; for when I undertake to do anything I don't love to do it by halves. But there is one thing falls out very luckily for you, which is, that of all the passions revenge hurries me least, so that you have it yet in your power to turn all this fury into good humour, and depend upon it and more, I assure you. Come at what time you please, you can never fail of being very well received."[a]

The correspondence at this time seems to have assumed a more gay and animated air, with less of suspicion and jealousy on the lady's side. Swift expressed his admiration of her epistolary wit and talent, and declared if she wrote so well he would come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with her letters, which he never looked into without wondering how a brat who could not read (a jest) could possibly write so well. The following has much of the dean's earlier and more humorous spirit, and there is no doubt that, had he been so happy as to have continued the correspondence, and possessed the society of Vanessa, and of minds like hers, he would at once have chastened and elevated his fancy, and escaped the corruption of his taste and the prostitution of his genius and talents to low-lived ribaldry and the mean love of exposing the foibles of his friends, in weaving doggrel rhymes and pieces, and Latin nonsense, in competition with obsequious companions whose flatteries lulled his vanity and betrayed him.

"I am now writing," he says, "on Wednesday night, when you are hardly settled at home, and it is the first hour of leisure I have had, and it may be Saturday before you have it, and then there will be governor Huff;[b] and to make you more so I here enclose a letter to poor Molkin, which I will command her not to show you, because it is a love-letter. I reckon by this time the groves and fields and purling streams have made Vanessa romantic, provided poor Molkin be well. Your friend[a] sent me the verses he promised, which I here transcribe.

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[a] It will not be uninteresting here to subjoin to the narrative of this romantic passion, without the least taint or alloy of criminal desire, some poetical effusions from the pen of Vanessa, who, as well as Stella, appears to have been endowed with the Muses' inspiration no less than the loves and graces pictured by the poets. The first of these is entitled "An Ode to Spring:"—

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring,
Who in thy jocund train doth bring
Loves and graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
  Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendant beauty glows
As when Cadenus bless'd the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene;
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still list'ning to his tuneful tongue;
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine impress'd their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,—
Dear names! in one idea blend;
Oh still conjoin'd your incense rise,
And waft sweet odour to the skies.

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

O PALLAS, I invoke thy aid;
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
    By tender love depress'd;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart,
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
    And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from Cupid's bow,
But, by thy guidance soft and slow
    It sunk within my heart.
Thus love being arm'd with wisdom's force
In vain I try to stop its course,
    In vain repel the dart.

Oh goddess! break the fatal league;
Let love with folly and intrigue
    More fit associates find!
And thou alone, within my breast,
Oh, deign to soothe my griefs to rest
    And heal my tortured mind.

[b] This expression refers to Vanessa's desire of having things her own way.

"Nymph, would you learn the only art,
To keep a worthy lover's heart;
First, to adorn your person well,
In utmost cleanliness excel:
And though you must the fashions take,
Observe them but for fashion's sake:
The strongest reason will submit
To virtue, honour, sense, and wit:
To such a nymph, the wise and good
Cannot be faithless, if they would;
For vices all have different ends,
But virtue still to virtue tends:
And when your lover is not true,
'Tis virtue fails in him or you:
And either he deserves disdain,
Or you without a cause complain;
But here Vanessa cannot err,
Nor are those rules applied to her;
For who could such a nymph forsake,
Except a blockhead or a rake?
Or how could she her heart bestow,
Except where wit and virtue grow?

"In my opinion these lines are too grave, and therefore may fit you, who I fear are in the spleen; but that is not fit either for yourself or the person you tend,[b] to whom you ought to read diverting things. Here is an epigram that concerns you not:—

"Dorinda dreams of dress a-bed,
'Tis all her thought and art;
Her lace hath got within her head,
Her stays stick to her heart.

"If you do not like these things, what must I say? This town yields no better. The questions which you were used to ask me, you may suppose to be all answered just as they used to be after half-an-hour's debate; 'Entendez vous cela?' You are to have a number of parsons in your neighbourhood, but not one that you love, for your age of loving parsons is not yet arrived. What this letter wants in length it will have in difficulty, for I believe you cannot read it. I will write plainer to Molkin, because she is not much used to my hand. I hold a wager there are some lines in this letter you will not understand, though you can read them; so drink your coffee, and remember you are a desperate chip, and that the lady who calls you bastard will be ready to answer all your questions. It is now Sunday night before I could finish this."

It is clear, from the following passage, that Swift was very apprehensive of his correspondence with Vanessa becoming generally known:—"Yesterday," he observes, "I was half-way towards you, where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led; and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke thus ——— signifies everything that may be said to *Cad* at the beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff that anything written to *Cad* should be dfficult to *Skinage*. I must now break off abruplty, for I intend to send this letter to-day." (August 4.)

In the following, however, Vanessa reiterates her complaints of Swift's strange, harsh, and variable conduct towards her. Her letter is dated, Cellbridge, 1720:—

"—— CAD,—You are good beyond expression, and I will never quarrel again if I can help it; but with submission, 'tis you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me. I thought the last letter I wrote you was obscure and constrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner; it would have been much easier for me to have wrote otherwise. I am not so unreasonable as to expect you should keep your word to a day, but six or seven days are great odds. Why should your apprehensions for Molkin hinder you from writing to me? I think you should have wrote the sooner to have comforted me. Molkin is better, but in a very weak way. Though those who saw me told you nothing of my illness, I do assure you I was for twenty-four hours as ill as 'twas possible to be, and live. You wrong me when you say I did not find that you answered my questions to my satisfaction; what I said was, I had asked those questions as you bid, but could not find them answered to my satisfaction. How could they be answered in absence, since Somnus is not my friend? We have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning;—where do you think I wished to be then? and do you think that was the only time I wished so since I saw you? I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love-letters; for I must chide sometimes, and I wish I could gain by it at this instant, as I have done and hope to do. Is my dating my letter wrong the only sign of my being in love? Pray tell me, did not you wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am mightily pleased to hear you talk of being in a huff; 'tis the first time you ever told me so; I wish I could see you in one. I am now as happy as I can be without seeing —— CAD. I beg you will continue happiness to your own Skinage."

The lady finds still more causes of dissatisfaction, though yet to be informed of the dean's marriage with Stella, which becomes more apparent as we proceed:—

"—— CAD,—I am, and cannot avoid being, in the spleen to the last degree. Everything combines to make me so. Is it not very hard to have so good a fortune as I have, and yet no more command of that fortune than if I had no title to it? One of the D—rs is —— I don't know what to call him. He behaved himself so abominably to me the other day, that had I been a man he should have heard more of it. In short, he does nothing but trifle and make excuses. I really believe he heartily repents that ever he undertook it, since he heard the counsel first plead, finding his friend more in the wrong than he imagined. Here am I obliged to stay in this odious town, attending and losing my health and humour. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease but that of being neglected by —— Cad. He has often told me that the best maxim in life, and always held by the wisest in all ages, is to seize the moments as they fly, but those happy moments always fly out of the reach of the unfortunate. Pray tell —— Cad I don't remember any angry passages in my letter, and I am very sorry if they appeared so to him. Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad than I did in a great while past, and chose those books that required most attention on purpose to engage my thoughts; but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

"I had once a mind not to have wrote to you for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from —— Cad, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness than to add to my own."

As we approach the termination of this strange correspondence, the dean's wit and good nature, damped by the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, appear by no means improved by age. As early as 1720 he felt a sense of dulness creeping upon him, which terminated in that utter idiocy and insanity to which he had a decided tendency in his retirement from politics and the disappointment of his ambitious hopes; and it is only upon this supposition we can account for many discrepancies in his language and conduct towards the unhappy objects who had, early or late, bestowed their affections upon him. Unhappy in himself, it was not likely he could confer happiness upon women of susceptible feelings and delicate tastes, and by exciting their intellectual ambition, and by cultivating and expanding their minds, he only added to their unhappiness with their knowledge, and made them less contented with their lot. In the next letter there is a want of the genuine spirit and humour we so much admire in his earlier writings:—

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[a] Swift himself, under the character of Cadenus.
[b] Her sister.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"August 12, 1720.

"I apprehended on the return of the porter I sent with my last letter that it would miscarry, because I saw the rogue was drunk; but yours made me easy. I must neither write to Molkin, nor not write to her. You are like lord Pembroke, who would neither go nor stay. Glasheel talks of going to see you, and taking me with him, as he goes to his country-house. I find you have company with you these two or three days; I hope they are diverting, at least to poor Molkin. Why should Cad's letters be difficult? I assure you ——'s are not all.

"I am vexed that the weather hinders you from any pleasure in the country, because walking I believe would be of good use to you and Molkin. I reckon you will return a prodigious scholar, a most admirable nurse-keeper, a perfect housewife, and a great drinker of coffee.

"I have asked, and am assured there is not one beech in all your groves to carve a name on, nor purling stream, for love or money, except a great river,[a] which sometimes roars, but never murmurs, just like governor Huff. We live here in a very dull town, every valuable creature absent, and Cad says he is weary of it, and would rather drink his coffee on the barrenest mountain in Wales than be king here.

"A fig for partridges and quails;—
Ye dainties, I know nothing of ye;
But, on the highest mount in Wales,
Would choose in peace to drink my coffee.

And you know very well that coffee makes us severe, and grave, and philosophical. What would you give to have the history of Cd —— and ——, exactly written through all its steps from the beginning to this time?[b] I believe it would do well in verse, and be as long as the other. I hope it will be done. It ought to be an exact chronicle of twelve years from ————, the time of spilling of coffee to drinking of coffee; from Dunstable to Dublin, with every single passage since.

"There would be the chapter of Madame going to Kensington; the chapter of the blister; the chapter of the colonel going to France; the chapter of the wedding, with the adventures of the lost key; of the sham; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters of madness; the chapter of long walks; the Berkshire surprise; fifty chapters of little times; the chapter of Chelsea; the chapter of swallow and cluster; a hundred whole books of myself, &c.; the chapter of hide and whisper; the chapter of who made it so; my sister's money. Cad —— bids me tell you that if you complain of difficult writing he will give you enough of it. See how much I have written without saying one word of Molkin; and you will be whipped before you will deliver a message with honour. I shall write to J. Barber next post, and desire him to be in no pain about his money. I will take not one word of notice of his riches, on purpose to vex him. If heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.[a] I delivered your letter enclosed to our friend,[b] who happened to be with me when I received it. I find you are very much in his good grace, for he said a million of fine things upon it, though he would let nobody read a word of it but himself, though I was so kind to show him yours to me, as well as this, which he has laid a crown with me you will not understand, which is pretty odd for one that sets up for so high an opinion of your good sense. I am ever, with the greatest truth, yours, &c.

"August 13."

In proportion as Swift relents Vanessa's hopes rise, and it is evidently her fond ambition to withdraw him from the influence of Stella, being still wholly unconscious of the marriage, and to bring him to confess his love at her feet.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Cellbridge, 1720.

"—— CAD, is it possible that you will come and see me? I beg for God's sake you will; I would give the world to see you here (and Molkin would be extremely happy). Do you think the time long since I saw you?

"I did design seeing you this week, but will not stir, in hopes of your coming here. I beg you'll write two or three words by the bearer, to let me know if you think you'll come this week. I shall have the note to-night. You make me happy beyond expression by your goodness. It would be too much once to hope for such a history; if you had laid a thousand pounds that I should not understand your letter, you had lost it. Tell me sincerely, did those circumstances crowd on you, or did you recollect them only to make me happy?"

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Thursday morn. ten.

"I will see you to-morrow if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten times more if it were at all convenient, whether your Old Dragon come or no, whom I believe my people cannot tell what to make of, but take him for some conjuror. Adieu."

The following passages in Swift's letters (Oct. 15, 1720) show the interest he took in Vanessa's affairs:—"I had a letter from your friend J. B. [John Barber] in London, in answer to what I told you that Glasheel said about the money. J. B.'s answer is, that you are a person of honour; that you need give yourself no trouble about it: that you will pay when you are able, and he shall be content till then. These are his own words, and you see he talks in the style of a very rich man, which he says he yet is, though terribly pulled down by the fall of stocks. I am glad you did not sell your annuities unless somebody were to manage and transfer them while stocks were high." (Oct. 17th.) "I had not a moment to finish this since I sat down to it. A person was with me just now, and interrupted me as I was going on with telling me of great people here losing their places, and now some more are coming about business. So adieu till by and by, or to-morrow." (Oct. 18th.) "I am getting an ill head in this cursed town for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about the garden, and then —— drink your coffee. Glasheel takes up abundance of my time in spite of my teeth. Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic, which is the same thing. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money. I had a thousand times rather hear the governor [Vanessa] chide two hours without reason." (Oct. 20.) "The governor was with me at six o'clock this morning, but did not stay two minutes, and deserves a chiding, which you must give when you drink your coffee next. I hope to send this letter to-morrow. I am a good deal out of order in my head, after a little journey I made; ate too much I suppose, or travelling in a coach after it. I am now sitting at home alone, and will go write to Molkins. So adieu."

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[a] The Liffey.

[b] The dean never completed this second part of the poem.

[a] This remarkable sentiment is the sting of Arbuthnot's celebrated epitaph on Chartres.

[b] Cadenus.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Cellbridge, 1720.

"You had heard from me before, but that my messenger was not to be had till to-day, and now I have only time to thank you for yours, because he was going about his business this moment, which is very happy for you, or you would have had a long letter full of spleen. Never was human creature more distressed than I have been since I came. Poor Molkin has had two or three relapses, and is in so bad a way that I fear she will never recover. Judge now what a way I am now in, absent from you, and loaded with melancholy on her score. I have been very ill with a stitch in my side, which is not very well yet."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Four o'clock.

"I dined with the provost, and told him I was coming here, because I must be at prayers at six. He said you have been with him, and would not be at home this day, and went to Cellbridge to-morrow. I said I could, however, go try. I fancy you told him so, that he might not come to-night; if he comes you must piece it up as you can, else he will think it was on purpose to meet me, and I hate anything that looks like a secret.

"I cannot possibly call after prayers: I therefore came here in the afternoon while people were in church, hoping certainly to find you. I am truly affected for poor Moll, who is a girl of infinite value, and I am sure you will take all possible care of her, and I hope to live to see the sincerest friendship in the world long between you. I pray God of heaven protect you both, and am, entièrement."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"Monday.

"I am surprised and grieved beyond what I can express. I read your letter twice before I knew what it meant, nor can I yet well believe my eyes. Is that poor good creature dead?[a] I observed she looked a little ghastly on Saturday, but it is against the usual way for one in her case to die so sudden. For God's sake get your friends about you to advise and to order everything in the forms. It is all you have to do. I want comfort myself in this case, and can give little. Time alone must give it you. Nothing now is your part but decency. I was wholly unprepared against so sudden an event, and pity you most of all creatures at present."

The death of Vanessa's sister, her increasing jealousy and anxieties, with the growing infirmities of the dean, and his forced residence in a place he disliked, far from his early literary friendships and political connexions, present altogether one of the most melancholy pictures of human wretchedness and vanity, notwithstanding the greatness of Swift's reputation, that can well be conceived. Two charming women, both of whom had riveted their affections upon him, were sinking into their early graves from unrequited love—a love to which circumstances placed it out of his power to make a due return. He again writes to the unhappy victim of misplaced passion from Gallstown, near Kinnugad (July 5, 1721), and observes, "I answer all your questions that you were used to ask *Cad*, and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs? You were once a good lawyer, but *Cad* hath spoiled you. I had a weary journey in an Irish stage-coach, but am pretty well since." To give the brief sequel of this strange and mysterious connexion, on which it is impossible now to throw any satisfactory light; Swift writes to Vanessa from Clogher (June 1, 1722)—"This is the first time I have set pen to paper since I left Dublin, having not been in any settled place till ten days ago; and I missed one post by ignorance, and that has stopped me five days. Before that time I was much out of order by the usual consequences of wet weather and change of drink, neither am I yet established, though much better than I was. . . . I answer all the questions you can ask me in the affirmative. I remember your detesting and despising the conversation of the world. I have been so mortified with a man and his lady here two days, that it has made me as peevish as—(I want a comparison). I hope you are gone or going to your country-seat, though I think you have a term upon your hands. I shall be here long enough to receive your answer, and perhaps to write to you again, but then I shall go farther off if my health continues, and shall let you know my stages. I have been for some days as splenetic as ever you was in your life, which is a bold word. Remember I still enjoin you reading and exercise for the improvement of your mind and health of your body, and grow less romantic, and talk and act like a man of this world. It is the saying of the world, and I believe you often say, I love myself; but I am so low I cannot say it, though your new acquaintance were with you, which I heartily wish for the sake of you and myself. . . . Last year I writ you civilities and you were angry, yet my thoughts were still the same; and I give you leave to be governor, and will be answerable for them. I hope you will let me have some of your money when I see you, which I will pay honestly you again. Repondez moi si vous entendez bien tout cela, et croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez." Adieu!

Swift appears about the period he wrote this letter to have been journeying from place to place, and collecting materials for those papers, some of which he subsequently published, in conjunction with his friend Sheridan, in the Intelligencer; and which now for the first time make their appearance in any collection of his works. His next is dated from Loughgall, in the county of Armagh, and is highly characteristic of the dean's character and peculiarities under the circumstances in which he was placed. "I have received yours, and have changed places so often since, that I could not assign a place where I might expect an answer from you, and if you be now in the country and the letter does not reach you in the due time after the date, I shall not expect to hear from you, because I leave this place the beginning of August. I am well pleased with the account of your visit and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so is the question; at least, I believe, we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point;—I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of the way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours, the worse the better. There is a pleasure in being reverenced, and that is always in your power by your superiority of sense and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in life is to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you that I am not cheerful enough to write, for I believe coffee once a-week is necessary to that. . . . I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left the town. I always drew up the clothes with my left hand, which is a superstition I have learnt these ten years. These country posts are always so capricious that we are forced to send our letters at a call on a sudden, and mine is now demanded, though it goes not out till to-morrow. Be cheerful, and read, and ride, and laugh as *Cad* — used to advise you long ago. I hope your affairs are in some better settlement. I do long to see you in figure and equipage: pray do not lose that taste. Farewell!"

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[a] Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

It appears that his accomplished friend and correspondent so far gave into his views as to try the efficacy of mixing in general society; a remedy which unhappily only proved to her the superiority of the dean's social qualities and wit.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"——Cad,—I thought you had quite forgot both me and your promise of writing to me. Was it not very unkind to be five weeks absent without sending me one line to let me know you were well, and remembered me? Besides, you have had such bad weather that you could have no diversion abroad; what then could you do but write and read? I know you do not love cards, neither is this a time of year for that amusement. Since I saw you I have gone more into the world than I did for some time past, because you commanded me, and I do protest here that I am more and more sick of it every day than another. One day this week I was to visit a great lady that has been a-travelling for some time past, where I found a very great assembly of ladies and beaux (dressed as I suppose to a nicety). I hope you'll pardon me now I tell you that I heartily wished you a spectator, for I very much question if in your life you ever saw the like scene, or one more extraordinary. The lady's behaviour was blended with so many different characters, I cannot possibly describe it without tiring your patience. But the audience seemed to be a creation of her own, they were so very obsequious. Their forms and gestures were very like those of baboons and monkeys; they all grinned and chattered at the same time, and that of things I did not understand. The rooms being hung with arras, in which were trees very well described, just as I was considering their beauty and wishing myself in the country with ——, one of these animals snatched my fan, and was so pleased with me that it seized me with such a panic that I apprehended nothing less than being carried up to the top of the house and served as a friend of yours was, but in this —— one of their own species came in, upon which they all began to make their grimaces, which opportunity I took and made my escape. I have not made one single step in either law or reference since I saw you. I meet with nothing but disappointments, yet am obliged to stay in town attending Mr. P., &c., which is very hard. I do declare I have so little joy in life that I don't care how soon mine ends. For God's sake write me soon, and kindly, for in your absence your letters are all the joy I have on earth, and sure you are too good-natured to grudge one hour in a week to make any human creature happy.—— Cad, think of me and pity me."

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

"I am this moment leaving my present residence, and if I fix anywhere shall let you know it, [for I would fain wait till I got a little good weather for riding and walking, there never having been such a season as this remembered; though I doubt you know nothing of it but what you learn by sometimes looking out at your back window to call your people. I had your last, with a splendid account of your law affairs. You were once a better solicitor, when you could contrive to make others desire your consent to an act of parliament against their own interest to advance yours. Yet at present you neither want power nor skill, but disdain to exercise either. When you are melancholy, read diverting or amusing books; it is my receipt, and seldom fails. Health, good humour, and fortune, are all that is valuable in this life, and the last contributes to the two former. I have not rode in all above poor 400 miles since I saw you, nor do I believe I shall ride above 200 more till I see you again; but I desire you will not venture to shake me by the hand, for I am in mortal fear of the itch, and have no hope left but that some ugly vermin called ticks have got into my skin, of which I have pulled out some, and must scratch out the rest. Is not this enough to give me the spleen? for I doubt no christian family will receive me: and this is all a man gets by a northern journey. It would be unhappy for me to be as nice in my conversation and company as you are, which is the only thing wherein you agree with Glassheel, who declares there is not a conversable creature in Ireland except Cad. What would you do in these parts, where politeness is as much a stranger as cleanliness? I am stopped, and this letter is intended to travel with me; so adieu till the next stage. Aug. 8.

"Yesterday I rode 29 miles without being weary, and I wish little *Heskinage* could do as much. Here I leave this letter to travel on one way while I go another, but where I do not know, nor what cabins or bogs are in my way. I see you this moment as you are visible at ten in the morning, and now you are asking your questions round, and I am answering them with a great deal of affected delays, and the same scene has passed forty times as well as the other, from two till seven, longer than the first by two hours, yet each has its *agrémens particuliers*]. A long vacation. Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the fields and groves of your country-seat, or among your cousins in town, or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you, and then reasoning and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best company for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. [Go over the scenes of Windsor, Cleveland-row, Rider-street, St. James's-street, Kensington, the Sluttery, the Colonel in France, &c. Cad thinks often of these, especially on horseback, as I am assured.] What a foolish thing is time, and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped as if it passed! But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing and thinking myself fast into a spleen, which is the only thing that I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in, [if I fix at all till I return, and that I leave to fortune and the weather]."

The sequel of this unhappy story, almost as strange and improbable as any in the wildest romance, is soon told. A fatal influence seemed to hang over it from the beginning, and the heart of Swift, torn by contending emotions, hastened the final doom of one to whom, with all his morbid errors, he seems to have been devotedly attached. In a moment of grief, anguish, and remorse, he had given his hand to another, in the vain hope of snatching that once beloved object from an untimely grave. The discovery of that fact, so long concealed, was the last blow which the gentle and affectionate Vanessa had to sustain. Swift had entreated his friend and former tutor, the bishop of Clogher, to ascertain the cause of that melancholy which evidently preyed on Stella's mind, and must have been shocked to hear of "her sensibility to his late indifference, and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connexion between them." Swift observed in reply that he had long formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony: one, not to marry till he possessed an independence; the other, that such an event should take place at a period which should give him hopes of seeing his children provided for in the world. He had not obtained a competent fortune; and he was past the time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect of bringing up a family—rules exceedingly prudent to adopt, but which called for extreme caution and circumspection on the part of every honourable man who, in his intercourse with the other sex, determines to regulate his conduct by them.

To satisfy public opinion, however, he intimated his consent to a formal marriage; and it took place in the garden of the deanery, the ceremony being performed by the bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.[a] After it had taken place we are informed that Swift evinced a very unhappy state of mind. The gloom and agitation previously shown became such that he is said to have sought an interview with archbishop King, the nature of which has never transpired; but we are assured by Dr. Delany that, upon entering the prelate's library to make known his apprehensions, Swift himself rushed by him with a countenance full of grief and a distracted air, without even noticing his presence. Delany observed the archbishop to be weeping, and upon inquiring into the cause was answered, "Sir, you have just met the most unhappy man upon earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." From this strange mystery Delany suspected that Swift, subsequent to his union, discovered there existed too close a consanguinity between Stella and himself, and that both were the illegitimate children of sir W. Temple—a supposition for which there could be assigned no reasonable grounds. Whatever may have been the cause, Swift's intercourse with Stella continued as distant and guarded as before, and it was attended with the same inconveniences and ceremony. She had few acquaintance but Swift's male friends; and one of those few has left it upon record "that Stella used to go, with Mrs. Dingley, to Dr. Delany's villa on Wednesdays, where his men companions dined before he was married to my poor friend. Mrs. Delany, who once saw her by accident, was much struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes.[a] She was very pale, and looked pensive but not melancholy, and her hair as black as a raven."

We have seen how much Swift renewed his efforts, after Stella's marriage, to check the growth of Vanessa's passion, and sought to direct her affections towards another object. Through him dean Winter became a candidate for her hand; and she was addressed with no better success by Dr. Price, afterwards archbishop of Cashell. An interesting account of Vanessa, and the secluded manner in which she lived, has been left by a correspondent of sir W. Scott: "Marley abbey," he says, "near Cellbridge, where Miss V. resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man—upwards of 90—showed the grounds; the son of Mrs. V.'s gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she was seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention, and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her; but she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that, when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean, she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower: three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them."

After the death of her sister, Vanessa became still more absorbed by the unhappy passion that consumed her life; and believing herself more neglected by Swift than before, she resolved to ascertain the nature of that influence which prevented him from avowing the affection which she believed he entertained for her. Without giving the least intimation of her purpose she addressed a letter to Stella, with a request to be informed of the nature of the acquaintance so long known to exist between her and the dean. What must have been poor Vanessa's astonishment to hear, in reply, that Swift had bound himself by the strongest of legal titles to her rival! while that rival, feeling no less indignant at the supposed intimacy which such an inquiry indicated, withdrew to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. At the same time she sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, who, filled with sudden rage, rode with it to Marley abbey, and entered the unfortunate lady's room with a countenance which struck terror into her gentle and sorrowing heart. It was with difficulty she faltered out a few words to ask if he would not take a seat. His sole reply was to throw her own letter upon the table, and in the same paroxysm of passion to rush from the room and remount his horse. Upon receiving this deathblow to all her hopes from one who is believed to have assured her (July 5th, 1721) that no person on earth had ever been so loved, honoured, esteemed, adored by her friend as she herself, she never more held up her head, and within three weeks from that fatal moment she died of a broken heart.

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[a] Strong doubts however are entertained by some excellent authorities—Mr. Monck Mason and Dr. Lyon—of any marriage having taken place. Scott states the arguments very fully upon both sides, and seems to lean to the belief that it did actually occur.

[a] The only portrait of Stella known is in possession of the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Dr. Tooke has a lock of her hair, on the envelope of which is written in Swift's hand—"Only a woman's hair." Scott observes truly,—"If Stella was dead when Swift laid apart this memorial, the motto is an additional instance of his striving to veil the most bitter feelings under the guise of cynical indifference." Of the sensibility of his feelings under a rough outside, there are innumerable proofs; and love's poor victim, Vanessa herself, speaks of the charming compassion which shone in his countenance as what most captivated her affection, even more than his awe.

It is almost impossible, even under all the extenuating circumstances of the case, to find language sufficiently strong to denounce Swift's conduct upon this occasion. However irritating and distressing the situation in which he found himself, no defence can be made for the indulgence of passion so violent, and for the commission of so violent an outrage—for such it was—upon the feelings of an accomplished and noble-minded woman, whose sole fault was loving him "not wisely, but too well," and deserved at least his utmost tenderness and compassion. The only extenuation of his stern cruelty that can be offered is that he was labouring under a species of distraction, arising from a combination of causes, and in some part from that morbid sensibility and irritation of temper which, far from bearing the evils of life with becoming humility and patience, forming no part of his character, hurried him into gloom, misanthropy, and despair, and terminated in confirmed insanity. Miss Vanhomrigh died in the 37th year of her age, and is known to have revoked the will previously made in favour of Swift, leaving Mr. Marshall, one of the judges of the common pleas, and Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, her residuary legatees, after some provision for her servants and remembrances to her friends. Bishop Berkeley, it was believed, had destroyed the original MSS. of the letters given by Mr. Nichols and sir W. Scott, with the additions by the latter, from the originals in the possession of Mr. Berwick. Whether Vanessa desired her executors to publish these documents, as asserted, cannot now be ascertained. Such a circumstance is not mentioned in her will; but it is in favour of this supposition that the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was published not long after her death. It has been likewise observed that she was very angry with Swift on account of one of the lines in particular, "Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold;" and it cannot be denied that it is objectionable in whatever view considered; and the more so, perhaps, as coming from one who appears to have been so studiously fearful of incurring—though not of placing himself in a position of doing so—the kind of gallant reputation to which such an assertion may be thought to aspire. "The sum of the evidence," says sir W. Scott, "which they (the letters) afford, seems to amount to this—that while residing in England for years, and at a distance from Stella, Swift incautiously engaged in a correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, which probably at first meant little more than mere gallantry, since the mother, brother, and sister, seem all to have been confidants of their intimacy. After his going to Ireland his letters assume a graver cast, and consist rather of advice, caution, and rebuke, than expressions of tenderness. Yet neither his own heart, nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment, permit him to suppress strong, though occasional and rare, indications of the high regard in which he held her, although honour, friendship, and esteem had united his fate with that of another. It would perhaps have been better had their amours never been made public; as that has however happened, it is the biographer's duty to throw such light upon them as Mr. Berwick's friendship has enabled him to do, in order that Swift's conduct, weak and blamable as it must be held in this instance, may at least not suffer hereafter from being seen under false and imperfect lights."

For some period subsequent to the death of Miss Vanhomrigh Swift retired into the south of Ireland, where he continued several months, the victim of his own imprudent conduct and violent passions, without communicating, it is supposed, even with his dearest friends. His return to Dublin, and his subsequent reconciliation with Stella, bring this, the most unhappy and least creditable portion of "his strange eventful history," to a close.

It has been already mentioned that Swift had other declarations of love from anonymous quarters, still less welcome and expected. It may amuse our readers to show the kind of impression he had the misfortune to produce upon the too susceptible hearts of the fair—so sudden and so opposite to most men's experience in these matters; and the present case is the more curious as exhibiting a singular economy in love on the lady's side, who seems to have been up and stirring, to utter her fond complaints to her beloved Jonathan, at four o'clock in the morning. It is a wonder the dean forgot to give us one of his inimitable ballads upon this "forlorn hope" of some fifth or sixth Dulcinea that laid such strong siege to his implacable affections:—

FROM SACHARISSA TO ——

"Thursday morning, four o'clock.

"If I was not thoroughly convinced that the author of this distracted scroll will for ever be sunk in oblivion, I would choose death in any shape before I would reveal the continual anguish I have suffered, even before I saw your godlike form; for believe me, my passion first got birth by perusing your inimitable writings.

"If women were allowed to speak their thoughts, I would glory in my choice, and spread your fame, if possible, farther than these narrow limits of the earth.

"It is my misfortune to be in the care of persons who generally keep youth under such restraint as won't permit them to publish their passion though never so violent, and such I must confess mine for you to be. Could you conceive the many pangs, the many different pangs I feel, I flatter myself you would lighten the insupportable burthen of my love by generously bearing a part. When I consider to whom I speak, that it is to the divine immortal Swift, I am confounded at my vanity; but, alas, the malignity of my disorder is so great that my love soon gets the better of the regard and homage I render even to his name; but certain it is, if you don't flatter this absurd but sincere passion of mine, I must expect death as the just reward of my presumption; and be assured, if it were any but yourself, I would cheerfully suffer that before I would have my passion returned with disdain; and as I expect no other from you, beg you'll publish it in 'Faulkener's Journal,' under what fictitious name you please—for if I have the least understanding I shall distinguish your writings, under ever so many disadvantages, from any other—and inscribe it to Sacharissa. You may easily imagine with what impatience I shall expect Friday: I can't add how much I am yours till the arrival of my doom.

"SACHARISSA."

Swift, however, owing to the very cause here intimated—the spontaneous affections of the ladies—had already too much of the same kind upon his hands, and most probably felt extremely happy to decline this new challenge of his fair assailant. Besides, he had other and more important matters, free at least from the direful consequences so often attending "the beautiful passion," as the French term it, when love makes his attack from the lady's side; and in the midst of his multiplied cares and studies, when the fate of liberty and empire hung in the balance, in addition to his own fortune and personal security, he no doubt felt it a comparative heaven upon earth to be absolved from the claims of those whose affections he had never courted, and who would not rest satisfied with the tenderest friendship and esteem. He might well exclaim with classic authority, "non omnes omnia possumus," which has been thus paraphrased in a popular song:—

"Do what I will, I cannot wed ye all."

During Swift's residence in Ireland, between the years 1715 and 1723, when he reappeared on the political stage in the character of the Drapier, he kept up an active correspondence with his numerous connexions in England and elsewhere. The rev. Dr. Jebb, Dr. Mossom, and Dr. Jinny, in addition to the familiar circle more near him in Dublin, were among those for whom the dean entertained a high esteem, while his renewal of intercourse with Addison for the remainder of that amiable writer's life led to his friendship for Mr. Tickell, through whose influence he was enabled to do so much good, and in some measure to infuse a better feeling, in regard to Ireland, into the measures of the new Whig government. The more his real views became known the greater influence did they exert; and this was more particularly the case as respected church discipline, and the wise and liberal exercise of his power over his own chapter, which in time wholly conciliated the prejudices felt towards him in the highest quarters, and gained for him the esteem of those prelates who had most strenuously opposed him. In the following letter to Dr. Mossom, then dean of Ossory, he alludes to some of the divisions which had given rise to considerable anxiety on his part. It is dated February 14th, 1720-21, and is the more interesting as throwing light upon the views and feelings of the dean at that period:—

"When I had the honour of yours of the 8th inst. I was in very ill health, and am since but slowly recovering. About five years ago I had some disputes with my chapter upon the occasion of my negatives, which was never contradicted before; nor did the members directly do it then, but by some side-ways of arguing the ill consequences which might follow if it had no exceptions. This they were instigated to do by the archbishop of Tuam, who incited the archbishop of Dublin, and who said he had long entertained an opinion against my negative. Since that they never contradicted it; and the point is, as you say, perfectly absurd. I then writ to the bishop of Rochester and dean of Sarum, who had been my old friends; the former distinguished between deaneries of the old and new establishment, and both of them advised me to make as little stir as I could. The dean of Sarum said positively that he had no more power in the chapter than a senior prebendary; that when he was absent the next senior presided of course, and had only a vote. In this case, without doubt, time has so ordered it that things may be done by the dean and chapter, whether the former consent or no. But you are to understand that the privileges and powers of the dean of St. Patrick's depend upon subsequent grants and confirmations of popes, parliaments, and kings, and archbishops. Now if your chapter be much older than Edward IV.'s time, for aught I know you may be on the foot of St. Patrick's, as that was upon the foot of Sarum before the subsequent provisions were made. There is a French act of parliament, Edward IV., where it is recited, 'That whereas the dean of St. Patrick is ordinary, &c., and has such and such privileges,' &c., so that then they were known. This deanery is 503 years old, and several of the dean's powers were granted in the first, second, and third centuries after; and the error of my opponents lay in thinking this deanery was like that of Sarum, without considering what came after. I believe your best arguments will be, to insist in general that you copy after St. Patrick's, and if they allow that, I will provide you with power and privilege enough. It is an infallible maxim that not one thing here is done without the dean's consent. If he proposes, it is then left to the majority, because his proposal is his consent. This is as much as I can send you at present from a giddy, aching head. If you command any further particulars from me of my practice here, or any other point wherein I can do you service, you shall find me ready to obey, and I think there are few older acquaintances than you and I."

In his correspondence also with Mr. Tickell the dean expresses his sentiments with the most unreserved confidence and friendship, and often in a strain of wit and good humour that showed his "ancient fires" were not yet become extinct. "I shall wait on you," he says (Deanery-house, July, 1724), "at the time and place you appoint, although it is hard that your last-comers and lodgers should invite an old housekeeper, which I would have you to know I am, and can bring you half-a-dozen men in gowns to depose it. I shall therefore attend you only on this condition, that you will be ready to fix a day for dining at the deanery with lord Forbes and Mr. Sheridan, because the latter has been heard to boast that you will condescend to suffer him."

It is evident from the following how much Swift interested himself, and employed the influence he possessed with government, to render services to those whom he considered deserving of them; the more honourable to him from his being frequently in a very infirm and suffering state of health. "I should have waited upon you before now," he says, (August 3rd, 1724), "if I had not been tormented with an old vexatious disorder of a deafness and noise in my ears, which has returned after having left me two years, and makes me insupportable to others and myself.

"I now make bold to trouble you in an affair which goes very near my heart. Mr. Proby, surgeon-general, my old friend, and most generally beloved of any man in this kingdom, lies under a great misfortune at present. His eldest son, a captain in lord Tyrawley's regiment, has been accused at Galway for discovering an inclination to popery, and several affidavits have been made against him. The young man desires nothing but a fair trial. The accusation is generally judged malicious and false; but that concerns you not. He is to be tried in a few days; but the matter must first go before the lords-justices. Mr. Proby, being utterly unknown to you, desires the favour to wait upon you either this afternoon or evening, or early to-morrow morning. He does not intend this as a solicitation for his son; he has too much discretion; but as the business will first come before the lords-justices he thinks it will be proper for him to wait on you, and say or ask what is convenient, and thought that my recommendation will facilitate his access. Therefore, pray, sir, mistake me not—I am not at all making you an advocate, but only desiring that he may not see you wholly as a stranger."

Shortly afterwards Swift had occasion to write to lord Carteret, then lord-lieutenant, with other applications of a similar benevolent nature, which he also addressed through Mr. Tickell, who still held the official situation obtained through the influence of his friend Addison. "I desire," he observes (Sept. 4th, 1724), "you will please to send the enclosed. I beg your pardon for so often troubling you; but I owed his excellency a letter. I am pretty well eased of my troublous disorder, and intend to wait on you soon, and hope you will make some appointment with those you like best, that we may meet at the deanery."

The enclosed letter, which does so much honour both to Swift's heart and judgment, will here form an appropriate introduction to his connexion with a wit and scholar, who had the highest opinion of Swift's powers and delighted in his society:—

TO LORD CARTERET.

"Sept. 3, 1724.

"My Lord,—Being ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse—and so it has happened. For I have been this month past so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence: that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for since I left England such a parcel of trash has been fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

"There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone over to England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth 1100*l.* a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will of course attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my lord Peterborow; and upon his lordship's return Dr. Berkeley spent some seven years in travelling over most part of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frighted when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

"I must now in all humility entreat one favour of you, as you are lord-lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest portion of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion is that the accusation is false and malicious; and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others who may speak in his favour, and perhaps will tell you 'that, as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;' although I have reason to be confident that they neither need nor desire more than justice: I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect but that of taking up your time.

"My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner, I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of—that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different toward your person and high station from what have appeared toward others.

"I have no other excuse for the length of this letter but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time."

The preceding letter, with that which follows, will form no unappropriate introduction to the more important subject of the "Drapier's Letters," and one which constitutes so marked an epoch in the life of the celebrated dean. It is addressed to Mr. Tickell (Deanery-house, Oct. 24, 1724), and shows how highly he estimated the character of lord Carteret, and augured possibly in some degree the relief of his oppressed countrymen.

"Sir,—I did not design to attend my lord-lieutenant till his hurry of visits and ceremony were over, but I fear it will be long before I can have that honour, for I am so cruelly persecuted with the return of my deafness that I am fit for nothing but to mope in my chamber. I therefore humbly entreat your favour to present my most humble duty to his excellency, and to let him know the unlucky cause that hinders me from waiting on him, which I apprehend will yet continue some weeks. I have already had but too much cause to complain of a disorder which hath so long deprived me of the happiness of your company. I conclude you are now a busy man, and shall therefore only add that I am, with great esteem, &c."[a]

There can be no stronger proof of the sincerity of the dean's friendship for Addison, and of his wisdom and magnanimity in forbearing to resent the captious jealousy and coolness which, as in the case of Pope, the author of the Spectator sometimes gave way to at the expense of justice, than the regard and esteem thus uniformly shown by Swift to the dearest friend and the executor of that pleasing writer. He reaped the reward he most coveted, the power of serving his friends; and as a just testimonial to Swift's high mind and honourable motives in this correspondence, it affords the writer unalloyed pleasure to subjoin the remainder of his interesting correspondence with Mr. Tickell, who merited the dean's friendship also on his own account.

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[a] TO MR. TICKELL.

"July 19, 1725.

"Sir,—Your whole behaviour, with relation to myself, ever since I had the honour to be known to you, hath tended maliciously to hinder me from writing or speaking anything that could deserve to be read or heard. I can no sooner hint my desire of a favour to a friend but you immediately grant it, on purpose to load me, so as to put it out of my power to express my gratitude; and against your conscience you put compliments upon the letter I write, where the subject is only to beg a favour, on purpose to make me write worse or not at all for the future. I remember some faint strokes of this unjust proceeding in myself when I had a little credit in the world, but in no comparison with yours, which have filled up the measure of iniquity.

"I have often thought it a monstrous folly in us, who are tied to this kingdom, to have any friendship with *vous autres*, who are birds of passage, while we are sure to be forsaken like young wenches who are seduced by soldiers that quarter among them for a few months. Therefore I prudently resolved to make no other use of you than for my present satisfaction, by improving myself from your conversation, or making use of your interest to the advantage of my friends. But when you leave us I will, for my own quiet, send as few sighs after you as I can. For, when gods used to come down to earth to converse with females, it was true judgment in the lady who chose rather to marry an earthly lover than Apollo, who would be always rambling to heaven, and, besides, would be young when she was old.

"And, to show I am serious in my resolutions, I now entreat another good office from you, in behalf of a young gentleman, Mr. James Stopford, a fellow of the college. He is a man of birth and fortune, but the latter a little *engaged* by travelling; and having now as strong temptations to travel again with great advantage, as governor to a young person, he desires the honour of being admitted to my lord-lieutenant by your means, with no other view but the credit that such a reception would give him, only whispering me (as all men have base ends) that he foresees his excellency, being about his own age, will be always of so great a consequence in England, as, many years hence, he may find his account in his lordship's protection and countenance.

"He is reckoned the best scholar of his age among us, and abounds in every amiable quality, without any circumstance to detract from them, except one, which I hope his travels will put an end to and that is love.

"In the letter directed to Dr. Delany there is one to Mr. Stopford, who is soon expected in town, and therein I let him know what I write to you, and direct him to attend you, for which I humbly desire pardon, as well as for the trouble of sending the packet to Dr. Delany, and for teasing you with so long a letter; which I will conclude with the sincerest profession of being ever, with great respect,

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,

"J. Swift.

"The ladies present their best service and thanks to you for your remembrance. Mrs. Johnson has blunted her pickaxe with work."

TO THE SAME.

"Sept. 18, 1725

"Sir,—You court people have found out the way of vexing me in all my privacy and monkish manner of living. Here is Mr. Sheridan perpetually teasing me with complaints, directly in the style I have often met among state letters, of loss of favour by misrepresentation, and envy, and malice, and secret enemies, and the rest of that jargon. I have had share of it myself, and so I believe have you, and may have more in the course of your fortune. The worst evil is, that when ill opinions are instilled into great men they never think it worth their while to be undeceived, and so a little man is ruined without the least tincture of guilt. And therefore, the last time I was in the world, I refused to deal with a chief minister till he promised me upon his honour never to be influenced by any ill story of me till he told it me plainly and heard my defence, after which, if I cleared myself, it should pass for nothing; and he kept his word and I was never once in pain. I was the person who recommended Mr. Sheridan; but the bishop of Elphin took upon him to do it in form, and gave it a sanction, and was seconded by two other bishops, all principled according to your heart's desire, and therefore his excellency hath nothing to answer for. I do believe Mr. Sheridan hath been formerly reckoned a Tory, but no otherwise than hundreds among your favourites, who, perhaps, grew converts with more zeal, noise, and cunning, but with less decency. And I hope a man may be a convert without being a renegado; and however the practice is contrary, I know which of them I should most favour. It is most infallible by all sorts of reason that Mr. Sheridan is altogether innocent in that accusation of preaching, but, as he is a creature without cunning, so he hath not overmuch advertency. His books, his mathematics, the pressures of his fortune, his laborious calling, and some natural disposition or indisposition, give him *égarement d'esprit*, as you cannot but observe; but he hath other good qualities enough to make up that defect; truth, candour, good-nature, pleasantness of humour, and very good learning; and it was upon these regards I was bold to recommend him, because I thought it was for the general good that he should have some encouragement to go on in his drudgery. But if it be determined that party must lay her talons upon him, there is no more to be said. My lord-lieutenant hath too many great affairs to allow time for examining into every little business, and yet it is hard that even a beggar should suffer who is wholly innocent. I heard king William say that, if the people of Ireland could be believed in what they said of each other, there was not an honest man in the kingdom. And if Mr. Sheridan guesses right of the person who is the chief accuser, there is no man who is not altogether drunk and mad with party would value the accusation. If, by the clatter made upon this occasion, it should be thought most proper for Mr. Sheridan not to appear about the castle at this juncture, I believe he will content himself, but not that he should lose any degree of favour with his excellency; and if this be the case, I hope you will so order that my lord will condescend to signify so much to him; for I know too well how often princes themselves are obliged to act against their judgment, amidst the rage of factions. Upon the whole, the good treatment you have given me hath produced an ill effect, encouraging me to further requests, that you will endeavour to make Mr. Sheridan easy. None but converts are afraid of showing favour to those who lie under suspicion in point of principles; and that was Mr. Addison's argument in openly continuing his friendship to me to the very hour of his death. And your case is the same, and the same I shall expect from you in a proper degree, both towards Mr. Sheridan and myself.

"Whether you are in parliament or no, I am sensible you are too busy at this time to bear such an interruption as I have given you, and yet I have not said half what I had a mind; my excuse is, that I have title to your favour as you were Mr. Addison's friend, and, in the most honourable part, his heir; and if he had thought of your coming to this kingdom, he would have bequeathed me to you.

"I am ever, with true esteem and respect,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"Jonathan Swift."

TO THE SAME.

"Deanery-house, November 12, 1725.

"Sir,—I have got slowly out of a feverish disorder that hath confined me these ten days. I shall dine to-morrow at home, after a sort, *en famille* with the two ladies my nurses. And if you please to be a fourth, I shall take care that no unacceptable fifth be of the company: and pray let me know to-night or to-morrow morning, for as to Sunday, I look on you as a guest when you please.

"I am your most obedient,

"J. Swift."

TO THE SAME.

"[*London*], April 16, 1726.

"Sir,—Though I am to desire a favour of you, yet I was glad it gave me an opportunity of paying you my respects. I am here now a month picking up the remnant of my old acquaintance, and descending to take new ones. Your people are very civil to me, and I meet a thousand times better usage from them than from that denomination in Ireland.

"This night I saw the wild boy, whose arrival here hath been the subject of half our talk this fortnight. He is in the keeping of Dr. Arbuthnot, but the king and court were so entertained with him that the princess could [*not*] get him till now. I can hardly think him wild in the sense they respect him. Mr. Arundel is made surveyor of the works, which I suppose you will hear before you read this.

"I hope I am to give you joy, and I am sure I wish it you; the reason I trouble you with the enclosed is because it contains a bill of lading for a picture I have from France, and am afraid it might miscarry.

"You will please to send one of your servants to the person it is directed to; and accept my excuses.

"I am, with true respect, sir,
"Your most obedient humble servant,
"J. Swift."

TO THE SAME.

"London, July 7, 1726.

"Sir,—I have led so restless, and visiting, and travelling, and vexatious a life, since I had the honour of your letter, that I never had humour enough to acknowledge it, though I carried it wrapped up safely in my pocket. You are now so old a married man, that I shall not congratulate with you, but pray God you may long congratulate with yourself, and that your situation will make you a tolerable Irishman, at least till you can make the lady a good Englishwoman, which, however, I hope will be late. I cannot complain of any want of civility in your friends the Whigs; and I will tell you freely that most of them agree with me in quarrelling about the same things. I have lived these two months past for the most part in the country, either at Twickenham with Mr. Pope, or rambling with him and Mr. Gay for a fortnight together. Yesterday my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Congreve made up five at dinner at Twickenham. I have been very little more than a witness of any pleasantries you may have seen from London. I am in no sedentary way for speculations of any kind, neither do I find them so ready to occur at this late time of my life. The thing you mention, which no friend would publish, was written fourteen years ago at Windsor, and shows how indiscreet it is to leave any one master of what cannot without the least consequence be shown to the world. Folly, malice, negligence, and the incontinence in keeping secrets (for which we want a word), ought to caution men to keep the key of their cabinets.

"As to what you mention of an imaginary treatise, I can only answer that I have a great quantity of papers somewhere or other, of which none would please you, partly because they are very incorrect, but chiefly because they wholly disagree with your notions of persons and things; neither do I believe it would be possible for you to find out my treasury of waste papers without searching nine houses and then sending to me for the key.

"I find the ladies make the deanery their villa. I have been told that Mrs. Johnson's health has given her friends bad apprehensions; and I have heard but twice from them. But their secretary, Dr. Sheridan, just tells me she is much better, to my great satisfaction. I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey. I desire to present my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

"I shall return in a few days to Twickenham, and there continue till August, at the latter end of which month I propose to wait on you at the castle of Dublin; for I am weary of being among ministers whom I cannot govern, who are all rank Tories in government and worse than Whigs in church; whereas I was the first man who taught and practised the direct contrary principle.

"I am, sir, with sincere respect,
"Your most obedient humble servant,
"Jonathan Swift."

During a period of six years from his return to Ireland, Swift had conscientiously adhered to his resolution of not interfering with political affairs. He saw with grief the unhappy causes which rendered his country the most oppressed and desolate of any known in the civilized world, and he was heard to declare that it made his flesh creep and his blood boil to witness the extreme degradation to which it was condemned by the impolicy and wickedness of successive governments. He left no means untried to remove the disastrous influence that preyed upon its vitals, by arousing the people to a juster sense of their resources and their rights; he even overcame his natural repugnance to use his persuasions with his political enemies to serve his cause, while he waited patiently till the extreme violence of party should have exhausted itself upon stronger enemies. But in the year 1720 Swift found he could no longer remain with honour a silent spectator of the course of events. In his "Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures" he pointed out to the people of Ireland that their poverty and distress were chiefly owing to their own folly, and that the remedy lay in their own power. He gives an interesting account of his views and motives in those lighter publications which ushered in his more renowned letters of the Drapier, to his friend Pope, the last of that brilliant galaxy of wits left to cheer the dean in his advancing years, and whom he regarded with the tenderest affection. "I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which, a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with the design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief-justice has so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and the city were effectually practised with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentment published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his own hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton's (the lord-lieutenant's) arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*."

From the manner in which Swift was supported by popular opinion in this effort to remove one of the causes of the people's sufferings, in spite of the utmost exertions of the Whig party, he was encouraged to aim at higher things, and to identify his future reputation with the triumph of a popular movement almost unprecedented under the circumstances in which Ireland was placed. After taking signal vengeance upon the chief-justice, and rendering him an object of public indignation, he again withdrew from the controversial arena, and appears to have been engaged, both then and subsequently in England, in bringing to perfection his great masterpiece of fictitious composition—his immortal "Travels of Captain Gulliver." In this interval, between 1720 and 1724, there does not seem to have been published a single work known under his name; but in the latter year an occasion offered, which he eagerly embraced, of dispersing those clouds behind which he had so long been concealed, and of venturing upon a more daring career than he had before attempted. "The great acquisition of esteem and influence," says Dr. Johnson, "was made by the "Drapier's Letters." One Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the duchess of Munster, obtained a patent empowering him to coin one hundred and eight thousand pounds of halfpence and farthings, for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was possible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change. The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater by agents who gathered up the old halfpence, and was about to turn his brass into gold by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote letters under the name of M. B., Drapier, to show the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue by giving gold and silver for coin perhaps not a third part of its nominal value."

There were other and more serious evils that would have followed the nefarious attempt to enrich an individual at the expense of an entire nation. It was not the debasement of the metal so much as the wide field opened for the patentee to withdraw the remaining gold and silver from the already exhausted land, and to substitute a spurious coin, which must soon have found its way even to the treasury itself, bringing deserved retribution upon the heads of those who granted his powers. No security was exacted from Wood that he would not, like his predecessors, forge his own coin beyond the stated limits, and inundate the country with an arbitrary currency of his own. "The great force," says Mr. Deane Swift, "of the doctor's reasoning in the character of an Irish drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which it is certain were much wanted in Ireland in 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three halfpence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity, as he had neither given security for his honesty nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, whereas the halfpence (afterwards) sent over to Ireland in 1737 were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, &c. &c. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency."

It might have been added by his ingenious relative and able commentator that the tacit approbation of the dean upon this last occasion strongly evinced that his opposition to the impolitic and disgraceful project was by no means of a factious nature, or induced by any interested or ambitious views. Sheridan also declared that no one in Ireland was consulted upon the subject, nor was any previous notice given to the lord-lieutenant. And Swift himself, to place the matter beyond a doubt, has left it upon record that his objections to its introduction were founded upon strong principle—namely, the fraudulent obtaining and executing of the patent, the baseness of the metal, and the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth from foreign importations and his own counterfeits as well as those at home; "whereby we infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade." He likewise asserted in his advertisement that the sum was five times greater than the occasion required; and in one of his many poems upon the unlucky patentee he gives vent to his satirical genius upon the fact of his being committed to gaol for debt:—

> "And over these fillets he wisely has thrown—
> To keep out of danger—a doublet of stone."

"For my own part," he observes, "who am but one man of obscure origin, I do solemnly declare in the presence of Almighty God that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall even happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land and eat the bread of poverty among a free people." "The great ignominy of a whole kingdom's lying so long at mercy, under so vile an adversary, is such a deplorable aggravation that the utmost expressions of shame and rage are too low to set it forth; and therefore I shall leave it to receive such a resentment as is worthy of a *parliament.*"

The history of the whole affair is so curious that a brief statement of facts will add greatly to the interest we feel in the dean's unprecedented popularity and political success. It seems to have begun in corruption as it must have ended in fraud. The emoluments from the disposal of the patent were given by lord Sunderland to the duchess of Kendal, who sold it to Wood:—

> "Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
> Of a governing statesman or favourite w—re."

The duke of Bolton, then lord-lieutenant, wanted boldness to bring the project forward; but the duke of Grafton, his successor, gave his promise to support it. Walpole, on coming into power, though aware of the difficulties in the way, permitted the measure to take its course. Lord Middleton, the Irish chancellor, on the other hand, opposed it; a new quarrel sprung up between him and the lord-lieutenant, fomented by the arts of Carteret, who was intriguing for Walpole's removal. The foolish boasting of Wood was calculated to embarrass the promoters of the measure; and to put a climax to the absurdity of all parties engaged, the patent was granted without being submitted to the privy council. Discord and dissension soon spread through Ireland on this intelligence, and the duke of Grafton was speedily recalled From desire to supplant Walpole he had acted with the opposition, but was now anxious to bring over lord Middleton to his views. In this however he failed, and the patent was ultimately surrendered. To have forced it upon the people of Ireland, Swift conceived, would have proved a deathblow to the independence of the kingdom; and this operated as another incentive to strain every nerve to oppose it. But this argument it was dangerous to avow; and when in his fourth letter he treated of it simply as an abstract question, the arm of government was immediately raised to strike.

Soon after lord Carteret's arrival in Ireland a proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300*l.* for the discovery of the author of the fourth "Drapier's Letter." The printer was imprisoned and a bill of indictment ordered to be prepared. Swift upon this came to his friend Harding's relief, with his short but "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," copies of which were distributed to every person of the jury before the bill, and produced so powerful a sensation that it was unanimously thrown out. The chief-justice Whitshed discharged the jury in a rage, but it availed nothing, for the next that was summoned drew up a strong presentment in support of the opinions contained in the "Drapier's Letters," in language still more decisive. The same fate attended various others in different counties; the measure was soon known to be desperate even in the eyes of its projectors; and never was national exultation more loudly expressed at its final rejection. The drapier was hailed on all sides as the liberator of his country; his name resounded through the island; his picture became the favourite sign of every country inn, was treasured in every house, and even exhibited and cried about in the streets.

"Whoever," says Sheridan, "examines the 'Drapier's Letters' with attention, will find that the great talents of Swift never appeared in a more conspicuous light than on this occasion. He saw that a plan was formed by the British minister to bring his country into the utmost distress. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition given to it by the Irish parliament and privy council, he knew too well the servile disposition of all men at that time in office, and their abject dependence on the minister, to suppose they would continue firm in their opposition at the certain loss of their places, if he was determined to carry the point. He saw, therefore, no possible means of preventing the evil but raising such a spirit in the whole body of the people as would make them resolve on no account whatever to receive this coin. His writings in the character of a drapier were in such plain language, and in such an easy series from simple and evident principles, as carried the fullest conviction to every mind. But as it was necessary to his purpose to rouse the feelings as well as convince the understandings of mankind, without ever appearing at all to apply to the passions, he raises them to the highest pitch by seemingly casual strokes here and there interspersed. So that the whole, on a transient view, appeared what it professed to be—the work of an honest shopkeeper, of plain common sense, who started out of his sphere to commence writer upon a view of the imminent danger with which his country was threatened; and who could not now and then suppress the honest indignation which rose in his breast at the unparalleled insolence of power in treating a great and loyal kingdom with such indignity as would have been thought intolerable even by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Yet plain and simple as these writings seem to be at first view, and which as every common reader would imagine he could produce himself, upon a closer inspection they would be found to be works of the most consummate skill and art; and whoever should attempt to perform the like would be obliged to say with Horace,—

"'Sudet multum, frustraque laboret,
Quivis speret idem.'

"'Who, while they strive the more success to gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain.'

"I remember to have heard the late Hawkins Browne say that the 'Drapier's Letters' were the most perfect pieces of oratory ever composed since the days of Demosthenes. And indeed upon comparison there will appear a great similitude between the two writers. They both made use of the plainest words, and such as were in most general use, which they adorned only by a proper and beautiful arrangement of them. They both made use of the most obvious topics, which by the force of genius they placed in a new light. They were equally skilful in the arrangement and closeness of their arguments; equally happy in the choice and brevity of their allusions; each so entirely master of his art as entirely to conceal the appearance of art, so that they seized on the passions by surprise. . . . .

"One passage, indeed, is so admirable an instance of the species of excellence above described as to require no apology for bringing it here before the reader. 'I am very sensible,' he says, in his assumed character, 'that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen; but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance were some informations from an eminent person, whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul; and therefore chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliah in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose: for Goliah had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was 5000 shekels of brass; and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass, and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliah's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood: if he prevail against us *then shall we be his servants;* but if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine, for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.'

"Nothing," continues his able biographer, "showed the generalship of Swift in a higher point of view during this contest than his choice of ground, both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to steer clear of party, and that, if he had attacked the British minister as the real author, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been stigmatized with the name of Jacobite, and his writings of course disregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no other parties concerned but *William Wood, hardwareman,* on the one side, and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Nay he went farther; and finding that Wood in his several publications had often made use of Mr. Walpole's name, he took upon him the defence of the latter in several passages of his fourth letter, which he concludes thus: 'But I will now demonstrate beyond all contradiction that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the true interest of the king his master; and that, as his integrity is above all corruption, so is his fortune above all temptation.' By the use of this irony, a double-edged weapon which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of readers it might pass for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought against him, which would answer one end; and to those of more discernment it obliquely pointed out the true object of their resentment; but this so guardedly, that it was impossible to make any serious charge against the author of his having such a design."

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean.* He was honoured by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station. He was from this important year the oracle of the traders and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The Drapier was a sign; the Drapier was a health; and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier. The benefit was indeed great. He had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion when the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when, upon some attempt to regulate the coin, archbishop Boulter, then one of the justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, "If I had lifted up my finger they would have torn you to pieces." (Johnson.)

Through the medium likewise of his "Drapier's Letters," the dean took occasion to declare his real political opinions from the period when so many important changes had taken place. They were such as to dispel every suspicion thrown upon him by his enemies, of his perfect consistency, loyalty, and attachment to the house of Hanover. He expressed both his contempt and repugnance for the pretender, and succeeded in removing the prejudices conceived against him in high quarters, from the idle charge of his being a secret Jacobite and disaffected to the new succession.

During the publication of his famous letters it is known that Swift studiously concealed himself from being known as the author. The only persons at first cognizant of the fact are said to have been Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. Robert not being greatly experienced in his art, the copies were invariably delivered by him to the doctor, to receive his corrections before they were sent to the press. They were then conveyed by the former to the printer in a manner to prevent any discovery of the authorship, but it one day happened that Blakely staid out later than usual; and, as if to give his absence a stronger appearance of treachery, it was upon the very day the proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300*l.* for the detection of the author of the fourth letter. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the usual hour and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before his master with marks of great sorrow; but Swift would listen to none of his excuses. He not only rated him soundly, but ordered him to strip off his livery and quit his house that moment. "What, you villain!" he exclaimed, "is it because I am in your power you dare to take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." It seems that Stella, then at the deanery, became so much alarmed that she sent off for Dr. Sheridan, who upon his arrival found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation and shedding abundance of tears. Upon inquiry into the cause, he was informed of what had taken place; and bade the poor fellow not to despair nor leave the house, for that he would pacify the dean: "That is not what vexes me," was Blakely's reply, "though I should be sorry to lose so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul is that he should have so bad an opinion of me as to believe me capable of betraying him for any reward in the world." This was immediately repeated by Sheridan to the dean, who, struck with the generosity of the sentiment, not only forgave but restored him to more than his former favour. He took an opportunity also of rewarding him for his good feeling and fidelity; for the office of verger becoming vacant, Swift inquired of Robert if he had any clothes that were not a livery. Being answered in the affirmative, he bade him instantly put them on after stripping his livery. The poor fellow fell on his knees, requesting to know what new crime he had committed to deserve such a punishment. "Well! do as I order you," was the dean's answer; and upon Robert again appearing in plain clothes, he summoned the other servants, and informed them they were no longer to consider him as Robert their fellow-servant, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, a place bestowed upon him as a reward for his faithful services. But at Mr. Blakely's particular request, he continued as a volunteer to officiate also in his old capacity, although the dean would by no means permit him to assume any badge of servitude. He also took care that he was remunerated for both.

Numerous other anecdotes have been repeated relating to the appearance of the famous Letters, and the following is given upon the authority of Sheridan, who received it from a respectable German merchant (Mr. Hoffslegar), then a resident in Dublin. There was a full levee held at the castle the day subsequent to the proclamation against the drapier, which had already become the general topic of all circles. The lord-lieutenant was in the act of going round the circle when the dean abruptly entered the room, and, pushing his way through the crowd, addressed the lord-lieutenant—his countenance bearing marks of the strongest indignation—in a voice that resounded through the place: "So, my lord, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in suffering a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of *copper* will be erected to you for this service done to *Wood.*" The effect of this double meaning and pun at the same time had an instantaneous effect upon the risible powers of the fashionable audience; and it was doubly relished by the lord-lieutenant himself, both a scholar and a man of taste; but the dean continued to read him a severe lecture upon the folly and impolicy of supporting a measure so detrimental to the best interests of the country. The incipient mirth of the titled slaves was soon lost in silence and astonishment at the terrific lashes of Swift's unsparing satire; and he is described as awing them into a sense of their native littleness, like so many Lilliputians in the presence of the great captain Gulliver at a court scene. For some moments a profound silence ensued, when the lord-lieutenant, who had listened with great composure, made the following fine and elegant application of Virgil's line to the case in hand:—

"Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri—"
"My cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me," &c.—

a reply which struck the whole assembly with its appropriate and dexterous use, and without any serious and severe retort assisted the speaker at the right moment and in the manner he most wished, especially in the instance of Swift; and all present equally extolled the magnanimity of the one, and the just and forcible reply given by the other in so grave a matter.

The patent being withdrawn, and all apprehensions as to the introduction of the coin being over, Swift retired to Quilca, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, where he spent some months in finishing and preparing his "Gulliver's Travels" for the press. It was probably with some views regarding its publication, and from the extreme earnestness with which his English friends urged him to try the benefit of a change of air, that in 1726 the dean again visited England, after an absence of twelve years. He was received with the most gratifying marks of attention, for the attachment of those who had previously known him seemed rather to have increased than diminished by time. All expressed the warmest wishes that he would leave Ireland and settle among them; and several plans are believed to have been proposed to accomplish this object. Swift had always considered England as his own country, and been anxious to make some beneficial transfer of his Irish interest that would have opened a new sphere of duties and exertions among the literary and political connexions he had so early formed; and in case of succeeding he would have made other arrangements, to which he has already alluded, for spending a portion of his more advanced years in France and Italy, though it was his wish to close his days in England. Unfortunately however, he was obnoxious to the men in power, though by no means disliked at court, being exactly the reverse of the situation in which he stood during the bright and fleeting days of his political ascendancy.

Upon the present occasion he met with no unfavourable reception at Leicester-house. The princess of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline, was fond of patronising men of genius and science for the sort of reputation it gave to her station and for the promotion of her views; and, slight as it was, Swift had no better ground upon which to raise a hope of future success. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London she intimated her desire to have an interview with the author of the "Drapier's Letters;" and in a letter to his friend lady Betty Germaine he has left the following account of it in his own words (1732-3):—"It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess, and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously." The princess appears to have been struck with the novelty of such a character; and being highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humour, "she was never weary," says Sheridan, "of sending for him, both in London and Richmond; while Swift, to keep up his consequence, never once attended her but by command." Mrs. Howard, first lady of the bedchamber and her chief favourite, was the person who usually sent for him. As a lady of fine taste and uncommon understanding, she soon contracted a high esteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendship by the frequent opportunities she had of conversing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favourites. These peculiar marks of esteem and the evident pleasure taken by the princess in Swift's society, added to the general conversation respecting the dean at court, naturally led his friends to conclude that the first opportunity would be taken to make some handsome provision for him in England, though, from his long experience of courts and his numerous disappointments, he was himself by no means sanguine upon the subject.

During this visit to England his time seems to have been chiefly spent between Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends Pope and Bolingbroke, where he met the most eminent wits and politicians of the day. The occasion of his presence was eagerly seized upon by Pope and Arbuthnot for completing the volumes of "Miscellanies," the proceeds from which he generously relinquished to the former; and as this was the first time that Swift's works were published collectively in an authentic shape, the sale was immense, and produced a very considerable sum.

Among other pleasant anecdotes connected with the dean's visits to England is the following characteristic one, which displays the peculiarities of his character in a very strong and amusing point of view. It has the merit of being told also (from Spence), in the words of Pope himself:—"Doctor Swift," he says, "has an odd, blunt way that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. 'Tis so odd that there is no describing it but by fact. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Hey-day, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of to come hither to see a poor dean?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them.' 'Ay! any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come I must get some supper for you I suppose.' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'Supped already! that's impossible; why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange; but if you had not supped I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well: two shillings—tarts a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you have supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?' 'No: we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is four, and one is five: just two-and-sixpence a piece. There, Pope; there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save anything by you, I am determined.' This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of anything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money." We are informed by Delany also, "that when lady Eustace or other women of rank joined his table at the deanery, he used in the same manner to allow them a shilling a head to provide their own entertainment, and would stickle hard that only sixpence should be allowed for the brat, as he used to call Miss Eustace afterwards married to Mr. Tickell; and from a sense of justice more refined even than his aversion to any approach to obligation, when he dined with his poorer friends he uniformly insisted upon paying his club, as at a tavern or a house of public resort."

The popularity it would appear that followed Swift's frequent interviews, during this visit, with the princess, at court, drew the attention of the premier, who entertained no friendly feelings towards the dean, and between whom there were too many points of disagreement ever to expect a complete or cordial co-operation. But as it was the fashion then to praise the dean for his social qualities and good-nature, Walpole so far chimed in with the popular feeling as to show his magnanimity in affecting to forget what he never could forgive—the bitter irony and artful exhibition of his weak points to public derision and contempt.

> "For never can true reconcilement grow
> Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

In another of the dean's letters to lady Germaine (Jan. 8, 1722-3) he observes, as if the advances had come from the side of sir Robert, "Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say what I had observed of princes and great ministers, that if they heard an ill thing of a private person that expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay,[a] but he gave it another turn, for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, 'that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself.'"

Subsequent to this polite attention, apparently with the specious view of throwing odium upon Swift's character for honour and consistency, sir Robert appointed another interview with the dean upon the subject of Irish grievances, and a most ungenerous use also was made by the premier's partisans of this incident, to represent Swift as demeaning himself by solicitations for his own advantage. Much has been said also of a letter from Swift, intercepted by sir Robert's spies, containing injurious reflections upon the premier and admissions of his own utter want of spirit and principle; and another letter from a Mr. Roberts is still pointed to as an authentic document, upon grounds equally strong and probable. It would be fortunate if we could always trace such slanders to their source; but the chief movers are careful to envelop themselves in mystery, and all that can be done in nine cases out of ten is to give the statement of the injured party, and as clear a statement of the facts of the whole proceeding as the details left on record will admit. First, it appears that lord Peterborough, in a note to Swift a little previous to the date of the dean's letter that follows, observes, "Sir Robert Walpole, any morning except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account." This interview, through the intervention of his lordship, took place subsequent to Walpole's courteous invitation of the dean, so that, if he retained any vindictive feelings, as the savage assaults he and his friends made upon Swift in the house of commons indicated, nothing could effect the object of defamation more surely than a private interview, which left either party to allege whatever he pleased. It will be only justice to give the version of the party aspersed, which we are to conclude was made up of a series of ingenious fictions, to cover his own disgrace, if we are to credit the allegations made upon the other side. The letter is addressed to lord Peterborough, two days after the celebrated interview that, in one moment, according to the minister's partisans, exhibited the great author of the "Drapier's Letters," the bold, lofty-minded, and consistent friend of Harley and Bolingbroke, the companion of Pope and Addison, and the patron of merit and good conduct wherever he found them, as the mean toad-eater of a man who hated him—as a renegade, and the most wretched of drivellers, bent upon stultifying himself. Now what is Swift's own plain, straightforward narrative of the affair; but, in the opinion of his traducers, so ingeniously got up as almost to rival the happy stories of Gulliver himself? We must also remember that it was written immediately after the interview with sir Robert Walpole:—

"April 28, 1726.

"My Lord,—Your lordship having at my request obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday, at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

"I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, *not only without any view to myself*, but to any party whatsoever; and because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England and his own administration.

"I failed very much in my design; for I saw he conceived opinions, from the examples of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty; a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

"Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain."

The portion that follows has no relation to his discourse with Walpole, but consists of an enumeration of the particular grievances under which Ireland laboured; and the only additional reference is at the conclusion, where he says, "I most humbly entreat your lordship to give the paper to sir Robert Walpole, and to desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes."

But perhaps the strongest of all the testimonies in favour of Swift is the silence of the members of the Walpole family, and of their chief biographer, Mr. Coxe, who, however severe upon the dean in other respects, stop and falter here, nor dared by adopting and giving circulation to the calumny to challenge an investigation of the truth. Sheridan, sir Walter Scott, and all the most impartial and enlightened writers who have treated upon this passage of the dean's history, have arrived at the same conclusion, not only upon general grounds, but after minute and particular investigation of the case. It will not be uninteresting in so important a matter briefly to give their views of an affair which in the present day has produced more impression than it at all deserved, and includes parties weak and prejudiced enough to note down for posterity the dean of St. Patrick as a self-convicted renegade and a fool. "I would have those gentlemen," says Sheridan, "consider, in the first place, what little credit they do to sir Robert's understanding in declining the assistance of the first writer of the age, at a time when he was throwing away immense sums upon authors of mean talents. In the next place, it is to be hoped that candour will oblige them to retract what they have said, as so convincing a proof is here produced of the falsehood of the charge. For it is impossible to suppose that Swift would have made such a representation of the interview, utterly *disclaiming all views to himself*, and desiring that it might be shown to Walpole, if the other had it in his power to contradict it, and by so doing render him contemptible in the eyes of his noble friend, as well as of all his adherents. I have a letter before me written at that time to the Rev. Mr. Stopford, then abroad at Paris (afterwards, through his means, bishop of Cloyne), in which he gives the same account: 'I was lately twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, the second at my desire, for an hour, wherein we differed in every point; but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland. From whence, on the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth in it; for I was neither offered nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the chief minister, and have never seen him since. And I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him.'

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[a] "He had written," says Swift, "a very ingenious book of fables for the use of the princess's younger son, and she had often promised to provide for him (Gay). But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. W. owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, and did him a hundred ill offices to the princess."

"I think it is hardly probable that Swift could have complained of him to the princess if he had such a story to tell of him. His complaint certainly related to Walpole's unjust and impolitic maxims with regard to Ireland, which was the sole subject of his discourse. And it appears that he had often, in his conversations with the princess, represented the cruel hardships under which that country groaned, insomuch that in a letter to lady Suffolk (July 24, 1731) he says, 'Her majesty gave me leave and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be concerned.'

"Sir Robert himself never dropped any hint of this to Swift's friends, but in appearance seemed to wish him well. In a letter from Pope to him soon after his departure for Ireland, he tells him, 'I had a conference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us: he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny; but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming, which was merely to see a few of those that you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more.'

"Whoever examines all Swift's letters at that time will find that he was far from having any ambitious views. His wish was to have a settlement among his friends; and he aimed no higher than to change his preferments in Ireland for any church-living near them, that should not be much inferior in point of income, whether accompanied with any dignity or not. And this method of commuting benefices he chose, to avoid laying himself under any obligations to a party of whose measures he so utterly disapproved. Of this we have a striking instance in the above-mentioned letter to an intimate friend, then abroad, to whom a false representation of his sentiments could have answered no end; where he declares that he would not accept even of a bishopric though offered him, except upon conditions which he was sure would never be granted. In a letter about that time to Mr. Worrall he expresses himself to the same effect:—'As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately as I am told, and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power hath been directly contrary since I came here.'

"Hints and innuendoes were sufficient materials for Walpole's tools to work upon, and fabricate what stories they pleased, which were industriously propagated with the strongest asseverations of their truth by all their partisans; and this was one favourite method then in use of undermining those characters which they could not openly assault. Of this there was a strong instance given in regard to William Shippin, the honestest man and truest patriot that ever sat in the house. When Walpole found, after repeated trials, that his virtue was proof against all the offers he could make, it was given out by his emissaries that he privately received a pension from him, and that he was permitted to act the part of a patriot in order to keep his influence with his party, on certain occasions, that he might be of more effectual use in matters of greater concern. And this report was so industriously spread, and with such confidence, that many gave credit to it during his life. Nor were they undeceived till it was found that, after his death, this worthy man, who had lived with the utmost frugality, left no more behind him than his paternal estate, which was barely sufficient to entitle him to a seat in parliament, and 50*l*. in cash, peculiarly appropriated to the charges of his funeral."

The following account of this singular interview from the pen of the distinguished author of "Waverley" will be read with feeling by all who know how to reverence genius of the loftiest order, free from every tincture of envy or malignity, vindicating pre-eminent and congenial powers of intellect from the low worldly-minded aspersions of beings who can imagine no purer or higher motives of human action than the successful intrigues and corruptions of a time-serving minister can supply. "He never," says sir W. Scott, "assumed, and probably disdained, the character of a mere man of letters, whose sufferings or enjoyments depended upon the public reception of his works. His writings he only valued in so far as they accomplished the object for which they were written, and was so far from seeking the reputation which they might have attracted to the author, that he almost in every instance sent them into the world without his name. Hence he felt no jealousy of contemporary authors, and was indifferent to the criticism with which his treatises were assailed, unless in so far as it affected the argument which they were designed to support. Bred under Temple, the favourite of Oxford, and now the champion of Ireland, his hopes and fears were for the political interests which he espoused; his love was for party-friends, and his hatred and vengeance for political opponents. His feelings were those of a statesman, not of an author, and had been exalted from the cause of a party to be fixed upon the liberties of a nation. The pecuniary emoluments of literature Swift seems never to have coveted. . . . . He was engaged in matters of more momentous importance.

"We have observed that Walpole, now the omni-potent prime minister, had violently assaulted Swift, in the house of commons, during the ministry of Oxford. Of this the dean retained no vindictive recollection; for during the whole controversy about Wood's project he treated the character of Walpole with considerable respect. . . . . Ere the dean had left that kingdom [Ireland] the primate, Boulter, to whom Walpole chiefly confided the efficient power in Irish affairs, had written to the English minister in the following terms:—'The general report is that dean Swift designs for England in a little time; and we do not question his endeavours to misrepresent his majesty's friends here, wherever he finds an opportunity. But he is so well known, as well as the disturbances he has been the fomenter of in this kingdom, that we are under no fear of his being able to disserve any of his majesty's faithful servants, by anything that is known to come from him; but we could wish some eye were had to what shall be attempted on your side the water.' This was quite enough to put Walpole on his spy and maligning system, and hence doubtless the insidious court which he paid the dean, to draw him from the increasing influence he was acquiring at court, and attempt to ruin him in the estimation of all parties, as he had done in other cases where an incorruptible front was opposed to his threats and bribes.

"Thus prepossessed against all that might come from the author of the 'Drapier's Letters,' Walpole turned a deaf ear to the grievances of Ireland; and complaining that the king derived little revenue from that kingdom, proceeded to enlarge upon the opinions which he had adopted from its governors, in a manner which Swift deemed inconsistent with the notions of liberty which Britons have ever considered as the inheritance of a human creature. The minister and patriot parted on terms of mutual civility, but without having made the least impression on each other's opinions. . . . It need scarce be remarked that the most brazen effrontery would not have ventured in such a letter, to be so communicated (to Walpole), to conceal or misrepresent what had passed between them; and that the account so given, and never contradicted, must contain the genuine record of this remarkable conversation.

"An unworthy use was made of this interview, and of Swift's having accepted the previous invitation of Walpole; as if he had meant to barter his principles, and offer the minister the support of his pen, on condition of his being preferred in England. This charge requires a short investigation; for it was countenanced to a certain extent (not asserted) by Walpole, and most zealously promulgated by his partisans. Had such an offer been made, it must have been worse than folly in Walpole to refuse the assistance of Swift, while he was expending very large sums to reward the political treatises of Arnal and Henley; so that, considering the well-known sagacity of the minister, as well as his unscrupulous mode of charming opposition to silence by the ready mode of corrupt influence, we may conclude that the offer not being accepted proves that it was never made. It is certain, indeed, that Swift would willingly have received from Walpole an opportunity of exchanging, and even at considerable disadvantage, his Irish deanery for some English living, which might have provided for his usual expenditure, and placed him for life in England. But this was uniformly opposed by the prime minister, not because he disdained to purchase the support of Swift's pen, but because he had little hopes of laying him under such a weight of obligation as might have prevented the risk of its being employed to his prejudice. Swift had declared he was neither offered nor would have received preferment, excepting on such conditions as would never be given to him. This is perfectly consistent with his desire to exchange the deanery of St. Patrick's for an English living; a transaction which might have been arranged on terms of such advantage to his successor as should lay Swift under no obligation, and leave his political conduct free and unfettered. If he would not accept of a bishopric but on his own terms, he could be hardly supposed to barter his independence merely to be translated to a worse living in England than he already possessed in the sister country. And admitting that Walpole retained no memory of former quarrels, he may have believed it by no means his interest to bring Swift to England, unless on such terms as would have made him entirely his own. Bolingbroke and Pulteney gave him enough of disturbance, without their forces being augmented by the keenest satirical writer of the age, whose friendships and principles were likely to engage him against the ministers of George I. Walpole, however, might have acted more wisely by at once and generously doing what must have gratified Swift, and trusting to his sense of justice and honour. It is certain that Pulteney's civilities had as yet failed to engage the dean in the politics of England; and in Swift's reply to the advice which Pope delicately insinuates, deprecating his involving himself in party disputes, and exhorting him to write only for truth, honour, and posterity, he seems to acquiesce in its propriety. But ancient friendship for Bolingbroke and new causes of resentment against Walpole combined to effect a change of his resolution." (Scott's "Memoirs," i. 321-3.)

The arguments here adduced, both general and particular, must, we think, be deemed conclusive with regard to the nature of the interview between a Swift and a Walpole; the respective understandings and the characters of the two being submitted to a fair and impartial investigation.[a]

All this however is "sad stuff," as the dean truly expressed it when inquiring respecting the special merit of the different coats of arms adopted by his ancestors, and we are happy to dismiss it "to the tomb of all the Capulets" in exchange for some better or pleasanter subjects. Among the characteristic anecdotes related of Swift's interviews with the princess, the following shows how greatly the dean possessed the art of making himself agreeable to parties of whatever rank, and of placing them in the position of lord Oxford, who frequently declared that he was not able to keep anything from him. When presented at Leciester-house, he said, alluding to the wild man caught in the woods of Hanover, "that he understood her royal highness loved oddities; and that having lately seen a wild boy from Germany, she was now desirous of seeing a wild dean from Ireland." The freedom of the dean's address was well received both by the princess and her consort; and we have shown, from his first introduction, when before in England, he was so far a favourite with the princess and every gay and fashionable circle as might well have authorized more ambitious projects than he seems ever to have entertained, in the event of his royal friends and patrons—then no great friends of Walpole—succeeding, as they would probably do at no distant period, to the throne. The dean while in England devoted his leisure moments to the revision of the MS. of "Gulliver's Travels;" and was enjoying himself at Twickenham, in the society of his old and best beloved friends, in a manner that reminded him of the pleasantest epoch of his life; Bolingbroke had returned from exile; Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, not only received him with open arms, but brought their most esteemed friends and connexions to admire and honour him in the novel character of the patriot of Ireland; when tidings reached him which threw a damp on all his hopes and made him silently and sorrowfully withdraw himself from the intellectual circles of Twickenham and Dawley.

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[a] To put a climax to the folly and improbability of so disgraceful a charge, an anecdote is related by Sheridan, received from Dr. Clarke, his tutor in the college, among several others collected by him relating to Swift:—"When lord Chesterfield was lord-lieutenant of Ireland he said that to his knowledge Swift made an offer of his pen to sir R. Walpole; that the terms were his getting a preferment in England equal to what he had in Ireland; and that sir Robert rejected the offer; which lord Chesterfield said he would not have done had he been in sir Robert's place." The whole of this transaction seems extremely improbable, particularly what he added, that the person who introduced him was the famous Chartres. Good heavens! Swift brought by the notorious Chartres to prostitute himself to Walpole; and this asserted by lord Chesterfield. But his lordship kept very bad company in those days; I have not the least doubt that this story was told him by Chartres.

"The pleasure of popularity," says Johnson, "was interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the drapier's triumph to decline, and two years afterwards so wasted with sickness that her recovery was considered as hopeless. Swift was then in England, and had been invited by lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health." "His letters on this melancholy subject," says Scott, "are a true picture of an agonised heart. Yet even the approaching calamity did not prevent his clinging to his peculiar system; and in a letter to Dr. Stopford he labours to impress on his correspondent that his agony at parting with Stella was that of friendship, not of love. He mentioned her as '*one* of the *two* oldest and dearest friends' he had in the world, and only distinguishes her from her gossiping and commonplace companion Mrs. Dingley as 'the younger of the two;' and concludes by conjuring Stopford to believe 'that violent friendship is much more lasting and as engaging as violent love.' His letter to Sheridan contains more deep and unrestrained expressions of anguish:—'The account you give me is nothing but what I have for some time expected with the utmost agonies. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my exertions will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. Judge in what a temper I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of days be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable.'"

Swift set out for Ireland in the month of August, and was received on his arrival with the honours due to the liberator of the people from the worst of slavery—that of receiving their small pittance in a depreciated currency of halfpence and farthings while their oppressors enrich themselves with the silver and the gold. Nor was this the sole boon that does immortal honour to his memory; he taught them by union and success the secret of their inherent power and future regeneration, to which the efforts of more modern patriots, for whom he prepared the way, are only as dust in the balance. His entry into Dublin was like a triumphal procession; and he was escorted amidst the ringing of bells, the blaze of bonfires, and the sounds of *feux-de-joie*, by a body of the most respectable citizens to the very doors of his deanery. This was the rich reward he most coveted, and that which gave it an additional zest was the partial recovery of his beloved friend, for whose sake he had left the social delights he was enjoying in England; he appeared for the moment reanimated with the glow of his happiest days, and it was remarked by his friends that his own health partook of the grateful change. We observe likewise a more happy and healthy tone in his correspondence, and he was at the same time not unpleasingly excited by watching the effect produced by his "Gulliver's Travels," brought out anonymously early in the ensuing November. He had as usual preserved a strict silence with regard to the authorship; he had not mentioned it to a single friend during his visit to England; some of the most knowing and judicious were thrown off the right scent, but Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot (doubtless well aware of the fact) were soon heard to declare that it must be *aut Erasmi aut Diaboli.* They all three wrote to him upon the subject, but in guarded terms, as well perhaps to avoid committing either the author or themselves as to humour the mystery and to try in what manner he would be inclined to treat their suggestions as to its real paternity. As there runs a vein of unaffected pleasantry throughout the whole of it, and it throws the best light upon the author's views and the character of the work, we shall give portions of the correspondence before proceeding to make observations upon its merits and peculiarities. In one of these letters (Nov. 17, 1726) Gay addresses him as follows: "About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one *Gulliver*, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you."

"I have resolved," writes his friend Pope (Nov. 16, 1726), "to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other, like useless dependants, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations

"I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence or good judgment; the mob of critics you know always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them), so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach; by computing the time I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment.

"I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. Howard her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in everything, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed."

The passages relating to the work from the pen of Arbuthnot are of a playful turn, and describe very happily the impression it made at court and everywhere else, and must have been extremely gratifying to the author:—

"I will make over all my profits to you for the property of 'Gulliver's Travels,' which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age can write such a merry work.

"I made my lord archbishop's[a] compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid[b] for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince, which she laughed at. I tell you freely the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt[c] in time. I gave your service to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres, which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit."

Another, from the dean's friend Mrs. Howard,[d] written with great humour and spirit, gives a striking picture of the intense interest and general attention which the appearance of so strange and inimitable a production then excited:—

"November, 1726.

"I did not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by 2½. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method you may draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that by two circles form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.[a] I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

"The princess will take care that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England, but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,[b] and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here whether the big-endians and lesser-endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

"I cannot conclude without telling you that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.[c] May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that in time our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SIEVE YAHOO."[d]

The dean, not a little pleased at the reception of his book, and quite in his element, took infinite delight in watching its progress and the effect of its strong political satire and humorous strictures upon princes and ministers: while still affecting mystery he replied in the same spirit to the observations of his friends, keeping up the ball with unfeigned gaiety, and with equal dexterity and good humour:—

TO MRS. HOWARD.

"November 17, 1726.

"MADAM,—When I received your letter I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the 'Travels' of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you, in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs, buttered or poached, but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world with respect to eggs is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits, being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram—by which is meant the ministry—butting with his two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant,

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[a] Probably archbishop King, of Dublin.

[b] The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland to some of the royal family and to Mrs. Howard.

[c] This refers to "A Key to the Lock; or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entited the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary."

[d] Indorsed "November, 1726. Answered 17th."

[a] See "Gulliver's Travels."

[b] In "Gulliver's Travels" high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.—Whig and Tory were alluded to in this familiar metaphor.

[c] An impostor called Mary Tofts put such a trick upon the public.

[d] Sieve is a name given by Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," to a court lady.

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

The next, to his friend Pope, while it rallies the subject admirably, is full of the dean's best humour, and partakes of the fire as well as the wit of his earlier productions.

"Dublin, November 17, 1726.

"I am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me called 'Gulliver's Travels,' of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,[a] and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least;[b] others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

"Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

"How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

"I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

"I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries; he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu."

However whimsical all this affected mystery at first appears, it was in perfect keeping with Swift's avowed resolution of sending his works secretly into the world to make their own way; nor would he consider himself accountable, or when called upon admit the authorship, as he has himself stated, with the exception of having been on one occasion surprised into the avowal from feelings of pique and vanity; and the letter to lord Oxford upon the English language, to which, as to most other letters, he affixed his name. It is known that he took singular pleasure in hearing the various opinions of the world—as in the cases of "Prior's Journey to Paris," and other pieces,—while he read his own productions and remained unsuspected, which he called *a bite*, and the doubts of Pope and Gay on many occasions must have afforded him no small entertainment. "This extraordinary work," says Sheridan, "bearing the stamp of such an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after so long an absence, and added new lustre to his reputation." "Perhaps no work," says sir W. Scott, "ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The Voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the premier Flimnap,[a] which he afterwards probably remembered to the prejudice of the dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of high-heels and low-heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs; the small-endians and big-endians, the religious divisions of papist and protestant. And when the heir apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the prince of Wales, who at that period divided his favour between the two leading political parties, laughed very heartily at the comparison. Blefescu is France, and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke to Paris. . . . The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress, by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, seems to intimate the author's disgrace with queen Anne, founded upon the indecorum of the 'Tale of a Tub,' which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the high church was forgotten. It must also be remarked that the original institutions of the empire of Lilliput are highly commended, as also their system of public education; while it is intimated that all the corruptions of the court had been introduced during the three last reigns. This was Swift's opinion concerning the English constitution.

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[a] See the introductory letter from Gulliver to his cousin Simpson.

[b] Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society.

"In the Voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the period. It merely exhibits human actions and sentiments as they might appear in the apprehension of beings of immense strength, and, at the same time, of a cold, reflecting, and philosophical character. The monarch of these sons of Anak is designed to embody Swift's ideas of a patriot king, indifferent to what was curious, and cold to what was beautiful, feeling only interest in that which was connected with general utility and the public weal. To such a prince, the intrigues, scandals, and stratagems of an European court are represented as equally odious in their origin and contemptible in their progress. A very happy effect was also produced by turning the telescope, and painting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. . . . . Some passages of the court of Brobdingnag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon the maids of honour,[a] for whom Delany informs us that Swift had very little respect.

"The Voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who was a man of science, and probably considered it as a ridicule upon the Royal Society; nor can it be denied that there are some allusions to the most respectable philosophers of the period. An occasional shaft is even said to have been levelled at sir Isaac Newton. The ardent patriot had not forgotten the philosopher's opinion in favour of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by a mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of sir Isaac's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount. Newton published in the 'Amsterdam Gazette' a correction of this typographical error, but the circumstance did not escape the malicious acumen of the dean of St. Patrick's. It was also believed by the dean's friends that the office of flapper was suggested by the habitual absence of mind of the great philosopher. The dean told Mrs. D. Swift that sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that if you asked him a question 'he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round and round and round, (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead,) before he could produce an answer.[b] . . . .

"The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is a composition which an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could only be that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing at his heart. Dwelling in a land where he considered the human race as divided between petty tyrants and oppressed slaves, and being himself a worshipper of that freedom and independence which he beheld daily trampled upon, the unrestrained violence of his feelings drove him to loathe the very species by whom such iniquity was done and suffered. To this must be added his personal health, broken and worn down by the recurring attacks of a frightful disorder; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object and the daily decay and peril of another; his life decayed into autumn; and its remainder, after so many flattering and ambitious prospects, condemned to a country which he disliked, and banished from that in which he had formed his hopes and left his friendships;—when all these considerations are combined, they form some excuse for that general misanthropy which never prevented a single deed of individual benevolence. Such apologies are personal to the author; but there are also excuses for the work itself. The picture of the Yahoos, utterly odious and hateful as it is, presents to the reader a moral use. It was never designed as a representation of mankind in the state to which religion, and even the lights of nature, encourage men to aspire; but of that to which our species is degraded by the wilful subservience of mental qualities to animal instincts of man, such as may be found in the degraded ranks of every society when brutalised by ignorance and gross vice. In this view, the more coarse and disgusting the picture, the more impressive is the moral to be derived from it, since, in proportion as an individual indulges in sensuality, cruelty, or avarice, he approaches in resemblance to the detested Yahoo." (Scott's "Memoirs," &c., vol. i. 333-7.)

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[a] The Lilliputian treasurer's fall from the tight rope, which was broken by one of the king's cushions, seems to intimate Walpole's resignation in 1717, when he was supposed to be saved from utter disgrace by the interest of the duchess of Kendal. The ridicule thrown upon the orders of knighthood by the nobles leaping over a stick for the decorations of the blue, red, and green threads, is principally aimed at Walpole, who, to enlarge this class of honours and rewards, revived the order of the Bath as a preliminary step to that of the Garter. Upon that occasion the dean wrote some lines, now published for the first time, which conclude with the idea more fully brought out in the Travels to Lilliput:—

And he who'll leap over a stick for the king
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

[a] "I well remember his making strange reports of the phraseologies of persons about the court, and particularly of the maids of honour, at the time of that visit to England."—Delany's Remarks. The letters of the beautiful and lively Miss Bellenden, lately published in the Suffolk Papers, certainly vindicate the dean's censure.

[b] The dean used also to tell of sir Isaac, that his servant having called him one day to dinner, and returning after waiting some time, found him mounted on a ladder placed against the shelves of his library, a book in his left hand, and his head reclined upon his right, sunk in such a fit of abstraction that he was obliged, after calling him once or twice, actually to jog him before he could awake his attention. This was precisely the office of the flapper.

"This important year," says Johnson, "sent likewise into the world 'Gulliver's Travels,' a production so new and strange that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhnms."

Nothing can be more interesting than to give the views of the most celebrated biographers and commentators of Swift upon a production in every light so important as that of "Gulliver's Travels," upon which his fame as a writer of fiction—which gives him a rank with Cervantes, Fielding, Le Sage, Smollett, and Marivaux—so broadly rests. It is for this reason we are inclined to dilate rather more upon it than any other single production from the same pen; for we feel assured that, with all his skill and ability in political controversy, had the fame of Swift depended upon temporary topics, or even upon his humorous satirical poems, he would have appeared like one of his own Lilliputians, a sort of pigmy among the giants of genius which the reigns of Anne and George I. produced. "The Voyage to Lilliput," observes an able and distinguished commentator upon "Gulliver's Travels,"[a] "is an exposure of the policy of the English court during the reign of George I. Swift and his friends were persuaded that the treaty of Utrecht had been the salvation of Great Britain—that it had especially secured the naval superiority, and effectually prevented France from rivalling us at sea. He therefore regarded the impeachment of Oxford and the banishment of Bolingbroke as gross acts of national injustice, attributable chiefly to the ambition and jealousy of Walpole, whom he stigmatised under the name of Flimnap. The more minute political allusions are pointed out in the notes; it will be more convenient here to confine attention to generalities. Walpole had many enemies, even in the nominal Whig party who professed themselves adherents to the prince of Wales: these persons, aware that they could not of themselves form an administration, projected a coalition with the Tories, or, as they called them, the party of the country gentlemen. In the language of the day, they hoped to form a 'broad-bottom ministry;' they affected to describe the differences between the parties in principle as very trifling, not greater than that between the high-heels and low-heels of Lilliput; and as appeals had been made to religious prejudices, they represented the controversy between the Latin and English churches as not more important than that between the big-endians and little-endians. Projects for something like a union between the churches were not unfrequently made at the time; and the chances of success for a season seemed far from desperate. The prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was believed not to be indisposed to a union of parties, as is intimated by the heir-apparent of Lilliput wearing one shoe with a high and the other with a low heel. All these expectations were disappointed; but when the 'Travels' appeared they were rife in every political circle, and the nation generally looked for great advantages from their realization. The political views advocated in Lilliput were therefore generally popular; they gratified the entire body of the Tories, the discontented section of the Whigs, and the great multitude which in every free state looks for Utopian advantages from the mere fact of change.

"In Brobdingnag the satire takes a wider range—the object of assault is changed from the tactics of a party to the general system of policy. Like Bolingbroke, Swift attempts to sketch the ideal character of a patriot king and an efficient system of government. The fiction is very happily suited to the design: the opinions which beings of a reflective and philosophic character, endowed with immense force, were likely to form of the intrigues and scandals of a European court, are developed with exquisite skill. It is a man viewing the political squabbles of an ant-hill, or Gulliver himself estimating the court of Lilliput. The political principles advocated in the Voyage to Brobdingnag were the same as those which the Tory party supported in parliament. From the imperfection of the parliamentary reports in these days, and from the influence of the cry of Jacobitism with which the Whig leaders assailed their opponents, we have only very imperfect specimens of Shippen, Windham, St. Aubin, &c.; but even the fragments which have been preserved prove that the Tory party in the reign of George I. was highly respectable in character, talent, and fearless advocacy of principle." ("Biographical Notice," pp. 35-37.)

That the Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is inferior as a work of art to those which precede it is a general opinion expressed by nearly all Swift's biographers and commentators. But it seems not to have been distinctly seen that the author's object was not so much to depict mankind as to expose their corruption and degeneracy—to point out as a warning the extent of that wretchedness and depravity to which the violent and continued passions, and the allurements of ambition, pleasure, and criminal designs, may impel them. At the same time it must be admitted that the picture is overcharged, and the condemnation of too sweeping and unsparing a character. "Where is the sense of a general satire," says Warburton, "if the whole species be degenerated; and where is the justice of it, if it be not?" Voltaire, who was in England at the time when "Gulliver's Travels" appeared, spread their fame among his correspondents in France, and the abbé Desfontaines undertook a translation, which succeeded extremely with the French public. He even ventured on the bold step of making a continuation, "Le Nouveau Gulliver;" and another, which appeared as the *third* volume of the "Travels," in 1727, was printed from a French work called "L'Histoire des Sévérambes;" ascribed to a M. Alletz, though Bayle had written the "History of the Severambians," a sort of republican novel, which Mandeville translated into English, and which surpasses the "Sethos" of Terasson, or the "Gaudentio di Luca" of the Italian. That Swift was in some measure indebted to preceding works of this kind, as well as to Rabelais, little doubt we think can be entertained; and a copy of the French Lucian, as he has been called, with Swift's MS. notes, is known to have been sold at the sale of his books in 1745. At a later period of his life Swift is stated to have undertaken a revision of "Gulliver's Travels," and to have made some bitter additions wherever the law or its professors are mentioned. The copy in which these emendations were made[a] came into the possession of Mr. Theophilus Swift, and from him passed into the hands of the bishop of Ossory; but it is confidently believed that all or most of the alterations have been transferred to the latter editions, so as to have become only a matter of literary curiosity.

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[a] A new edition by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. of Trinity college, Dublin, with copious notes, a life of the author, and an essay on satirical fiction, and enriched with upwards of 400 wood engravings from designs by Grandville. In his estimate of Swift's genius and peculiarities we are happy to agree with a writer so esteemed and so acute as Dr. Taylor, but from his views of the dean's life and character we entirely dissent.

It was to be regretted that Swift's newly-acquired popularity, however it may have gratified him for a moment, tended little to soothe the increasing irritability of his mind. His last reception in England rather added to it by having revived his almost expiring hopes of obtaining a settlement in that kingdom—"where," as he observes in a letter to Gay, "he had passed the best and greatest part of his life, where he had made his friendships and left his desires." With this view he kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, of whose situation he availed himself to pay civilities to the princess of Wales, who had expressed some wish to promote his removal. "I desire," he says, in his usual frank but dictatorial tone, "you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there." Having left Mrs. Johnson in a somewhat improved state of health, Swift accordingly arrived once more in England about the period he mentioned. The princess received him with her usual complacency; but the coolness of Walpole, as might be expected, had now assumed a more decided character than before. In a letter to his friend Sheridan he observes, "I have at last seen the princess twice this week by her own command; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. . . . . I am in high displeasure with Walpole and his partisans. A great man who was very kind to me last year doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there has not been one of them to see me." Swift, however, does not express his surprise at this change, easy enough to be accounted for in a great minister and a court whose adherents had been represented in so unfavourable a light in some passages of his late work—without seeking other causes of this unhappy enmity, which not only shut the door of promotion, but of comfort and consolation under broken health and declining years. For some time past the dean entertained a design of spending a short time in France for the recovery of his health, and is said to have been upon the point of carrying it into execution, when the death of the king, and an expected change of measures, induced him to postpone it. The Tories having, upon the breach between the late king and the prince, been well received at Leicester-house, it was supposed they would at all events come in for a share of the royal favour. But once more the expectations of Swift and his friends were doomed to be disappointed; and to give his own feelings on this important occasion we extract another passage from his letter to Dr. Sheridan (Jan. 24, 1727):—"The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used worse or better for being called Whig and Tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults; we have made our offers; if otherwise we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed; but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people."

Swift adds, in a letter to lady Betty Germaine, that upon this occasion he was particularly distinguished by the queen; but that he had not formed a correct idea of the money-power and low court tact of Walpole, was very speedily shown by the result. His baneful star still held the ascendant; and notwithstanding the coarse, offensive language, too gross to be repeated, applied to the new queen when princess, he was reinstated in all his offices, and appeared with a new skin, more sleek and glossy than before.

In a little time, however, Swift entertained less sanguine expectations, as appears from the following passage in one of his letters to the same friend (July 1, 1727):—"Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I liked none of them."

Having at the same time been afflicted with some return of his disorder, he renewed his intention of visiting the continent; but he soon again changed his mind, being persuaded, he says, by certain persons with great vehemence, whom he could not disobey. He alludes to lord Bolingbroke and his friend Mrs. Howard. "There would not be common sense," wrote the former, "in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you." Of the interview also between himself and Mrs. Howard he gives an interesting account: "In a few weeks after the king's death I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard, because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly prepossessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice, which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was 'by all means not to go; it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;' and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me." Even the small hopes he still seems to have clung to from this source were destined, like so many before them, to be blasted in the bud. He might, by continuing upon the spot, and his frequent interviews with Mrs. Howard and the queen, have ultimately succeeded with them to propitiate Walpole, and have negotiated an exchange of preferments without any mean compliance or compromise of his principles. But a new attack of his frightful disorder, and accounts of Mrs. Johnson's sudden relapse, totally disqualified him for pursuing his views, and hurried him back, in a state of wretched grief and disappointment, to his old residence in Ireland. He took leave of the queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, explaining why it was he was not able to do so in person:—"I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours," &c.

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[a] From all that can be ascertained, this copy is probably the same as the one mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker as having fallen into the hands of a London bookseller of the name of Booth, but the original MSS. of nearly all the dean's other works are now in the possession of Mr. Edmund Swift, the son of Theophilus Swift, to the last of whom sir W. Scott was so greatly indebted for much new and valuable matter. Though little or nothing of an original character remains in the hands of the present Mr. Swift, the editor in many other respects is proud to acknowledge his obligations to him.

Swift's distress of mind at this period seems to have been poignant in the extreme. His usual mode of salutation in taking leave of his dearest friends for years before his death partook of that melancholy eccentricity so peculiar to him. "May God bless you!" he said; "I trust that we shall never meet again!" than which perhaps no stronger proof was ever given of a deep-seated and pervading grief of heart and soul. "I beg," he writes to Dr. Sheridan, in expectation of Stella's death, "if you have not written before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship, will bear no more." In another letter he says, "I kept your letter an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. What have I to do in this world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer." And in a letter to his old acquaintance Mr. Stopford he observes, with his peculiar discrimination between the eventful epochs of human life, "I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, that was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. Dear James, pardon me. I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love."

On the dean's arrival he found this beloved friend in the last stage of decay. He had the sorrow of watching over her in this state, of marking day by day and hour by hour (as he had done in his diary of Temple's decline) the gradual approaches of death for a period of five months. He did all that lay in his power—consistent with his strangely adopted resolution in one particular—to smoothe the pillow of departing life; he gave his time, his consolation—he sat by, soothed, and prayed with her;[a] yet, with the singular contradiction that marked his character throughout life, he is said to have refused

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[a] AN EVENING PRAYER BY DEAN SWIFT,

COMPOSED DURING THE SICKNESS OF STELLA.

"Oh! Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, and from whom no secrets are hid, who hast declared that all such as shall draw nigh to thee with their lips when their hearts are far from thee are an abomination unto thee; cleanse, we beseech thee, the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that no wandering, vain, nor idle thoughts may put out of our minds that reverence and godly fear that becomes all those who come into thy presence.

"We know, O Lord, that while we are in these bodies we are absent from the Lord, for no man can see thy face and live. The only way that we can draw near unto thee in this life is by prayer; but, O Lord, we know not how to pray, nor what to ask for as we ought. We cannot pretend by our supplications or prayers to turn or change thee, for thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; but the coming into thy presence, the drawing near unto thee, is the only means to be changed ourselves, to become like thee in holiness and purity, to be followers of thee as thy dear children. O, therefore, turn not away thy face from us, but let us see so much of the excellencies of thy divine nature, of thy goodness, and justice, and mercy, and forbearance, and holiness, and purity, as may make us hate everything in ourselves that is unlike to thee, that so we may abhor and repent of and forsake those sins that we so often fall into when we forget thee. Lord! we acknowledge and confess we have lived in a course of sin, and folly, and vanity, from our youth up, forgetting our latter end, and our great account that we must one day make, and turning a deaf ear to thy many calls to us, either by thy holy word, by our teachers, or by our own consciences; and even thy more severe messages, by afflictions, sicknesses, crosses, and disappointments, have not been of force enough to turn us from the vanity and folly of our own ways. What then can we expect in justice, when thou shalt enter into judgment with us, but to have our portion with the hypocrites and unbelievers? to depart for ever from the presence of the Lord; to be turned into hell with those that forget God? But, O God, most holy! O God, most mighty! O holy and most merciful Saviour! deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death, but have mercy upon us, most merciful Father, and forgive us our sins for thy name's sake; for thou hast declared thyself to be a God slow to anger, full of goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. O Lord, therefore show thy mercy upon us. O let it be in pardoning our sins past, and in changing our natures, in giving us a new heart and a new spirit, that we may lead a new life, and walk before thee in newness of life, that so sin may not have dominion over us for the time to come. O let thy good Spirit, without which we can do nothing, O let that work in us both to will and do such things as may be well pleasing to thee. O let it change our thoughts and minds, and take them off the vain pleasures of this world, and place them there where the only true joys are to be found. O fill our minds every day more and more with the happiness of that blessed state of living for ever with thee, that we may make it our great work and business to work out our salvation,—to improve in the knowledge of thee, whom to know is life eternal. But, Lord, since we cannot know thee but by often drawing near unto thee and coming into thy presence, which in this life we can do only by prayer, O make us therefore ever sensible of these great benefits of prayer, that we may rejoice at all opportunities of coming into thy presence, and may ever find ourselves the better and more heavenly-minded by it, and may never wilfully neglect any opportunity of thy worship and service. Awaken thoroughly in us a serious sense of these things, that so to-day, while it is called to-day, we may see and know the things that belong to our peace, before they be hid from our eyes—before that long night cometh when no man can work. O that every night may so effectually put us in mind of our last, that we may every day take care so to live as we shall then wish we had lived when we come to die; that so, when that night shall come, we may as willingly put off these bodies as we now put off our clothes, and may rejoice to rest from our labours, and that our war with the world, the devil, and our own corrupt nature is at an end. In the mean while, we beseech thee to take us, and ours, and all that belongs to us, into thy fatherly care this night. Let thy holy angels be our guard, while we are not in a condition to defend ourselves, that we may not be under the power of devils or wicked men; and preserve us also, O Lord, from every evil accident, that, after a comfortable and refreshing sleep, we may find ourselves, and all that belongs to us, in peace and safety. And now, O Lord, being ourselves still in the body, and compassed about with infirmities, we can neither be ignorant nor unmindful of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. O Lord, we must acknowledge that they are all but the effects of sin; and therefore we beseech thee so to sanctify their several chastisements to them, that at length they may bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and then be thou graciously pleased to remove thy heavy and afflicting hand from them. And O that the rest of mankind, who are not under such trials, may by thy goodness be led to repentance, that the consciences of hard-hearted sinners may be awakened, and the understandings of poor ignorant creatures enlightened, and that all that love and fear thee may ever find the joy and comfort of a good conscience beyond all the satisfactions that this world can afford. And now, blessed Lord, from whom every good gift comes, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should offer up unto thee our thanks and praise for all thy goodness towards us, for prethe expiring being whom he so much loved the poor consolation of being considered as his wife, and of preserving her reputation from the slightest breath of future scandal by being permitted to die within the deanery—the spot which, if she were indeed married to one whose friendship was so fatal to her sex, she had a right to consider her own home. He is even stated to have given directions to Dr. Sheridan and Mr. Worrall that she might not be removed thither, because it would be improper, and evil-minded persons might put a bad interpretation upon it. Nay, it has been placed on record that within a few days of her dissolution, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she entreated Swift, in the most pathetic terms, to grant her dying request. Swift, it is added, made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, and never saw her more. Indignant, we are told, at this barbarity, she however summoned sufficient fortitude to make her will, by which she bequeathed her whole fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses.

Swift's whole plan of life was now changed, and all his domestic comforts vanished. Although he still continued to complain of living in a nation of slaves, his anxiety for removing appears in a great measure abated. Overwhelmed as he was with private griefs and disappointments, as a public character it was not in his nature to despond; and by those who knew him best he is stated to have directed his future cares and exertions to the relief of the indigent, to the endowment of charities, and to the support of the injured and oppressed. He moreover resumed his pen; he exposed in a great variety of publications the causes of the distresses under which Ireland laboured, at the same time recommending to the British government the means by which they might be removed. He promoted the usefulness of the best public charities that ever were planned; and in obedience to the great scripture truths he gave largely to the poor, and created a fund purposely to advance the interests of small tradesmen, and those who from unavoidable causes stood in need of temporary accommodation to rescue them from ruin. Even to the poorest he was a friend, and from those who would borrow "he turned not away;" and not a few anecdotes are mentioned which convey an idea of his eccentricity in the least matters. The dean was accustomed to give money to several necessitous persons whose history he knew, and whom he met in his walks. With his ready wit he used to give to each the name most appropriate to her condition, means of livelihood, and some peculiarity of manner, or even bodily infirmity. He would accost them as Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pallagowna, Floranella, Stumpanthea, &c.; and in one of his letters he says, "Cancerina is dead, and I let her go to her grave too without a coffin." He relieved them while living.

With a liberal and generous disposition towards others, Swift observed a plan of strict economy and even of self-denial in regard to himself and those elegancies and luxuries he might have commanded. He paid off with conscientious punctuality the heavy charges on his induction, and others relating to the deanery, which he left far more flourishing than he found it; and afterwards dividing his income into three parts, he devoted one to his domestic expenses; the second to a provision against the accidents of life, to go into some charitable foundation at his death; and the third in charities to the poor and distressed. It is asserted by Sheridan that many families in Dublin now living in great credit owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from the dean's charitable fund. Small as the spring was, yet, by continual flowing, it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran, still extending and widening its course. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great that he was consulted by several corporations in regard to trade; and they were happy who could obtain him for an umpire in their decisions. From his sentence there was no appeal: he had an eye to remove all public nuisances, and his strict vigilance and extended information in great measure supplied a city police. He maintained his remarkable ascendancy over the mind and temper of the Irish people, and was universally recognised as a sort of pope or spiritual ruler by the title of The Dean. His extraordinary reputation gave him the power of a censor-general, and he made it as formidable and more useful than that of ancient Rome. Whatever the dean said or did was received without question as infallibly right; and we may judge of the strange impression of his power from a passage in a letter from the lord-lieutenant himself (Carteret), in which he says (March 24, 1732), "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's." In the postscript also to another letter he says (March 24, 1736), "When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift." It is at this period that the genuine qualities of the dean's mind—as in his more prosperous political day, when, instead of arrogance and conceit, the virtues of religious humility, compassion, and beneficence, shone so conspicuous—appeared in their native force and brilliancy. He had resigned all ambitious views; he knew that Walpole was bitterly exasperated against him for the satirical severity of his poems, especially the "Epistle to a Lady," and a "Rhapsody on Poetry;" besides that terrific character of the statesman in an "Account of the Court and Empire of Japan;" add to which some forged letters (like so many others springing doubtless from the paid hirelings of Walpole) in favour of Mrs. Barber, bearing the dean's signature, and which *strongly excited the queen's displeasure*. It is singular that, in the position in which the parties stood, with Walpole's known enmity and consequent jealousy of Swift's influence with the queen, or at least the pleasant understanding existing between them, his different biographers

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serving peace in our land, the light of thy gospel, and the true religion in our churches; for giving us the fruits of the earth in due season, and preserving us from the plague and sickness that rages in other lands. We bless thee for that support and maintenance which thou art pleased to afford us, and that thou givest us a heart to be sensible of this thy goodness, and to return our thanks at this time for the same; and as to our persons, for that measure of health that any of us do enjoy, which is more than any of us do deserve. We bless thee, more particularly, for thy protection over us the day past; that thy good spirit has kept us from falling into even the greatest sins, which, by our wicked and corrupt nature, we should greedily have been hurried into; and that, by the guard of thy holy angels, we have been kept safe from any of those evils that might have befallen us, and which many are now groaning under who rose up in the morning in safety and peace as well as we. But above all, for that great mercy of contriving and effecting our redemption, by the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom, of thy great love to mankind, thou didst send into this world, to take upon him our flesh, to teach us thy will, and to bear the guilt of our transgressions, to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; and for enabling us to lay hold of that salvation, by the gracious assistances of thy Holy Spirit. Lord, grant that the sense of this wonderful love of thine to us may effectually encourage us to walk in thy fear and live to thy glory, that so, when we shall put off this mortal state, we may be made partakers of that glory that shall then be revealed, which we beg of thee for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, who died to procure it for us, and in whose name and words we do offer up the desires of our souls unto thee, saying,

"Our Father &c."

should have agreed in attributing the forgeries to less interested quarters. Sir W. Scott is thus of opinion that Pilkington was the originator of them with a similar view, while Mr. Croker is inclined to think that Barber was the forger; but when we recall to mind the affair of the intercepted letter, and the base views attributed to Swift from the same source, suspicion naturally falls on him who had most to gain by calumniating so formidable an adversary, whose dreadful bolts would be rendered innocuous if the "Jupiter Fulminans" was levelled with the earth.

But vast as was now the dean's popularity, surpassing all that he had attained in England, it was in Ireland chiefly confined to the middle and lower classes; and hence probably his well-known maxim, "that the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition nor *driven by poverty*." Though a sound churchman, he had the greatest reverence for civil freedom, with unfeigned hatred of the base trickeries of the court and government of that venal day, when a queen deigned, for a ministerial bribe, to return an answer to the man who had heaped on her the most opprobrious terms that would now be thought to disgrace a common prostitute. But the better class to which the dean alluded he could govern as with a silken thread; while by the populace he was revered almost as a being of superior order. If inclined to be mischievous, or engaged in a squabble or skirmish, the approach of the dean was sufficient to scatter the most refractory, without either civil or military aid; and more than once a mob was seen to disperse like schoolboys at the sight of their master, who, as he himself said, if he had lifted up his little finger, would have torn his enemy to pieces. With regard to the higher class, as it is termed, he is said to have looked upon them as wholly incorrigible, and latterly he refused to hold further intercourse with them except upon some unavoidable business. He declares he had little personal acquaintance with any lord spiritual or temporal in the kingdom; he regarded the members of the existing house of commons as a set of needy venal prostitutes, who sacrificed principle, character, and the interests of their country to the lure of the tempter of their avarice and ambition. With these, as he vowed at the outset of his career, he carried on a perpetual war, striking deep into their corrupt mass the stings of his keen, relentless satire, which being enabled only to return with secret hatred and vengeance, they retaliated upon him by every species of obloquy they could invent. During the dean's life, however, he uniformly made them repent their folly; and we are presented with some exquisitely amusing details of the last campaign of this glorious old assertor of Ireland's liberties with corrupt sycophants, tyrant ministers, and a prostituted court.

The royal personages themselves affected to consider the refined irony with which he held up the court proceedings to scorn and ridicule, in a literal sense; and, aware how ill and ungratefully the great patriot had been treated by a corrupt and brutal government and how well they had merited resentment, wisely pocketed the compliment as it stood. But it was different with Walpole, who, lashed into rage by the dean's resistless strokes repeated upon the tenderest parts of his character, resolved to retort by the only means he had in his power. He had the editor, printer, and publishers of the two poems all arrested; and prosecutions were immediately commenced. Possessing evidence that Swift was the author, he conceived he should at last be able to wreak his full vengeance; and ordered a warrant to be made out for his apprehension, and being conducted to England to take his trial.

The messenger is said to have been ready in waiting, when, fortunately perhaps for both parties, a friend of Walpole, well acquainted with the state of Ireland, being informed of his intention, inquired what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he could conveniently spare ten thousand men at that moment; for no less a number would succeed in bringing the Drapier a prisoner out of that kingdom. Walpole, it is added, upon this recovered his senses, and was induced, with some reluctance, to abandon his design. "Had the poor fellow," says Sheridan, "attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been hanged by the mob; and this might have involved the two countries in a contest which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage in."

The obnoxious poems, it seems, were sent to Mrs. Barber, then in London, by Pilkington, in order that she might turn them to the best account she could, being at that time in distressed circumstances. He also obtained from the dean letters of recommendation to alderman ———, lord-mayor elect, by whom in consequence of such recommendation he was appointed city chaplain. Yet this man had the baseness to turn informer, says Sheridan, against his benefactor as the author, and Mrs. Barber as the editor; who thereupon was confined for some time in the house of a king's messenger. But upon examination the gentlemen of the long robe could discover nothing in the poems that came under the denomination of a libel, or incurred any legal punishment; and according to this version of the case, the publishers were released and the prosecution was dropped.

Upon the subject of the forged letters he writes to his friend Pope in the language of an injured man conscious of his own rectitude and fearless of any evil consequences, as insinuated by some of those friends who were aware of the extent of the conspiracy to rob the dean of his fair and honest fame:—"As to those three forged letters you mention, supposed to be written by me to the queen on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger; and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declining in the world, because she has a knack of versifying; was to suppose or fear a folly so transcendant that no man could be guilty of who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise my hand and yet sign my name is unaccountable. If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb."

In his communication with Mrs. Howard on the same subject he observes—"I find, from several instances, I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty, in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion

I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name; and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet sign my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. I am sensible *I owe a great deal of this usage to sir Robert Walpole*," &c.

From this and other passages of Swift's letters at this period, it is evident he attributes the displeasure he had incurred at court to the art of Walpole, and in nearly all his latter poems he gives full scope to his resentment. His residence in, and the unhappy condition of, the country he had made so many efforts to regenerate, tended to embitter his declining years. In one of his letters to Bolingbroke he deplores the irritation of mind which the continual sight of misery he was unable to alleviate, owing to the infliction of unjust laws, made him unable to control. "I find myself," he says, "disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful: and my rage is so ignoble that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live . . . . but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

And in another to Pope, speaking of his letters, he observes, "None of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruptions in both kingdoms, and especially of this, such is my weakness."—The aversion he had so long felt for his continued residence in Ireland is still more strongly expressed in a passage of a confidential letter to Dr. Sheridan, which contained the singular request that the doctor would attend his body, when he was dead, as far as Holyhead, to see it interred there; "for," he observes, with a spirit worthy the best patriots of antiquity, "I would not willingly lie in a country of slaves."

About the year 1736 the dean's memory became more and more impaired; and those brilliant faculties which had enlightened and entertained the world gave signs of evident decay. He was engaged in composing the poem of the "Legion Club," when one of his fits of giddiness and deafness returned with such violence that he never recovered from the consequences. From that moment he seldom attempted any composition that required much thinking or more than a single sitting to complete; a melancholy proof of his rapid decline. That melancholy was fearfully increased by his knowledge that the approaching calamity of loss of intellect was the effect of disease, not of age and time; a strange and fatal disorder which had attended him like his shadow, or pursued him like an assassin, by whose dagger he knew he must fall, while vainly hurrying to escape from place to place. No affliction can be imagined more terrible than that with which so sunlike and clear an intellect, so piercing a wit, and so grand and powerful a mind were thus threatened. His misery was increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene he foresaw must be his lot. He was often heard to offer up earnest prayers to God, "to take him away from the evil to come;" and as each lamented day of his birth came round, he would recur to his bible in an agony of spirit, and repeat the solemn and awfully grand adjurations of afflicted Job. To put the climax to his sufferings, his passions, always of a violent character, tended further to weaken and pervert his understanding; and that he was himself perfectly conscious of the hopeless state of his health was shown by his observation to a brother clergyman upon occasion of a narrow escape from death. They had been standing conversing immediately below a large heavy mirror, and had just removed when the cords that supported it suddenly gave way, and it fell with great violence to the ground. His friend immediately uttered an ejaculation of gratitude for his providential escape; and Swift's reply was very remarkable: "Had I been alone," he said, "I could have wished I had not removed." Dr. Young has recorded another instance of this sad prescience in the mind of the unfortunate dean. When walking out with some friends, about a mile from Dublin, it was observed that he had suddenly disappeared: Dr. Young turned back, and found Swift at some distance gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, the head of which had been blasted. Upon his friend's approach he pointed to it, significantly adding, "I shall be like that tree, and die first at the top." "An unusually long fit of deafness soon disqualified him for conversation," says Sheridan, "and made him lose all relish for society; few were desirous of visiting him in that deplorable state." He could no longer amuse himself with writing; and having formed a resolution of never wearing spectacles, he was equally prevented from reading. Without employment or amusement of any kind, the time wore heavily along; and not a ray, except derived from religious hope in the intervals of pain, pierced the surrounding gloom. We hasten in sorrow, as from some unavoidable calamity, over the closing scene. The state of his mind is vividly described in a few sentences to his friend and comforter, Mrs. Whiteway:—"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and in mind. All I can say is, I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray, let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.—I am, for those few days, yours entirely, J. Swift. If I do not blunder, it is Saturday."

Yet, near as he naturally supposed he was to his end, he survived upwards of five years after the date of these lines. His understanding wholly failed; and it was found necessary to appoint legal guardians of his person and estate. As if doomed to exhaust the catalogue of human miseries beyond those incident to infirmity or age, he was only relieved from a fit of lunacy which continued several months, by sinking into a state of idiotcy which lasted till his death. This event took place October 19th, 1745. No sooner were the tidings known than the citizens of Dublin gathered from all quarters, and gave unfeigned testimony of the respect, and even veneration, in which he was held. They forced their way into the deanery, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor; and happy were they who first got into the chamber where that noble heart lay still from the indignant griefs which had torn it, to procure locks of his hair, or the least memento, to hand down as sacred reliques to their children and their far posterity. "So eager were these numbers, that in less than an hour," says Sheridan, "his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments, till not a hair remained.[a] There were to be heard nothing but lamentations round the precincts where he lived, as if he had been suddenly cut off in the flower of his years."

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[a] "Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue."

He was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's cathedral; and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:—

Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN. SWIFT. S. T. P.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit;
Abi viator
Et imitare si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno (1745)
Mensis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis anno (78).

"The later letters of Swift," it is observed by Dr. Warton, "are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect and temper and strength of mind and body, and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into discontent, into peevishness, into indignity, into torpor, into insanity." In the sad accounts of his latter state some curious facts have also been preserved, which show that he had occasional intervals of sense. His physician used to accompany him out for the air; and on one of these days Swift remarked a new building he had not before seen, and inquired for what it was designed, to which Dr. Kingbury replied, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city." "Oh, oh!" said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of this; it is worth remarking. 'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets; memory, put down that;'" which led to the following epigram, supposed to be the last verses which he produced:—

"Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

In the very singular exhortation, likewise, addressed to the sub-dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, as late as January, 1741, he displayed some of those gleams and even flashes of peculiar humour which shone in his best days, though fast verging upon imbecility.

By Swift's will, which is dated in May, 1740, a short time before he sunk into comparative unconsciousness, he left about 1200*l*. in legacies, and the bulk of his fortune, upwards of 11,000*l*., to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics.

Nearly all the biographers of this illustrious but eccentric genius have found reason to remark that his character was so various and so contradictory as to render it difficult to convey a clear and accurate idea of it as a whole. It is a magnificent picture, composed of strong lights and shadows, but in which the grandeur of design, the rich and varied composition, the general effect and splendid colours, become only more powerful from the occasional contrast of the depth of shadows giving relief to other parts of the subject. His conduct in the discharge of what he conceived to be his public duties, the greatness and disinterestedness of his literary character, and his general benevolence, far outweigh the less estimable traits of his singular and powerful mind. As a public man, indeed, no one in similar circumstances ever evinced more true greatness and disinterestedness of conduct; he provided for all who applied to him deserving his support, before he received any recompense for his arduous labours in the cause, as he esteemed it, of the religion and liberties of his country. Perhaps his crowning merit, coming immediately after the days of our Charleses and Jameses, was to teach literary men not only to respect themselves, but by consistent principle, manly independence, and long assiduous intellectual cultivation, to claim respect and equality of mind instead of patronage from superiors only in rank and station. The same elevation of intellect, the same moral strength and resolution, will be found to animate the whole circle of his duties. The bold asserter of civil liberty combined with the highest religious doctrine, he was also the strenuous supporter of the rights of the Anglican church as of his own cathedral, and in attention to its economy and revenues he was most strict and exemplary. Here, if carried no further, is fame enough for any one. In the words of his friend Pope it may in this respect be said—

"Honour and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

With a rare sense of justice, presenting a pattern to greater members of the church, he consulted the interest of his successors in preference to his own, and diverted not the renewal of leases to family purposes. Another excellent feature of his religious character was, that no one more detested the vice of hypocrisy; and his great anxiety that no stain of the kind should attach to his memory betrayed him into a certain boldness and plainness of manners which gave offence in high quarters, and often proved distasteful to those who were not aware at the time of his pure and lofty motives. Lord Bolingbroke on this head declared, with great justice, that Swift's conduct through life was that of hypocrisy reversed; and in real love of peace, of good-will to men, and charity to all ranks and creeds (as witness his friend Pope and so many others), he was surpassed by few, and in the still higher christian virtues of truth and fidelity by none. His piety, by the admission of his worst enemies, was sincere; he regularly attended public worship, and always read prayers to the members of his household in the morning and in the evening.

Next in importance, if considered as a citizen and a patriot, he was uniformly steady and vigilant in his duty, directed by the best motives, though he may sometimes have mistaken the means, in his intense eagerness to punish vice and folly by a public exposure of details before considered safe from the shafts of satire, and left to conscience or Heaven to discharge.

In his wonderful efforts to correct the erroneous system so long pursued by the government of Ireland, his conduct, like his writings, did him immortal honour and gave him deserved perpetuity of fame. His ambition and greatness of spirit allowed him to make no distinction with regard to persons, he spoke as he thought, and told the greatest the severest truths; and his wise opinions were always received with respect, if not reverence, although seldom obeyed. He was fearless to a fault in the stern unflinching assertion of his cause, and never shrunk from the eye or withering frown of power; no prosecution could make him even withdraw from public notice, much less silence the resistless eloquence of his tongue and pen. Nor did the unanimous applause of a grateful nation for the successful efforts of the Drapier appear to change or to exalt him in his own eyes; it even failed to administer balm to his suffering mind.

In point of natural disposition, Swift had all the irritability and more than the unhappiness peculiar to a richly-gifted intellect. Then disappointment, the most disastrous combination of circumstances, and consequent discontent, haunted him almost from his childhood, soured his temper towards the close of life, and prevented him from enjoying real happiness. "I remember," he says to lord Bolingbroke, "when I was a little boy I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments." That Swift's unhappy feelings and views were wholly sincere and unaffected there can be no doubt, from the sad effects produced upon those he most loved and upon his own mind; it was the evil spirit of his destiny, which no exorcism of love, or fame, or success beyond the fondest hopes of genius, could ever expel; it tore his heart with cruel indignation, and seemed a part of his very nature:—

> "Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret."

It might appear from some portion of his letters that the charge of misanthropy brought against Swift is not wholly unfounded; but when we turn on the other hand to his warm and constant friendship and wide-spread charity, we are inclined to think that it sprung, as he has himself recorded, "from his rage and resentment at the mortifying sight of the slavery, folly, and baseness about him, and among which he was forced to live." He informs Dr. Sheridan, with the air of an anxious friend, that "he would every day find his description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson."

In these maxims we can evidently trace the results of disappointment, disease, and age. Though Swift was so well acquainted with human nature from its highest to its lowest scene, still his knowledge was that of the poet rather than of the philosopher—a fatal dower of the imagination, morbid in some respects, rather than derived from the process of reasoning and founded upon experience and facts. In its main character, indeed, it is the knowledge of Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Fielding, and Scott, rather than of Aristotle, Locke, or of men attached to philosophy, science, taste, and virtu.

With regard to the peculiarities of his style, vigour, simplicity, and conciseness assuredly take the lead. He was the first writer who expressed his meaning without any display of subsidiary epithets or expletives of any kind, tending to weaken the impression of simple truth. In the use of synonymes he was even more sparing than Addison, and devoted his attention to illustrate the force of his ideas; and it is thus that metaphor is so seldom met with in his works. But he abounds in clear and beautiful allegory, and his images are always just and new. In political discussion, his favourite study, he was superior to any man of his time, not excepting Addison. His poems, like his masterly political allegories, are a series of general and particular satires, and were mostly written for some special occasion. Even before the complimentary lines of Pope he had taken his rank as the Rabelais of England:—

> "Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair."

If less learned, his wit was more piercing and his satire more close and trenchant. His ideas flowed with ease and rapidity, and he used to say "when he sat down to write a letter he never leaned his head upon his elbow till he had finished it." *Cum magnis vixisse* appears to have been no less his favourite motto than it was that of Horace, and his letters everywhere attest his high ambition of intellectual rule, and his proud desire of dictating them to the most eminent and great. His Journal and letters are the most genuine and valuable transcripts of his mind; for in these he threw off all party trammels, and his extraordinary and often contradictory qualities shine forth without alloy. They display complete knowledge of the world, combined with innumerable traits of benevolence, fierce resentment, and an indignation at the sufferings and oppression of the people, which hurried him into misanthropy. Though lofty and commanding with his superiors in rank, towards his equals he was full of social ease, wit, and spirit; and though rough in appearance, was really and condescendingly kind to his inferiors. While economical and saving, he devoted his money to the noblest purposes; and he appears in this respect to have modelled his conduct upon his excellent observation to lord Bolingbroke, "that a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart;" but in his declining years he is thought to have furnished some proof of his distinguished friend's reply, "that a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions."

Swift was celebrated for his amusing anecdote as well as surpassing wit and repartee, and he had an excellent way of telling a story; always brief and pithy, as if careful not to engross the whole time and conversation of the company. Addicted to no vice, he seemed to rise superior to the meaner temptations and pleasures of the world; he was heard to declare that on no occasion was he intoxicated—neither, it might be added, with wine nor power; while from women and gaming he appears to have kept himself free, from choice as well as principle.

Swift was of middle stature, inclining to tall, robust, and manly, with strongly marked and regular features. He had a high forehead, a handsome nose, and large piercing blue eyes, which retained their lustre to the last. He had an extremely agreeable and expressive countenance, which, in the words of the unfortunate Vanessa, sometimes shone with a divine compassion,—at others, the most engaging vivacity, indignation, fearful passion, and striking awe. His mouth was pleasing, he had a fine regular set of teeth, a round double chin with a small dimple; his complexion, a light olive or pale brown. His voice was sharp, strong, high-toned; but he was a bad reader, especially of verses, and disliked music. His mien was erect, his head firm, and his whole deportment commanding. There was a sternness and severity in his aspect, which wit and gaiety did not entirely remove. When pleased he would smile, but never laughed aloud.

In his diet Swift was abstemious; he preferred plain dishes, generally hashed; and in drinking he seldom exceeded a pint of claret. In his person he was neat and clean even to superstition, and appeared regularly dressed in his gown every morning, to receive the visits of his most familiar friends.

No man, it is agreed by all his biographers, ever appreciated with greater tact the qualities and sincerity of his friends; and the better to assist his judgment, he formed a sort of calendar of friendship, in which he arranged them under the heads of *ungrateful*, *indifferent*, *doubtful;* and it is mortifying to think he should have found reason to class so many, even among those whom he had benefited, under the former head.

With regard to Swift's natural disposition, his love of study, his sagacious knowledge of mankind, it has been well observed by Scott that Shakspeare's description of Cassius will apply to him admirably:—

‘He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.——
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything."

In his latter days Swift was an early riser, though at one period of his life he was said to lie in bed and think of wit for the day. Of his learning it has been said that it was not that of a professed scholar. Dr. J. Warton pointed out the errors of quantity in his Latin verse. His Latin prose is far from classical. His letter to Pope on his translation of Homer does not show any familiar acquaintance with the original; and his "Letter to Lord Oxford on the Improvement of the English Language" is almost superficial. In his controversy on Phalaris he had wit and sarcasm in abundance, but little learning, to bring to the support of his friend Temple. In the same way, his observations on the character of Brutus are very inferior to the masterly review of the character in the third volume of Gibbon's "Memoirs." In Greek his knowledge is said to have enabled him to read the best authors with tolerable facility, but not more; and as regarded Latin, it did not enter into the critical niceties of the language. Our great Chaucer's flow of wit, the amenity and graces of his frank joyous spirit, were Swift's early admiration and study; he even made a selection of a number of epithets in alphabetical order, with references, and a list of the *oaths* used by the different characters in his stories. Like most other men of genius and active mind, he is said to have been fond of old romances, and to have carefully studied them—a fact that rather surprises us—with close attention. His collection of books, however,[a] comprehended none of the elder dramatists, not even a copy of Shakspeare, and the modern plays of Wycherly and Rowe were presented by the authors. History was his leading pursuit, and in the decline of life he confined his attention nearly altogether to Clarendon. Like most men of genius, Swift was fond of residing in the country, though not at all susceptible to the charms of what is termed romantic, picturesque, or grand scenery. He detested field-sports and cruelty of all kinds, but delighted in planting and rural scenery, for the freedom it gave him from restraint, the open air, and exercise, of which he was excessively fond. His independent but wayward character often made him appear, to those unacquainted with him, full of contradictions. A zealous churchman, he had the highest respect for the rights of his order, though he wrote with a spirit of satire and a levity bordering upon profaneness. The object in view being good, he was not over-scrupulous with regard to the means of effecting it; and though a friend to liberty, he ranged himself on the side of the Tories. This choice, between two of the least evils, led to many impositions and forgeries on the side of his foes, who attributed to him a thousand meannesses and follies which he never said or did. Perhaps the strongest instance is to be found in the "Courtier's Creed," which, with all its clever application, contains that air of profaneness which Swift conscientiously avoided; but it is well invented. "I believe," it runs, "in king George II., the greatest captain and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth; and in sir Robert Walpole, his only minister, our lord, who was begotten of Barret, the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and imprisoned. He went down into Norfolk; the third year he came up again; he ascended into the administration, and sitteth at the head of the treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who shall vote as they are commanded. I believe in Horace's [his brother's] treaty, the sanctity of the bishops, the independency of the lords, the integrity of the commons, restitution from Spain, resurrection of credit, discharge of the public debts, and peace everlasting. Amen."

Swift's public spirit and extensive charities failed to protect him from the charges of parsimony and avarice, though even Johnson admitted they were never suffered to encroach upon his virtue; for though frugal by inclination, he was liberal by principle. "Wealth," he said, "is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher. Gay is a slave just by 2000*l.* too little, but he could not live *sine dignitate;* he declares it would kill him in a month to make any abatement in his liberalities." He writes also to Pope—"Your wants are so few that you need not be rich to supply them, and my wants are so many that a king's 7,000,000 of guineas would not support me."

The dean's singularities were indulged even in the most refined society, for, though a perfect master of aristocratic and court manners, he nevertheless put them aside, and assumed a frankness and bluntness which beat down all defence, and proved at first intolerably annoying. He once insisted upon lady Burlington singing for him, though she expressed repeated wishes to be excused, and not knowing her tormentor, at length burst into tears; while it is recorded that Vanessa actually struck him for his freedom of manner the first time she was in his company. Sometimes he carried his peculiarity to a ludicrous or insulting length, especially towards ladies if they showed any want of attention or respect. Dining at a house where part of the tablecloth next him happened to have a small hole, he tore it as wide as he could, so as to eat his soup through it. The reason assigned for such behaviour was to mortify the lady of the house, and to teach her to pay a proper attention to housewifery. Though steady in his friendships, his aversion, as in the instances of Somers, Wharton, and Marlborough, was carried even beyond the grave, and he pursued their funeral trains with keen satirical epitaphs. He levelled sarcasms at Steele in his "Rhapsody on Poetry;" and seized upon chief-justice Whitshed like a fierce terrier upon some noxious vermin, which he tears and worries after it is killed. By a reiterated fire of lampoons, squibs, and epitaphs, he made him odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people, considering it his duty, as in the case of Wood, to make him an example to all future ages, and coupling his name with that of Anytus, the accuser of Socrates. His satire covered the lawyer Bettesworth with such ridicule and contempt that he declared feelingly in the house of commons that it had deprived him of full 1200*l.* a-year; no trifle, especially at that period.

Swift often submitted his MS. productions to the correction of his friends, and weighed their objections with candour and impartiality. He made numerous alterations in the poem of "Baucis and Philemon" at Addison's suggestion. He put one of his pamphlets into the hands of a clergyman, and consented to strike out a number of passages; but on seeing the publication the critic became aware of the injudicious alterations, and expressed his regret. "Sir," replied Swift, "I considered them of no very great consequence; but had I stood up in their defence you might have imputed it to an author's vanity. By my compliance you will at all times hereafter be the more open and free in your remarks."

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[a] Many of which are at this time in the hands of his descendant, Mr. Edmund Swift, conservator of the regalia in the Tower, who possesses also a portrait of the dean taken when he was in advanced years, and some other curiosities appertaining to his celebrated relative, especially the original MSS. of Swift's political treatises and poems previously published

Of Swift's general merits as an author we cannot convey a more correct idea than by giving some passages from the able and impartial estimate for which we are indebted to the pen of one of his most enlightened biographers—sir W. Scott:—"As an author there are three peculiarities in the character of Swift: the first is the distinguished attribute of originality; and it cannot be refused him by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed no author can be found who has borrowed so little. . . . There was indeed nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors bear no more resemblance to his compositions than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it.

"The second peculiarity is his total indifference to literary fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works as a carpenter forms wedges, mallets, or other implements of his art—not with the purpose of distinguishing himself by the workmanship of the tools themselves, but solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes. He is often anxious about the success of his argument, and jealous of those who debate the principles and the purpose for which he assumes the pen; but he evinces on all occasions an unaffected indifference for the fate of his writings, provided the end of their publication was answered. The careless mode in which Swift suffered his works to get to the public, his refusing them the credit of his name, and his renouncing all connexion with the profits of literature, indicate his disdain of the character of a professional writer.

"The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, that, with the exception of history (for his fugitive attempts in Pindaric and Latin verse are too unimportant to be noticed), he has never attempted a style of composition in which he has not attained a distinguished pitch of excellence. We may often think the immediate mode of exercising his talents trifling, and sometimes coarse and offensive; but his Anglo-Latin verses, his riddles, his indelicate descriptions, and his violent political satires, are in their various departments as excellent as the subject admitted; and only leave us occasion to regret that so much talent was not uniformly employed on nobler topics."—(Scott's "Memoirs," &c.)

It has been observed by Horace Walpole that Swift's style was excellent, though without grace, and that it was more correct than Dryden's or Addison's. Hume, in a letter to Robertson, observes, "What the d—l had you to do with that old-fashioned, dangling word, *wherewith?* I should as soon take back *whereupon*, *whereunto*, *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable decent gentleman of the family is *wherein*, and I should not choose to be often seen in his company; but I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to *dean Swift*, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even approve—surely never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament, and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that author's place would not be so high among their classics."

The English, however, may afford to smile even at the classical Hume's strictures; for after Swift's own attacks upon the Scotch—perhaps as injudicious as they are often undeserved—it is too much to expect that he should be either loved or admired by the writers of that nation.[a]

One of Swift's truest friends, Dr. Delany, after summing up his merits in reply to the reflections of lord Orrery, concludes with the following excellent observations:—"All this considered, the character of his life will appear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and always discover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes to cloud or sully his fame, I take upon me to pronounce that the eclipse will not last long.

"To conclude, no man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his:—a steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and his fortune. He lived a blessing; he died a benefactor; and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland."

In order to observe to the close that impartial spirit and love of truth which actuated the views of a Scott and a Mason in their admirable biographies of the celebrated dean, we give the counter opinion of another commentator[b] on his life and writings, by no means of so favourable a character as the preceding:—"Upon the whole, Swift lived a melancholy instance of the fall of human greatness. His life is a mournful and striking example of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil. The miseries to which human nature is subject made him often think it better never to have existed at all; and this sentiment led him to adopt as a maxim, 'Non nasci homini longè optimum est.' It was under this persuasion that he always read the third chapter of Job upon his birthday; and whoever visited him then was sure to see that part of the bible lying open before him. . . . .

"In short, he lived an honour to the human mind, and died, as he had lived in his latter years, a sad monument of the infirmities incident to it; and a melancholy, mortifying memento to the vanity of pride of parts. His death eclipsed the gaiety of his native country, and impoverished the scanty stock of public virtue."

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[a] See a critique in the Edinburgh Review (No. iii p. 56) as an example.

[b] The author of the "Swiftiana."

TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD,

BY

LEMUEL GULLIVER,

FIRST A SURGEON, AND THEN A CAPTAIN OF SEVERAL SHIPS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.—II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.—III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.—IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

Splendidè mendax.—Hor.

Johnson, Warton, and Hawkesworth, made the following observations on the work:—

"This important year sent into the world 'Gulliver's Travels;' a production so new and so strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made: it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was, for a while, lost in wonder. No rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhnms. While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work the news of the king's death arrived; and he kissed the hands of the new king and queen three days after their accession."

"'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Tale of a Tub' are indisputably the two most capital works of Swift."

"From the whole of those two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the sport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them, therefore, to such beings, was perhaps the most probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable, then, is not less apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm that order and regularity are the effects of chance.

"To mortify pride, which, indeed, was not made for man, and produces not only the most ridiculous follies, but the most extensive calamity, appears to have been one general view of the author in every part of these Travels. Personal strength and beauty, the wisdom and the virtue of mankind, become objects, not of pride, but of humility, in the diminutive stature and contemptible weakness of the Lilliputians, in the horrid deformity of the Brobdingnagians, in the learned folly of the Laputians, and in the parallel drawn between our manners and those of the Houyhnhnms."

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

The author of these Travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us on the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr. Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, his native country, where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times. The style is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and, indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say "it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it."

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little disatisfied: but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them: and if any traveller has a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hands of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As for any further particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book. Richard Sympson.

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727.

I hope you will be ready to own publicly, whenever you shall be called to it, that, by your great and frequent urgency, you prevailed on me to publish a very loose and uncorrect account of my travels, with direction to hire some young gentleman of either university to put them in order, and correct the style, as my cousin Dampier did, by my advice, in his book called "A Voyage Round the World." But I do not remember I gave you power to consent that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted: therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind, particularly a paragraph about her majesty queen Anne, of most pious and glorious memory, although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of the human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered that, as it was not my inclination, so was it not decent, to praise any animal of our composition before my master *Houyhnhnm*:

and, besides, the fact was altogether false; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of her majesty's reign, she did govern by a chief minister; nay, even by two successively; the first whereof was the lord of Godolphin, and the second the lord of Oxford; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise, in the account of the academy of projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master *Houyhnhnm*, you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner that I do hardly know my own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer, "that you were afraid of giving offence; that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret but to punish everything which looked like an inuendo" (as I think you call it). But, pray, how could that which I spoke so many years ago, and at above five thousand leagues distance, in another reign, be applied to any of the *Yahoos* who now are said to govern the herd; especially at a time when I little thought on or feared the unhappiness of living under them? Have not I the most reason to complain, when I see these very *Yahoos* carried by *Houyhnhnms* in a vehicle, as if these were brutes, and those the rational creatures? And, indeed, to avoid so monstrous and detestable a sight was one principal motive of my retirement hither.

Thus much I thought proper to tell you in relation to yourself, and to the trust I reposed in you.

I do, in the next place, complain of my own great want of judgment, in being prevailed upon, by the entreaties and false reasonings of you and some others, very much against my own opinion, to suffer my travels to be published. Pray bring to your mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the motive of public good, that the *Yahoos* were a species of animals utterly incapable of amendment by precepts or example: and so it has proved: for, instead of seeing a full stop put to all abuses and corruptions, at least in this little island, as I had reason to expect,—behold, after above six months' warning, I cannot learn that my book has produced one single effect according to my intentions. I desired you would let me know, by a letter, when party and faction were extinguished; judges learned and upright; pleaders honest and modest, with some tincture of common sense, and Smithfield blazing with pyramids of law-books; the young nobility's education entirely changed; the physicians banished; the female *Yahoos* abounding in virtue, honour, truth, and good sense; courts and levees of great ministers thoroughly weeded and swept; wit, merit, and learning rewarded; all disgracers of the press, in prose and verse, condemned to eat nothing but their own cotton, and quench their thirst with their own ink. These and a thousand other reformations I firmly counted upon by your encouragement; as, indeed, they were plainly deducible from the precepts delivered in my book. And it must be owned that seven months were a sufficient time to correct every vice and folly to which *Yahoos* are subject, if their natures had been capable of the least disposition to virtue or wisdom. Yet, so far have you been from answering my expectation in any of your letters, that, on the contrary, you are loading our carrier every week with libels, and keys, and reflections, and memoirs, and second parts; wherein I see myself accused of reflecting upon great state folks; of degrading human nature, (for so they have still the confidence to style it,) and of abusing the female sex. I find, likewise, that the writers of those bundles are not agreed among themselves; for some of them will not allow me to be the author of my own travels, and others make me author of books to which I am wholly a stranger.

I find, likewise, that your printer has been so careless as to confound the times, and mistake the dates, of my several voyages and returns; neither assigning the true year, nor the true month, nor day of the month: and I hear the original manuscript is all destroyed since the publication of my book; neither have I any copy left. However, I have sent you some corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second edition; and yet I cannot stand to them, but shall leave that matter to my judicious and candid readers, to adjust it as they please

I hear some of our sea *Yahoos* find fault with my sea language, as not proper in many parts, nor now in use. I cannot help it. In my first voyages while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest mariners, and learned to speak as they did. But I have since found that the sea *Yahoos* are apt, like the land ones, to become new-fangled in their words, which the latter change every year; insomuch, as I remember, upon each return to my own country, their old dialect was so altered, that I could hardly understand the new. And I observe, when any *Yahoo* comes from London, out of curiosity, to visit me at my house, we neither of us are able to deliver our conceptions in a manner intelligible to the other.

If the censure of the *Yahoos* could anyway affect me, I should have great reason to complain that some of them are so bold as to think my book of travels a mere fiction out of mine own brain; and have gone so far as to drop hints, that the *Houyhnhnms* and *Yahoos* have no more existence than the inhabitants of Utopia.

Indeed I must confess that, as to the people of *Lilliput*, *Brobdingrag*, (for so the word should have been spelt, and not erroneously *Brobdingnag*,) and *Laputa*, I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them; because the truth immediately strikes every reader with conviction. And is there less probability in my account of the *Houyhnhnms* or *Yahoos*, when it is manifest, as to the latter, there are so many thousands, even in this country, who only differ from their brother brutes in *Houyhnhnm-land* because they use a sort of jabber, and do not go naked? I wrote for their amendment, and not their approbation. The united praise of the whole race would be of less consequence to me than the neighing of those two degenerate *Houyhnhnms* I keep in my stable; because from these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some virtues, without any mixture of vice.

Do these miserable animals presume to think that I am so degenerated as to defend my veracity? *Yahoo* as I am, it is well known through all *Houyhnhnm-land* that, by the instructions and example of my illustrious master, I was able, in the compass of two years, (although, I confess, with the utmost difficulty,) to remove that infernal habit of lying, shuffling, deceiving, and equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very souls of all my species, especially the Europeans.

I have other complaints to make upon this vexatious occasion; but I forbear troubling myself or you any further. I must freely confess that since my last return some corruptions of my *Yahoo* nature have revived in me, by conversing with a few of your species, and particularly those of my own family, by an unavoidable necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a project as that of reforming the *Yahoo* race in this kingdom: but I have now done with all such visionary schemes for ever.

PART THE FIRST.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

The author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput. Is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years: my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a-year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Pannel, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates my master encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and, being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was a-shore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30° 2′ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul;* the others repeated the same words several times; but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him; whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul.* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and, producing his credentials, under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me know that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of the arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan;* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water, which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with noise and violence from me. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined, in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and, I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang* [a pole or perch, 5½ yds.], and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature, which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action, for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning before company came that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that, perhaps, at first sight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world, which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descending from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held the bridle while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthsful; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into his beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out of fear, for, looking mildly and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them, being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury; for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them, very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire "that he would please to give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo;*" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to "acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered part in words and part in signs. He replied, "that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, in the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a footcloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court, wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

"Clefrin Frelock, Marsi Frelock."

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me, at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scymitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it to the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and, at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and, charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of the scymitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scymitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern, for their sight is much more acute than ours; he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine, without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniencies; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

The author diverts the emperor, and his nobility of both sexes, in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,[a] is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who have not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.[b]

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.[c]

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and, his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and, covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troops with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain, and, if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

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[a] Doubtless sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister.

[b] This alludes to his dismissal in 1717, through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was no doubt his great interest with the duchess of Kendal, the favourite of George I.

[c] Sir Robert Walpole was distinguished by the orders of the Garter and the Bath, here so strongly ridiculed

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council, where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply, but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But, because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public:—

"Golbasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:—

"1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great seal.

"2nd, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

"3rd, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high-roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5th, If an express requires an extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days' journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu,[a] and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his leisure, be aiding and assisting to our work-men, in helping to raise certain great stones towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

"8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

"Lastly, That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished, which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

The reader may please to observe that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to

[a] In his description of Lilliput, he had England in view; in that of Blefuscu, France.

fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary, concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offer to serve the emperor in his wars.

THE first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers, at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, "he might pretend to some merit in it;" but, however, added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons past there have been two straggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*[a], from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait[a]. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For, as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars: because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs[b]. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war had been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success: during which time we have lost forty capital ships and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

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[a] High-church and low-church, or whig and tory.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."

CHAPTER V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The empress's apartment on fire by accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and, upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked toward the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frighted when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows; many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

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[a] George II., then heir apparent, who is thus represented hobbling between the two political creeds.

[b] Papists and protestants are the big-endians and small-endians.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for, the channel growing shallower at every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery." And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open, bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;" from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour: yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember that, when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd entreated me to come immediately to the palace where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable: and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glimigrim*, (the Blefuscudians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, "that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form:" which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured "that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge."

CHAPTER VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs: the manner of educating their children. The Author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clinched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion: but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar, and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, further than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and to both sexes. They have certain professors, well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor or one of his deputies: whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a-year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old; whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex, but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country.

Thus, the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept till eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, beside their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals, for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usual three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist; and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes, but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat, but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house, (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them,) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bites of it, but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired "that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness," as he was pleased to call it, "of dining with me." They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, [sir Rt. Walpole,] the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor "the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me."

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she often came to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands, (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four,) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, (I will name them, and let them make the best of it,) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII.

The author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them, in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and without sending his name desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket: and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:—

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high-admiral) has been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Blamuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him, when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:—

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service.

"*Articles of impeachment against* QUINBUS FLESTRIN, *the Man-Mountain.*

"ARTICLE I.—Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, That whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c., against the duty, &c.

"ARTICLE II.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy; he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives, of an innocent people.

"ARTICLE III.—That whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court, he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

"ARTICLE IV.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said licence, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion, so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty, resolving if possible to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty—that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us—that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in a fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might at another time raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart, and as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kinds of fowls, after which they fed the faster and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you will grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut the flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection; leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books: none dissenting, except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But, having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance; for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment.*

But, hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me." I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty "that I was come, according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;" not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design: neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and after some difficulties returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient stength. When the ships came up I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Belfuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor "that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart;" which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterward given privately to understand that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Belfuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was despatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Belfuscu "the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no further than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor." The envoy further added, "that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor."

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* Alluding to the proceedings against Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said "that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that, although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance."

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me, at the same time, (but under the scrictest confidence,) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him "that, since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs." Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty, of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit, and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had undergone had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary; neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took my leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

PART THE SECOND.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water, the author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, [what follows is a happy parody of the sea-terms in old voyages] we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail, and set him, and hauled aft the foresheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore downhaul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-topsail, and the fore-topsail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set-in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island, or continent, (for we knew not whether), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step, for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me: whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time, I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer, having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face.

He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, "Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?" He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin, (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey; and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat, (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat, (which I held under my arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, about fifty feet off; and, although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmer's houses: one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue, both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground than it did upon a nearer view when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, "he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable;" although I must beg leave to say for myself that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, "one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose;" nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess, this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gestures, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor; which, after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself further than by pointing to the door and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and, taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world: wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAPTER II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature, which it likewise imitated in all its actions, seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him, in his own language, how he did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and, as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and, after consulting a while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said *they were welcome*, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me, otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the mean-time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home all the neighbouring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could be no fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that, for some time, I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife; and, upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day, for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and pallisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

The author is sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

THE frequent labours I underwent every day made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on a table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked, "Whether I would be content to live at court?" I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, "That I was my master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master, "Whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?" He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores: but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "Since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty "That I owed no other obligation to my late master than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his field: which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill treated, under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, "How long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck?*" for such, it seems, he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly in mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers; no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet, most quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass; they would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ;* a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself and to find sustenance as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson."* The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town. Having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my direction, in three weeks, finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

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* Levelled against all who reject facts for which they cannot account.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herelf. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was, for some time, a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelvepenny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never, till then, beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me "Whether I was a Whig or Tory?" Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed, "How contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I! and yet," says he, "I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!" And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that, if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birthday clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my *littleness;* against which I could only revenge myself by calling him *brother*, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of those insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away: others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I NOW intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud the metropolis, for the queen, whom I always attended, never went further when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there stayed till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and, therefore, they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom: and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles), and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map, made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of building, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box: although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand. that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high; however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five woolpacks; and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts, with which they routed like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order, for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers; I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour than any merit of my own. In journeys when I was weary of the coach a servant on horseback would buckle on my box and place it upon a cushion before him, and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table neatly screwed to the floor to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach; and having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling closet; which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that, whatever this famous tower wants in height, it is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches; I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St. Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that, if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom), and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAPTER V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shows his skill in navigation.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple-trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face: but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all four and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because, nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog followed the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands and asked me how I did? but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite hovering over the garden made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie not worth remembering to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms, wherewith I was much disgusted, because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins, which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence, for they would strip themselves to the skin and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust; their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing further concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated

Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed on a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet-d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, "If I would contrive a boat her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in." The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days, finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to enquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, "what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach?" He desired to know "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country?" I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in." This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field, and Glumdalclitch, setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cowdung in the path, and I must need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle, up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home, where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court, so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shows his skill in music. The king inquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I USED to attend the king's levee once or twice a-week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it, at equal distances, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb, which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth that it was almost useless; neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was nearly sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent: and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty "that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of: that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs, (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses,) he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwe long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers —persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops; whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked, "What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some noblemen, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?"

He then desired to know, "What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere?" And he desired to know, "Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry?" He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in Chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, "What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And particularly whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?"

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said, "He thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me, "Who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "That certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings." He asked, "What business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said, "If we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?"

He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics." He said, "He knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials."

He observed, "That among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know, at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they sustained, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others."

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting, "It was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce."

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given: then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required, toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue: that priests are advanced for their piety or learning: soldiers, for their conduct or valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors, for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow; for I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour, in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large, hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst, and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection."

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I," (these were his expressions), "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more."

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe, we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a discourse one day with the king when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, "That whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts, so that, among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation; and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long. It was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times." He said, "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill grounded among us as they are among that people.*

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit: for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier mounted on a large steed might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse upon a word of command draw their swords at once and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! It looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject: the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I HAD always a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, "that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud." He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed; but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary birds, and perhaps in time, sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

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* The author's zeal to justify Providence here is shown.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling box, which as I have already described was a very convenient closet, of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept: which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page I was very fond of, and who had been sometimes trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of the sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose I looked towards my windows and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought given to the eagle, (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak,) and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara;* after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle who flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight, that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could anything have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was for four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

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* The height of which is 1371 feet; and it is said to have been heard 45 miles.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be any body below, let them speak." I answered, "I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in." The voice replied, "I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out." I answered "that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin." Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock; a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted with silk and cotton: that if he would let one of the crew bring up my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and show him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving: however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found), they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havock they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, "That about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That, upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked, "Whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me?" To which he answered, "That discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size;" which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "How far he reckoned we might be from land?" He said, "By the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues." I assured him "That he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely "Whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for, although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived." He added "that his suspicions were much increased, by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest, worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But further, to confirm all I have said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into the paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half-a-yard long; four wasps' stings like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned to England I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the toothach, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, "He hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper and making it public." My answer was, "That I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little beside common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or, of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts."

He said, "He wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud;" asking me, "Whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing?" I told him, "It was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country it was like a man talking in the streets to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him "I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld." For indeed while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, "That while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered, "It was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell;" and so I went on describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, "That he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day;" and continuing in his mirth, protested "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages:" and the comparison of Phaëton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in

Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies and I a giant I told my wife "She had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time I and my family and friends came to a right understanding; but my wife protested "I should never go to sea any more;" although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

PART THE THIRD.

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.*

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out on his third voyage. Is taken by pirates. The malice of a Dutchman. His arrival at an island. He is received into Laputa.

I HAD not been at home above ten days when captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship, where he was master and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer; and hearing of my arrival made me a visit, as I apprehended, only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find me in good health, asking, "Whether I were now settled for life?" adding, "That he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months;" at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; "That I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that, having experienced my knowledge in sea affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command."

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained was to persuade my wife, whose consent, however, I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We stayed there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be despatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days when, a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east; after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden that she sailed very slow; neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but, finding us all prostrate upon our faces, (for so I gave order,) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and, setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and, jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well: I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and, turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and, after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said "We should not die." I made the captain a very low bow, and then turning to the Dutchman said, "I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian." But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words; for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea, (which they would not yield to after the promise made me that I should not die,) however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

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* Swift has borrowed hints, in his Voyage to Laputa, from a work by Dr. Francis Godwin, bishop of Landaff, called "The Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage thither; by Domingo Gonsales."

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket glass several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky; however I got many birds' eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail and sometimes my paddles. But not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers. I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could; for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be; yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot that I was forced to turn my face from it; when, all on a sudden, it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes, but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket-perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people were doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope, that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But, at the same time, the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to rise or sink, or put it in progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet, soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and upon its nearer approach I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found, by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture that these were sent for orders to some person in authority, upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards' distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself into the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and, therefore, I returned an answer in that language, hoping, at least, that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAPTER II.

The humours and dispositions of the Laputians described. An account of their learning. Of the king and his court. The Author's reception there. The inhabitants subject to fear and disquietudes. An account of the women.

At my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars, interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords and many other instruments of music unknown to us in Europe. I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*,) in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets of justling others or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs as well as I could that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which as I afterwards found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king as far as I could conjecture asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace, (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers,) where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons by the assistance of their flappers delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread or drink or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also in one of his books the figures of the sun, moon and stars, the zodiac, the tropics and polar circles, together with the denominations of many planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words with their interpretation in alphabetical order. And thus in a few days by the help of a very faithful memory I got some insight into their language.

The word which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language signifies high; and *untuh*, a governor; from which they say by corruption was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own that Laputa was *quasi lap outed*; *lap* signifying properly the dancing of the sun-beams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing; which however I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body; all which he entered upon paper, and in six days brought my clothes, very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was that I observed such accidents very frequent and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning till my tutor informed me. He said "that the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled."

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose several packthreads were let down with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly like the scraps of paper fastened by schoolboys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would for example praise the beauty of a woman or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevel without one right angle in any apartment, and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed, the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe: but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continual approaches of the sun towards it must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread,) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity; they contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants; but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so wrapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady who had several children, is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island; went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her: and she was found in an obscure eating-house, all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again with all her jewels to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAPTER III.

A phenomenon solved by modern philosophy and astronomy. The Laputians' great improvements in the latter. The king's method of suppressing Insurrections.

I DESIRED leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause, in art or nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under-surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains which fall upon the island are conveyed in small rivulets toward the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half-a-mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases; for the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm, about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *flandona gagnole*, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays and is poised so exactly, that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be moved from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another; for with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too; for in this magnet the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let A B represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line c d represent the loadstone, of which let d be the repelling end, and c the attracting end, the island being over C: let the stone be placed in position c d, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards D. When it is arrived at D, let the stone be turned upon its axle till its attracting end points towards E, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards E; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle, till it stands in the position E F, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards F, where, by directing the attracting end towards G, the island may be carried to G, and from G to H, by turning the stone so as to make its repelling extremity point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason; that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who from time to time give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness; for although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much further than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one-third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance, from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence), it is much to be wished that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other parts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first, and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases. And if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes an universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity; for, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst, by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs both of iron and stone will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but indeed for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case it is the opinion of all their philosophers that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king nor either of his two elder sons are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAPTER IV.

The author leaves Laputa; is conveyed to Balnibarbi; arrives at the metropolis. A description of the metropolis and the country adjoining. The author hospitably received by a great lord. His conversation with that lord.

Although I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences, for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but at the same time so abstracted and involved in speculation that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which at last I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language; I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music that his detractors reported "he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;" neither could his tutors without extreme difficulty teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart, which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret; for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which however I refused, with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector his kinsman as much more; together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis: the island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of *Balnibarbi;* and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado.* I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor that he would be pleased to explain to me what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but on the contrary I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This Lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me "That I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs;" with other common topics to the same purpose. But when we returned to his palace he asked me "How I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics?" This he might safely do, because everything about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, "That his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects which folly and beggary had produced in others." He said, "If I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation." I told his excellency "That I was entirely at his disposal;" and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But in three hours' travelling the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me with a sigh, "That there his estate began, and would continue the same till we should come to his house. That his countrymen ridiculed and despised him for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which however was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself."

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to everything I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure. That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court; the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: "That about forty years ago certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months' continuance came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons upon their return began to dislike the management of everything below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair; that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life, without innovation. That some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country."

His lordship added, "That he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go." He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: "That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants. That about seven years ago a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill; because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level." He said, "That being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment."

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity, and easy belief; which indeed was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAPTER V.

The author permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado. The academy largely described. The arts wherein the Professors employ themselves.*

THIS academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased, and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper, "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the ordure exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish, by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken.

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* The occupations of the professors in the academy of Lagado are copied from Rabelais.

This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this:—In an acre of ground, you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chesnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung; it is true upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed further, "That, by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us, "that the webs would take a tincture for them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory; this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of the fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bring the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump,) and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person at a reasonable charge, and with little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a-day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;" the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they meet in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school where the master taught his pupils, after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of the academy. The author proposes some improvements, which are honourably received.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, "That there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention. This doctor, therefore, proposed, "That upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries, stored with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, "That whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick on the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breach, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness: and at every levee day repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed, "That every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner, that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, "That if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "That the two half brains, being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, "that it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "the justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary; "to tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom and learning they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wiped their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the ordure, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness, or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by experience; for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians, but as I conceived not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species; professing "he would be glad to receive further information."

I told him, "That in the kingdom of Tribnia, [Britain] by the natives called Langdon, [London] where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies.* The plots in that kingdom are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters; for instance, they can discover a close-stool to signify a privy-council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless-pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

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* The passages which follow refer to the proceedings against Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.—See State Trials in 1723.

"When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus, N shall signify a plot; B a regiment of horse; L a fleet at sea; or secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, 'Our brother Tom has just got the piles,' a skilful decipherer would discover that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words, 'Resist, —— a plot is brought home, —— the tour.' And this is the anagrammatic method.'"*

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAPTER VII.

The author leaves Lagado. Arrives at Maldonada. No ship ready. He takes a short voyage to Glubbdubdrib. His reception by the Governor.

The continent, of which this kingdom is a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada, (for so it is called,) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, "That since the ships bound to Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrib, about five leagues off to the south-west." He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians.

It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me "That I should receive no hurt:" and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures: yet not without some hesitations, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and, at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarised to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me "to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world."

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* A burlesque on the report of the secret committee, who thus apologised for the circumstantial evidence which they substituted for proof.—See State Trials.

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela; which, upon a motion of the governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room; it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour "That he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking."

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me, "He had not a drop of vinegar in his camp."*

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one large chamber, and a modern representative in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other a knot of pedlars, pickpockets, highwaymen, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me, "That the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away." I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, "that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself, were perpetually together:" a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner, as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

A further account of Glubbdubdrib. Ancient and modern history corrected.

Having a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court, and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow.* I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, "That these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity." I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, "Whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?"

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found, that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to attraction, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, "That new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined."

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Eliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order, for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected; for, instead of a long train, with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But, as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be cracked-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Nec vir fortis, nec fœmina casta;* how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics, by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coat of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended in scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains and pickpockets.

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* Livy relates that Hannibal burnt a pile of wood upon a rock that stopped his passage, and, when it was thus heated, poured vinegar upon it, by which it was made so soft as to be easily cut through.

* The description of Aristotle represents the true nature of his works. By not having the immortal spirit of Homer, he was unable to keep his body erect; and his staff, which feebly supported him, like his commentators, made this defect more conspicuous.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history; for having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for an hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety to atheists; chastity to sodomites; truth to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions; how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit; how great a share in the motions and events of courts, counsels, and senates, might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success!

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true cause of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed in my presence, "That he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill-conduct;" and an admiral, "That, for want of proper intelligence he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet."* Three kings protested to me, "That in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again;" and they showed, with great strength of reason, "That the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restive temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business."†

I had the curiosity to inquire, in a particular manner, by what method great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period; however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners, for I hope the reader need not to be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion. A great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, panderism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance But when some confessed they owed their greatness to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more, to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent; I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry, I was told, "That their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors." As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit: most of them telling me, "They died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet."

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, "He had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea-fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action." He added, "That upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life." I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account: but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced, which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who, perhaps, had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of humankind was degenerated among us, within these hundred years past. How the pox, under all its consequences and denominations, had altered every lineament of an English countenance, shortened the size of the bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

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* Perhaps the Admiral Lord Russell.

† The monarchs are Charles II., James II., and William III.

I descended so low as to desire some English yeomen of the old stamp might be summoned to appear, once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren, who, in selling their votes, and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAPTER IX.

The author returns to Maldonada. Sails to the kingdom of Luggnagg. The author confined. He is sent for to court. The manner of his admittance. The king's great lenity to his subjects.

The day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the Governor of Glubbdubdrid, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward, to get into the trade-wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a sea-port town at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots, "That I was a stranger and a great traveller; whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, "That having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the Flying Island, (of which he had often heard,) and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country." The officer said, I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight." I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The dispatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh* or *Trildrogdrib*, for it is pronounced both ways, as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and at my humble request we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire "That his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool." This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For, upon my admittance, two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but on account of my being a stranger care was taken to have it made so clean that the dust was not offensive. However this was a peculiar grace not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy, because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence.—There is indeed another custom which I cannot altogether approve of; when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle, indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which, being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives, (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him,) it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution; which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect, a young lord of great hopes coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before, *Inckpling glofffthrobb squut scrumm blhiop mlashnalt zwin tnodbalkuffhslhiophad gurdlubh asht.* This is the compliment, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Flute drin yalerick dwuldom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and, by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliffmarklub*, or high chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAPTER X.

The Luggnaggians commended. A particular description of the Struldbrugs, with many conversations between the author and some eminent persons upon that subject.

The Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people; and, although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all eastern countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion, and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, "Whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me, "What he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature." He told me, "That sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, and then turning to a deep blue: at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration." He said, "These births were so rare, that he did not believe that there could be above eleven hundred *struldbrugs*, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom, of which he computed above fifty in the metropolis, and, among the rest, a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance, and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people."

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child has a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death!" I discovered my admiration, "that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court! the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it; and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court. And we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the *struldbrugs*, if they would please to admit me."

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of smile, which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, "That he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke." He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, "That his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbrug*."

I answered, "It was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself, with visions of what I should do if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever.

"That if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbrug*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect in about two hundred years to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place I would from my earliest youth apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them from my own remembrance, experience and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These *struldbrugs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature, so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to all this the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings: famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilised. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

"What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!"

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before to the rest of the company, there was great deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last the same gentleman who had been my interpreter said, "He was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he had first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where during his residence he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

"That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life, under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition."

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "They commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grand-children. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure: and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything, but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told "That I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired "I would give them *slumskudask*, or a token of remembrance;" which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly: so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which however has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs*, were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAPTER XI.

The author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan. From thence he returns in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I THOUGHT this account of the *struldbrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers, who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldbrugs;* but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch upon this notice will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his licence to depart, and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold, (this nation delighted in even numbers,) and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which Yedo the metropolis stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the King of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, "A king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth." The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister; they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the emperor by an interpreter; who then gave me notice, by his majesty's orders "That I should signify my request, and whatever it were it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg." This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders: he soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was an European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, "That I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac." To this I added another petition, "That for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling on the crucifix; because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading." When this latter petition was interpreted to the emperor he seemed a little surprised, and said, "He believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or not; but rather suspected I must be a christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg, by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage."

I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the Amboyna of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last; they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland; I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping I was often asked by some of the crew "Whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned?" I evaded the question by general answers; "That I had satisfied the emperor and court in all particulars." However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and, pointing to me, told him "I had not yet trampled on the crucifix;" but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we stayed only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART THE FOURTH.

A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out as captain of a ship. His men conspire against him; confine him a long time to his cabin; set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up into the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I CONTINUED at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the Adventure, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which however I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th, we met with Captain Pocock of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the Bay of Campeachy to cut logwood. On the 16th he was parted from us by a storm. I heard, since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin-boy. He was an honest man and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it had been of several others; for, if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent; for I found afterwards that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands on board; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, and threatening to throw me overboard if I offered to stir. I told them "I was their prisoner, and would submit." This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar* for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin and said "he had orders from the captain to set me ashore." I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself; but said, that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in these voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket, to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus; which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them, as they sat on the ground; for this posture they used as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind-feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their head, but none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. The dugs hung between their fore-feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so great an antipathy. So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling, and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, and wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field, which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder. He viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up, who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts, and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back and came near to him, to expect his further commands, but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

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* An island resorted to by the pirates called Buccaneers.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off, and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour, but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him, or perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurors as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet," taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and when I had ended they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and, as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoo* in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse, at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced, but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm.* I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but, after two or three further trials I had better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof, and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry *hhuun hhuun.* I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand as well as I could, "that I was weary, and not able to walk faster;" upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAPTER II.

The author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his house. The house described. The author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnms. The author in distress for want of medicine; at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

Having travelled about three miles we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first. It was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at, but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business; these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other in the manner of a vista; we went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But that a man of quality should be served all by horses was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections, for the gray horse came to the door and made me a sign to follow him into the third room, where I saw a very comely mare together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look, and turning to the horse I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them, the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the *hhuun, hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots and the flesh of some animals which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo.* My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure; the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the *Yahoo* differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a *Yahoo;* for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root which he held (after their manner as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern. I took it in my hand, and having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the *Yahoos'* kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing; he then threw it to the *Yahoo,* by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay and a fetlock full of oats, but I shook my head to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy *Yahoos,* although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts, and the more I came near them the more hateful they grew while I stayed in that country. This the master of the horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the *Yahoo* back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs to know what I would eat, but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect, for he led me back into the house and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily and found myself well refreshed.

About noon I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four *Yahoos.* There was in it an old steed who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon basses of straw. In the middle was a large rack with angles answering to every partition of the manger, so that each horse and mare eat their own hay and their own mash of oats and milk with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him, and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word *Yahoo.*

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned further talk; and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called *hlunnh.* This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet upon second thoughts I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient with milk to keep me alive till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare-servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe that I never had one hour's sickness while I staid in this island. It is true I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit or bird by springes made of *Yahoos'* hairs, and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and eat as salads with my bread; and now and then for a rarity I made a little butter and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages or in places remote from great markets; for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man:* and as to myself, when I left this country it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I eat.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years, in such a country and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master-horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the *Yahoos.* Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III.

The author studies to learn the language. The Houyhnhnm, his master, assists in teaching him. The language described. Several Houyhnhnms of quality come out of curiosity to see the author. He gives his master a short account of his voyage.

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone; and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation when he said, "That if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo;* but my teachableness, civility and cleanliness astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came—how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions—and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered, "That I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel, made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, "That I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not;" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houyhnhnm* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it."

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and, in its etymology, *the perfection of nature.* I told my master, "That I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful *Yahoo,* that could speak like a *Houyhnhnm,* and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival, I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The *Houyhnhnms,* who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right *Yahoo,* because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

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* Many animals will eat salt, and in particular, sheep and oxen. Earl Spencer preserves his cattle from disease by the profuse sprinkling of that inestimable article to *all* animals over his pastures.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and, in a great fright, gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me "The meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of *Yahoos*, but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance, from the hides of *Yahoos*, or other brutes, whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, "That in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me; only desiring his excuse if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "My discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off; I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches; I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect *Yahoo*, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of *Yahoo*, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt; I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, "That the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least, as long as my present clothing should last: for as to what the sorrel nag his valet had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it."

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the mean time he desired "I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not; adding, "That he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him."

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; "because," as he told them privately, "this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting."

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

"That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That, upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable *Yahoos*." He asked me, "Who made the ship, and how it was possible that the *Houyhnhnms* of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?" My answer was, "That I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised." He agreed, and I went on, by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that, upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the *Houyhnhnms* act like rational beings as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a *Yahoo*; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature." I said further, "That if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended), our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a *Houyhnhnm* should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a *Yahoo* the brute."

CHAPTER IV.

The Houyhnhnm's notion of truth and falsehood. The author's discourse disapproved by his master. The author gives a more particular account of himself and the accidents of his voyage.

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment; for he argued thus: "That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the *Yahoos* were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, "Whether we had *Houyhnhnms* among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "We had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where *Yahoo* servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master; "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the *Yahoos* pretend to, the *Houyhnhnms* are your masters. I heartily wish our *Yahoos* would be so tractable." I begged "his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned "that the *Houyhnhnms* among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour and fed them worse." I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled."

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a *Houyhnhnm's* back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest *Yahoo*, or, by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered, "That our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the *Yahoos* in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the *Houyhnhnm* race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us to hinder them from propagating their kind and to render them more servile. He said, "If it were possible there could be any country where *Yahoos* alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;" whereupon he desired to know "whether those among whom I lived resembled me or the *Yahoos* of his country." I assured him, "that I was as well shaped as most of my age, but the younger, and the females were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, I differed indeed from other *Yahoos*, being much more cleanly and not altogether so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse, that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet. As to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: "The flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth; and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the *Yahoos*, whom the weaker avoided and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would," as he said, "debate the matter no further, because he was more desirous to know my story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither."

I assured him "how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words;" which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, "My birth was of honest parents in an island called England, which was remote from his country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty *Yahoos* under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk; the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock." Here my master interposed, by asking me, "How I could persuade strangers out of different countries to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained and the hazards I had run?" I said, "They were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by law-suits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes or sodomy, for flying from their colours or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison: None of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places."

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices: to clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAPTER V.

The author at his master's command, informs him of the state of England. The causes of war among the princes of Europe. The author begins to explain the English Constitution.

THE reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction as I further improved in the *Houyhnhnm* tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued. I computed, at his request, "that about a million of *Yahoos* might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk."

He asked me, "What were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered, "They were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives; for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine [Transubstantiation]; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue [church-music]; whether it be better to kiss a post or throw it into the fire [kissing a cross]; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more.[a] Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilise and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer their kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a *Yahoo* hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species who have never offended him as possibly he can.

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[a] The colour and make of sacred vestments, and orders of Popish ecclesiastics.

"There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations for so much a-day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: such are those in many northern parts of Europe."[a]

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war, does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger, and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then, as to the claws upon your feet, before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our *Yahoos* would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance. And, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases, left for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him "that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators."[b]

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, "whoever understood the nature of *Yahoos* might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation; that although he hated the *Yahoos* of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnăỳh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices, as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted."

He added, "that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid."

I assured his honour, "that law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates in vain upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able."

I said, "there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages,—first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is, for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now, your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

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[a] This passage shows how clearly Swift foresaw the evil consequences derived from engrafting a poor German stock upon the rich productive trees of other nations; and none more than on our own.

[b] It would be impossible, by the most laboured argument, to show the absurd injustice and cruelty of war, so effectually as by this simple exhibition of them in a new light.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable. the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law."

Here my master, interposing, said, "it was a pity that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge." In answer to which I assured his honour, "that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession."

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the state of England under Queen Anne. The character of a first minister of state in European courts.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; "that when a *Yahoo* had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our *Yahoos* thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent, either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully."

I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, "What these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them?" Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him "that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female *Yahoos* could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in." He said, "That must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracks of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink." I replied, "That England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows, of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking, and the like occupations:" every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

"That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild, extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

"But, beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen, the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife."

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. "He could easily conceive that a *Houyhnhnm* grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or, by some accident, might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil."

I told him "we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female *Yahoos* acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers come into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they could not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint; in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick. And, because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

"Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion, whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage, or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, sea-weed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed), a medicine equally annoying and disgustful to the bowels, which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists, ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice, forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

"But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures: these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female *Yahoos* are always infested.

"One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not; and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a seasonable dose.

"They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes."

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him "what species of *Yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation."

I told him "that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

"There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal in public assemblies, against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient called an act of indemnity (whereof I described the nature to him), they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

"The palace of chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porter, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

"He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom."

One day, in discourse, my master having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: "That he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the *Yahoos* of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides, I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy."

He made me observe, "that among the *Houyhnhnms*, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continue always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which, in that country, would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural."

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him, at the same time, "that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution (merely for the sake of money,) whom they hate and despise; that the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed; that a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy, robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

"Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered: and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's great love of his native country. His master's observations upon the constitution and administration of England, as described by the author, with parallel cases and comparisons. His master's observations upon human nature.

THE reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of human kind, from that entire congruity between me and their *Yahoos*. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do, before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered, even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing everything to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader, as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country, before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable *Houyhnhnms*, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner, and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have, indeed, for brevity-sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me). He said, "he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than, by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which Nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common *Yahoo*; that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet, had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather. Lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren," as he called them, "the *Yahoos* in his country.

"That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

"He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that, as I agreed in every feature of my body with other *Yahoos*, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so, from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds." He said, "the *Yahoos* were known to hate one another more than they did any different species of animals, and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had, therefore, begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if," said he, "you throw among five *Yahoos* as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself, and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other; that if a cow died of age or accident, before a *Houyhnhnm* could secure it for his own *Yahoos*, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds, made by their claws, on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the *Yahoos* of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

"That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the *Yahoos* are violently fond; and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels, but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure." My master said, "he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a *Yahoo*, but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind: that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his *Yahoos* had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his *Yahoo* had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute."

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, "that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring *Yahoos*."

He said, "It was common, when two *Yahoo* discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both," which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him, since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing besides the stone they contended for, whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had anything left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, "there was nothing that rendered the *Yahoos* more odious than their undistinguishing appetite to devour everything that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

"There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the *Yahoos* sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight: it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another: they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud."

I did indeed observe that the *Yahoos* were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *hneayahoo* or *Yahoo's evil*, and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the *Yahoo's* throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen, for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

"As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like," my master confessed, "he could find little or no resemblance between the *Yahoos* of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious *Houyhnhnms* observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling *Yahoo*, (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park,) who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female *Yahoos* to his kennel [flattery and pimping]; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the *Yahoos* in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him, from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine."

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me "there were some qualities remarkable in the *Yahoos*, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human kind." He said, "those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she *Yahoo* would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

"Another thing he wondered at in the *Yahoos*, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals." As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated human kind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country, (as, unluckily for me, there were not), which although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a *Yahoo*, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several *Yahoos*, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, "a fancy would sometimes take a *Yahoo* to retire into a corner to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water; nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself." To this I was silent, out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had further observed, "that a female *Yahoo* would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces; at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place where she knew the male would follow her.

"At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain."

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the *Yahoos* of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But Nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of Art and Reason on our side of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author relates several particulars of the Yahoos. The great virtues of the Houyhnhnms. The education and exercise of their youth. Their general assembly.

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the *Yahoos* to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make further discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures; for I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals upon my first arrival; and I afterward failed very narrowly three or four times of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species; which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves and showing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst and imitate my actions, after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings, is always persecuted by the wild ones when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured by all marks of tenderness to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting with such violence that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time; for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise; but finding the cub was safe, (for away it ran,) and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance, (and perhaps, I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted,) that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the *Yahoos* appear to be the most unteachable of all animals; their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The *Houyhnhnms* keep the *Yahoos* for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and *luhimuhs*, (a sort of wild rat,) which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And upon this occasion I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector, the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stript myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female *Yahoo*, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself; for now I could no longer deny that I was a real *Yahoo* in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour, (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular,) but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble *Houyhnhnms* are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction, as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word *opinion*, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either: so that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the *Houyhnhnms*. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, "that a creature pretending to reason should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do to that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the *Houyhnhnms*, and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron *Houyhnhnms* have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior *Houyhnhnms*, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article; these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe: but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes, and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the *Houyhnhnms* train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival the servants drive a herd of *Yahoos* into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the *Houyhnhnms;* after which these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows or *Yahoos?* and wherever there is any want, (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled; as for instance, if a *Houyhnhnm* has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A grand debate at the general assembly of the Houyhnhnms, and how it was determined. The learning of the Houyhnhnms. Their buildings. Their manner of burials. The defectiveness of their language.

ONE of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master after his return gave me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, "Whether the *Yahoos* should be exterminated from the face of the earth?" One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, "that as the *Yahoos* were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious. They would privately suck the teats of the *Houyhnhnms'* cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies." He took notice of a general tradition, "that *Yahoos* had not been always in their country, but that many ages ago two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known: that these *Yahoos* engendered, and their brood in a short time grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation: that the *Houyhnhnms*, to get rid of this evil made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and destroying the elder, every *Houyhnhnm* kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal so savage by nature can be capable of acquiring; using them for draught and carriage: that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be *ylnhniamshy*, (or *aborigines* of the land,) because of the violent hatred the *Houyhnhnms* as well as all other animals bore them; which although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been *aborigines;* or else they would have long since been rooted out: that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the *Yahoos*, had very imprudently neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell; strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body; and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the *Yahoos*."

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. "He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed that the two *Yahoos*, said to be the first seen among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful *Yahoo*, (meaning myself,) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact *Yahoo* in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries, the *Yahoos* acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the *Houyhnhnms* in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a *Yahoo*, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason; which however, was in a degree as far inferior to the *Houyhnhnm* race, as the *Yahoos* of their country were to me; that among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating *Houyhnhnms* when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow; (for so I translate the word *lyhannh*, although it be a much larger fowl;) that this invention might be practised upon the younger *Yahoos* here, which beside rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age, put an end to the whole species without destroying life; that in the meantime the *Houyhnhnms* should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve."

This was all my master thought fit to tell me at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The *Houyhnhnms* have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional; but there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry they must be allowed to excel all other mortals, wherein the justness of their similies and the minuteness, as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which, at forty years old, loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and, being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone, (for the *Houyhnhnms* know not the use of iron,) they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat-straw, or sometimes wattles between them. The roof is made after the same manner and so are the doors.

The *Houyhnhnms* use the hollow part between the pastern and the hoof of the fore-feet, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the *Yahoos* draw home their sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found; their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance; on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses; first for her husband, who, as she said happened that very morning to *lhnuwnh*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English. It signifies, "to retire to his first mother." Her excuse for not coming sooner was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge, drawn by *Yahoos;* which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident. And therefore when the dying *Houyhnhnms* return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the *Houyhnhnms* have no word in their language to express anything that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the *Yahoos.* Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of *Yahoo.* For instance—*hhnm Yahoo*, *whnaholm Yahoo*, *ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo*, and an ill-contrived house, *ynholmhnmrohlnw Yahoo.*

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge further upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither, and in the mean time proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X.

The author's economy and happy life among the Houyhnhnms. His great improvement in virtue, by conversing with them. Their conversations. The author has notice given him by his master, that he must depart from the country. He falls into a swoon from grief, but submits. He contrives and finishes a canoe by the help of a fellow-servant, and puts to sea at a venture.

I HAD settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking: this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of *Yahoos'* hairs, and [a] were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size, called *nnuhnoh*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree and fitted to the upper leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of *Yahoos* dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, "That nature is very easily satisfied;" and, "That necessity is the mother of invention." I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy; I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosoes; no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, over-bearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

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[a] The author has intentionally made use of inaccurate expression and studied negligence in order to make the style more like that of a sea-faring man.

I had the favour of being admitted to several *Houyhnhnms* who came to visit or dine with my master, where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself: but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason; or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly; and often upon the various excellencies of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to human kind; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said: only, I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of *Yahoos* much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a *Yahoo* of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, "how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be."

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have, of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants, and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the *Yahoos*, and all other animals, bear towards them; but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, *Yahoos* in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech, but making no other use of reason than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common *Yahoo*, than of my own person. By conversing with the *Houyhnhnms*, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, "that I trot like a horse," which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the *Houyhnhnms*, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, "he did not know how I would take what he was going to say. That in the last general assembly, when the affair of the *Yahoos* was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a *Yahoo* (meaning myself) in his family, more like a *Houyhnhnm* than a brute animal: that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the *Houyhnhnms* who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the *Houyhnhnms'* cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour."

My master added, "That he was daily pressed by the *Houyhnhnms* of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours." He concluded, "That, for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived, because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the *Houyhnhnms.*"

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word *hnhloayn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised or exhorted, because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to being a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me, "that he concluded I had been dead; for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, "That death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends, yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred; that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however I would attempt in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for supposing I should escape with life, by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among *Yahoos*, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise *Houyhnhnms* were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable *Yahoo;* and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned *Houyhnhnms*, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind."

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant, (for so, at this distance, I may presume to call him) to follow my instructions; because I told my master "that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me."

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea, fancied I saw a small island toward the north-east. I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it, about five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud; for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further, but resolved it should, if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks' time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of *Yahoos*, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss, stopping all the chinks with *Yahoos'* tallow, till I found it stanch, and able to bear me and my freight; and when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by *Yahoos* to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family—my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide, and then, observing the wind very fortunately bearing towards the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master; but, as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the *Houyhnhnms*, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the *Houyhnhnms* in his honour's company, then, getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI.

The author's dangerous voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an arrow by one of the natives. Is seized, and carried by force into a Portuguese ship. The great civilities of the captain. The author arrives at England.

I BEGAN this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714-15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable: however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, "*Hnuy illa nyha, majah Yahoo;*" "Take care of thyself, gentle *Yahoo.*"

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient by my labour, to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government of *Yahoos*. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable *Houyhnhnms*, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin; how I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took; and when I was put a shore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me with oaths, whether true or false, "That they knew not in what part of the world we were." However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being, I supposed, to south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired, lying westward of it. The wind was full west; and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues, when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek, naturally arched, by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe, and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provision; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and getting into my canoe, shoved off; the savages observing me retreat, ran after me, and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee; I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned; and paddling out of the reach of their darts, (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do: for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle; for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not; but at last my detestation of the *Yahoo* race prevailed, and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European *Yahoos*. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long-boat with vessels to take in fresh water; (for the place, it seems, was very well known;) but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them well armed searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me, flat on my face, behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, "I was a poor *Yahoo*, banished from the *Houyhnhnms*, and desired they would please to let me depart." They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by *Yahoos* and *Houyhnhnms;* and at the same time, fell a laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while, betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know "what country I was of? whence I came?" with many other questions. I told them "I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor *Yahoo* seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life."

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw anything so unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a *Yahoo* in *Houyhnhnmland*. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, "They were sure the captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force." I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours, the boat, which went loaden with vessels of water, returned with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, "I should be used as well as himself;" and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a *Yahoo*. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among *Yahoos*. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me, "he only meant to do me all the service he was able;" and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years' residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to *Yahoos*, in all countries where they preside, and consequently the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, "Whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not?" I assured him, "I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in *Houyhnhnmland*, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not: but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth."

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, "that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting anything against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon." I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, "that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among *Yahoos*.

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against humankind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with anything that had been on the back of a *Yahoo*. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the *Houyhnhnms*; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept of a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours, before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, "that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children." He told me there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments and my contradictions. He said, "it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased."

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the 5th of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Redriff.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the *Houyhnhnm* country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of *Yahoos*, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted *Houyhnhnms*. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the *Yahoo* species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England: during the first year I could not endure my wife or children in my presence: the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup; neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite; for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

CHAPTER XII.

The author's veracity. His design in publishing this work. His censure of those travellers who swerve from the truth. The author clears himself from any sinister ends in writing. An objection answered. The method of planting colonies. His native country commended. The right of the crown to those countries described by the author, is justified. The difficulty of conquering them. The author takes his last leave of the reader; proposes his manner of living for the future; gives good advice, and concludes.

Thus, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and above seven months: wherein I have not been so studious of ornament, as of truth. I could perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact, in the simplest manner and style; because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us who travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land. Whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad, as well as good example, of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the lord-high-chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest falsities on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it has given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself, as a maxim, never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth: neither indeed can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master and the other illustrious *Houyhnhnms*, of whom I had so long the honour to be an humble hearer.

—— Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget.

I know very well how little reputation is to be got by writings, which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent, except a good memory or an exact journal. I know likewise, that writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable that such travellers, who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any), and adding many new discoveries of their own, justle me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame: but as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious *Houyhnhnms*, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those remote nations where *Yahoos* preside; among which the least corrupted are the *Brobdingnagians;* whose wise maxims in morality and government, it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting further, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and application.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objections can be made against a writer, who relates only plain facts, that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest, with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault, with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not the least with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man, or number of men whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished *Houyhnhnms*. I write without any view to profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence, even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless; against whom the tribes of Answerers, Considerers, Observers, Reflectors, Detectors, Remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess it was whispered to me, "that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over, because, whatever lands are discovered by a subject, belong to the crown." But I doubt whether our conquests, in the countries I treat of, would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The *Lilliputians*, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them; and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the *Brobdingnagians*. Or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the Flying Island over their heads. The *Houyhnhnms* indeed appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus, *Recalcitrat undique tutus*. But, instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity, or disposition, to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in modern as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason, which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the topmast; they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank, or a stone, for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more, by force, for a sample; return home and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people!

But this description, I confess, does by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies: their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations, from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries, which I have described, do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies; nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive, they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it more concerns, think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit those countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed, unless a dispute may arise concerning the two *Yahoos* said to have been seen many years ago upon a mountain in *Houyhnhnm-land.*

But, as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in my little garden at Redriff; to apply those excellent lessons of virtue which I learned among the *Houyhnhnms;* to instruct the *Yahoos* of my own family, as far as I shall find them docible animals; to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality of *Houyhnhnms* in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole *Houyhnhnm* race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table; and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet, the smell of a *Yahoo* continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves. And, although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes, in some time, to suffer a neighbour *Yahoo* in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconcilement to the *Yahoo* kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature has entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due course of things: but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together. The wise and virtuous *Houyhnhnms,* who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language; which has no terms to express anything that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their *Yahoos;* among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it shows itself in other countries, where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild *Yahoos.*

But the *Houyhnhnms,* who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject, from the desire I have to make the society of an English *Yahoo* by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those, who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY; WITH THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Basyma cacabassa eanaa, irraumista diaraba caëota bafobor camelanthi.—IREN., lib. i. c. 18.

—— Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ.—LUCRET.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?—HORACE.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.—THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

THE tale approved of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in 1696, eight years before it was published. The author's intention when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The clergy have no reason to dislike it. The author's intention not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself, of examining some publications, that were intended against all religion. Unfair to fix a name upon an author who had so industriously concealed himself The Letter on Enthusiasm,[a] ascribed by several to the same author. If the abuses in law or physic had been the subject of this treatise, the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal than the clergy. The passages which appear most liable to objection are parodies. The author entirely innocent of any intention of glancing at those tenets of religion, which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the three wooden machines. An irony runs through the whole book. Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr. King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; others, by Mr. Wotton. The manner in which the Tale was first published accounted for. The Fragment not printed in the way the author intended; being the groundwork of a much larger discourse.[b] The oaths of Peter why introduced. The severest strokes of satire in the treatise are levelled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and humour the most agreeable. Those who have no share of either, think the blow weak, because they are themselves insensible.

P.S. The author of the Key wrong in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand; the author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.

The Bookseller's Dedication to Lord Somers.—How he finds out that lord to be the patron intended by his author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.

The Bookseller to the Reader.—Tells how long he has had these papers, when they were written, and why he publishes them now.

The Dedication to Posterity.—The author, apprehending that time will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age, complains of his malice against modern authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses posterity in favour of his contemporaries: assures him they abound in wit and learning, and books; and, for instance, mentions Dryden, Tate, D'Urfey, Bentley, and Wotton.

Preface.—The occasion and design of this work.

Project for employing the beaux of the nation. Of modern prefaces. Modern wit how delicate. Method for penetrating into an author's thoughts.

Complaints of every writer against the multitude of writers, like the fat fellows in a crowd. Our author insists on the common privilege of writers; to be favourably explained when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way. This treatise without satire; and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire than panegyric; the subject of the latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite. Difference between Athens and England, as to general and particular satire. The author designs a panegyric on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.

SECTION I. THE INTRODUCTION.—A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorial machines. Of the bar and the bench. The author fond of the number three; promises a panegyric on it. Of pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which the British orators surpass all others. Of the stage itinerant; the seminary of the two former. A physical reason why those machines are elevated. Of the curious contrivance of modern theatres. These three machines emblematically represent the various sorts of authors.

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[a] This letter, supposed to have been written by Swift, and ascribed to his friend Colonel Hunter, was the production of the author of the "Characteristics," in which collection it holds the foremost rank. It bears date in September, 1707.

[b] In the apology, the author dwells on the circumstance of the book having been published while his original papers were out of his own possession. Three editions were printed in the year 1704; a fourth, corrected, in 1705.

An apologetical dissertation for the Grub-street writers, against their revolted rivals of Gresham and Will's. Superficial readers cannot easily find out wisdom, which is compared to several pretty things. Commentaries promised on several writings of Grub-street authors; as Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, Dr. Faustus, Whittington and his Cat, the Hind and Panther, Tommy Pots, and the Wise Men of Gotham. The author's pen and person worn out in serving the state. Multiplicity of titles and dedications.

Section II. Tale of a Tub.—Of a Father and his Three Sons. His will, and his legacies to them. Of the young men's carriage at the beginning; and of the genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Description of a new sect, who adored their creator the tailor. Of their idol and their system. The three brothers follow the mode against their father's will; and get shoulder-knots by help of distinctions; gold-lace, by help of tradition; flame-coloured satin lining, by means of a supposed codicil; silver fringe, by virtue of critical interpretation; and embroidery of Indian figures, by laying aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locked up. Peter got into a lord's house, and after his death turned out his children, and took in his own brothers in their stead.

Section III. A Digression concerning Critics.—Three sorts of critics; the two first sorts now extinct. The true sort of critics' genealogy; office; definition. Antiquity of their race proved from Pausanias, who represents them by asses browsing on vines; and Herodotus, by asses with horns; and by an ass that frightened a Scythian army; and Diodorus, by a poisonous weed; and Ctesias, by serpents that poison with their vomit; and Terence, by the name of *Malevoli*. The true critic compared to a tailor, and to a true beggar. Three characteristics of a true modern critic.

Section IV. Tale of a Tub, continued.—Peter assumes grandeur and titles; and, to support them, turns projector. The author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages. Peter's first invention, of *Terra Australis Incognita*. The second of a remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-Office. Fourth, an Insurance-Office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. Peter's brains turned; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brother's wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton and for wine. Tells huge lies; of a cow's milk that would fill 3000 churches; of a Sign-post as large as a man-of-war; of a house that travelled 2000 leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will, break open the cellar door, and are both kicked out of doors by Peter.

Section V. A Digression in the modern kind.—Our author expatiates on his great pains to serve the public by instructing, and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the author gives them a receipt for a complete system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket volume. Several defects discovered in Homer; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his praising his own writings by modern examples.

Section VI. Tale of a Tub, continued.—The two brothers ejected, agree in a resolution to reform, according to the will. They take different names, and are found to be of different complexions. How Martin began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously in reforming his coat. Jack, of a different temper, and full of zeal, begins tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up Martin to the same pitch, but, not succeeding, they separate. Jack runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of Æolists.

Section VII. A Digression in praise of Digressions.—Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned: 1. By learning titles; 2. By reading Indexes. Advantages of this last; and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.

Section VIII. Tale of a Tub, continued.—System of the Æolists; they hold wind or spirit to be the origin of all things, and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth animas attributed by them to man. Of their belching, or preaching. Their inspiration from Σκοτία. They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a deity, fittest to form a devil. Two devils dreaded by the Æolists. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.

Section IX. Dissertation on Madness.—Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour, mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples; of Henry IV., who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of Louis XIV., whose great actions concluded in a fistula. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from madness. Mr. Wotton's fatal mistake in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting Bedlam, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the public.

Section X. The Author's compliments to the Readers.—Great civilities practised between the authors and readers; and our author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied authors and booksellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a paltry scribbler our author is afraid of, and therefore desires Dr. Bentley's protection. He gives here his whole store at one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. Proposal for making some ample commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the commentators of this treatise.

Section XI. The Tale of a Tub, continued.—The author, not in haste to be at home, shows the difference between a traveller weary, or in haste, and another in good plight, that takes his pleasure and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of Jack's adventures; his superstitious veneration for the Holy Scripture, and the uses he made of it. His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees. His harangue for Predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a show of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to music and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack made them both run into extremes, where they often met.

The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that by which our Author has held his readers so long. The rest of this story lost, &c.

The Conclusion.—Of the proper seasons for publishing books. Of profound writers. Of the ghost of wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the author's fits of dulness. Method and Reason the lacqueys of Invention. Our author's great collection of flowers of little use till now.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

The Author, at a loss what title to give this piece, finds after much pains, that of *A Letter to a Friend* to be the most in vogue, of modern excuses for haste and negligence, &c.

Section I. Mahomet's fancy of being carried to heaven by an ass, followed by many Christians. A great affinity between this creature and man. That talent of bringing his rider to heaven, the subject of this discourse; but for ass and rider, the author uses the synonymous terms of enlightened teacher and fanatic hearer. A tincture of enthusiasm runs through all men and all sciences; but prevails most in religion. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished. That which is mechanical and artificial is treated of by our author. Though art oftentimes changes into nature: examples in the Scythian Longheads and English Roundheads.—Sense and reason must be laid aside to let this spirit operate. The objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending upon the Apostles, make not against this spirit that arises within. The methods by which the assembly helps to work up this spirit, jointly with the preacher.

Section II. How some worship a good Being, others an evil. Most people confound the bounds of good and evil. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out. Of the usefulness of quilted night-caps to keep in the heat, to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain. Sound of far greater use than sense in the operations of the Spirit, as in music. Inward light consists of theological monosyllables and mysterious texts. Of the great force of one vowel in canting; and of blowing the nose, hawking, spitting, and belching. The author to publish an Essay on the Art of Canting. Of speaking through the nose, or snuffling: its origin from a disease occasioned by a conflict between the Flesh and the Spirit. Inspired vessels, like lanterns, have a sorry sooty outside. Fanaticism deduced from the ancients, in their orgies, bacchanals, &c. Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions. The Fanatics of the first centuries and those of later times, generally agree in the same principle of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The Preface informs us this piece was written in 1697, on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning, between Sir William Temple and the Earl of Orrery on the one side, and Mr. Wotton and Bentley on the other.

War and invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients about the possession of the highest top of Parnassus, and desire them to surrender it or to let it be levelled. The answer of the Ancients not accepted. A war ensues, in which rivulets of ink are spilt; and both parties hang out their trophies—books of controversy. These books haunted with disorderly spirits, though often bound to the peace in libraries. The author's advice in this case neglected, which occasions a terrible fight in St James's Library. Dr. Bentley, the library-keeper, a great enemy to the Ancients. The Moderns, finding themselves 50,000 strong, give the Ancients ill language. Temple, a favourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel between a bee and a spider, with their arguments on both sides. Æsop applies them to the present dispute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names of their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. Jupiter calls a council of the Gods, and consults the books of Fate; and then sends his orders below. Momus brings the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company is described. She arrives, and sheds her influence on her son Wotton. The battle described. Paracelsus engages Galen; Aristotle aims at Bacon, and kills Descartes; Homer overthrows Gondibert, kills Denham and Wesley,[a] Perrault[b] and Fontenelle.[c] Encounter of Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creech and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley. The episode of Bentley and Wotton. Bentley's armour. His speech to the modern generals. Scaliger's answer. Bentley and Wotton march together. Bentley attacks Phalaris and Æsop. Wotton attacks Temple in vain. Boyle pursues Wotton; and meeting Bentley in his way, he pursues and kills them both.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

If good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this apology; for it is manifest by the reception the following discourse has met with, that those who approve it are a great majority among the men of taste; yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, beside many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live, at least as long as our language and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could; I say real ones, because under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion, he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse: those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself;

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[a] Samuel Wesley, rector of Ormesby and Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

[b] Charles Perrault, author of a poem entitled, "Le Siècle de Louis le Grand," in which the modern authors are exalted above the ancient.

[c] The author of "The Plurality of Worlds;" who died in 1756, in his 100th year.

therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen which might not suit with maturer years or graver characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no further than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those who have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from further spreading? Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England, as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentment lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion they might have found more proper objects to employ them on; *nondum tibi defuit hostis:* I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion: in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dulness and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be affected by them would soon lay them aside and be ashamed; but he has now given over those thoughts, since the weightiest men in the weightiest stations are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a step farther, and pronounced another book[a] to have been the work of the same hand with this, which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake; he having as yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it as to have given him thanks for his pains; especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed, and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that Religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance of a passage in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are levelled at, who, having spent their lives in faction and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of *his merits and sufferings*, and thanks God that he *possesses his soul in patience;* in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application: but this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that anything he said, would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all church-of-England men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that I suppose they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And, indeed, the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistic, and, therefore, better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the man of taste will observe and distinguish; and which will render some objections that have been made very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion.

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[a] The celebrated Letter on Enthusiasm.

after the usual fate of common answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of more. When Dr. Eachard wrote his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of these answerers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he was ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker [a] with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago: so the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found: [b] but these are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider that to answer a book effectually requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning and judgment, than were employed in the writing of it. And the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections: and do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He has seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person, [c] who, upon some occasions, has discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which, otherwise, might be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he wrote against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject I have now forgot, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation; [d] in the latter of which he has generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was observed how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porsenna's case *idem trecenti juravimus.* In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist, [a] it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was further at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, further than by assuring the reader, that for the greater part, the reflector is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candour; he allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design: what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to be anything else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflector was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity at least, mixed with the design of serving the public, by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The first is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham [Villiers]. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes: that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to show the author's wit is not his own is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his Alsatia phrase) [b] upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the Tale was written in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories.—The third instance is in these words; "I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's Library is, *mutatis mutandis,* taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres,* if I mis-remember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable; "I have been assured;" and, "if I mis-remember not." I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic? The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis.* The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis.* Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by anybody else.

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[a] Afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

[b] Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.

[c] Dr. William King, the civilian.

[d] Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.

[a] Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

[b] *Banter,* a word which Swift detested. *Alsatia,* a nick name for Whitefriars

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed it must be that of this answerer, who, when he would have it observed that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances—two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while determine.

It is agreed this answerer would have succeeded much better if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the TALE OF A TUB, wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages; but it is the frequent error of those men (otherwise very commendable for their labours), to make excursions beyond their talent and their office by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults, which is no part of their trade—which they always fail in—which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,[a] would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *optat ephippia bos piger;* the dull, unwieldly, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed, of the noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time he fixes in print what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for the discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact; of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had, however, a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which, indeed, was needless, the author not being at all prepared; but he has been told the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book, and why some of them were left he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing has been ever objected: he would likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book, there is a discourse called a *Fragment,* which he more wondered to see in print than all the rest, having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards, and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended, for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one further objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find that the severest strokes of satire in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there is a remarkable instance in the 112th and 113th pages, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller for the author's altering those pages which he thought might require it; but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

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[a] Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys.

The author cannot conclude this apology without making this one reflection: that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and, where wit has any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White-friars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the production of wit as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But, if this bantering, as they call it, be so despisable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch toward it themselves? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him, in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and in his answer to this discourse, he says, it is all a farce and a ladle; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel than to keep out of harm's way, or, at least, not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which, the author conceives few things will remain which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts when he says they have been all of his side enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes, for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it, till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

Postscript.—Since the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller has published a foolish paper, under the name of "*Notes on the Tale of a Tub*," with some account of the author: and, with an insolence which I suppose is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author further asserts that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover; the gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present Set of Wits in this Island.

A panegyrical Essay upon the Number Three.

A Dissertation upon the principal Productions of Grub-street.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An analytical Discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-physiologically* considered.

A general History of Ears.

A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.

A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in *terra australis incognita*, translated from the Original.

A critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

THE BOOKSELLER'S DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS.

My Lord,—Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for upon the covers of these papers I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language); I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who englished it thus, "Let it be given to the worthiest:" and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess; Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If by altering the title I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria;* or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or a private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign;[a] and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present.—Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written; for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts; first, because I thought I had better work upon my own hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age: as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY.[b]

SIR,—I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this the poor production of that refuse of time, which has laid heavy upon my hands during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather; for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes; for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours: but in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inspect.

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[a] King William's, whose memory he defended in the House of Lords.

[b] It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a prince in his nonage and Time as his governor.

It is amazing to me that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer (for I am well informed of his designs), by asking your highness where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ——? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. O! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maître du palais*[a] of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page* [out of guardianship].

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show, for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and booksellers; but I inquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men; their places were no more to be found; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear, another in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position: new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question,—What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits the distance between your highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdyhouse, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

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[a] Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings which they call *les roys faineans* from their doing nothing.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Further, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor,[a] (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour), in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon further particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.[b]

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

Sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

December, 1697.

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[a] Sir William Temple, with whom Wotton was engaged in a controversy.

[b] Works printed for the use of the Dauphin of France.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer—that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbe's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth. But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed that, in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work; into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons[a]; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large pæderastic school, with French and Italian masters. There is also the spelling school, a very spacious building: the school of looking-glasses: the school of swearing: the school of critics: the school of salivation: the school of hobby-horses: the school of poetry: the school of tops: the school of spleen: the school of gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands certifying him to be a wit.

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[a] The number of livings in England

But, to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the moderns; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio.* When I went through that necessary and noble course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting: because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning: any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden; and such a one that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding: because, I cannot imagine why we should be at the expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime, throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed in a garret; at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum.*

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do, at the very beginning, address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:—For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another:—The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another:—When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another:—To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another:—Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands that I venture into the public; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldly fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together! z—ds? what squeezing is this! honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. "A plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcass than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity;" which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know anything of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake; that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers; for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dullness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of anything new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilential disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural; for the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, beside new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round; but the reader quickly finds it is all pork, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhausted terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing; but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth, it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes; but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa;" with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*. [Horace. Spleen.] And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, further; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court chapel: and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play: how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some year preparing materials towards "A panegyric upon the World;" to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, "a modest defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages." Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my commonplace book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune; in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch, and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

August, 1697.

SECTION THE FIRST.

Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Whoever has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number as of hell;

———evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.[a]—Virgil.

To this end, the philosopher's way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation, I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a prominency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked while others slept; so now they may sleep as long while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE; the two climacterics.

Now, the first of these oratorial machines, in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia,* [Scotland,] which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and, best of all, without cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used,) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish, in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.[a]

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant,[b] erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.*[c] It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

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[a] But to return, and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.—Dryden

[a] Mr. John Dunton, bookseller. He published his Life and Errors, in which he mentions the booksellers, publishers, stationers, and printers in London; and ends with the character of 17 bookbinders.

[b] The mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to the gallows or a conventicle.—H.

[c] In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.—H.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus, [Lucretius, lib. 2.] continually descending, must needs be more so when loaded and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

> Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
> Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.[a]
>
> Lucr. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that, whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of *faction* and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because[a] * * * *Hiatus in MS.* * * * * * * * * Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off, before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum.*

Under the stage itinerant are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for *Grub-street* have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham[b] and of Will's[c] to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair,[d] including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first; or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and newfangled writers, most prefidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

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[a] 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound
Is all material; body every sound.

[a] Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, when he thinks he cannot say anything worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject.

[b] Gresham College was the place where the Royal Society met.

[c] Will's coffee-house, in Covent-garden, formerly the place where the poets usually met.

[d] *Viz.* About moving the earth.

This is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies,[a] they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best: it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, beside their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the History of Reynard the Fox,[b] but neither lived to publish his essay nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made and communicated with his friends is now universally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr. Faustus*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus;* he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age;[a] this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida;* and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna,[b] and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. [A popular ballad.] Another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments bandied about both in France and England for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life. This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs,[c] and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six-and-thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

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[a] Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

[b] The "History of Reynart the Foxe," an admirable thing, and the design to represent a wise and politic government. It was translated into English, and printed by Caxton.

[a] The chemists say of him in their books that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.

[b] The gemara is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbis; and the misna is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.

[c] In king Charles the Second's time there was an account of a presbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.

But to return. I am assured, from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of godfathers; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example; but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECTION THE SECOND.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife,[a] and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

"Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. [The christian religion.] Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.[b] Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often.[c] You will find in my will [the Bible], here it is, full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil.[a] On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town; they wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's,[b] loitered at Will's;[b] they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billets-doux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio;* got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town; but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose[c] whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde,* and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol,[d] who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from

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[a] Peter, Martin, and Jack, represent popery, the church of England, and protestant dissenters.

[b] *i.e.* Admits of decent ceremonies.

[c] Keep up the purity of religion.

[a] Covetousness, ambition, and pride; the three vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against.

[b] Noted taverns in London.

[c] This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.

[d] By this idol is meant a tailor.

Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cercopithecus. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile.* Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat,[a] or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?[b]

These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures or men. For, is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce;* but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase: by all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue: as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner; embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humour, and a coat full of powder was very good raillery—all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and besides so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulder-knots came up[a]—straight all the world was shoulder-knots—no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse the doorkeeper showed them into the twelvepenny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler;" if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale;" if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do?

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[a] Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man has been called by philosophers.

[b] A satire upon the fanatics.

[a] Popery is here exposed. Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat.

—what temper should they find?—obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all, and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, "Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo* or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S,H,O,U,L,D,E,R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. It is true, said he, the word Calendæ hath in Q. V. C.[a] been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C.[b] Upon this all farther difficulty vanished—shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace:[c] whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a —, and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*, and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. Brothers, said he, you are to be informed that of wills *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory[d] and scriptory: that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur*: but *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio*, *negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say when we were boys that he heard my father's man say that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—! that is very true, cries the other;[a] I remember it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin[b] for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen; An please your worships, said he, my lord Conway and Sir John Walters had linings out of this very piece last night: it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pincushion by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept—the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After a long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will to take care of fire and put out their candles before they went to sleep.[c] This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command (being resolved to avoid further scruple as well as future occasion for scandal), says he that was the scholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously—I have had it by me some time—it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe,[d] and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; *item*, I charge and command[e] my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe does also signify a broomstick:[f] and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not he humbly conceived in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broomstick: but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats—a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

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[a] Quibusdam veteribus codicibus.—Ancient manuscript.
[b] The schoolmen are ridiculed.
[c] New methods of forcing and perverting scripture.
[d] By this is meant tradition.

[a] When the papists cannot find anything which they want in scripture they go to oral tradition.
[b] The fire of purgatory; and praying for the dead is set forth as linings.
[c] That is, to take care of hell—to subdue their lusts.
[d] Pomps and habits of temporal grandeur prohibited in the gospel.
[e] A prohibition of idolatry,
[f] Glosses and interpretations of scripture.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children [images of saints]. Here they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public.[a] That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis.*

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box,[b] brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver:[c] upon which the scholar pronounced, *ex cathedrâ*,[d] that points were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses[e] for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical, and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it, insomuch as, having run something behindhand in the world, he obtained the favour of a certain lord [Constantine the Great] to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance[f] of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

SECTION THE THIRD.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

Although I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make bold humbly to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did, and upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons I suppose it is why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received before that operation were performed.

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[a] An excuse for the worship of images by the Church of Rome.

[b] The papists forbade the use of scripture in the vulgar tongue: Peter locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy; because the new Testament is written in Greek, and the vulgar Latin is in the language of old Italy.

[c] Rites of the church of Rome.

[d] The popes in their decretals and bulls.

[e] Alluding to the abuse of power in the Roman church.

[f] The pope's challenge of temporal sovereignty.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic: that he is discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration; that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers: and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeably to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error: from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns! whose most edifying volumes I turn undefatigably over night and day for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country: these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them.[a] Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to, and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or panegyric upon the true critics, in imitation of their masters the moderns. Now, in the commonplaces of both these I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes, yet whatever they touched of that kind was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so opposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story, according to their affections or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books, which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Lybia there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding that, whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful that a legion of authors would tremble and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say that in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell to it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation:

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[a] See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.—[*Note by the author.*]

> Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
> Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.[a]
> Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: Among the rest says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice: whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons nearly of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company than of any other you can name. For as, to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been, and must be for ever, the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superficies, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am likely to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

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[a] Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees whose blossoms with their odour kill.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head than he began to look big and to take mightily upon him; insomuch that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr.* PETER [the pope], and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes, *My Lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to,[a] after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because I think authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent [purgatory], lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita.* This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.[b]

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the worms,[c] especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights:[a] as soon as he went to bed he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.[b]

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office[c] for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eavesdroppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord Peter's was, an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes [indulgences], martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows, ——, and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows [ceremonies and processions]; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle.[d] For, having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp,[e] after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction [sprinkling], in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities he most valued a certain set of bulls [papal], whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste, because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain that lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead.[a] However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils,[b] which, notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. [Fulminations of the pope.] However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster beside that in Horace:

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[a] The pope's pretension to supremacy.

[b] The imaginary place between heaven and hell.

[c] Penance and absolution are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy.

[a] Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome.

[b] The application of relics to physical cures.

[c] The author ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it is described by the ass's head.

[d] Holy water he calls a universal pickle.

[e] And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, he tells us that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues.

> Varias inducere plumas;—and Atrum desinat in piscem.

For these had fishes' tails,[c] yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys,[d] and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it), an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars.[e] They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:[a]

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A.B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant; and if you fail hereof, G— d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell. Your most humble man's man, Emperor PETER."

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti* may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at if by this time lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty,[b] and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats,[c] and clap them all on his head three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle,[d] and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade*[e] was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets.[f] A while after he nailed up the cellar-door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.[g] Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, vension, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton [Transubstantiation]; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord," said he, "I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake."—"What," says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with."—"None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart."—"How," said Peter, appearing in great surprise, "I do not comprehend this at all." Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright, "My lord," said he, "my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner."—"Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder."—"What then, my lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while?"—"Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present:" but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: "By G—, my lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelvepenny loaf."—"Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter, in a rage; "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument: by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall-market; and G— confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration—"—"Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason."—"Very well," said Peter; "here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. "That you shall," said Peter; "I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

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[a] Alludes to the leaden seal at the bottom of the popish bulls; for excommunications of heretical princes are all signed with lead, and the seal of the fisherman, and therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes' tails.

[b] These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian by the church of Rome.

[c] Alluding to the expression *sub signo piscatoris*.

[d] That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

[e] Heretics or schismatics as the pope calls protestants.

[a] This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *servus servorum*.

[b] The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles.

[c] The triple mitre or crown.

[d] The keys of the church.

[e] A sudden jerk, or lash of a horse.

[f] Allowed concubines.

[g] The pope's refusing the cup to the laity.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture [the Reformation] which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extremely wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow[a] at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post,[b] that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, "Z—ds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone[c] travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, "By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera* [translation of the scriptures], by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink,[a] to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives.[b] While all this was in agitation there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring lord Peter would please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow.[c] But the two brothers told him he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king.[d] In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels,[e] and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors [out of the church], and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

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[a] The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk among the papists.

[b] By the sign post is meant the cross of our blessed Saviour.

[c] The chapel of Loretto, which they tell us travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

SECTION THE FIFTH.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

> ———Quemvis perferre laborem
> Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained: till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another like a nest of boxes, I do affirm that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery, that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved, in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate), that as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree that our choice town wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or not; in which point we are likely to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazile.[a] The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil *in balneo Mariæ*, infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S., together with three pints of Lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass phial, hermetically sealed, for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the phial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quædams*, *florilegias*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own it was by the assistance of this arcanum that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic, it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica.[b] He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem.* His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all; for want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England. A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

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[a] Administered the cup to the laity.
[b] Allowed marriages of priests.
[c] Beginning of the Reformation.
[d] Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions.
[e] By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power.

[a] An imaginary island, supposed to be seen at intervals by the inhabitants of the isle of Arran; and, like the Painters' Wives' Island, placed in some unknown part of the ocean.
[b] A treatise written by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge mere rant.

But beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood: but I challenge any of his admirers to show me in all his writings a complete account of the spleen; does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for smatterers, or the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read. A curious invention about mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny that whatever I have said upon this occasion had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this has saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric:—Sir, upon my word we are just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate at this time of prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomenas, apparatuses, to the readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint,) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits by reading nothing else. Into which two factions I think all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECTION THE SIXTH.

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere closely in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN [Martin Luther], and the other took the appellation of JACK [John Calvin]. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject. Because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion;[a] never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen: but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver,[a] for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance, having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats; and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe.[b] But when he had gone thus far he demurred a while: he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work, having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling.[c] Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated or utterly defaced.[d] For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language: as I think I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement;

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[a] The Romish ceremonies multiplied.

[a] Points tagged with silver are doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church.

[b] Alluding to the commencement of the Reformation.

[c] The dissolution of the monasteries occasioned insurrections during the reign of Edward VI.

[d] The abolition of the worship of saints.

having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and, farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats: yet it was no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensible, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam: so it happened here that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out, and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women;[a] or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments[b] as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimseys that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald [Calvin]; sometimes, Jack with a lantern;[c] sometimes, Dutch Jack;[d] sometimes, French Hugh [Hugonots]; sometimes, Tom the beggar;[e] and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the north [John Knox]. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists; who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

—Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.

SECTION THE SEVENTH.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell; but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted I shall leave among the curious as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees and ragouts.

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[a] The galleries over the piazzas in the late Royal Exchange were filled with shops, kept chiefly by women, in the manner of the Exeter Change in the Strand, which is no more to be seen, but, in its place, Exeter Hall.

[b] The fox in the fable, who, caught in a trap, lost his tail, and used arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs.

[c] All who pretend to inward light.

[d] Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the anabaptists.

[e] The Gueuses, by which name some protestants in Flanders were called.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced, in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution: and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed, and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to intefere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, has borne the most and the fairest fruit. For, though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, beside what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies, whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.* Now I have been very curious to inspect the late productions wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open, like the Scythians, who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk: yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must even be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument that our modern wits are not to rekon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains, therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes and little compendiums? quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas, are to be nicely dwelt on by some called the sieves and boulters of learning; though it is* left undetermined whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and, consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks there starts up many a writer capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his commonplace-book be full? and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying that in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern.

SECTION THE EIGHTH.

THE learned Æolists[a] maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled and blew up the flame of nature should one day blow it out:—

> Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi;* that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus, animus, afflatus*, or *anima;* what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Farther, what is life itself but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus* and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since wind had the master share, as well as operation, in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist, Bumbastus*,[a] of placing the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of belching to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year you might behold the priests among them, in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm.[b] At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and given the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at such junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

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[a] All pretenders to inspiration.

[a] One of the names of Paracelsus, called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus.

[b] Those seditious preachers who blow up seeds of rebellion.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria*,[a] was the almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant* [Pausan. l. 8]. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner.[b] It is well known among the learned that the virtuosoes of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirolus.[c] It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face[d] as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true, indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstacy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of female priests[a] is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the sibyls.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till, having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the east into the west; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of a precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil it has been the usual method of mankind to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread and horror and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon,[b] sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called Moulinavent [windmill], who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them [infidels] with interest.

Thus furnished and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

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[a] Worship paid only to the supreme Deity.

[b] The original of tub-preaching described.

[c] An author who writ *De Artibus perditis*, &c. Of arts lost, and of arts invented.

[d] An exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

[a] Quakers suffer their females to preach.

[b] The author here, no doubt, means latitudinarians.

Now, whether this system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light, which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECTION THE NINTH.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

Nor shall it in any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy. For if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men, which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest, the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy, and the contriving, as well as the propagating, of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that, as the face of nature never produces rain but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending foom the lower faculties to water the invention and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it has been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crops they produce differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince[a] raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon,[b] gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceedingly curious to learn whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*; for,

> Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore:
> Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.—Lucr.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain: the very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

> ——Teterrima belli
> Causa——

The other instance is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king [Louis XIV. of France], who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes, natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*, and, gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

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[a] Henry the Great of France.

[b] Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam, whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name beside that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I think the reason is easy to be assigned; for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which, in several individuals, is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it, whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for, if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, who, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as errant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.* For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentlemen, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton; a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances: whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. O, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report that something is amiss, that his brain has undergone an unlucky shake, which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in!

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost propensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain[a] * *

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Hic multa * *desiderantur.* *

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And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion. For the brain in its natural position and state of serenity disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons or his vision; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of nature! so that, if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage either in the world or the playhouse.

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[a] Another intended break in the manuscript.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and than comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader that in such conclusions as these reason is certainly in the right; and that, in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprise, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins *ingenium par negotiis*; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to sir Edward Seymour, sir Christopher Musgrave, sir John Bowles, John Howe, esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state [ecclesiastical], civil and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piecemeal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators' faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta*[a] *erat ejus facies.* He walks duly in one pace, entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolator of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to everybody, that he never keeps it: one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound; extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; Sir, says he, give me a penny, and I 'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song). What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose), you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the antechamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge.—— Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECTION THE TENTH.

A FARTHER DIGRESSION.

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his majesty and both houses of parliament, to the lords of the king's most honourable privy-council, to the reverend the judges, to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land; but in a more especial manner to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham-college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall:

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[a] Cornutus is either horned or shining, and by this term Moses is described.

in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded; why, truly, he thanks his stars the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he wrote it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; and "pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not to go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts;* and usually passes under the name of the author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrange, and many others, who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles,[a] and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration: and if it should so happen that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of second part, must, for my sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat may be given to the poor; and the dogs[a] under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes—the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm that, whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers can seldom reach till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured, among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety as well as extent of their reputation. For night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion that they are dark; and therefore, the true illuminated[b] (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scolastic midwifery has delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

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[a] Alluding to the trite phrase, "place the saddle on the right horse."

[a] By dogs, the author means injudicious critics.

[b] A name of the Rosicrucians.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first,[a] I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the rosy cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription, in the second and fifth section, they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum.* Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé, and be sure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth; *à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia, et à timore mobilis;* wherein Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECTION THE ELEVENTH.

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), and his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty; but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d—n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children, run out to gaze; a hundred noisy curs[b] run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen.[a] Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies, and penalties in case of obedience or neglect, yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the necessary as well as the most paltry occasions of life.[b] He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that.[c] Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

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[a] This is what the cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible.

[b] What the author calls the true critics.

[a] The following passage refers to the practice of the fanatics.

[b] The author lashes those pretenders to purity who place so much merit in using scripture phrases.

[c] The fanatics pretend that nothing is lawful but what is expressly commanded in Scripture.

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat;[a] nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a christian.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets,[b] and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices who looked on that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose. "It was ordained," said he, "some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of destruction: and alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog."

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos, who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play,[a] he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand, out with his gear and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned,[b] and clad as thin as possible to let in the ambient heat;[c] and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government[d] he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard[e] than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence.[f] He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music,[g] especially a pair of bagpipes [organs]. But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters, insomuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at the signs.[h]

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water,[i] though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

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[a] The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

[b] Absolute predestination burlesqued.

[a] The villanies and cruelties committed by enthusiasts and fanatics.

[b] Affected differences in habit and behaviour.

[c] The fanatics opposing reasonable customs.

[d] Severe persecutors, in a form of cant and devotion.

[e] Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek the Lord, when they resolved to murder the king.

[f] Their cant and affected tones.

[g] Dissenters' aversion against instrumental music in churches.

[h] Defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England.

[i] Baptism of adults by plunging.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears [fanatic preaching]; it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps."[a] To another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke" (said he, showing his bare shoulders); "a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning, at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre, which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes, so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

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Desunt non- * * * *
nulla. * * * *

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm that it has been verified by repeated experience that—

> Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons; for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them, which I think we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ;* and how can it be otherwise, when in the latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many loppings and mutilations to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists that, if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior: and, therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us that, when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch; and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them; whereof those who had already used the means looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for benevolence found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon as if they had been marks of grace; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth.

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[a] The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen,[a] who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears, which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery, and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough may discover several handles, whereof the six senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them, in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account how Peter got a protection out of the king's bench; and of a reconcilement[b] between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse,[a] and eat custard. But the particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions, but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy—I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

Going too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short, and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble jesuit [Père d'Orleans] who first adventured to confess in print that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject, and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward and said, I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, (but not in verse,) or a small treatise upon the ——, it would run like wildfire. But if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr Bentley, which I am sure will turn to account.[b]

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play shall be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells—a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and a half under-ground, it shall pass, however for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous dark.

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[a] Charles the Second, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

[b] In the reign of James the Second the presbyterians joined the papists, against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test.

[a] Sir Humphry Edwin, a presbyterian, when lord mayor of London, went in his formalities to a conventicle.

[b] When Dr. Prideaux took his Connection of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not be ventured unless he would enliven it with a little humour.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors, which is to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on: by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast, where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva;* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze or to sleep out the rest of the day. But in this latter I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud if, by all my labours, I can have anyways contributed to the repose of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses; between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasions where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed that, from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common-places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains and traps and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly with some consideration and esteem after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

Giving an account of his departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, on which account they were obliged to travel and meet many disasters, finding no shelter near Peter's habitation; Martin succeeds in the north: Peter thunders against Martin for the loss of the large revenue he used to receive from thence. Harry Huff sent Martin a challenge to fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended victory, which encouraged Harry to huff Peter also. With many other extraordinary adventures of the said Martin in several places with many considerable persons.

With a digression concerning the nature, usefulness, and necessity of wars and quarrels.

How Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much from the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards, and finding the Thuringians and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them; where, making it his business to cry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches. How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one, who not having enough of one wife wanted to marry a second; and knowing Peter used not to grant such licences but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations, declaring Martin and all his adherents rebels and traitors, ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large rewards, &c. upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff,[a] lord of Albion, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders, though unknown everywhere else. How Martin, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators; and, after giving one another broken heads and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory; and how lord Harry's friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap,[a] to be worn by him and his successors as a perpetual mark for his bold defence of lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, began to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench.[b] How some of lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

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[a] Henry VIII.'s controversy with Luther in behalf of the pope.

How Harry Huff, after a good deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy [Edward VI.], who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to spread everywhere and take deep root in Albion. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady who was violently in love with lord Peter [queen Mary]. How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now called the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into Albion, now under another lady, more moderate and more cunning than the former. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers; but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master and allow no other slaves, powders, or plasters to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books, and of this medley or hodgepodge made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen. How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother, and set up herself in his place as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend; which has likewise been worn with no small ostentation to this day by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter. How lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolve on a farther alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of Peter's trash that still remained in it, but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a north-country farmer, who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to show his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and windmills, and claimed great honour for his victories, though he ofttimes b-sh-t himself when there was no danger. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish, in his northern farm, the same dispensatory used in the southern, but miscarried because Jack's powders, pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.

How the author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his history a new sect, differing from the three he had undertaken to treat of, and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number *three* obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number;[a] and for that end to drop the former Martin, and to substitute in his place lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true history. This weighty point being cleared, the author goes on and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between Jack and Martin [great civil war]; how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms, till at last both sides concur to hang up the landlord, who pretended to die a martyr for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.

A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

This being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically and at large in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take everything its nature requires. Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take everything from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c., as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The author is to write a panegyric on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: those that cannot, or dare not, make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smith nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c., that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the author's Panegyric on Mankind.

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[a] "Defender of the Faith."

[b] Henry VIII.'s love for Ann Bullen

[a] "A panegyrical Essay upon the number Three" is among the treatises advertised at the beginning of the Tale of a Tub.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN (CONTINUED).

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind [Cromwell], quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsyturvy, till everybody grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established [Restoration]. How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to everything his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty.[a] How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner, and turned out the landlord; in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country [Revolution]. How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destroy Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the north, and put himself in possession of a whole canton,[b] to the great discontent of Martin, who, finding also that some of Jack's friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the south parts of the country, grew highly discontent with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve.[c] Of several attempts made to cure Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack. What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper. * * *

Here the author being seized with a fit of dulness, (to which he is very subject,) after having read a poetical epistle addressed to ***, it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N.B. Some things that follow after this are not in the MS., but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

A PROJECT FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

The author, having laboured so long, and done so much, to serve and instruct the public, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in *folio*, an exact description of *Terra Australis incognita*, collected with great care and pains from 999 learned and pious authors of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers; one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported; and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the public charge, or out of the parish-rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging; and that every family that can command ten pounds per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly; and considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print proposals against next term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream. Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if it comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages by most nations of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason, he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project, almost as good as this, by establishing insurance-offices everywhere for securing people from shipwreck and several other accidents in their voyage to this country; and these offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c., that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries: but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large and communicate to his friend.

Here ends the manuscript.

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[a] Indulgences to sectaries.

[b] Presbytery in Scotland.

[c] Clamour that the church was in danger.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN SAINT JAMES'S LIBRARY.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

The following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time, with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D., with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle, now earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute the town highly resented to see a person of sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the BOOKS in St. James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books, in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, ETC.

Whoever examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time, will find it remarked that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches:—the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other, (whether real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at; for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially toward the *east;* and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance into their place; or else the said ancients will give leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it if they did or did not know how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit, in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war,) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives, for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior while he is alive; and after his death his soul transmigrates thither to inform them. This at least is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemetries; where some philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controversy, being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all *polemics* of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved if a new species of controversial books had not arisen of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the ancient and modern books in the king's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library,[a] a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre; a quality to which those of the modern party are extremely subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments;

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[a] The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says he was refused a MS. by the library-keeper, Dr. Bentley; the two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop.

when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile those books that were advocates for the moderns chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all, fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries; whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed and worse clad; their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few, by trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the moderns were much the more ancient of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. It is true, said they, we are informed some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing. Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, by ——, he believed them.

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that sir William Temple[a] happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive; upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight,) A plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—d? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?—Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll): I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. —Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.—I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house.—Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters.—By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

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[a] The allies who espoused the cause of ancient learning.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics[a]) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest key that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other as that in the window and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you his brethren and himself with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer, that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse[a] were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux.[b] There came the bowmen[c] under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander, into meteors; or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stinkpot-flingers from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey,[a] their great aga: part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest was a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place came infinite swarms of calones,[b] a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder, all without coats[c] to cover them.

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[a] Urged by those who contended for the excellence of modern learning.

[a] The epic poets were full-armed horsemen; the lyrical bards light-horse.

[b] More commonly known by the name of Boileau.

[c] The philosophers, whether physical or metaphysical.

The army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pinder the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus,[d] the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt, the covers of celestial turkey leather, and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men accidents or events; but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. Goddess, said Momus, can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? who then hereafter will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy: It is I (said she) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents, by me beaux become politicians, and schoolboys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffeehouse wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare to oppose me?—But come, my aged parent, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell which from thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoes, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breast: for at the head of a troop of modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton, to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. Brave Wotton, said the goddess, why do our trops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour and opportunity of the day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately. Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

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[a] Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the moderns, and excepted against as doubtful or erroneous by sir W. Temple.

[b] Calones. By calling this disorderly rout calones, the author points both his satire and contempt againt all sorts of mercenary scribblers. Sir Roger L'Estrange was distinguished by his activity in this dirty warfare in the reigns of Charles II. and James.

[c] These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

[d] On account of the superiority claimed for them in works of humour.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.

* * * *
Hic pauca
* * * * *desunt.*

They bore the wounded aga[a] on their shields to his chariot * * * *
Desunt * * * *
nonnulla. * * *

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern and went whizzing over his head; but Des Cartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bow-man round till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex.

Ingens hiatus * * * *
hic in MS. * * * *
* * when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last! First, Gondibert[a] advanced against him, clad in heavy armour and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour: madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Sam Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient; called him father, and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related.[b] Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid and utterly unable to mount.

* * * *Alter hiatus*
* * * *in MS.*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen and turned off the point. Brave modern, said Lucan, I perceive some god protects you,[c] for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. * * * * * *

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[a] Doctor Harvey. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded: other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows.

[a] An heroic poem by Sir W. Davenant in stanzas of four lines.

[b] Alluding to the Preliminary Dissertations in Dryden's Virgil

[c] His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet.

Pauca desunt. * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening aloud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew ——, and ——, and Oldham, and ——, and Afra[a] the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus.[b] And now both heroes drew their swords; but the modern was so aghast and disordered that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant, Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, beside the ransom which my friends will give when they hear I am alive and your prisoner. Dog! said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet; the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and, being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * * * * * *

* * * * * * *Hiatus valde deflendus in MS.*

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THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot a captain whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left.[a] Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and humped shoulder, which his boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d—d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that, if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You, said he, sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till you all swear to me that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess. Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, Miscreant prater! said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature; thy learning makes thee more barbarous; thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets, more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own; though I hope that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms.

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancient's army. They began their march over carcases of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived, with fear, toward the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow; meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when at a distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancient's army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep; Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright, interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Pharlaris[a] was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

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[a] Mrs. Afra Behn. [b] His poem called "The Mistress."

[a] The person here spoken of is famous for letting fly at everybody.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: O that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, O mother! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him nor heard it fall: and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ———, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods,[a] immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet, much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song, he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt, rage sparkled in his eyes, and, leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning, if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign; so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and, as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or spent its force till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now * * * * * *

Desunt cætera.

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[a] According to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

[a] Boyle was assisted in this dispute by dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford.

A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND. A FRAGMENT.

THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Discourse came into my hands perfect and entire; but there being several things in it which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whose judgment I entirely submit it.

A DISCOURSE, ETC.

For T. H. Esquire,[a] at his chambers in the Academy of the Beaux Esprits, in New England.

Sir,—It is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in; for, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's churchyard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue as that of a Letter to a Friend: nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as long schemes in philosophy, dark and wonderful mysteries of state, laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, sir, to proceed after the method in present wear; for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter as soon as ever it comes to your hand. I desire you will be my witness to the world how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was but yesterday when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste I have had no manner of time to digest it into order or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, sir, in your next letter to the Iroquois virtuosi, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them I shall send an account of those phenomena as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the literati of Topinambou these three last ordinaries.

And now, sir, having despatched what I had to say of form or of business, let me entreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject, and to pardon me if I make no farther use of the epistolary style till I come to conclude.

SECTION THE FIRST.

It is recorded of Mahomet that, upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, has been since taken up by a great number of devout christians, and doubtless with very good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward; for, though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine beside this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities, as well as operations; and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of commonplace; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operation already mentioned many peculiar properties are required both in the rider and the ass, which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory; though in such a manner that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from henceforward, instead of the term ass, we shall make use of gifted or enlightened teacher; and the word rider we will exchange for that of fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is to examine by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or spirit, or light; and by what intercourse hetween him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

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[a] Supposed to be col. Hunter. This Discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person, but to calculate them for universal nature and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed as that of a fanatic strain or tincture of enthusiasm; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history, as will soon appear to those who know anything of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science which has not annexed to it some fanatic branch; such are, the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir,[a] the planetary worlds, the squaring of the circle, the *summum bonum*, Utopian commonwealths, with some others of less or subordinate note, which all serve for nothing else but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper and spread yet farther upon holy ground; wherein, though it has passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet has it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter. This description will hold good in general, but I am only to understand it as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed possession. The third is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this mechanical operation of the spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade, producing parallel instances and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle is wholly an effect of art, which however is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions more than others. Besides, there is many an operation which in its original was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages has grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us that among our ancestors the Scythians there was a nation called Long-heads, which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and, finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and, being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Long-heads, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For in the age of our fathers there arose a generation of men in this island called Round-heads,[a] whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet in its beginning was merely an operation of art produced by a pair of scissors, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature at last took the hint and did it of herself; so that a roundhead has been ever since as familiar a sight among us as a long-head among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning: secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed, in general, upon the following fundamental: that the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit; because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the senses, or else to justle them out of their stations; and, while they are either absent or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures are, what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but, having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must if possible be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics that the spirit can, by any means, be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great in many material circumstances between the primitive way of inspiration and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, That the apostles were gathered together with one accord, in one place; by which is meant a universal agreement in opinion and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, The spirit instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words or phrases in their own. Lastly, say these objectors, the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close and so industriously a-top: for they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the apostles' heads while their hats were on.

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[a] Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

[a] The fanatics in the time of Charles I., ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said that the queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that round headed man was? and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called round heads.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word spirit; which, if it be understood for a supernatural assistance approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the spirit we treat of here proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity to cover their heads as close as they can in order to prevent perspiration, than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps further show in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phenomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted that in forming and working up the spirit the assembly has a considerable share as well as the preacher. The method of this arcanum is as follows: they violently strain their eyeballs inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of see-saw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height, choosing their time in those intermissions while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it so singular and improbable as not to be traced in distant regions from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis [Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.], or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial ecstasies, has been derived to us from our Scythian [Guagnini Hist. Sarmat.] ancestors, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland with a considerable improvement; and it is granted that this noble nation has, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish men and women to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company, each preserving the smoke in his mouth till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh; at the same time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Meanwhile you may observe their eyes turned up, in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination has usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but after a short pause a small glimmering light begins to appear and dance before you: then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Meanwhile the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud hum which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher to prevent too long a pause, under which the spirit would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the spirit with relation to that part which is borne by the assembly; but in the methods of the preacher to which I now proceed I shall be more large and particular.

SECTION THE SECOND.

You will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this—that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But there are certain critics who will by no means admit of this distinction, rather believing that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power of greatest goodness and ability to help them; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others again inform us that those idolators adore two principles—the principle of good, and that of evil; which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea has been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our desires; that the former set them a praying, and us a cursing. What I applaud them for is, their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white God to cross or to interfere with that of the black. Not so with us, who, pretending by the lines and measures of our reason to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cœlum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess—after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rakehell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes—I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise dispute, about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating whether such and such influences come into men's minds from above or below; whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

> Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
> Discernunt avidi.

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it has continued these hundred years an even debate whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were possession or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity for every individual to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he has got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he has knocked his head against a post, it was the devil for his sins let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who that sees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducting the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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[*Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.*]

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Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use: these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife that covers her still with a wet clout for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi* that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: that all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals upon certain capillary nerves which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject from the climate it lies under. Further, that nothing less than a violent heat can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That if the morsure be hexagonal it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence: if the bite hath been conical, the person whose nerve is so affected shall be disposed to write upon politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly by what kind of practices the voice is best governed toward the composition and improvement of the spirit; for, without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For it is to be understood that, in the language of the spirit, cant and droning supply the place of sense and reason in the language of men: because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar has not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense before he can make it music. For this reason it has been held by some that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection when managed by ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum;* but in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient toward the art of canting is, a competent share of inward light; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this light resembling lanterns compact of leaves from old Geneva bibles; which invention, sir Humphrey Edwin,[a] during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, Thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.

Now, the art of canting consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeably to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single vowel to draw sighs from a multitude, and for a whole assembly of saints to sob to the music of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles, when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully as to pierce the hearts of his people, who were disposed to receive the excrements of his brain with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of canting; philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

But, among all improvements of the spirit, wherein the voice has borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which, under the denomination of snuffling,[b] has passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark: but, having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

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[a] A presbyterian, who, ascending to the dignity of lord mayor of London, went in his official character to a meeting house

[b] The snuffling of men who have lost their noses by lewd courses is said to have given rise to that tone which our dissenters did too much affect.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and has flourished in this island ever since with great lustre. All agree that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes, which, having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not, when the following adventure happened to a Banbury saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit; adding that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs; and, when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully headstrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part; (a very natural effect of strong inspiration); and the place and time falling out so unluckily that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe that there is in human noses an idiosyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the stops. By this method the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success, in the operation of the spirit; for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight every pastor copied after this original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it; so that, I think, it may be truly affirmed the saints owe their empire to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read how the Persian beast acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before. [Herodotus.]

I should now have done, if I were not convinced that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected that there is in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm some real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without; as lanterns, which, the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it, you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of fanaticism from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanatics in ancient story are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of Orgia, Panegyres, and Dionysia; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future [Diod. Sic., l. i. Plut. de Iside et Osiride]. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus: which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding; and, because antiqnity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouring through the index; as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping into his breech. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, there was not one vine in all Egypt [Herodotus, l. ii.], the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian Osiris [Diod. Sic., l. i. and iii.], but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom or never drunk; for it is recorded of him that he was the first inventor of the mitre [Id., l. iv.], which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of bacchanals did), to prevent vapours and the headache after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the scarlet whore, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the bacchanalian cermonies were so many types and symbols. From which account [Diod. Sic., l. i. and iii.] it is manifest that the fanatic rites of these bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was, in their processions, an entire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added that they imitated satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types [Dionysia Brauronia], was performed *in puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in coveys, but sorted into couples. The same may be further conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his orgies to them [*Vide* Photium in excerptis è Conone]; which others explained by telling us he had castrated himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next fanatics we meet with of any eminence were the numerous sects of heretics appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian era, from Simon Magus and his followers to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere even in their wildest ravings, so there is one fundamental point wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles, in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note were those which started up in Germany a little after the reformation of Luther, springing as mushrooms do at the end of a harvest; such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others, whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation, and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics in all ages (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about), to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the family of love, sweet singers of Israel, and the like; and, from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women wherein they have so unanimously agreed, I am apt to imagine that the seed or principle which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible is of a corporeal nature; for the profounder chemists inform us that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below; and thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians that nothing affects the head so much as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found, by daily practice, to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me that when the Quakers first appeared he seldom was without some female patients among them for the *furor* —; persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others, the most amorous; for zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and, from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called ogling; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug or a hum, a sigh or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity than by the saints? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that, in the height and orgasmus of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them ******; immediately after which, they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be further strengthened by observing, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though ever so contemptible in their outward mien; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think the sex has certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upward toward heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers for the sake of celestial converse are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both; and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude, sir, yours, &c.

Pray burn this letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

LETTER THE FIRST.[a]

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

Joe[b] will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord-lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond.[c] He and Mrs. Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of Clogher.[d] I saw him returning from Dunlary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of Clogher remind the bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one enclosed to the bishop of Litchfield.[e] Let all who write to me enclose to Richard Steele, esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall.[f] My lord Mountjoy is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wesley,[g] and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifty pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her enclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and for God's sake be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings I will quit them, and pay her from July 9; and Mrs. Brent must write to Parvisol with orders accordingly. The post is just come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless poor little MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER THE SECOND.

London, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1710.

I got here last Thursday, after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c.[a] But my lord treasurer[b] received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard is much at court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day, so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother[c] some other way. I writ to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin. Everything is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Everybody asks me how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so; and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's[d] lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas, in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter cames to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full I will send it whether MD writes or not; and so that will be pretty; and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol[e] pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervis is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple[f] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach, but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family.[g] Tell the provost I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh[a] just now at the coffeehouse, who asked after you with great kindness; he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean,[b] and Mrs. Walls, and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.[c] It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

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[a] These letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, were all written in a series from the time of Dr. Swift's landing at Chester, in September, 1710, until his return to Ireland in June, 1713, upon being made dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The letters were all very carefully preserved by Stella; and at her death, if not before, taken back by Dr. Swift; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that history of the queen which he writ at Windsor in the year 1713; they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson. Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Swift's invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.—D.S.

[b] Mr. Joseph Beaumont, merchant, of Trim, had the honour to be among Swift's friends. He invented a set of tables for the improvement of the linen trade, and received from government a reward, a circumstance frequently alluded to in the course of these letters. Intense application to investigate the longitude at length deranged his faculties, and he committed suicide in a fit of lunacy.

[c] Vicar of Trim, Swift's particular friend.

[d] Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards bishop of Derry.

[e] Dr. John Hough.

[f] At this time gazetteer, and commissioner of the stamp-office.

[g] Lady of Garret Wesley, esq., a daughter of sir Dudley Colley.

[a] For having disappointed his preferment, through the remonstrance of Sharpe, archbishop of York.

[b] The earl of Godolphin.

[c] Lady Giffard, the beloved sister of sir William Temple, is said to have had a large portion of his genius.

[d] In these letters, Pdfr stands for Dr. Swift; Ppt for Stella; D for Dingley; DD generally for Dingley, but sometimes for both Stella and Dingley; and MD generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for Stella. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more advisable to use the word Presto for Swift, which is borrowed from the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who whimsically called him Dr. Presto, which is the Italian for Swift.

[e] The doctor's agent at Laracor, a Frenchman.

[f] Nephew to sir William.

[g] This coldness between the Temple family and Dr. Swift has been variously accounted for but never satisfactorily cleared up.

LETTER THE THIRD.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with sir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the rest at St. James's coffeehouse, I came home and writ to the archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's[d] friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father[e] was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice everything to save himself, and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke[f] was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervas, to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow, MD; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervis, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton[g] expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt[a] refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford to the duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord president;[b] with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said he knew I never expected anything from lord Wharton, and that lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford, the Hamburgh merchant, my old schoolfellow; but calling at Bull's on Ludgate-hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner, among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadly,[c] the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad however to be at Hampstead, where I saw lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to a degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him. I am come early home, not caring for the coffeehouse.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, colonel Freind, and I, went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night at the coffeehouse; we hear sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper; so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see lady Giffard; but I will contrive to get there when lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD.; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning.—Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig,

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[a] An Irish gentleman of fortune.

[b] Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

[c] The government premium for his mathematical sleaing tables.

[d] Isaac Manley, esq., postmaster-general for Ireland.

[e] Sir Thomas Frankland, postmaster-general for England.

[f] Who printed the Tale of a Tub and other works for the doctor.

[g] Afterwards marquis, lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

[a] Vice-treasurer of Ireland. [b] The celebrated lord Somers.

[c] Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards bishop of Winchester.

and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's[a] misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers, without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper.[b] Mr. Stratford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night; the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers. Here is Mr. Brydges, the paymaster-general, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the first-fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the Tatler, about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.; and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste by the duke of Devonshire; they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that will not write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the earl of Anglesea, the great support of the Tories; so that employment of vice-treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of St. David's (Dr. George Bull) died the same day. The duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord president Somers; the duke of Devonshire, lord steward; and Mr. Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall-mall for one in Bury-street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If anything happens to-morrow I will add it.

Robin's Coffeehouse.—We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; king Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's Coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night, but not send it this week. Pray, tell me whether you like this journal way of writing. I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my gray and be hanged.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

Here must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry and think much that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, sauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth the Florence envoy,[a] Stratford,[b] and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with lady Lucy, &c., and when I got home found a letter from Joe,

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[a] A celebrated beauty and toast of the Kit-cat Club, who retired in her misfortune to Lynn, Norfolk, under an assumed name.

[b] Will Pate was a tradesman of such a turn for letters as to be called the learned woollen-draper.

[a] John Molesworth, envoy extraordinary to the king of Sardinia, and afterwards to the states of Venice and Switzerland.

[b] A merchant in the city often mentioned.

with one enclosed to lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's orders is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom [the first fruits]; and does he think anybody will trouble the queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country; and I will not answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have bid them good night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time to-day with Will Frankland and his fortune; she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and lady Betty Germain to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff: let the bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can. Well, I will write to the bishop of Killala: but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor; I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that, pray, pray, Mrs. Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter-house?—Get a ——— into the Charter-house.[a]—Write constantly! Why, sirrah, do not I write every day, and sometimes twice a day, to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent[b] what I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,[c] and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,[a] which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me, and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband, (who I find is a surly brute), so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond, or anybody that will tell him—that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton,[b] give them to him—a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why, he will not be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I wrote this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady S—— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw everybody; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Conolly is out,[c] and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to lord Wharton; so has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and wrote more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came; guess which it is, and whether the bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's

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[a] In these broken ejaculations he answers the paragraphs of the lady's letter.

[b] Housekeeper to the doctor.

[c] No doubt at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's.

[a] The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. A satire on Godolphin.

[b] The doctor's curate at his living of Laracor.

[c] A commissioner of the revenue, afterwards speaker.

health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies twopence; however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls [archdeacon] will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why, it is well enough; but I will not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland.—Bishop of Clogher's bill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on the other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for.—No, no, I will eat no grapes; I eat about six the other day at sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth; what then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no aile (I suppose you mean *ale*), but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes; pray do not carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley. Why small hopes from the duke of Ormond? he loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I do not think of anything further than the business I am upon: you see I wrote to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corpse came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury-street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating never go to a tavern, and very seldom, in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean friendly! The dean be pox'd: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that is enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the enclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine *premunire* to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now *I* dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but perhaps little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined today at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,[a] who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories drily tell me I may make my fortune if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I *do* understand them.

October 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy to dine with lord Halifax near Hampton Court. Your Manley's brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment, and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and to-day I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father (postmaster here), and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person [the earl of Godolphin]. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir John Stanley to desire him to engage lady Hyde as my mistress, to engage lord Hyde in favour of Mr. Pratt.

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen[b] and Delaval and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner (for the queen was at Hampton Court), and expected to see nobody, but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartoons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly; you cannot do anything like this in Dublin. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'ennight at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen, but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy-water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I

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[a] Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth.

[b] Sir Paul Methuen, ambassador at the court of Portugal.

will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to lord Dartmouth and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyot, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyot will be hanged;[a] for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp-paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,[b] and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had to-night a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord-lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed I will solicit whoever is lord-lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell[c] and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room with a servant of lord Halifax to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And to-day I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2nd letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2nd, 3rd? is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3, &c.? I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the givers bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's,[a] who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side.[b] I dined again at Delaval's, and in the evening at the coffeehouse heard sir Andrew Fountaine was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio, basto, and two small diamonds? Then, in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eightpence halfpenny toward your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him, and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told that Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as sir John Holland the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards and your claret and orange at the dean's,[c] and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs. At night.—Jack Howe told Harley "that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely and with so civil a manner." This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me "his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence," which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and pre-

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[a] He was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, January 13th, 1710-11, and acquitted.

[b] Owing to her shortness of sight.

[c] A privy counsellor, and secretary of state for Ireland.

[a] Sir Godfrey Kneller's the painter.

[b] The Westminster election was closely contested.

[c] Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's.

sented me to his son-in-law lord Doblane[a] (or some such name), and his own son, and among others Will Penn the Quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business, entered into it with all kindness, asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen, told me the measures he would take, and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must bring Mr. St. John, secretary of state [the celebrated lord Bolingbroke], and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!)—I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday, and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffeehouse in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you: you must know it is fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day; for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke to give him a ballad and dine with him, but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be, and have not used the expression of "*you in* Ireland" and "*we in* England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. They may talk of the *you know what*;[b] but, gad, if it had not been for that I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle-faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, "That was not a place for friends to come to." It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do I will shrink to half-sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost, and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I will spend as many pounds: and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries; but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat; and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet faith I long for MD's third too; and yet I would have it to say that I write five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffeehouse as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there; he is of Ireland: the bishop of Clogher knows him well; an honest, good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit; his mistress is never above a cookmaid. And so good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern! O, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith it is true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley: and faith, young women, I will tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done, but I must say no more; and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.[a]

LETTER THE SIXTH.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general, sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done all but the forms by that time, for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and besides, I am told by all hands he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of a Shower in London, and will send it to the Tatler. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Wall, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town? I writ to her from Chester to know what I should do with her note, and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me; so I must go to my business, &c.

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[a] George Henry Hay, viscount Dupplin, eldest son to the earl of Kinnoul.

[b] These words plainly refer to the "Tale of a Tub," for which he had been censured by many of his own profession; but the ministers were dreadfully afraid of Swift's satire and powers when launched at them.

[a] Seventy-three lines in folio, small hand, upon one side.

11. To-day at last I dined with lord Montrath, and carried lord Mountjoy and sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half-crowns; and sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Coote: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing ombre?[a] But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election [for Malmesbury] has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one captain Lavallin, coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors' Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornication; and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's counterfeiting the stamp-paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but the other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle-prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Galway[a] one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good: but I do not care twopence whether it be or no. At night.—To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy; this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me: unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,[b] a little, pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea* about the Sprig of an Orange is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have I hope done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir Richard Onslow we hear hast lost for Surrey; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses, and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler [vol. x.], and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler [No. 258] I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows:—["Is the devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710."] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper, or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I

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[a] See Journal, October 5th.

[a] A French protestant refugee; the same who lost the battle of Almanza.

[b] By Swift's interest promoted to a secretaryship, under lord Raby, ambassador at Utrecht.

dreamed of Stella, &c., so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning. At night.—Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the park; and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over:[a] what shall I do? my fingers itch; and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, it is from sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton;[b] she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's[c] office at the castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, No. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: fiidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a-penny —Well; but stay, I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my No. 2 and No. 3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad, it will grow a task: but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I anything to do with them!—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business? if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? [lord Godolphin] that is he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge. I will remember to bring it over. The bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler [No. 230] about shortening of words, &c. But, God so! &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public; and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentlemen at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow said he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to lord president of Scotland,[a] and Mr. Benson, a lord of the treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipped his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had Burgundy and tokay: came back a-foot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr. Addison, and supped with lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy-water for Stella; all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen: but Sterne has undertaken it.[b] The

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[a] That is, to the next page.

[b] Niece to sir Isaac Newton, and widow of colonel Barton. A favourite among the toasts of the Kit-cat Club.

[c] Joshua Dawson, esq., secretary to the lord justices of Ireland.

[a] Dalrymple, lord president of the court of session.

[b] The miscarriage of this box is matter of subsequent speculation.

chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine [claret]; but before we parted there came in the prince of puppies, colonel Edgworth; so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it [No. 238]. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my miscellany. I would give a penny the letter to the bishop of Killaloe was in it: it would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together, and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but do not say anything of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your 3rd to me, when you had but my 2nd, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with hermitage and tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my nightgown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I had not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord-lieutenant at Hampton Court, in council [in room of the earl of Wharton]. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning: but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr. Curry at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my 6th, sent when I had but three of MD's; now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE SEVENTH

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O Faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day passed; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by-and-bye comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two lady Butlers [daughters of the duke of Ormond], but the porter answered they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a-year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's 4th to-day at the coffeehouse. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: what shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor anything else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I stayed till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the queen has now granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you that, in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the convocation disputes from Tisdall.[a] I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me or no; for I am sure I have so much that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England: that is Stella's malice.—Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for it is late.

[a] The Rev. Mr. Tisdall, an admirer of Stella.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of gazetteer, three hundred pounds a-year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very drily; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavoured to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's the Florence envoy; then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you that last night I went to Mr. Harley's hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to day at sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve,[a] who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I,[b] and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, "that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all," &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how many livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of Killala, which I suppose was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton[a] paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss ——. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that dean Bolton is such a whipster. It is the most obliging thing in the world in dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt shall not suffer by lord Anglesea's death. I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I will make sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor John! is he gone? and Madam Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr. Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter. And so you only want some sallad-dishes, and plates, and, &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to Stella's little postcript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. Stella?]; that was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open: and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over,

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[a] The celebrated dramatic writer, a friend of the dean's.

[b] Congreve was born in the year 1672

[a] This gentleman, as well as Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when lord-lieutenant; and promoted to the deanery of Derry, upon Swift declining, with the utmost contempt and scorn, to give a large bribe demanded by Bushe, lord Berkeley's secretary.

and that the rest will be but form.—Take two or three nutgalls, take two or three—galls, stop your receipt in your——I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower—a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Postman [a Tory newspaper]; oh oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thompson was with us; and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman, and says, "he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea." But I was modest, and said, "may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance;" and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. It is plaguy twelvepenny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy bank stock with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent., and pays eight pounds per cent., and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I will ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England), and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never was such a Shower since Danaë's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern where Congreve, sir Richard Temple, Eastcourt, and Charles Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we stayed till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord Pembroke, who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them; so I sent them a threatening message by another lady for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did like a fool chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so it would give one the spleen, and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will become of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. I chatted a while to-night in the coffeehouse, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary; it is good if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother, a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter till that ugly D is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith—but it must be so till next time. Pox take that D; I will blot it to dry it.

LETTER THE EIGHTH.

London, Oct. 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my 7th to your 4th, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning sitting in my bed I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

November 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour and do nothing. I came home at six and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping I have seen, and he tells me coldly my Shower is liked well enough; there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? does Mrs. Walls win constantly as she used to do; and Mrs. Stoyte? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it, but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband like a fool. Well, little monkeys mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.[a] We have scurvy Tatlers of late, so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more; he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as ——. I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content. At night in bed.—Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen). I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the first fruits; but they are to take no notice of it till a letter is sent them by the queen's order from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c., and I shall write to the archbishop of Dublin to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If despatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the primate and archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days, though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? it is not right, faith: but I will not be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was No. 5, which I shall not answer to-night I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses, and spectacles, and spectacle-cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds, my life, what am I doing? I must go write, and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c.; came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffeehouse, for I stayed at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel Proud was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again: and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr. Davenant [son of the celebrated sir William] would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and, though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I, were prevailed on by sir Matthew Dudley to go to his house, where I stayed till twelve, and left them. Davenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish, but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, "The Third Part of Tom Double," to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged; for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I will not answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir Richard Temple's with Congreve, Vanbrugh, lieutenant-general Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen passed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrews-

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[a] Alluding to the language in their own familiar conversation.

bury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord-keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, lord Pembroke, &c., and I have seen her without one Tory. The queen made me a curtsy, and said in a sort of familiar way to Presto, "How does MD?"[a] I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court, but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's 5th; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day with Addison, Vanbrugh, admiral Wager, sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fireplace in my bedchamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam Dingley, is too little and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time; better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which wiggs, and what do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. (Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall no doubt introduce him to Harley, and lord-keeper, and the secretary of state. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—, and I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? But I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I here commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean, "That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a-week for my lodging; for I am almost stunk out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church; it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jonsonibus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady Giffard to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty *per cent.* Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds, but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond you say is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my 4th, madam *Dinglibus?* Does not Stella say you have had my 5th, Goody Blunder? you frighted me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister—Kate is it, or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) send this to morrow: no faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the mean time? why then I would only say, "Madam, I have received your 6th letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto;" and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary St. John, and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord Montrath's with lord Mountjoy, &c., but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm; yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much

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[a] This was, in Swift's language, a "pure bite." He was *not* introduced at court.

of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c., and do not care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for altogether, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often: but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for "night, good night:" but when I am taking leave I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sid Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [MD, you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at Addison's with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaast twelvvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candle-light. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning betwixt six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

LETTER THE NINTH.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came into us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind [a celebrated physician and philosopher], that writ lord Peterborow's actions in Spain. I stayed with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my 8th to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's coffeehouse, and the chocolate-houses,[a] and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon; for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this—

If paper be thin, ink will slip in;
But if it be thick, you may write with a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, sir Richard Levinge, &c., at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I stayed till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank stock,

[a] Sir Henry St. John, father of the statesman.

and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things, and they said "money was so hard to be got here that no man would do it for me." However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it cost one hundred pounds and a half—that is ten shillings,—so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother to desire that lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and, when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security. And if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley that I was yesterday at Ludgate bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffeehouse. Sir Richard Cox, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as errant a puppy as ever ate bread; but the duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary St. John, sir Thomas Hanmer, sir Chancellor Coxcomb, &c. I attended the duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's-hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge[a] and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffeehouse, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised in a few days to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of reminding him of it, and rallied him, &c., which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I stayed late, drinking claret and Burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall-mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town), and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c.: and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required despatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would fain have given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c

19. I dined to-day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffeeman Elliot's child;[a] where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home; a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined, and secretary St. John, &c.; and

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[a] Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief justice of the queen's bench in Ireland.

[a] Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffeehouse.

Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers, in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say with a vengeance. She told lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary St. John; and lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery, and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was from my own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my 7th, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith. Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well, but as to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde he speaks of for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your 6th I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives, and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton [Swift's sister] know that the request she has made me in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. It is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of Kildare to call upon me for the papers, &c., and I had last post one from the archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by the other party, &c., but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. So, while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c., for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plum-cakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c., but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear; I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and perhaps I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LETTER THE TENTH.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that is plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23rd in my last where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry, pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd; and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente:* do you understand those two words? and Pompey, colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and stayed within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to everybody. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him without consequence, "How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it?" So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my 8th is with you now, young women, and your 7th to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag: and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c., &c.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter, though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that, and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled, and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I stayed till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of Clogher, but I writ to him lately that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers. I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance [political controversies], else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter; let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles. Why, I say, I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within: that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday that Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had been telling Mr. Leigh that he left you extremely ill; and, in short, spoke so that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb toward the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most humble cumdumble," or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write of my not coming till spring? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord mayor said, "No; if I thought my shirt knew," &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is in any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret); as soon as ever I can clear my hands I will stay no longer; for I hope the first-fruit-business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others; but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. Your chancellor? why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot.[a] Ploughing? A pox plough them; they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives. Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town [Trim], who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer, "That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among them-

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[a] The words "this fortnight" had been written in what he calls their *little language*, then scratched out, and written plain.

selves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe should be done." Pray, when you happen to see Joe tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs. Wesley—why these poligyes [apologies] for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all until Stella is quite well? So, here is mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with you; why, the bishop of Clogher says he has seen something of mine of the same sort better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all?* &c. I am glad dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of Clogher for writing to the archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. Wall, does Stella win as she pretends? No, indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so venturesomely, how can she win? See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut? Do open Domville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it. "Madam Stella, your humble servant." O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep; I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight. Now, madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls that in case there be occasion I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day [St. Andrew's day], and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health today at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's rod? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

December 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night. Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order. At night.—I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor sick lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I stayed like a booby till eight, looking over them at ombre; and then came home. Lord Shelburn's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world; he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation; as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S., M. P., and N. R., the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I, and sir Charles Wager, dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I stayed there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him:—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two. Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come, now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he will grumble. What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,—

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with sir John Stanley; and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.

Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street.

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so to.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner, and Henley made me go dine with him and one colonel Brag at a tavern; cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffeehouse, where lord

Salisbury seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud whether I would go to see lord Somers as I had promised? (which was a lie), and all to vex poor lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple in the court of requests; it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here. The scoundrels! It shall not do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that? Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit. It is such monstrous rainy weather that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fie, O fie.

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, where were lord Anglesea, sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c., and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised; he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.[a] It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your 6th letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor lord Abercorn, but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I will begin my 11th to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER THE ELEVENTH.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my 10th to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your 7th (faith I am afraid I mistook, and said your 6th, and then we shall be all in confusion this month). Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to-day, and that is enough till by and by; for I must go write idle things, and twittle-twattle. What is here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say MD is a dear, saucy rogue; and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young beau Swift in it, and general Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right, but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning. So now the puppy 's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauceboxes till I go to bed, for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell-metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money, and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor; he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c., as usual, and am now going to bed, and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well; they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to-day; I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of Richmond yesterday at court again, but would not speak to him; I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed, and it has rained all this evening like wildfire. Have you so much rain in your town?

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[a] This was his own writing, but unsuspected at the time.

Raymond was in a fright as I expected upon the news of this shipwreck, but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor-general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness by being recommended to your new lord chancellor. I had a letter from Mrs. Long that has quite turned my stomach against her; no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country-town [Lynn, Norfolk] with vile conversation. I will not answer your letter till I have leisure, so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him, and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c.; so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage[a] and his Irish club at their boarding-place, and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets Was not it an odd event? But what care you? but then I knew the butler. Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, lies between this paper on the other side the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortlies I will consider, so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and colonel Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were Harley himself, and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers and foreign ministers against the late changes at court. Cadogan has had a little paring; his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy:[b] but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How nowww? so very well; stay till I come home, and then perhaps you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I would have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio. O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs. At night.—Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I in one coach; lady Kerry's son and his governor and two gentlemen in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburn's children), in a third, all hackneys; set out at ten o'clock this morning from Lord Shelburn's house in Picadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, &c.; then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College (but the keeper was not at home), and concluded the night at the puppet-show, whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary, and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning, fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings. O then, you kept Presto's little birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. *R*ediculous, madam? I suppose you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atlantis's spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella. It is well enough what you observe, that if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so I will swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.[a] I had not room on the other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that is a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher, nautinautinauti-dear girls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours; prithee, sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you I would whip your — to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing

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[a] Chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland.

[b] Lieutenant-general, after earl of Cadogan, the friend of Marlborough, envoy to the United Provinces and the government of Spanish Flanders.

[a] He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

of what you lose, young women. I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! no, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve! I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. But, what now, you saucy sluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs; I will rise. At night.—I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite [a quiz]. Lord Rivers told me two days ago that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me that his father (sir Harry St. John) and lord Rivers were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite [quiz]; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, "you shall not be excused:" however, I hope they will forget it: for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily balked, for I shall preach plain honest stuff.[a] I stayed with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have stayed till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter. Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, madam Dingley, that those that go for England can never tell when to came back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam? Sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can: this is his common phrase, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you did not you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe; pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy, but I will bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocation and your Lamberts;[a] they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it), but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, that is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I cannot express myself. What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner? but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton, to save her postage and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it if you have not.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs. I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings; forget it? well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do you hear? but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs, and candles, and mopsticks, will not spoil it, sirrahs. No, truly, I will not be godfather to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,[b] and that Ingoldsby reprieved that part of it standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock: go on, did I say? why, I have written enough: but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a

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[a] They did not succeed, for the doctor never *would* preach before the queen

[a] Dr. Lambert, chaplain to lord Wharton.

[b] Of king William, erected after the battle of the Boyne, in the College-green, Dublin

day, and so I will rise, for this morning. At night.—I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf [a great epicure], and I was soliciting this day to present the bishop of Clogher [Dr. St. George Ashe] vice chancellor: but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William. I talked a great deal to sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I knew not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's church, and abundance went, among the rest lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton-garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days' works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remarked it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of Buckingham, but came too late; then I visited Mrs. Barton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord Shelburn, for the death of poor lady Shelburn dowager: he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol: however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of Tuam,[a] and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week), and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? Poor lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning.—I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him: he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write,
In black and white,
By candlelight
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight,
A bite a bite!
Marry come up, Mrs. Boldface.

At night.—Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him, and refuse Henley and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health, then left him, and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, lord Berkeley's steward formerly: I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect [sex]. Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley: it was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris (I mean colonel Caufield, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, or so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning.—I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him: I will say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says it is a dark morning, and that the duke of Argyle is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says there is a good fire. I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's. At night.—I forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case. I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer. Pray, have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home with me. I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to everybody. At night.—I went to Mr. Harley's levee: he came and asked me what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with

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[a] Dr. John Vesey, bishop of Limerick, June 11th, 1672; translated to Tuam, March 18th, 1678. He died in 1716.

him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter. At five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning.—This letter goes to-night without fail. I hope there is none from you yet at the coffee-house; I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no. No, I say; done, for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me?—I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you! farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study: our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather, till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12*l.* for my bargain already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time. Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessing; yes, yes, and Dingley, and Stella, and me too! &c.

Ask the bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of lord Stawell's brother; it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

LETTER THE TWELFTH.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I have sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford at lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present: guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty first-fruits. I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while; so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do you hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course, asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson: very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray, when came you from thence, sir? He said, I never was in Ireland; and just at that word lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau with a pox.[a] I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to lord Winchelsea, &c., and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where sir Edmund Bacon told me the bad news from Spain,[b] which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I stayed not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MD's in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. White and Mr. Red, Write to MD when abed;
Mr. Black and Mr. Brown, Write to MD when you are down;
Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow, Write to MD on your pillow.

What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger; stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtains, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto 's plaguy silly to-night; is not he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten: then went to court at two. It was a collar-day, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the queen stayed so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn: that is very well.—I tell you a good pun: a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes;* a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that

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[a] A shopkeeper, and left his counter and trade for the army.

[b] The loss of the battle of Villa Viciosa.

fellow pretend to cure agues? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *spell*. That is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? O but you smoke me, and did not ask the bishop. O you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on. I fancy he was broke (*as a trader*), and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 12*l.* by my bargain; but do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd that my lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there: he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and give us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord Anglesea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And it is an old saying.

Once I guess'd right, and I got credit by it;
Thrice I guess'd wrong, and I kept my credit on.

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord Harry I shall be done here with Christmas-boxes. The rogues at the coffeehouse have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns, to great men's porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer.[a] There is an enmity between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelvepenny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the coffeehouse, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, and Mr. Bernage: the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning.—I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another. I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it. Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad; where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffeehouse and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls; an old saying and true.

Letters from MD's
Must not be answered in ten days:

It is but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir Thomas Hanmer to dine with him: the famous Dr. Smallridge [afterwards bishop of Bristol] was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban Street, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week, and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me, whether I thought it possible he could live, for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago;) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away about six, but we stayed till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he got the queen to grant the first-fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promised me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning.—The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed. Night.—Now sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford, (do you know what *quondam* is, though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter, No. 8, of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun the other day to Ben Portlack about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that is mine a—all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning.—It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bedchamber. It is not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. St. John, and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter.

Would you answer MD's letter,
On New-year's day you will do it better:
For when the year with MD 'gins,
It without MD never lins.

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[a] Mr. John Barber, afterwards lord mayor.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leave off.)

But if on New year you write nones,
MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise. Night.—I was early this morning with secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin.[a] So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. Morning.—I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr. Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer;
That I was there, or you were here,
And you are a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play. At night.—I went this morning to visit lady Kerry and lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, madam Stella? You write your 8th when you receive mine: now I write my 12th when I receive your 8th. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? what say you to that? and so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives.—————————— I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your 4th and 5th in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

I hate all winds before and behind,
From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over, but *quando*? I do not know when he will go. O, now you have had my 9th, now you are come up with me; marry, come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants. The bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say anything. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so? pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know anything of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet: thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto! You write to lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it?—Well, madam Dingley, I sent your inclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvepence a-week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bedchamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already? Now you are at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say my candles are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? the d—— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne[a] told me he had sent it a fortnight ago: Patrick could not find him the other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does Stella teaze Presto? that palsy water was in the box: it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me: how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * See how far I I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses, nor Religion, nor do I send him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.—No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he stayed, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in lady Giffard's hands, that is entrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him: but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

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[a] Swift read very badly.

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits: it must pass through several offices and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice since I knew him to any appointment. I stayed till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon: but he was so lazy and weak of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after to-morrow: shall I before it is full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand: he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home an't please you at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning.—Morrow, little dears. O faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon: and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? with all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you to come up to me with your 8th, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury, [who succeeded] we think is to be the dean of Christchurch in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smallridge.—What is all this to you? what care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my lord Carteret. So, says he, my Lord —— came up to me, and asked me, &c. No, said I, my Lord —— never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior the other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his charity; that was fit for Dilly [Dillon Ashe]. I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses;

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[a] Enoch Sterne, esq., clerk to the house of lords in Ireland.

but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and, asking after me, desired lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? it is only changing the word priest to beast. —I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but pray thee turn about, and let me go, do: it is a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle when I am up to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER THE THIRTEENTH.

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I was going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th with my own fair hands into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I write to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake; and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry; she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning.—I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley; it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird; where you put him there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea; but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so. At night.—I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interest? As well as any body. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our dean of St. Patrick's. Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches, buzzing about the cakeshops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's, to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was going to our end of the town; so I dined with sir Thomas Frankland, at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out, but secretary St. John told me it was false; only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning.—Your new lord-chancellor sets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp, a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe, and your Smyth, of Lovet's, yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week; and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good-morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then; so there—now to

business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I will talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry; and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough. The country members are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw! what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to any body alive? But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor, with my dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning.—Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid, but what care I? Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house, so there is a lurry. I gave Mrs. South half a pistole for a new year's gift; so good morrow, dears, both, till anon. At night.—Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot. Lady Stanley came to visit Mr. St. John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would not let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do. So at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MD's, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that it is a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith: I will go to the toyman's here just in Pall-mall, and he sells great hugeous batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Do not lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. Secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I cannot write any more till night, to poor dear MD. At night.—O, faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and sir Robert Raymond, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him. I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left London, he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day, which I did, and sent excuses to lord Shelburn, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks; for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin;

for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues: but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country; there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses:—

From business and the noisy world retired,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fired,
Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
Still drinking like a fish, and —— like a goat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; it is now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then it is too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! It is spring with us already, I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a-day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford: he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him: and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison: all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talked words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrell's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny: I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he will not do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning.—Faith I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I have not one from MD before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray, now? Yes, I warrant you: yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing, girls.—O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c., come sometimes to three shillings a-week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get some small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls; has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There is four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do, extravagant sluttikin, but do not fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that is to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last (ministry); however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. Farewell, &c., &c.

LETTER THE FOURTEENTH.

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter No. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St James's Coffee-house, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet, to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr Lewis, and Mr Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general

visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I stayed there till seven, then I called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin; his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko; he is in love with Miss Cross.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter. I found another hand had superscribed it: when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage: faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, "That he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one: if you were here I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction: however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women? write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I stayed with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you! fie, Stella, are not you ashamed? well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go sleep. I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledearsaucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no faith, have not you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten: I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

Would you have a settled head, You must early go to bed:
I tell you, and I tell it again, You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come toward me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, pshoh again; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I am in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; ay marry, this is something, this is our MD; so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus: Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got your eleventh? tell me that, huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? but I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and it is terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera-day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send to-morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning.—It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, sir. Then I will rise: come, take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here, take away the candle. At night. We are now here in high frost and snow; the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

Walk fast in snow,   And still as you go,
In frost walk slow,   Tread on your toe:
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning.—Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I went this morning to lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy-water, which I brought home in my pocket, and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day

or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city by appointment; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. Morning.—They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter. At night.—O faith I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and stayed an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of Berkeley is going to be married to lady Louisa Lennox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy-water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning.—Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, "surely we shall have your 10th;" and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my 11th. And why did not MD go into the country with the bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord Halifax, and him very seldom; lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful r***l.[a] My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them; and besides, my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own. Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from December 25th to January 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy-water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for, poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water, (I mean decently, don't be rogues,) and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness. Pray God Stella's illness may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance. Leave a good deal of my 10th unanswered—Impudent slut! when did you ever answer my 10th, or 9th, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the d— to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly. As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fie, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you. I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's so soon, you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score. I would be glad to know whether they were good for anything. Mrs. Wells at Donnybrook with you; why, is she not brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why, I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the d— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell; and I believe one can hardly sell at such a juncture. If he had stayed, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed, although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? Whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again. So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.

25. Morning.—I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him, a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry;[a] so he came out of his closet, and after a few words desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis stayed till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was

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[a] Swift had a great dislike to Somers.

[a] It was said that the duke would have taken office under queen Anne's new ministry.

positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless. I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a-day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats, as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr. Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that is all the journal I can send MD; for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but it is ten, and I will go to-bed, and write on the other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night, my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do you hear, sirrahs? and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity; and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

LETTER THE FIFTEENTH.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my 14th to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub-street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person: that was two of my businesses with the secretary—were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

February 1. I was this morning with poor lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; do not you know that, madam Stell? have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife [Mrs. Beaumont], and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; and I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her. I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time: they are plaguy whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry. I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new Tatler, had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge. I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers; and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly, to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go), one from the archbishop of Dublin, and the other from ——. Who do you think the other was from? —— I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, No. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no, noooooh, I will keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheets and saw it there: lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before.—Well; he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. Patrick has been out of favour

these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him friend three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning.—I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I cannot stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and it is still terribly cold. I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I would give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I will rise, and bid you good morrow. Come, stand away, let me rise: Patrick take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up adazy. At night.—Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth, I will choose to visit him in the evening, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the queen's birthday, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded, that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the canal, (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park,) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? one of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something,[a] which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refuse to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dine with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning.—"I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs." Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs?[a] I met Mr. Harley in the court of requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass case, at the coffeehouse, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master. But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will answer your letter to-night, perhaps I will not; that is, as saucy little Presto takes the humour. At night.—I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do always, when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a potlid upon our snow. I dined with lady Betty Germain, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning.—After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bedchamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? It has snowed all night, and rains this morning. Come, where is MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this, and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his house in Capel-street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man everywhere, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of everything but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it. As to what you say of Goodman Peasley and Isaac, I answer as I did before. Fie, child! you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing; and afterward, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it; fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed? I am glad of it at heart. Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell is admirable. You may see them all three every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him again. N

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[a] This alludes to an offer of fifty pounds from Harley, which he indignantly rejected.

[a] The *bite* is here.

—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools. The account you give of that weekly paper [the Examiner] agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it, but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but the few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer. Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a-day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister, in Chester; and that colonel Edgworth's sister goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it to you safe; so there is some hopes now. Well, let us go on to your letter. The warrant is passed for the first-fruits. The queen does not send a letter, but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the queen: I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you.[a] What! is not Mrs. Walls' business over yet? I had hopes she was up, and well, and the child dead before this time. You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that, when I say so, Stella will not think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had stayed till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman [MD's landlady] will be grumbling again in a little time; and, if you are invited anywhere to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health; but do as you like, and do not blame Presto. O, but you are telling your reasons. Well, I have read them; do as you please. Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see anybody. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper that made me mistake.—I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of Argyle, his general, when I see the duke next; but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall MD; and, upon occasions extraordinary, I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. Well, you shall have your pins; but, for the candle-ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me. And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light, bang your bones? Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon, of all conscience; but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed: and so good morrow, little sirrahs, that is for the rhyme. You want politics: faith, I cannot think of any, but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you? At night.—I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits; I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyle, in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal? I now send away this letter that you may not stay. I dined with Ford upon his opera-day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you pretend to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Toward the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting dear between. En't that right now? Farewell. *This* should *be* longer, *but* that *I* send *it* to-*night*.

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I sent a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's, in St. Michael's lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

LETTER THE SIXTEENTH.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE just dispatched my 15th to the post: I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in a furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you will have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning.—I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not call them two thirteens.[a] At night.—

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[a] The queen's objections to Swift, as the author of the Tale of a Tub, were found invincible.

[a] A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir Andrew Fountaine in the afternoon, and I dined with three Irishmen at one Mr. Cope's[a] lodgings; the other two were one Morris, an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business. Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for two-pence a piece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke, which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and colonel Hill (Mrs. Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders toward it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within: I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch: it is well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birthday, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, lord Shelburn, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke died suddenly two or three nights ago: he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago: he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking if Mr. Harley dined early to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H—, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us; so I stepped out and whispered them, "that I would not dine with that fellow." They made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at sir John Germain's, and found lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow: it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home: so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,[a] and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I stayed till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and secretary St. John dine with him privately; and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper, the secretary, and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to anybody; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered

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[a] Robert Cope, esq., a gentleman of learning, and correspondent of Swift's.

[a] Mr. Richard Estcourt, a player and dramatic writer, celebrated in THE SPECTATOR, and other works of the time

before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw; two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be toward looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that lived at St. Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; a'nt I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state secret; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letter. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome, genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, colonel Disney, and I, have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyle; and secretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant; but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning.—It snows terribly again, and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and, if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl: the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him! what did it cost Stella to be gossip? I will rise; so, do you hear? let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs. At night.—It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera-day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs. Edgeworth was to set out but last Monday, so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since that it is safer at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I would give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning.—Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking. I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must. At night.—Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house. I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat,[a] and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand piece. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut in pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguy afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour, will not you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy-drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgeworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take

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[a] Prior, as Swift elsewhere mentions, was a slight thin figure.

her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs. Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning.—This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so ashamed that I have none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is No. 16, and I have had your No. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister of state hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine cold sunshiny weather. I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green: it is as good as our Park, but not so large. Faith this summer we will take a coach for sixpence to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoyte's. My hearty service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconsistent I am! I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write now.* I do not design to write on this side; these few lines are but so much more than your due; so I will write *large* or small as I please. O faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele—There, there, there.

O Lord, I am saying there, there, to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

LETTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

Now, young women, I gave in my 16th this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was; no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors, and Dr. Whittingham, and Mr. (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son—a pox on him! And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often two black aces without a manilio. Was not that hard, Presto? hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about some business, and he tells me that colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant,—that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male: I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of either, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now; why do not you walk in the Green of St. Stephen; the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

27. Dartineuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James—I know not his other name, but it is one of Dartineuf's dining places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that, indeed, Presto, we could not write; we were afraid the poor woman would have died, and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it. Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and have not guessed one word right, for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women together, though I know not why I think so, nor I do not care; what care I: but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up everything I writ, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it; it was without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.[a] Tooke pretends

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[a] London, printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1711. Octavo.

he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD; perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning.—I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanac for the day of the month: I did not know but it might be leap-year. The almanac says it is the third after leap-year, and I always thought till now that every third year was leap-year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do, by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the bishop of Clogher: good morrow, sirrahs.——Night.—I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and lady Betty Butler, knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I got to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was *traipsing* to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folks' affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business: however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the first-fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday lord-keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and the other, yes faith, the other was from our little MD, No. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right. O, but I will not answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly? Faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly; but it must be a little dog. I stayed with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley that he was much out of order: pray God preserve his health, everything depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the first-fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for somebody else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backward. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera-day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks: all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson, to the duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the protestant religion.

7. Morning.—Faith a little would make me,—I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side—I am not come to that yet, young women. Well, then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my 15th in seven? answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody Walls is excuse enough. I find I was mistaken in the sex—it is a boy. Yes, I understand your cipher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He (Mr. Harley) gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad,[a] which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as

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[a] A bank-bill for fifty pounds

well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest Stella good. I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'nnight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely, as you judge.[a] I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, madam Dingley, says she, it is fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half-year. And must I go on at four shillings a-week, and neither eat nor drink for it?—Who the d—— said Atterbury and your dean were alike?—I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain [Mr. Trapp]. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing. Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You, with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS.[b] Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls' eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say if she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober as I please. I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language[c] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health and no spleen. In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the first of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we will have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and *zoo*[d] *must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.* At night.—Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catherine Morris's cards where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley.[a] Guiscard was taken up by Mr. secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray, pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night. Night.—Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c., and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things; First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his christian name be Harley, in honour to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of

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[a] Even to his beloved Stella he had not acknowledged himself at this time to be the author of the Examiner.

[b] Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters.

[c] Many portions of these letters are spelled according to the *little language*.

[d] "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good-morrow."

[a] The count or abbé de Guiscard, a malcontent Frenchman of quality

this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel Disney,[a] who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but, on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and I am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

An't you sauceboxes to write *lele* [i. e. *there*], like Presto?

O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

LETTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

Pretty little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now: but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well on yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the Strand, over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeaters' skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when the other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things, but I wish I had Mrs. Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow, and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, do not you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your everybodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. secretary St. John's, for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe,—secretary to lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it;[a] for about ten days ago I was to see lord Carteret, and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead; it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. Secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying, for they have found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven; so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John ten

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[a] Commonly called duke Disney

[a] Swift never had the small-pox.

days ago, before my lord-keeper and lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet councillors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice: however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit his company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, and stayed till seven, but would not drink his champaign and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, tossed up my leg on the seat; and, as I came home, I went to see poor Charles Bernard's books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial I know not, till I see Dr. Arburthnot, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it. O that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was a dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries. And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy, and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well; and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money; do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of anybody, and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal; but what care I? what cares saucy Presto! Darteneuf [a great punster] invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Darteneuf? That is the man that knows everything, and that everybody knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last; and then I went to the coffeehouse. My shin mends, but is not quite healed; I ought to keep it up, but I do not; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten-pound bill I am to get toward it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer-books, &c., but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it? I dined with sir John Perceval,[a] and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came: but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter. It is very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c

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[a] Created baron Perceval, April 21, 1715; viscount Perceval, Feb. 25, 1722; and earl of Egmont, Nov. 6, 1733.

LETTER THE NINETEENTH.

London, March 24, 1710-11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the coffeehouse to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, No. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD takes to write, especially poor Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts everything backward, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning.—I wish you a merry new year: this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord-keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary St. John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church;[a] and there comes Mrs. Proby, and that's my lady Southwell, and there's lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you. At night.—So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence apiece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond;" and "this is the wound," &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then. Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger I walked like lightning above two hours in the park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs; and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon, and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning.—O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttekins for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. "Whose hand is this?" says I: yes, says I, "whose hand is this?" then there was wax between the folds: then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls' hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my 18th went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women,; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum [tally]. What, is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it. At night.—Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I thing it is Vedeau, ay, Vedeau, now I have it: let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast-day for the public; so I dined late with sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig and friend to the lord-treasurer[a] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller [sir John Holland] told me that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the park.—What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue and go to your dean's.

29. Morning.—If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city and see Charles Bernard's library. What care I for your letter, your saucy No. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again. At night.—Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick. I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the

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[a] Mrs. de Caudres, their landlady, lived opposite to St. Mary's church.

[a] The earl of Godolphin, late lord-treasurer.

candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to-day into the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books; so I bought none; and they are so dear. I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning.—This is Good-Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. Secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland I will discharge him. Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning.—What shall we do to make April fools this year, no wit happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke [bankrupt], and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise. At night.—I dined to-day with sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel asked "where we dined?" We said "together." He said, "we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton." I said, "I would dine with him to choose;" but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. See how much I have lost with that ugly grease. 'Tis your fault; pray, and I'll go to bed.

April 1.—The duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O ho, young women.—Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish Bibles, &c., to make you christians in that country. I befriend him what I can, on account of the archbishop and bishop of Clogher. But what business have I to meddle? &c. Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O faith you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's? O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any one here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations.—Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas a-piece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. I called at Mr. Secretary, to see what the d— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him "I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better;" and one thing I warned him of, "never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning sir William Temple), that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord-keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly." He took all right; said "I had reason;" vowed "nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking;" would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters, but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;[a] you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw; poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke[b] in it hencefor-

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[a] William Rollinson, esq., merchant, who retired from business into Oxfordshire.

[b] The bookseller, who transacted Swift's pecuniary business.

ward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley: he sent them yesterday to Ireland; so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here.—They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning.—Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one madam MD. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies. What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you sent; and I like a fool must look over all yours, to see whether this was really No. 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD: what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? but faith this shall go to-night, for fear, and then, come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all; write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. Harley, from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the —. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over if I could this minute; but we will talk of that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley;[a] but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle-tallow!] why they should not. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry: I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of Kilmore? I don't keep such company: an old dying fool, whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *villian and dainger*, and you, madam Dingley, what is *christianing?*——Lay your letters *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way, this way, and not that way, that way.*——You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say anything, as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my lord Anglesea and Hyde are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy-treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

LETTER THE TWENTIETH.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my 19th in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. Secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one: and the duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talked awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till

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[a] In relation to the bank-note for fifty pounds.

Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so

> Get you gone to your deans,
> You couple of queans.

I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes,—

> You expect Mrs. Walls;
> Be dress'd when she calls,
> To carry you to Stoyte,
> Or else *honi soit.*

Henley told me that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *sup-port.* Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No, it won't; for those letters that go under a fortnight are answerers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid, some, &c. I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind.—'Tis a late spring they say here. Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. Secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by burgundy and champagne, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea, while the rest were at champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely, that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Post-Boy [a Tory paper and violent]; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. secretary St. John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the secretary "I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed," and so I crossed it out; and afterward, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him in the secretary's name "to print nothing reflecting on anybody in Ireland till he had showed it me." Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about this yarn, at lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville,[a] the secretary at war; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of champagne or burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman [and lord mayor of London], died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of Dublin about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me: and the poor creature's tears came fresh into her eyes. Before we took leave I was drawn in by the other ladies and sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings a piece, several raffled for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed to have presented it to if I had won. Is Dilly [Rev. Dillon Ashe] gone to the Bath? His face will whiz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back. The rabble will say, "There goes a drunken parson," and, which is worse, they will say true. O, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me "that two or three of them were drunk." They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer, and lord Poulet master of the horse, &c., but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe, which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day. What! I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those dear little rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the house of commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then went to the auction of Charles Bernard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c., to an invitation at sir William Read's.[b] Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the

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[a] Afterwards lord Lansdowne, celebrated by Pope as "Granville the polite."

[b] An advertising quack for the cure of ophthalmia, wens, harelips, wry necks, &c. &c.

queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his champagne, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord Anglesea, and sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior, and I, dined, by appointment, with lieutenant-general Webb. My lord and I stayed till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain, one of the October club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding. What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of Shrewsbury) came up; then colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern; it happened to be the day and the house where the October club dine. After we had dined, coming down, we called to inquire whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch, lord Guernsey's son, to let me know that my lord Compton, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship for the ministry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Bernard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell that when I dined at Webb's with lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said he had no thought otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend, but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me. I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of Clogher says, Clements' danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is not at all. I was to-day at lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements: her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt I expected her husband would stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh: he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger: 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half-year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place. I would give something for their keeping, but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back: I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my 20th this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away my last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be lord-treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great duke of Tuscany used to send to sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord-keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself,

so I sent my hints to the author of the Atlantis [Mrs. Manley], and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord-keeper; but, however, I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and stayed till eight. There was sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cæsar, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My lord-keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto? I saw the number 21 atop, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again; I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half-sheet of paper, and direct the outside to Erasmus Lewis, esquire, at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I never go to the coffeehouse, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen with lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning general Webb was to give me a visit; he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to make up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterward sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival; so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord Peterborow to me: he writes so well I have no mind to answer him, and so kind that I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our king Charles will be chosen emperor, and the duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city at a printer's, but it cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be the lord-treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning,—Lord-keeper, and I, and Prior, and sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise in spite of your little teeth; good morrow. At night.—O, faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr. Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord-keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, lord-keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine.
Miss your glass when you can,
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb-snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans, you couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares Presto?

22. Morning.—I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. O, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both. Night.—I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one,—That no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But, indeed, I believe they are not yet able to make any; the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be lord-treasurer, yet he makes only one difficulty which is hard to answer; he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer they

will want him prodigiously in the house of commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight.[a] Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord-keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord-keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *fringeship* (friendship) between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore "it was the worst he had ever heard:" I said "I thought so too;" but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassador coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another, yet hearing me named, she asked, "What, is that Dr. Swift?" said she: "he and I were very well acquainted;" and fell railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design, in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher a long politic letter to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harnese [Farnese] for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? you say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me by those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea.—I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and showed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmantua for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther than ne need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and between that, and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play —— with a ——— a — a — bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.[a] I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stands a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry: there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, "he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter;" which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause; for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter, but Mr. Foley beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and said, "if the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he (Mr. Harley) ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them." He made it a jest: but by some words dropped I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad, for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

28. Morning.—I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley asked me yesterday how he came to disoblige the archbishop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Deering, who heard the words; and Ingoldsby (lord-justice) abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it: O yes; enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer, but reproach poor,

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[a] That is, among the ministry.

[a] This must have been at raffling for books.

poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the first-fruits not finished? I am of opinion the duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they say: and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miscellanies already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box I'll have your strong-box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box?—Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool. [A violent Whig journal.] Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too: but I never see him or Addison. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels). My ears have been these three months past much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Westley came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea.—They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound; he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. Walls' eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers; but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, little walkers;" and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you—

"If you talk'd no more than you walk'd,
Those that think you wits would be balk'd."

Yes, Stella shall have a large-printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box: is not it come yet? this is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's—— I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c., that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side; I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

At night.—I say at night because I finished my 21st this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my 22nd, and have received your 13th. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord Paisley, who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed. I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs. Ashe: I made lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved, and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who stayed till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? He shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster school, where lads are chosen for the university: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at their tediousness, but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and for that reason I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's[a] brother, the midwife.

30. Morn.—I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage-coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I cannot walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Freind, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was balked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses.—They would not let me into their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave, if you know such a man; and the weather mending I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean Atterbury's lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine nor so much meat.

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[a] Sir Chamberlain Walker, a celebrated accoucheur

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny: it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My lord Rochester is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord-president. I have been writing a long letter to lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburne's, where lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff once since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffeehouse, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter; and I don't know what, nor I don't know how; and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and upon my word I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, lord-keeper, lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I stayed till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story: and I showed him the archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour.—Lord-keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken.—A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my lord-keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half-a-crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus:—To Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one, among all the privateers and the storms: O faith, my letters are too good to be lost.

MD's letters may tarry,
But never miscarry,

as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterward. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore.[a] But when I get Mr. Harley alone I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

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[a] Brother to the earl of Drogheda, lord commissioner of trade, 30th Sept., 1710.

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and, among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met sir George Beaumont in the Pall-mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham-house. I was telling him of my head: he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea, which, he said, always gave it him; and that Dr. Ratcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head: a pound lies ready packed up, and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yesterday that Mr. Harley would this week be lord-treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the case of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement: and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.[a] It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in Capel-street, one Bell; the ladies have bought sugar and plums of him. Mrs. Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm I fear she will not at all.[b] Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?[c] I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as a physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill.[d] —They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle-fields; their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down: this was above a fortnight ago Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, lord-keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble [written by the dean] to Mr. Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine: two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr. Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with sir Robert Raymond and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come: and now I have left the town, and it is too late.—Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and, what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? who can it be? You, old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one madam MD, No. 14. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford.—Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more let me know afterward; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing else; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to courts and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send: That I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that, for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at a distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and, if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pounds, but get Burton's [a celebrated Dublin banker] note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I sent you my 22nd this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and Mr. Secretary.—They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be lords; for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be earl of Oxford. Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

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[a] Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

[b] Queen Anne was the last sovereign who practised this superstition.

[c] From Swift's garden at Laracor.

[d] Mr. Richard Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, May 18, 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter. He was soon after killed on Turnham-green. See Journal, Aug. 21.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church, (as I always do on Sundays,) and then dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday, and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day when I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, No. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to court at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain your jackanapes, lord Santry, was dead; captain Cammock assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do; he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him?) Trap, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called "A Character of the present Set of Whigs," and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind, was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published called "The State of Wit," giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord-keeper and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generallly keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls' tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall-mall, through the park, out at Buckingham-house, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what; if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's-green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD[a] goes as well as Presto. Everybody tells me I look better already; for faith I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I send Mrs. Walls' tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the college [university of Dublin]. I dined with lord Shelburne to-day; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for Ireland.—Lord, I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior today, at his house, with dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me that Mrs. Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Chester; so I believe she little thought of anybody's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily: that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of Oxford and lord-treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord-keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England: we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge: she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftesbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that

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[a] In this passage DD signifies both Dingley and Stella.

say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is lord-treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean Atterbury: then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered lord Rivers that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary said the duke writ to have leave: so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the duke of Bukingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied that he did not mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough, for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked in a fine moonshine night to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord-keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon, but Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall-mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him, His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds; because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury:[a] but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c.; the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening I met sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the park. Lewis whispered me that Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. secretary St. John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee! yet if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number: the last was No. 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a-day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to tell you what I have drawn upon him for; he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let him keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through if I could do it with decency or honour. To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come, and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place, for I hear nothing of sir Thomas Franklin's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dart-

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[a] Gay addressed some humorous verses "To my very ingenious and worthy Friend William Lownds, Esq., Author of that celebrated Treatise in folio, called the Land Tax Bill."

mouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so. Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs. Morrow. At night.—I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half-a-crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to farther talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? Do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. Preserve your eyes, if you be wise. Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two toward Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning.—Mr. Secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING.—Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning; he is now earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley of Wigmore castle. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him, so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a coffee-house, where I waited for the dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea: for the dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what has become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you, for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till farther orders. My lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him my lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to teaze me. By a second hand he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day; but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes till farther orders. O, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley met me in the park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten; but it was a fine evening, and the footpath clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord Oxford and the ladies, the new countess, and lady Betty, who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I

had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone, which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth "that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving," or, as he expresses it, "that the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite." To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was b—— hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning, so now I must call him lord Oxford no more, but lord-treasurer: I hope he will stick there; this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter.—Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffeehouse; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, lord Somers, lord Halifax, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard anything of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland, so they may die as fast or slow as they please. Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow: and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, sirrah*[a] Presto. No, but I won't. O, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep: I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, No. 15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number), from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in and her pen good. When I came here to-night I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my nightgown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk that I resolved to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that ever was known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord Shelburne; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord-treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us and went to court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord-steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, sirrahs, no, I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr. Presto. Yes, I now think your mackerel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls' (how does she do?).

2. I missed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city.[a]

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel Graham that lived at Bagshot-heath, and they said it was colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, Figgarkick Soley.

4. When must we answer this letter, this No. 15 of our little MD? Heat and laziness and sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's, and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of Ormond and Mr. Secretary. They say my lord-treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord-treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levee yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my nightgown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a

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[a] These words in italics are written in a large round hand.

[a] This is interlined in the original.

cap. So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted—I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning.—This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow. At night.—I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady Betty Germain, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. After dinner Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said, "my lord Dorchester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world." Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth a visit, with some more beldames; then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pembroke, and designed to go to lord-treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning.—Well, now let us answer MD's letter, No. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now I have told you the number 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say How do you do, Mr. Presto?—There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades. No, I never sit up late now: but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talked so in parliament? Your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out. And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,[a] as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day. As for Joe, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord-lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. Southwell as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? so he says fine things of me? certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted. What an odd bill [for 200*l.*] is that you sent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should sir Alexander Cairnes in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Alexander Cairnes [an eminent banker] to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself was not at home) said that they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry. I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so dean —— thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the Miscellany yet? Why, 'tis a four-shilling book: has nobody carried it over? No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post-office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time, and you win eight shillings at a time; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you. Why this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember

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[a] He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut and dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff.

Berested's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him: so he turns to the sun, and says, "Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c." Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said "it was such weather as pleased God:" Seymor said, "Perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases nobody else." Why, madam Dingley, the first-fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and lord-treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion that my lord-treasurer Harley did it many months ago before the duke was lord-lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well. Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half-hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow.—'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow. At night.—I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my lord-treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort and without dirt. I went this evening to lord-treasurer and sat with him two hours, and we were in a very good humour, and he abused me and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill: so all is well: only by a letter from Parvisol I find there are some perplexities. Joe has likewise written to me to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe may not hinder his father from being portrief. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday, and perhaps I may go out of town with lord Shelburne and lady Kerry tomorrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know farther. O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn and mixed with hail

8. Morning.—I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady Kerry and lord Shelburne; so morrow, till an hour or two hence. In town I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-park-corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was lord-treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at sir William Wyndham's, who married lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: we are yet but twelve: lord-keeper and lord-treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor-general, sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord-chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond; so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr. Reading: and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray?—I sat this evening with lady Butler[a] and lady Ashburnham,[b] and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will. Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine-licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord-treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c., and

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[a] Daughter to James duke of Ormond. She lived to be above ninety years of age, and never was married.

[b] Sister to the above lady. See the Journal of October 20th, 1710.

desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord-treasurer I called on Congreve, (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of Carlisle; and I design to write a letter to lord-treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves of it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day; for Dr. Gastrel and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world; a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days just as I did, saucy monkeys? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep; 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep: I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark,) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's-green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord-treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out They blame lord-treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the deanery of Christchurch, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking, and caring, and scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, madam Stella, and in good ale, madam Dingley.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business; he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with lady Ashburnham and lady Frederick Schomberg; and lady Mary Schomberg, and lady Betty Butler, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I stayed with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day se'ennight: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our society (it must not be called a club) dined at Mr. Secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's[a] business is quite blown up; they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, although I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord-treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my lord-treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised lord-treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord-treasurer's, who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I

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[a] Collector of Wicklow.

left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your letter, sirrahs.

30. Morning.—I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, No. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter won't be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water, but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money.—Now, madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll unparvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's riband to tie about her? reach me my mask; sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop; sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not.—No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. O madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern.——Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.——We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen that lord Peterborow yet. The duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teazing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are, well:

> Little wealth, and much health, and a life by stealth;

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell, again and again.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

See what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly, at sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning and writing together to lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My 25th is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Philips the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord-treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison; but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever, so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord-treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26th, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick. The bishop says you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news: that your lady Linden is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. Coghill[a] losing his drab, &c. The secretary is gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord-treasurer is at Windsor too: they will be going and coming all summer, while the queen is there and the town is empty; and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the alehouse for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? Did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the dean said shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant, to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep 'till past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will. Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You are two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, &c., upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna by his negotiations; he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up lord Shelburne and Mrs. Pratt at lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with lord-treasurer. Tom Harley was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business. I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord-treasurer's. He rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent sir H. Bellasis going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur; and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoked me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord-treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the first-fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him that I would not for a thousand pounds anybody but he had got them to Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was. I said I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? But it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk-street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the park and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of Clogher, who tells me the archbishop of Dublin mentioned, in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the first-fruits; said it was done by the lord-treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours, I find nothing of that. Perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

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[a] Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the prerogative court for Ireland.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel phrase), and am got into Suffolk-street. I dined to-day at our society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country. We dined at lord-keeper's with young Harcourt, and lord-keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord-treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel. However, in the evening I went to lord-treasurer, and among other company found a couple of judges with him. One of them, judge Powel, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I stayed till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk. But I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southward; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I ate some Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already. I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness.—Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is chosen portrieve. Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw. I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and stayed till night, very dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall, lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here. I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me; and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel-street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer; that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel, and several merchants have told me so. What can one expect from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's, the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there. I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.[a] Do yo find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language. Magpies have been always there, and nowhere else in Ireland, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; we did not sit down till four. I despatched three businesses with him and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides, I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians, for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them; and I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord-treasurer told me the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the first-fruits; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walked pretty well in the park this evening.—Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks' affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the park, to engage me to speak to lord-treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolved to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for anybody. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tenison, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half-a-crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I inquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love, after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This I think shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself? that's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it cost you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see lord-treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a-week. He has invited me to Windsor, and between two

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[a] In Ireland there were at that period no foot-paths as in England.

stools, &c. I'll go live at Windsor, if possible, that's poz. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor sir Matthew Dudley, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing. I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday with lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late chief-justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrel's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the dean of Canterbury's;[a] and there I saw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four per cent. by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly, at Kensington, with lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning.—I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it; I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto. Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy! will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him: and the secretary told me t'other day he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months. O, ay, that's true, Dingley! that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter; but must not think of it yet. Your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson stayed in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye, for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like anything in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop). At night.—I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast—that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite; and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying: *Laissez faire à don Antoine;* which is a French proverb, expressing, Leave that to me. I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to despatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendship. To return to your letter. Your bishop Mills[a] hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho! you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a-year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while.—There dined with us lord Rochester, and his fine daughter lady Jane,[b] just growing up a top toast. I have been endeavouring to save sir Matthew Dudbey, but I fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six

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[a] Dr. Stanhope, the celebrated vicar of Lewisham.

[a] The bishop of Waterford.

[b] Lady Jane Hyde was married Nov. 27, 1718, to William Capel, earl of Essex and died Jan. 3, 1723-4.

times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but, as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea; I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me the maid said one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly.—What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The duke of Newcastle is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times.

God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

London, July 19, 1711.

I have just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write (pshaw, I begin too high); but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord-treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor, by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and nightgown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a nightgown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow; faith it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning.—It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant nor linen, nor anything. Night.—Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmanteau, and Patrick is come; so I am in christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and stayed there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate-street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? let Presto know soon, for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon who is condemned for a rape. The under-secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished; but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge. Besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What! I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! must a woman be ravished because she is a whore? The secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord-treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him a biting letter in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord-treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my standish, and carry-

ing too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet, and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week I hope.

28. Morning.—Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine nowhere; and I promised lord-treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two. Windsor, at night.—We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord-treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he stayed an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord-treasurer's servants gave me a letter from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight. I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord-treasurer told at court what I said to Mr. Secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted; I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the under-secretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see lord-treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted, which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham's, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr.—Dr., and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Bucklebury, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then, says you, Stella can't write much, because it

is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes, he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning.—I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a-year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord-treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord-treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said she had never heard of me. I told them that was their fault, and not hers, &c., and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain [Mr. Coke], and Mr. Masham, and the green cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now: and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court, but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland. Lord-treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the castle; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no, in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back I found Mr. Scarborow had sent all about to invite me to the green cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my 27th this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit; I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green cloth, where everybody had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all, and very noisy company; but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord-keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I stayed till just now: lord-treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord-keeper, who

made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing, and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to show them to him, and he saw the queen and several great lords, and the duchess of Montague: he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the bishop [of Clogher]. My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby, of Brooke, and will sit in the house of lords with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and Prior. The treasurer made us stay till twelve before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-secretary, Mr. Lewis, brigadier Sutton, and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night was, because Mr. secretary St. John would not sit with your duke of Somerset. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have music meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord-treasurer got the queen to remit the first-fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord-treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer. —I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord-treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Masham his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing. Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers to clear some misunderstandings between them; and, if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know that it was my lord-treasurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford and two other merchants.—Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburgh are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our society, who are to sup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath:—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord-treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in law, lord Dupplin, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here, but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord-treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines Lord-treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got safe home to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? and so your friends come to visit you: and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye: and the dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte, and Hannah what-d'ye-call-her;

no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the first-fruits were got by lord-treasurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord-treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord-treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord-treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham-green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton-court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub-street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham-green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord-treasurer's, but went to see lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord-treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us that Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Danby, the duke of Leeds' eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the small-pox. I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters. Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fie, for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again now you are come home, do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side, and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon, at his lodgings, with great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year, but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things, but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it stands since November, that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen; so goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures toward a peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parlianent will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord-treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons' address might express a dislike to some principles, &c., but was answered dubiously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella. Why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt sea. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow, for I will not unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Gregg.[a] The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written [Swift himself]. We had Trap's poem on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while; he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows.

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[a] A clerk in Harley's office, convicted of treasonable correspondence.

I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord-treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a-year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop?—he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a-year to what he has; and that is more than they will give, for aught I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my lord-keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets.—There is a cousin of his (I suppose), a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe[a] and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times; they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say she has a tongue: in short, I am told she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord-keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers; and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENY-NINTH.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the post-office. 'Tis directed to your lodgings; if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, No. 18, and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses: all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad; and the drab his wife looked out of window, and bowed to me without inviting me up; so I dined with Mr. Coote, my lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my lord Jersey died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will,

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[a] Afterwards a privy councillor in Ireland.

I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at court, as I have been informed. I never remembered so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley, for some things to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St. James's park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched. I hate this season, where everything grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat.—Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy seal. The Whigs whisper that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and, whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Christ Church, in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right. When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another, which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I 'scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester; and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it. His eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his son has t'other day got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord-treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the first-fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord-treasurer began a health to my lord privy-seal: Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning I was surprised with the news that the bishop of Bristol is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is Robinson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord-treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me he would not offer to send it without showing it to me: he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to the play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington. Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

September 1. Morning.—I go to-day to Windsor with Mr. Secretary; and lord-treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust. At night. Windsor.—The secretary and I, and brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's-green, at my lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a basketful to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide, and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to

chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great court, and among others I saw your Ingoldsby, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c., came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago), and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions? and so I left them together. Sutton, after some time, came back in rage: finds me with lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so I suppose he smoked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of Bristol, who is dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company. Lord-treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning tomorrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. Windsor still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy-counsellor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of sir H. Johnson in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money, beside the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea company, who were named to-day. My lord-treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord-treasurer, keeper, &c., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said it was the same printer whom my lord-treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord-treasurer; then I went into lord-treasurer's; we stopped at Kensington, where lord-treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord-treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

5. When I went out to-day I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter; it is very refreshing after ten days dry. I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, No. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do anything in it, sweethearts, till night. At night.—O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, No. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad!—Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr. Masham's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord-treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers, and I. The dean of Rochester christened the child, but soon went away. Lord-treasurer and lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because, Mr. Masham being a brother of our society, his son you know is consequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland, with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye call it?) rise above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpane, and you'll laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven, and lord-treasurer set me down at my lodgings in Suffolk-street. Did I ever tell you that lord-treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord-treasurer till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning.—I go to Windsor with lord-treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, No. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy [Enniscorthy, county of Wexford] and the river Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scambling, scattering, sluttikin: *Yes, mighty like indeed, is it not?*[a] Pisshh! don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra[b] which Dr. Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card-purse! you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight-shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why

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[a] These words in *Italics* are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

[b] In Stella's spelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of Stella's understanding should spell extremely ill.

do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Raphoe, an old, doting, perverse coxcomb! Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement. So Dr. Elwood says there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery. No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *scrawling*, *splay-foot*, *pot-hooks*,[a] *s*, *ſ*, ay, that's it: there the s, ſ, ſ, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving-day, and I have much to do

When Stella says her pen is bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds endorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you, nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER THE THIRTIETH.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my 29th at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord-treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bedchamber after church; but the crowd was so great I could not see her. I dined with my brother, sir William Wyndham, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord-treasurer's, which was lord-keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have stayed a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our society are to meet at supper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord-keeper, and sup at lord-treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord-treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you that when I went to Windsor on Saturday I overtook lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord-treasuser's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham-green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord-treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord-treasurer. Mrs. Fenton was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charterhouse.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey; it makes a twopenny pamphlet; I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, Here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the archbishop

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[a] These words in *Italics*, and the two *esses* that follow, are miserably scrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand.

of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord-treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the duke of Shrewsbury, lord Rivers, the two secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, stayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and, indeed, the two last pages, which the printer had got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after Balderig and the claret of Dublin: and after all I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and dream, and so forth. Faith, this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here: and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our society met at the secretary's; there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of Jersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bedchamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord-treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord-keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord-treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord-treasurer, who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five: so we were forced to go to a tavern, and send for wine from lord-treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till to-morrow, and at lord-treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers and Mrs. Masham's sister; no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have seen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was? and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance, (I won't say yours,) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs. Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London like a fool, and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold: she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the doctor to see Cranburn, a house of lord Ranelagh's, and the duchess of Marl-

borough's lodge, and the park; the finest places they are for nature and plantations that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the Maids of Honour since, &c., to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel Godfrey, who married the duke of Marlborough's sister, mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: but I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord-keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily. We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttle-cock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the court being always thin of company till Saturday night. This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger; yes, I must, or* Stella *won't be able to read this.*[a] S. S. S., there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord-keeper and lord-treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away. I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry. I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord-treasurer; and at half an hour after one I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles, but I was so tired with his slow walking that I left him here, and walked two miles toward London, hoping to meet lord-treasurer, and return with him, but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back; so I walked nine miles in all, and lord-treasurer did not come till after eight, which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so, but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and stayed till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and disengaged, as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord-keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord-treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The court was very full to-day; I expected lord-treasurer would have invited me to supper, but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home, and I hope lord-treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. 'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterward. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end. 'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord-treasurer to sup with them, but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed, for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24.—I came to town by six with lord-treasurer, and have stayed till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning, but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor, but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me, in lady Giffard's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor-park. I will answer it with a vengeance; and now you talk of answering, there is MD's No. 20 yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday, for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute: you stayed four days at Inish-Corthy, two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's, and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'nnight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? Let me see—thirty pounds in two months is nine score pounds a-year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. O yes, madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! and your description of it

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[a] These words in *Italics* are written enormously large.

is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls. Mrs. Walls has got her tea, but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it, so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? so, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English.—You must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side: I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box, and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it when I see him. Mr. Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him. I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me, yet I think him fitter for a messenger than anything. The d— she[a] has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny [his sister, Mrs. Fenton]—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning, before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next, for I am so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred apiece. Lord-treasurer promises me to answer the bishop's letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord-lieutenant." My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my thirtieth into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from ——; three sides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own schoolboy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord-treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him! I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord-treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and choose. "In this place, (meaning the exchange in London,) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved for ever after to bury myself in the shady retreat of ——." You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. "This wondrous theatre," meaning London, "was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allen." A little scrap for Mrs. Marget (Stella's maid), and then I have done. "Their royal fanum, wherein the idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares." Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be despatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company: and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desired Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can, for I will put it in the funds, and, in the mean time, borrow so much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at lord-treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me that Dr. Arbuthnot had waved the business because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's coffeehouse, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a-day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his

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[a] Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had consented to.

colonel, but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at lord-treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W—. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell him he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. Secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest. I know not the two ministers' names, but they are come about the peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing; and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers stayed with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord-treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady Oglethorp to-night, and then supped with lord-treasurer, after dining at the green cloth: I stayed till two; this is the effect of lord-treasurer being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord-keeper and the secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods of my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham and a moderate company, and would not go to lord-treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing; and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to be the abbé de Polignac: others swore it was the abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

October 1. Sir John Walters, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green cloth to-day, that he might not be behindhand with colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the mayor's feast with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of lord-treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green cloth, and did not see my lord-treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor, lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over much eating and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, toward the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor-park, and thought he remembered my face. I said I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c., and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelvepenny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses, but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff,[a] and stole out so privately that everybody saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swingeing cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one

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[a] Swift, like some others, rather hated than loved music.

horse, and miss Toucnet with her; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises: miss Forester and miss Scarborow, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled, and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.[a] My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot, and I, dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody urine: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late: for I am not now in love with lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine, for I found they did not relish it altogether well; and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him, that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d—d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary. —I dined with honest colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborow (a small deanery) said he would give no plate; he was only dean of Pewterborow. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music-meeting to night, to show they were not cast down, &c., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admiral made wrong steps: however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord-treasurer's supper and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord-treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at sir John Walters and me falling out. I said, nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill and my brother Masham. I saw lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked; and the duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said that was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I please; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Everybody has been teasing Walters. He told lord-treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, I will send you Dr. Swift: lord-keeper bid him take care what he did; for, said he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company supped with lord-treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor, for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton-court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess, for I left Windsor half an hour after one with lord-treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with lord-treasurer, and stayed till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, No. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning.—It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. —Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin: you are saucy rogues.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

London, Oct. 9, 1711.

I was forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester-fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say she receives no messages.—Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy; you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

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[a] Mr. Longfield lived at Killibride, about four miles from Trim

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper, called the Protestant Post-boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord-treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord-treasurer calls me now Dr. Martin, because martin[a] is a sort of swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with lord-treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her: and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with lord-treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord-treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain.——I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre.——People are coming up to town: the queen will be at Hampton-court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come; and lord Pembroke is coming: his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord-treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out: among the rest, my friend sir Matthew Dudley. I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord-treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden-square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord-treasurer told me last night that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some

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[a] From this pleasantry of lord Oxford the appellative *Martinus Scriblerus* took its rise.

rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord-treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton-court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord-treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town that poor lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre-time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities. 'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time passed so that we stayed till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord-treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now boys, for your letter, I mean the first, No. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire the duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the archbishop of Dublin. Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their first-fruits of ingratitude as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord-treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of Ormond was lord-lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlic; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord—lady Gore hung her child by the *waist;* what is that waist? I don't understand the word: he must hang on till you explain or spell it. I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii. Pish! burn your first-fruits; again at it! Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter lord Oxford received. I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant.* Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise. Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so. You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then he said he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord-treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well toge-

ther. I minded him how often I had told lord-treasurer, lord-keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part that will bring me neither profit nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall know of it. Here's politics enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill.—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know: you had best. And so now I have answered No. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer No. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord Harley to-day, but lord-treasurer took physic and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer-day as this was: how is it with you, pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs? I han't seen lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. Freind, at one of my printers': I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the vindication of the duke of Marlborough, and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany, what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home: it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord-treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there: nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning.—This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord-treasurer takes physic again to-day; I believe I shall dine with lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's, the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill-written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man-of-war. He is the son of one Echlin, who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks' affairs; but now I am punished for it.—Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely, . .	Plaguily.[a]
Dineing, . .	Dining.
Straingers, . .	Strangers.
Chais, . .	Chase.[b]
Waist, . .	Wast.
Houer, . .	Hour.
Immagin, . .	Imagine.
A bout, . .	About.
Intellegence, . .	Intelligence.
Aboundance, .	Abundance.
Merrit, . .	Merit.
Secreet, . .	Secret.
Phamphlets, . .	Pamphlets.
Bussiness, . .	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill-spelling? There are but fourteen: I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my 32nd into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD [Presto and MD.] If the queen knew it she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But an old saying and a true one:—

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
PMD's letters never fail;
Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelvepence coming home. Lord-treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

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[a] This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand.

[b] Falsely spelt.

24. I called at lord-treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bedchamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly bloodshot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of lord Cutts, who writ to him that I had abused her brother: you remember the "Salamander;" it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet, being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and I went to see lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that they know no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The queen is at Hampton-court: she went on Tuesday, in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to despatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord-treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Ratcliffe; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord-treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written; if it be not printed I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing; I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord-treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy that I cannot dine with great folks: and besides, I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord-treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he is so busy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again: never saw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a son of lord Nottingham, and sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon; but hear they stayed till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now,—oh, ho.

39. I was to-day in the city concerning some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same [Conduct of the Allies]. I won't tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear, beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I am plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but, says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do

all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady Jersey; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord-treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

November 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton-court, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India-house with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped if he had not been so uneasy with thirst that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather for this fortnight past is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now toward the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord-treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however, he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the 13th instant. I either do not like or not understand this policy; and if lord-treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton-court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord-treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but, as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about "Pray God you be John;" I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why, how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? the secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter sir William Temple makes about being made secretary of state; I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in a way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman and man of pleasure with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the queen and lord-treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is "An Account of Guiscard,"

by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then "An Answer to the Letter to the Lords about Gregg," by Presto; "Prior's Journey," by Presto; "Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough," entirely by the same woman; "Comment on Hare's Sermon," by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight. —Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

My 33rd lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day, where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head. —Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff.—Monsieur Pontchartrain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts, &c.*), have sent letters to lord Pembroke, "that the Academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead." But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton-court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bedchamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the pope and the devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of November, popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord. Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an alehouse. You never said one word of Good Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter-nights we shall hear more of her. Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow. I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something: but if DD [Stella and Dingley] were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a-year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopped at a printer's and stayed there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord-treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more toward a peace. I called at lord-treasurer's at noon, and sat awhile with lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's, printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's sermon. Some friend of lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? you say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he furnished his house, paid his debts, and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrahs; the secretary is still at Hampton-court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I stayed with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us

at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the coffeehouse that lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw lord Harley yesterday at noon in his nightgown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time:[a] the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord Pelham's son his heir. The widow duchess will not stand to the will; and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a-year to support the honour; for lord-treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and, for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now when the mornings are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out. I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am as helpless as an elephant. I had three packets from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to doctor Swift, without naming London or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord-treasurer's daughter, is brought to-bed of a son. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us; and a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord-treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is sculking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed lady Oglethorp to inquire about it. I was with lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O but Mr. Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,—

Few fillings, many shillings.

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse,
A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean: and desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean. Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs. At night.—I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now everybody has

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[a] The great end, lord Bolingbroke says, of Harley's administration was to marry his son to this lady; which he accomplished.

colds Here's a clatter: I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord-treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome; they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c., and then went to lord-treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pains in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters thus:—

"Though G——d's knife did not succeed,
A F——n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below, "Burn this, you dog." My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, "Your humble servant, the devil," and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton-court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me that he was just come from Hampton-court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas. I am weary of courts, and want my journeys to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined today in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffeehouse, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bedchamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour. I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all.—I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord-treasurer the G——d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F——n: I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, "That, although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it." My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your No. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning.—This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm, which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me, or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed, but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I put my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady Oglethorp and lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverel, &c., and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary; you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord-treasurer's house, and the secretary's, and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton-court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the pope. It cost a great deal of money, and, had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-street papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at sir Andrew Fountaine's.

We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why, then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith, Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week; and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in waxwork of the pope, and devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord-treasurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St. James's-street. Lord-treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day: I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton-court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other; and lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with sir Andrew Fountaine and lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I opened it, and he says the peace is past danger, &c. Well, and so there was another letter enclosed in his; well, and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well, and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well, and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, No. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before, but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well, but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucy boxes, no, no, not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning.—Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney, but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs. At night.—I dined to-day with sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the duchess of Grafton, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord-treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy, and such folks, and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss, and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton-court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation, but nothing has vexed me more for some months past than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton t'other day that I often visited her. People of worth never do that: so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of, and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state, who is sure to ask me how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith, that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night; he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him: Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester, but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by

Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord-treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady Mary Dudley, and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days, for the Whigs are too strong in the house of lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one sir John St. Leger [afterwards a judge in Ireland], who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the pope, and devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an understrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville [of Longman's town, county of Dublin] is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord-treasurer's, with whom I stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about some business. My lord-treasurer is pretty well, but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The phamphlet is published; lord-treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the phamplet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester-fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias, in a Whig Newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise; I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings.—My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord-treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present; we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one colonel Dinsey.—We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c., and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my lord Harley, and I did some business with lord-treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer: the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good; it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come, then.—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c., yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does he not thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they 'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury! what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord-treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.—Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. £7. 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*s.*: I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's——I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask! but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair! I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for anybody with my lord treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.—And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.—And so I have got to

the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, to nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, &c.—Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

December 1. Pish! sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness:* the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *bussiness, busyness, business, bisyness, bisness, bysness;* faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must, though; *business, busyness, bisyness.*——I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business,* I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub-street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord-treasurer: they were all in your odd antic mask, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find any meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning.—See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, [author of poems and plays] who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I was at court to-day: the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and despatched some business. He tells me the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it proved that this sir George has sold his estate and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of lady Giffard's writing; one owning some exchequer business of 100*l.* to be Stella's; another for 100*l.* that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for 300*l.*: the last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till lady Giffard dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people at Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning: some of them are sensible of it; but lord-treasurer stands to much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a-week only to have leave to dine once a-week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord-keeper's son). They

have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. Davenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble for the time since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speechmaker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and lord Wharton says, "It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last." Lord-treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birthday, which he would not tell us, but lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord-keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord-treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord-treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord-treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped that, when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the lord-treasurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the house of lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the queen's favourite physician), we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord-treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house: I immediately told Mrs. Masham that either she and lord-treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her—"whether he or the great chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out;" she answered short, "neither of you;" and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority? he could answer nothing, but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that "The hearts of kings are unsearchable." I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it

was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord-keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d—d duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes that, sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord-treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c.; but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord-treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord-treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them to show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord-treasurer came in to see her, and, seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me; says he, "You had better keep company with me than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord-treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the queen. He said that was true, and Somerset did so. I stayed till six; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I was to see the duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him that from the time I had seen him I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerset out: he swore, if they were not he would give up his place. Our society dined to-day at sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you that the printer told me yesterday that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief-justice [lord chief-justice Parker] who was a manager against Sacheverel; he showed him two or three papers and pamplets; among the rest mine of "The Conduct of the Allies;" threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough, but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'nnight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was

drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the house of lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was today inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Lewis how things went: I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, &c., and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week: Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me that he had it from a very good hand that all would be well, and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord-treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and I hear the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord-treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs. Van by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady by invitation. Lord-treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the duke, and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say my lord privy-seal sets out for Holland this week; so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the "Conduct," &c.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence: they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c., who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it; and all agree that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub-street speech of lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court that Walpole (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state if the ministry changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary-at-war. He is one of the Whigs' chief speakers.

19. Sad, dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but lord-treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well." I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week; so I must entertain them this day se'ennight at the Thatched House Tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold

before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixed upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas-day. I was to see lady ——, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord-treasurer's at eleven, and stayed some time with him.—He showed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson [Mr. Shower] to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons; and, they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed I will tell you how I am. I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a "Prophecy," which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy [The Windsor Prophecy] is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of "Merlin," in the Miscellanies. My lord privy-seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half-a-crown for his Christmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg-house, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, sir James Long, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the "Prophecy" be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord-treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord-treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the Thatched House tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens a-piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord-treasurer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already; we have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, No. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers know? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton [the doctor's curate at Laracor], and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: "The doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it."—And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expense of a letter. And I think this is enough for one that comes home

at twelve from a lord-treasurer and Mrs. Masham. O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord-treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did: and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to-day at the duke of Ormond's; he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmases and new years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's Account.	£	s.	d.
Received of Mr. Tooke	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney	0	2	6
For the three half-crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore	0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland	0	10	0
For coach-hire	0	2	6
In all, just	8	0	0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord-treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffee-house. Three of the new lords are of our society.

LETTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I put my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session: but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out.—I was to-day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs, but saw few there. When I was in the bedchamber talking to lord Rochester, he went up to lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a-year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

January 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay, and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord-treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and sir Thomas Mansel, and lord Windsor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased: for a peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord-treasurer. I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, excepting brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether anything was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweelve a clock.

3. This was our society day; lord Dupplin was president; we choose every week; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord Lansdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth about two hundred pounds a-year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord-treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the "Prophecy" in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord-treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord-treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised when they gave him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers; he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord Rivers is master, instead of the duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a-year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-house: he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told the secretary "that Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one: now, says the prince, I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any."—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with lord Masham, where lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because it is fresh; and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched-house: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed

for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord Masham's suppers. Lord-treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop, for I am going to write a long letter to him, but not so politicly as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here, now? yes, faith, I *lamented my birthday*[a] two days after, that's all: and you rhyme, madam Stella: were those verses made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times: they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What! no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, sir George St. George dead.—Go, cry, madam Dingley; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a-week, beside small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold; why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I am sure I shall never be paid it: so all's well again.—What, the quarrel with sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone, and lord-keeper and treasurer teased me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance.—The Whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord-treasurer told me that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi?* Replevin, simpleton; 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty-pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so, there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakspeare, where cardinal Wolsey says,

> "A weak old man, batter'd with storms of state,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin. I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts, *she writes so so, there:*[a] that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man:* now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow. The duke of Marlborough says there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure, now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at lady Betty Germain's assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window. For a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased. I went to bed again and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them. They attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk-street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscoat. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day you know; but the duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys, applying the story to the duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord Masham's with lord-trea-

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[a] Dr. Swift, upon his birthday, used always to read the third chapter of Job.

[a] These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

surer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and stayed till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret that the duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the duchess? They say the duke will make her leave the queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, No. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I wont answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear anything, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be I think till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on.—Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

When I sealed up my letter this morning I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined; for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and I thank God it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However, he would be further informed; and at night sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment; the lord Mansel told me at court to-day that I was engaged to him; but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but, looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, "Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair?" He said, "No;" and answering my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have laughed at me to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormond to our society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord: but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with lord Masham till one. Lord-treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to lord Rivers, to be stationers to the ordnance: *stationers*, that's the word, I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a-year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord-treasurer to-day again, but lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormond to-day at the cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting them with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr. Freind and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c., and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late secretary-at-war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about some business, and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince Eugene. Those of our society of the house of

commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house; but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub-street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left and stayed till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis "A Letter to the October Club," if ever you heard of such a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; this is his day of choice company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord Rivers, and lord Anglesey: I left them at seven and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since sir George St. George's death, but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord-treasurer I hope has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at court to see prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of Somerset talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?[a] well then, so let it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day with mixed company; I don't love it. Our society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons, for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests whether it was true that the author of the Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called 'Advice to the October Club,' which he said was sent him by an unknown hand: I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me to let me know that lord-treasurer would immediately speak to me at lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that, if I was a-bed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord-treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stayed with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Dr. Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant: "Why," says he, "have you not seen the Grub-street paper that says Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the 'Examiner,' on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" who, I suppose, is some bailiff. I knew of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdown observed to the secretary and me that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lansdown thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverel has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the court of requests, Dr. Yalden saluted me by name: Sacheverel, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord-treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverel's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverel know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary, but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top-full of. The ministers' design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him tells me he is much cast down and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the

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[a] It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper.

least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a-year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord Masham's; lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord-treasurer: they all commended it to the skies, and so did I; and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord-treasurer suspected, for he said, "This is Dr. Davenant's style," which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord-treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time, knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home. I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I, and lord Masham, &c., dined with lieutenant-general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see——The box at Chester; O, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are *upish;* but if ever I hear that word again I'll *uppish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed, because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little; I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton, he is one of the stanchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord chief-justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer: but I believe they will not; for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer—as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty-thousand pounds by lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LETTER THE FORTIETH.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord Lansdown came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our society; but I stopped it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it, and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with assafœtida, which I have now in my nose; and everything smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see prince Eugene at court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord Masham; they stayed as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to lord Masham's; lord-treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord-treasurer spoke to me yesterday: I know

not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of "The Conduct of the Allies" is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold, which is a prodigious run. The little twopenny "Letter of Advice to the October Club" does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world. If I had hinted it to be mine everybody would have bought it; but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of "Contes des Fées" (Tales of the Fairies), and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me that lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bedchamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed. He said, too, that lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from lord Inchequin to lord-treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords-justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, No. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick and out of humour; he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds lady Ryalton, and not lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with lady Masham: the secretary came to us, but lord-treasurer did not: he dined with the master of the rolls, and stayed late with him. Our society does not meet till to-morrow se'nnight, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them, and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's-street, and Werburgh-street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby, and Higgins, and lord Santry; but what care you for lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, bishop of Norwich, who was with this lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him, for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalising Protestant foreigners passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know anything of it. A poem is come out to-day, inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord-treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverel, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord-treasurer sent to him about it. So good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverel.

February 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick received my letter? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day: why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley that the passage in the "Conduct of the Allies" is so far from being blamable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of "Advice to the October Club" begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter, but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This ends Christmas, and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord Masham till twelve. Lord-treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on, for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch earl, was with us at lord Masham's: I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him. He swears he would vote for us, but dare not, because all Scotland would detest him if he did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier treaty is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states girls, since you have read the "Conduct of the Allies." We are all preparing against the birthday; I think it is Wednesday next. If the

queen's gout increases it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birthday who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool, and supped there. Lord-treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord-treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill, dined with lord and lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it except my lord-chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera-songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters and lady Bridgewater in St. James's, looking out of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bedchamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did prince Eugene. This is birthday chat.

7. Our society met to-day; the duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant that lord-treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord Jersey's election into our society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city: this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own for raising ten thousand pounds a-year upon operas. I used him civiler than he deserved, but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told I had a mighty interest with lord-treasurer, and one word of mine, &c.—Well, I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, No. 26, for this goes to-morrow.—Well, I never saw such a letter in my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so everything. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess of Somerset.—So, they say Presto writ the Conduct [of the Allies], &c. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the resolutions printed t'other day in the votes are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the piles.—Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my 37th, unreasonable sluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were: there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least I believe the duke of Ormond will not return.—Well, Stella again: why, really three editions of the Conduct, &c., is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can; but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt; I cannot imagine who should open my letter: it must be done at your side.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning.—My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily

wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

When my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulders so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to dear charming MD, you would wonder. I dined to-day with sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment. We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the secretary to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged lord Anglesey and lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like anybody at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10. I saw prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birthday clothes. I was to have invited five; but I only invited two, lord Anglesey and lord Carteret. Pshaw! I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ross was like to swinge the marquis of Winchester for this trick the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with "the state of the war," as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Night, dear MD.

11. I dined with lord Anglesey to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with some lords who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath?" I whispered him "to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian." He never would speak to me since till we met to-day. I went to lady Masham's to-night, and sat with lord-treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, it is so very late; but I must always be, late or early, MD's, &c.

12. One letter was from the bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls,[a] about Mrs. South's[b] salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find Clements, whom I recommended to lord Anglesey[a] last year, at Wall's desire, or rather the bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in lord Anglesey's favour. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to lord Anglesey that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to consult with him about some papers lord-treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better; I never had anything like it before; three colds successively; I hope I shall have the fourth. Three messengers come from Holland today, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me for something I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that, hearing I am acquainted with my lord-treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could. Pray, have you got your apron, Mrs. Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters. Did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now: do you never play? Yes, at Baligacoll. Go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington to see lord Masham's children. My young nephew,[b] his son, of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the "Conduct of the Allies," and read the passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesey assured me that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus to lord-treasurer being wounded is true. I believe the duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society next meeting. To-day I published the "Fable of Midas," a poem, printed in a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take, but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secre-

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[a] Archdeacon Walls, rector of Castleknock.

[b] Widow of Mr. South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, and one of the rangers of the Phœnix-park.

[a] Secretary of state for Ireland.

[b] Lord Masham was one of the sixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his son nephew.

tary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer at lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Note my dullest lines.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me or last so long. It is very surprising this news to-day of the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heartbroke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town, that lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interest of France: and it has been a good while said that lord privy-seal[a] and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit, but is infinitely proud and wholly illiterate. Night, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.[b] I went this evening to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the king of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new creations; for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on lord-treasurer, but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, dearest MD.

17. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a-year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with him, but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch new prints that I was arrested on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve, so I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal. Pray is Dr. Griffith reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him?

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture; he bought it and offered it to lord treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord-treasurer says he will take it from me. Is that fair? He designs to have it in length in the clothes he wore when he did the action; and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to day, but he has put me off till-morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the society. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord-treasurer and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as Ppt used to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Hearkee, idle dearees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the "Third Part of the Answer to the Conduct," which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil on a bit of paper in his house while he lay wounded. Some of the servants I suppose made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician thus:—

On Britain Europe's safety lies;
Britain is lost if Harley dies.
Harley depends upon your skill;
Think what you save, or what you kill.

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he says he designs that the lords of the cabinet who then sate with him should dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dine. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the secretary coming out from sir Thomas Hanmer for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been terribly busy for some days past with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies and late ministry about the war will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Night, dear MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord-treasurer, about forming a society or academy to correct and fix the English language. (Is English a speech or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse that prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *hoenlbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroeqporaensiepnotlastoiqobn*,[a]

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[a] Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol.

[b] It was published under the title of "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

[a] Thus deciphered: "help him to draw up the representation."

which I consented to do; but I do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my share. Night, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to lord-treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the university of Dublin. I have two volumes now. I will write to the provost to know how I shall send them to him; no, I wont, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to lord Masham's to-night, and lady Masham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called "the St. Alban's Ghost." I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord-treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we staid till two o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usual company are lord and lady Masham, lord-treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot and I; sometimes the secretary and sometimes Mrs. Hill of the bedchamber, lady Masham's sister. I assure you it is very late now; but this goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with our little MD. Night, dear MD.

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. I am going out, and must carry this in my pocket to give it at some general post-house. I will talk further with you at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day se'ennight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

After having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am sorry, when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, dearest rogues.

24. I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past: but I will amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs. Westley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord-treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from you to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do. Is my aunt alive yet? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind as to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat-of-arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write; so night, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to lord-treasurer. The duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath is such an owl, that, wherever I visit, people are asking me whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you that I believe it is lady Masham's hot-rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Night, dear MD.

26. I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation,

is to take some method for preventing libels, &c., which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes out in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sate with the duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

27. I was again with the secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at lord-treasurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bedchamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer, and came back at six to lord-treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sate there an hour or two, and then went to lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session to see if they have any further commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women; so I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning toward a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a Zinkerman [probably gentleman], and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met today as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the earl of Arran, whom his brother, the duke of Ormond, brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but after some whispers, it ended in choosing lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned; between you and me, all those are but idle stories; it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places passed the house of Commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry, which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the court may want a majority at a pinch. Night, dear little rogues. Love Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the city to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant-general Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about 10,000*l.* left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all.—You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him: for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing 500*l.* by him, and so did I too. Night, my two dearest lives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother [brother of the society] sir William Wyndham's house burnt, and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6,000*l.* but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night.—He married lady Catherine Seymour, the duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe. At night.—Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; lady Catherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr. Bridge's house, next door, is damaged much, and was likely to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above 10,000*l.* by this accident—his lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord Masham. The queen was not at church. Night, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor, for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord-treasurer this morning, and what care you for that? You dined with the dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And you lost your money at cards and dice; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night, my two dearest little rogues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord Masham's to-night, and stayed there till one. Lord-treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one: and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others: which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The "Representation of the House of Commons" is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town: Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost, and be poxed to him! Night, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with lord Arran and lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the earl of Danby, to be a member: but I opposed it so warmly that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l.*, though it was only four dishes and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither: for that is always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and not mix water. Lord-treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire lady Masham to excuse him to the queen. Night, dear MD.

7. I was to-day at the house of Lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day. Night, dearest rogues.

8. This day twelvemonth Mr. Harley was stabbed, but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning); and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the "Representation;" it is the finest that ever was writ.—Some of it is Pdfr's style; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the secretary about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewell, dearest hearts and souls, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I CARRIED my 42nd letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord-treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be physician-general; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve everybody but myself. Then I went to court, and carried lord-keeper and the secretary to dine with lord Masham, when we drank the queen and lord-treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played pools at picquet with lady Masham and Mrs. Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Jo, with a bit annexed from Ppt. What Jo asks is entirely out of my way; and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent; if the duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to lord-treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them, &c.? Night, sirrahs, and love Pdfr. Night, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care

to dine with; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks,[a] and how they ran his chair through with a sword It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The bishop of Salisbury's son is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me to speak to her father and to lord-treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord-treasurer is better. Night, my own two dearest MD.

10. I went this morning again to lord-treasurer, who is quite recovered; and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small two-penny pamphlet, called "Law is a Bottomless Pit; or, The History of John Bull." It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day. Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? it is now six weeks since I had your No. 26. I can assure you I expect one before this goes; and I will make shorter days' journals than usual, 'cause I hope to fill up a good deal of this side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain soon, I suppose. Go to cards, sirrahs, and I to sleep. Night, MD.

11. Lord-treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as FW has done; shall we? No, faith, our richer *Gengridge*. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Wall's business, and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, that it must be laid before lord-treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and, may be, lord-treasurer won't do it at last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you; in that case only say I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it cannot be done; for it must be laid before lord-treasurer, &c., who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So night, my two dear little MD.

12. Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffeehouse, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Here is a young fellow has writ some "Sea Eclogues," Poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals and shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper. P— on him! I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Night, dearest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do; yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdown, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's 'Examiner,' which he thinks reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord Orrery was president to-day, but both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord-treasurer has yet done nothing for us, but we shall try him soon. The company parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Night, my dearest sirrahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr. Freind, who must needs have me to get old Dr. Lawrence, the physician-general, turned out and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, and I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen.—Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know anything of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parson Richardson,[a] of Ireland, overtook me. He was here last summer upon a project of converting the Irish and printing bibles, &c., in that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me Dr. Coghill came last night to town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Night, dearest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up stairs one Mr. Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mr. Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, in-

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[a] A set of debauchees, who, under the various names of nickers, scowrers, &c., insulted passengers, attacked the watchmen, and committed great absurdities in night brawls. The "Spectator" goes fully into the description of their mad tricks.

[a] John Richardson, rector of Annult, alias Belturbet, and chaplain to the duke of Ormond.

deed, his case is hard, but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the dean of Christchurch (Dr. Atterbury), who was engaged to lord Orrery, with some other Christchurch-men. He made me go with him whether I would or not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christchurch-man. Lord Orrery generally every winter gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two I went to lord Masham's and lord-treasurer Arbuthnot and I sat till twelve. And now I am come home and got to bed. I came afoot, but had my man with me. Lord-treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord-treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I do not like them as to men.

16. This morning, at the secretary's, I met general Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me in working up the duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her, without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe, late governor of Barbados, an acquaintance of Stearn's. After dinner I asked him whether he had heard of Stearn? "Here he is," said he, "at the door in a coach," and in came Stearn. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship in his cousin Stearn's regiment. He told me he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer your letter when I get it, I have gone so far already? Night, dearest rogues.

17. Dr. Sacheverel came this morning to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord-treasurer for him. Sacheverel brought Trap along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sate with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and sense is miraculous. The second part of "Law is a Bottomless Pit" is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first. Night, my two dear saucy little rogues.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs. Percival's youngest daughter has got the small-pox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord-treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Young women, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next packet, to fill the rest of this paper; but if it don't come I'll do without it: so I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean. Night, ****

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of Shrewsbury is to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. It was very windy walking. I saw there lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at lord Masham's with lord-treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we stayed till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney to recover a debt for him: another from lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Châtelleraut from the king of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just: the third, I warrant you, from our MD. It is a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the king of France: but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to lord-treasurer, &c., and this I shall do. Night, dearest little MD.

20. I was with the duke of Ormond this morning, about lord Abercorn, Dr. Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do and some will not do: that's wise, mistresses. The duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the archbishop some months ago that it would be so; and told him I would speak a good word for him to the duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our society change their house, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall-mall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence to the duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head; but we shall break up when the session ends. Night, dearest.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's letter, No. 27; you, that are adding to your numbers and grumbling, had made it 26 and then altered it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last; but I ought to consider that this was twelve days right [writing], so that makes it pretty even. O, the sorry jades, with their excuses of a fortnight at Baligacol, seeing their friends and landlord running away. O what a trouble and a bustle!—No—if you will have it—I am not dean of Wells, nor know anything of being so; nor is there anything in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper sent that news: Roper is my humble slave.—Yes, I heard of your

resolves, and that Burton was embroiled. Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor Catherine gone to Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road, and bring her over. Joe is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Beg your pardon, mistress: I am glad you like the apron: no harm, I hope. And so MD wonders she has not a letter all the day; she will have it soon. The deuce he is! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing of his wife being here: it may cost her a —— (I don't like to write that word plain). He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring you over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do further from him (for him, I mean). So the bishop of Clogher and lady were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company-keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two nymphs if you please, but —— take me if ever I do. Yes, faith, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health and looks and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the ministry, and so am I. O, now you have got No. 41; have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding. Hold your tongue, you Ppt, about colds at Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see lord Anglesey. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's, the clerk of the kitchen at court. Darteneuf loves good bits and good sups. Good morrow, little sirrahs. At night.—I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son, my nephew, is very ill; and she is sick with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Night, my own two dearest saucy dear ones.

22. I am going into the city this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. Pray send ***** *** **** that I may have time to write to ***** about it. I have here underneath given order [this is cut off] for forty shillings to Mrs. Brent, which you will send to Parvisol. Farewell, dearest dear MD, and love Pdfr dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, &c. There, there, there, there, there, and there, and there again.

LETTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

Ugly, nasty weather. I was in the city to-day with Mrs. Wesley and Mrs. Percival, to get money from a banker for Mrs. Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see lord-treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sate with lord Masham and lord-treasurer, &c., till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. I gave in my 43rd, and one for the bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the city; and so you know it is late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Night, my dearest MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the secretary about lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffeehouse; once a-week I meet an acquaintance there that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Night, dearest sirrahs.

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to visit the duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord-lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the court of requests to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow about a friend's bill: and then the duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter desired the duke to give it the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for anything. I brought it home and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Night, dear MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the city: twelve hundred dishes of meat.—Above five lords and several hundred gentlemen will

be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Doctor Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to the "Conduct of the Allies." The last year's "Examiners," printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The "Medleys" are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen anybody in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury-lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the small-pox: but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Night, MD.

26. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you anything of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to-day; but lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Musgrave is. I sate the evening with Mrs. Wesley, who goes to-morrow morning to the Bath, She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c., was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders they say. Our Mohocks go on still and cut people's faces every night, but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a-week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry trees by the river side my heart is set upon.

27. Society day, you know that, I suppose. Dr. Arbuthnot was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's chocolate-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon lord Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office (he is secretary at war), and he writ to the secretary that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have anything to say to him till he begs my pardon. I met lord-treasurer to-day at lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a society day! No, no. It is late, sirrahs. I am not drunk.—Night, MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with lord-treasurer and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of Dublin and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himself to me to recommend him to the ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine —. However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Night, MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champaign by perfect teazing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder; and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go to sleep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether flannel and sleep will cure my shoulder. Night, dearest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or court today. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poor Ppt's blade-bone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night I use spirits of wine, which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such cruel twinges every moment! Night, dearest MD.

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send this letter, which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck, behind, or a little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but

out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease, if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. So adieu, dearest MD, FW, &c. *There*, I can say *there* yet, you see. Faith, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.

P.S. I must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of journal till I have done with physic. Are you not surprised to see a letter want half a side?

LETTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest nor nights for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plasters, which still run; and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow. Farewell, MD, MD, &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar; I keep flannel on it and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples: I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your No. 29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life. Medemeris is retired in the country, with the beast her husband long ago. I thank the bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No, simpleton: it is not a sign of health, but a sign that if it had not come out some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope soon, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My letter to lord-treasurer, about the English tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The "Appendix to the Third Part of John Bull" was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I I hope you read "John Bull." It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack;[a] but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor lady Masham, I am afraid will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once since I recovered. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here the bishop of Clogher and family are coming over; but he says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent *howdees* in my sickness; particularly the duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak and trembles; but my right side has not been touched.

This is a pitiful letter, for want of a better;
But plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter.

Ah; my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read "John Bull." Do you understand it all? Did I tell you that young parson Grey is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a-year in land adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am vexed almost; but I won't, because she is a good girl in other things. Yes, and so is DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and Me, and Pdfr too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, Lele. I can say lele yet, young women; yes I can, well as you.

LETTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and above all not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall perhaps break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one who has anything to do with this ministry to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it takes some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as now that I had stayed in Ireland; but the die is cast and is now a spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise. The moment I am used ill I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense.—The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight), and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no farther occasion for me; nor have I anything to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly spreenckish fellow. Have you seen my "Letter to Lord-treasurer?" There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD, No. 30.—You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess.—I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and beg your pardon I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now lord-treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's-green last Thursday; I never saw anything so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the house of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord-treasurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in asserting the cause of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can in order to preferment. Pray let the provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books: he knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him, but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months to my great satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,[a] and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs. Melthrop in my parish? so I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the dean? My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand. I believe the news of the duke af Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord-treasurer said in the house of lords that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for lord-treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go so far to satisfy the Whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to you to-night, sirrahs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell, but early: and besides, I have not much more to say at this present writing. Does MD never read at all now, pray? But you walk prodigiously, I suppose.—You make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donybrook. I walk as much as I can, because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither. So I dined the other day with lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Night, dearest sirrahs; farewell, dearest lives, love poor Pdfr. Farewell, dearest little MD.

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[a] A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass because the money bill must.

LETTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

Kensington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel violent pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat, and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a-year. I had your No. 30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first I did not relapse, but I came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterward. Well, but "John Bull" is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub-street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap your hand, and make wry mouths yourself, saucy doxy. Now comes DD. Why, sirrahs, I did write in a fortnight my 47th; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I a Laplander? am I witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or anywhere else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeoag (what a name is that!). Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from ——. Higgins is here roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of lord-treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being here all the summer; which I do not intend, nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife—and I have seen once or twice old Bradley here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see his wife when I have leisure. I should be glad to see Goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs. Walls—I cannot be the least bit in love with Mrs. Walls—I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am glad at heart to hear of Ppt's good health; please to let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember to write a due time before the money is wanted, and be good girls, good *dallars*, I mean, and no crying *dallars*. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr. Smith. I sent the question to him about sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr. Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So now your letter is fully and impartially answered: not as rascals answer me: I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answers: but no matter for that: you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill.—I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression), and nothing ill has happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the "Letter to a Whig lord." Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to DD, as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt you must know is a good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr. Lewis: but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the bishop of Clogher. It is now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell, dearest MD.

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[a] "Some Reasons to prove that no person is obliged by his Principles as a Whig, to oppose her Majesty or the present Ministry."

LETTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

Kensington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worse station for writing letters than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night I generally go to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve; but I am now resolved to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a-year settled on the employment by the secretaries of state, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c.; can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday, the old bishop of Worcester,[a] who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelation, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedom would be destroyed, &c.; and declared that he would be content to give up his bishopric if it were not true. Lord-treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told lord-treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen "Toland's Invitation to Dismal?" [the earl of Nottingham.] How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me he is in no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who, indeed, have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called lord Pomfret; but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and besides, he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are full of Pomfret-castle. But what's all this to you? You don't care for this? Is Goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The dean of St. Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was the other day to see Stearn and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near lord Somers's, about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my "Letter to Lord-Treasurer" passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple—something waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word that the bishop of Meath [Dr. William Moreton] was going to summon me, in order to suspension for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits with a p—. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get you gone, and drink your waters, if this rain has not spoiled them, saucy doxy. I have no more to say to you at present; but love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. And Pdfr will love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. I wish you had taken an account when I sent money to Mrs. Brent. I believe I have not done it a great while. Farewell, dearest MD.

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[a] Dr. William Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, a man of learning, and author of a "History of the Government of the Church," and other works.

LETTER THE FIFTIETH.

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the duke of Argyle at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to MD. The bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a bad redness in his face; it is St. Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break out in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub-street has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub-street papers this last week. Have you seen "Toland's Invitation to *Dismal*," or "Hue and Cry after *Dismal*," or "Ballad on Dunkirk," or "Agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands?" Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good: but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings, and scratchings, and small achings. Did I tell you that I have made Ford gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a-year salary, besides perquisites? I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will answer your letter, No. 30, dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the bishop's [of Meath] making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the provost for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. Yes, Mrs. DD, but you would not be content with letters from Pdfr of six lines, or twelve either, faith. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to contribute as much as anything. I can assure you, the bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my "Letter to Lord-Treasurer" be commended there or not? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my bedgown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible, and DD shall be repaid her other book; but patience; all in good time: you are so hasty, a dog, would, &c. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun, I play sometimes too at picket; that is picquet, I mean; but very seldom.—Out late? why, it is only at lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it *squenched* it. So here comes Ppt again with her little watery postscript. You bold drunken slut you! drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, faith. I sup MD's fifteen times every morning in milk porridge. There's for you now—and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing—and now I must say something else. You hear secretary St. John is made viscount Bolingbroke. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be lord Pomfret, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the Chronicles, Pomfret-castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry-trees on the river walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet lord Bolingbroke at eleven, and dine again with lord-treasurer. To-day there will be another Grub, "A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord." Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a half-penny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of Albe-

marle, at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. It is late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre in your waters, sirrah. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I HAD your No. 32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and the court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would not affect to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about Me's money; and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left Windsor on Monday last, upon lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon.[a] We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me I thought on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I were owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, saucy dallars? Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half-sheet pays a half-penny to the queen. The "Observator" is fallen; the "Medleys" are jumbled together with the "Flying Post;" the "Examiner" is deadly sick; the "Spectator" keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a half-penny the stamping. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled, and to hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of John Bull? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another; and I think not the two sisters. Raymond wrote to me that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Won't you see poor Laracor? Parvisol says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away all. Pray observe the cherry-trees in the river walk; but you are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tosticated between this and Windsor. Poor lord Winchelsea is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine; and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch, is now countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence and Mrs. Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs. Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to Mrs. Walls. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele, rogues both; love poor Pdfr.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I NEVER was so long without writing to MD as now since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when anything will, or whether any at all, so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my style is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river, walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs. Walls. The dean never answered my letter, and I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for Me in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, as *** said, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be: more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were

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[a] His History of the Four last Years.

alarmed with the queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but toward night she grew better; to-day she missed her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord-treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have lost a great support in the earl of Godolphin. It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,[a] the late king's mistress, (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Cliffden,) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord-treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard lord Marlborough is growing ill of his *diabetes;* which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was No. 32, that you may not be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of *steel,* though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be governor of Ireland; and I believe the duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise great things to themselves from this government: but great care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton has writ to me that she has been forced to leave lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son: I have not answered her letter. She is retired to Mrs. Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God help them! But if ever the court should give me anything, I would recommend Raymond to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds. And the duchess of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for, you know, I wear no waistcoat in summer), and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh, ho!—We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. Mrs. Brent sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free here before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy apprentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my tithes well this year; he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you talk to him? He keeps me at charges for horses that I never ride: yours is large, and will never be good for anything. The queen will stay here about a month longer I suppose; but lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature! she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side: though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful,[a] I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, dearest, ten thousand times dearest, MD.

LETTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with asafœtida and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a-day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord-treasurer, lady Masham and I were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There never was such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but it is now near quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of sir William Temple. I asked both him and lady Masham seriously whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropsy? And they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called "The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes," &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call "The Works of the Learned." Pray get it when it comes out. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord-treasurer showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half-a-dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of London,[a] at past fourscore, fell down backward going up stairs, and I think broke or cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of lord Rivers' will? He has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: he has left from his only child, lady Barrymore,[b] her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord-treasurer and lord-chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, but detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful because they are told the queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, No. 32, at Windsor: but I could not answer it then; Pdfr was very sick then: and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to write letters from. You "thought to come home the same day, and stayed a month:" that was a sign the place was agreeable. I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swenton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told lord Godolphin was buried last night.—O poor Ppt (Mrs. Johnson). I believe I escaped the *new* fever, for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am not well; but why should DD escape it, pray? She is *melthigal*, you know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she wont have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I hoped Ppt would have done with her illness; but I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs. Raymond never have done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I dare say he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

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[a] Lady Elizabeth Villiers, on whom King William settled a large estate in Ireland.

[a] His life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginery evil.

October 11. Lord-treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in your money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is lady Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord-treasurer for anybody. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs Pdfr has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case (not *her* case); and whenever a proper time comes I will do all I can: that is enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times that I cannot do better; I hope the dean of St. Patrick's (Dr. Sterne) is well of his fever: he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, young women, till the first of November next. O, faith, I must be *ise;* yes faith, must I; else we shall cheat Pdfr. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you ——— hold, I must go no further, for fear of abusing fine ladies. Parvisol has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. Bishop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland: but how is corn? I dined yesterday with lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night.—You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backward in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic by the doctor's orders, till he sends me farther directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days—I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to-bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But however, if I am asked who would make a good bishop, I shall name him before anybody. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to lord-treasurer, and truly young Molyneux would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr. Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote a book;[a] I suppose you know it. Here is the duke of Marlborough going out of England (lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say that one who has done such great services to his country cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between lord Lansdown and lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the queen's bench, for about six thousand a-year (or nine I think). I sat under lord chief justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him that "I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me." I told it lord-treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned everybody's eyes and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub-street rogues, that write the "Flying Post" and "Medley" in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord-treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by civil law that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read: and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write, (that is to be extracted), which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs when I came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

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[a] Dr. Henry Compton, translated to that see from the bishopric of Oxford, in 1675.

[b] Lady Elizabeth, married to James, the fourth Earl of Barrymore.

30. The duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirably good. I wish DD had it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed nightgown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other day that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, "that in men, desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire." We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffata, &c., the fellow with old coats, suits, or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre with lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card-money, I am no loser.

Our society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord-treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very noteable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you!

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

Before this comes to your hands you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight my man brought me word that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St. James's-square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and, while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cakehouse by the ring in Hyde-park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of lord Mohun's stabbed duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so too.[a] Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub-street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape in opening the band-box sent to the lord-treasurer.[b]

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[a] The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated, 8vo. 1698.

[a] The quarrel appeared to be forced on the duke, but there are doubts, that he received foul play.

[b] A report of a conspiracy, by sending the lord-treasurer a box, with three pistols, whose triggers being tied to the cover, they would have gone off, at the opening of the box, had not the same been prevented by Swift, who, being then in the room, while his lordship was dressing, suspected something, and opened the box in such a manner that no mischief was done.

The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in "The Evening;" only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him, for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me that if I had been killed the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub-street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Night, dearest sirrahs, I'll go to sleep.

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months to lie in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg lord-treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion, for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. And I shall know more. But what care you for all this? Yes, MD is sorry for Pdfr's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Night.

17. I was to-day at noon with the duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in affliction. The duchess told me lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Post Boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at lord-treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor: he promised to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late: I have stayed till past one with him. So night, dearest MD.

18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of duke Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord-treasurer will see her. She is mightily indisposed. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord-treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord-treasurer, but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me so late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and lord Strafford to Holland; and now the king of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him king of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with playhouse frolics and prologues, and I know not what. The bishop of Clogher and his family are well: they have heard from you lately, or you from them, I have forgot which: I dined there the other day, but the bishop came not till after dinner, and our meat and drink was very so so. Mr. Vedeau was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself, but wanted an employment for a friend, "who would give a handsome pair of gloves." One Hales sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a-year, in the salt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr. Griffin should do it. And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively I would have it done if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt's commission to her most humble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are so *slow in their helps*. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to MD. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c. Smoke the folding of my letters of late.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

London, December 12, 1712.

Here is now a strange thing; a letter from MD unanswered: never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pray now? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will renew my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at farthest. O! Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs; I have enough of it now, with a vengeance. Two women have been here six times a-piece; I never saw them yet. The first I have despatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Mr. Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand for some old pretensions that will succeed when I am lord-treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sets are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.[a] I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord-treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portraine,[b] till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of "Political Lying" is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins, first chaplain to duke Hamilton? Why, duke Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland—Dean Francis, sir Richard Levinge, stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin; ho, have you? Oh ho! Swanton seized Portraine, now I understand you. Ay, ay, now I see Portraine at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now to your second, No. 36. So, you read one of the Grub-streets about the band-box. The Whig papers have abused me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the "Postboy" and "Evening Post" of that day. Lord-treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's Park, which lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of hearing from me. Heigh! do you write by candle-light? naughty, naughty, naughty dallah, a hundred times, for doing so. O faith, DD, I'll take care of myself! The queen is in town, and lady Masham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after lord-treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say it is good for me, and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next Thursday, now the queen is in town; and lord-treasurer assures me that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings to-day to servants. What a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt; now, I keep no company, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have I touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauch is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord-treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and lady Masham and lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well then, you are now returned to ombre and the dean, and Christmas; I wish you a very merry one; and pray don't lose your money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Night, sirrahs, it is late, I'll go to sleep; I don't sleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very sleepy in a morning. This is the effect of wine and years. Night, dearest MD.

13. Morning. I am so very sleepy in the morning that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying "cabbages and savoys," plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat). I lodge over against the house in Little Rider-street where DD lodged. Don't you remember, mistress? To-night I must see the abbé Gautier, to get some particulars for my history. It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner: she has not given me the bed nightgown: besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coal in a week; but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and he will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop we shall make it without them; that has been resolved. One squire Jones, a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me, to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for parliament-man for him: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will: and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, and Joe is engaged, &c. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray, thank him when you see him; and that I say they are very fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvepenny weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it is ten o'clock (but not shaving-day), and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbé Gautier sends me word I cannot see him to-night; p— take him! I don't value anything but one letter he has of Petecum's show-

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[a] History of the Peace of Utrecht.

[b] Or Portraen, seven miles from Dublin.

ing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the "Conduct of the Allies" make you great politicians? Faith, I believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to hear you walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, young woman? O, faith! I shall find strange doings when I come home! Here is somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He is here. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our society was to meet to-day; but lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbledon with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of Caermarthen, who married lady Betty Harley on Mondy last; and lord-treasurer is at Wimbledon too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom in France [of Châtelherault], which duke Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion. Night, dear sirrahs, MD.

19. How agreeable it is in a morning for Pdfr to write journals again! It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord-treasurer is returned from Wimbledon, ('tis not above eight miles off,) and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home to-night I found hers and the duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise? Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her: which I I will send to-morrow morning. I will tell her she is such a prude that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with *a man* unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington. Night, dear rogues, MD.

20. I lodge up two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to everybody almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the bishop, and provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord-treasurer. This is his day that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady Betty's match. The young fellow has 60,000*l.* ready money, three great houses furnished, 7000*l.* a-year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think lady Betty's portion is not above 8000*l.* I remember Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to lord Anglesey, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord Anglesey was with me to-night at lord-treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall, and described him. He said he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book. See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr. Walls that lord Anglesey thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says he is 20,000*l.* the better for knowing Clements. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord that he hears so and so, &c. Why, it is but like an *Irish* understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct it. So, night.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord-treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffeehouse, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said he heard that was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me that his master, and the king of France, and the queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with lord-treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not (as DD says); but now the queen is in town he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came; but intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley, I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning that four provinces of Holland have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Night, MD.

22. Lord-keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr. Gery,[a] who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord-treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas-day, and I made lord-treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Night, dear MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper,[b] a poet, to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord-keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to lord-treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I stayed till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I

[a] Mr. Gery, rector of Letcombe, in Berks, whom Swift highly esteemed

[b] Author of the Sea Eclogues.

have just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am so formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me if he knew it. He asked me, "Why I did not wait on the bishop of Dromore?" [Dr. T. Pullen, 1695—1713.] I answered, "I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume," &c. He takes me seriously, and says, "The bishop is no proud man," &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland that has done ill things. I ask, "Why he is not out?" Says he, "I think the bishops and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes, everybody may help something." —Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me? for the dog knows that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this, don't you? Night, sirrahs! I will go to sleep.

24. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer [Robert Benson, esq.], in order to look over some of my papers, but nothing was done. I have been also meditating between the Hamilton family and lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they don't yield it. Night, sirrahs.

25. I carried Parnell to dine at lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James's chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has got the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I stayed so long in my chamber that I missed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day? Night, dear rogues.

26. I was to wish the duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half-a-crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half-crowns to such fellows. I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a p—! less of civility and more of interest! We hear Macartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Macartney? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grub-street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because lord-treasurer, and he, and another, were to enter upon business; but I said it was as fit I should know their business as anybody, for I was to justify. So the rest went, and I stayed, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with general Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of his company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself; and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations; and I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sirrah Ppt, and dress the wine and orange, sirrah Me,[a] and I'll go sleep. It is late. Night, MD.

28. My cold is so bad that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I please. The duke and lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with lord and lady Orkney till past eleven: and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. O, says Ppt, everybody is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to-bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve. Night, dears.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of bacon with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord-treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Everybody has one. Night, dear rogues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined with us, an old lady of about fifty-five, that we were all very fond of. I called this evening at lord-treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the bishop of Clogher's family to-day; miss is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly. Night, MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord-treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the

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[a] Here Me plainly means Dingley

young folks went to supper, and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned lady Oxford up to my lord, and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady Caermarthen, and lord and lady Dupplin, and lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor lord-treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. My cold is still so bad that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Night, MD.

January 1. A great many new years to dearest little MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you that yesterday lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in such a whimsical manner, that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone but lord Orkney sent to know whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him, which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with lady Orkney; and in came the earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of duke Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother, the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Châtelherault. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against lord Abercorn, and to convince them that lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family it was their opinion that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesey was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me "I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission," &c.—But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teasing, pox on him! yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with lord-treasurer till nine, and then was forced to lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one must that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers! Night, dearest little MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sate with the bishop of Ossory [Dr. J. Hartstonge], who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be merry, little sirrahs

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with lord and lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbledon, six miles off, to see lord and lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. You know lady Caermarthen is lord-treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago.—I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. I must send this away now. I came back just by nightfall, cruel cold weather; I'll take my leave.—I forgot how MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and pray give the bill on the other side to Mrs. Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. Go, play at cards. Love Pdfr. Night, MD, FW, Me, Lele. The six odd shillings, tell Mrs. Brent, are for her new-year's gift. I am just now told that poor dear lady Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

LETTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my last with the melancholy news of poor lady Ashburnham's death. The bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day at lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me that Macartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing.—As I left lord Mountjoy's I saw the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of Argyle by the fireside in the bedchamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. Argyle presented me to him and lord Bolingbroke, and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day I showed the bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who. Night, my two dear rogues.

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord-treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady Oxford, and then sate with lord-treasurer till he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown, bishop of Cork, recommending him to a

better bishopric, as a person who opposed lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c.: in short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor duke and duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him he talked something of lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Night, dearest MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined, by invitation, with my friend Dartineuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for anything in Ireland makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know anything that passes.—Lord-treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of Marlborough is leaving England to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know "that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired everything should be left him except power." Night, MD.

7. I dined with lord and lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly do anything. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it by shaking off lord Rochester,[a] who is a good, civil, simple man. The bishop of Ossory will not be bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. And what is MD doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards with the dean and Mrs. Walls? I think it is not certain yet that Macartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got weak ink, and it is very white, and I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to sleep; it is past twelve.—Night, MD.

8. You must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. Ash, of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord-treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The duke of Ormond employed me to speak to lord-treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing: there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to lord-treasurer as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger who will not go till Sunday next. Lord-treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Keatly, is to be there. Night, dear little MD.

9. Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of Dromore recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. To-day's "Examiner" talks of the play of "What is it like?" and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord-treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, lord-steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Night, MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord-treasurer's, a servant said lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As soon as he saw me he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Night, dear MD.

11. The court was crammed to-day to see the French ambassador, but he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffeehouse, to see acquaintance whom I should not otherwise see twice a-year? The provost and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the queen in everything; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the house of lords: and if my advice had been taken the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude with

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[a] Henry Hyde, son of Laurence earl of Rochester, younger son of lord chancellor Clarendon, minister of Charles II.

out the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. Night, MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller, for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and twopence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. Well, I'll tell you no more; you don't understand Greek. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them. So night, own dear dallars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with lord-keeper, but would not, because that brute sir John Walter was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord-treasurer, where there was none but lord Bolingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then went to lady Orkney's, who has been sick and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new hat), or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Night, dear MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and lady Betty, and lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord-keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I dined to-day with Mr. Cæsar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. *Cæsar*, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, &c. Night, my own dearest little rogues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you that last night I had a present sent me (I found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet, in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord-treasurer came toward me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt is a Tory and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present. Night, MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the secretary's office, and stayed till past three. The duke of Ormond and I were to dine at lord Orkney's. The duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there they had almost dined; for the duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head, and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeed, you shall know what it is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer and his Saturday's company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and lord-treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the lords about the speech the queen must make when the parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it? I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said, the speech should begin thus:—"My lords and gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of Marlborough abroad after the duke." This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Night, MD.

18. We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large Treatise[a] stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of Dromore is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours; yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards. Night, dear MD.

19. I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of Ormond. The duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very

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[a] His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it. That blot is a blunder. Night, dear MD.

20. A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord-treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our English bishopric[a] is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I had written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out; so you must know I expect a letter very soon, and that MD is very well; and so night, dear MD.

22. This is one of our court-days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord-treasurer quarrelled with me at court for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings, with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Night, MD.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in Ireland, but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for threepence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, No. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I am sorry for poor Ppt. Pray walk if you can. I have got a terrible new cold before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have DD's money soon from the exchequer. The bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Night, dear MD.

24. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not speaking, and lord Selkirk the same. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders, but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford; so Ossory is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this without giving it to the bellman. My second cold is better now. Night, dearest little MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE FIFTY-NINTH.

London, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1712-13.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that, going to lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so, after church and court, I walked through the park, and took a chair to lord-treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney-top had fallen down with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again you shall hear of it.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord-treasurer's, the French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, sent lord-treasurer word that his house was burnt down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. It is odd that this very day lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at Pontac's in the city, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing: I was observing it to lord-treasurer that he was stabbed on the day king William died; and the day I saved his life by opening the hand-box was king William's birth-day. My friend Mr. Lewis [secretary to the earl of Dartmouth] has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from lord Perth and lord Melfort (two lords with the pretender), for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer, for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I'll mend my hand, if you please; but "you are more used to it *nor* I," as Mr. Raymond says. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions that the duke d'Aumont's

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[a] Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr. H. Humphreys, 20th November, 1712.

house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord-keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. Radcliffe told me that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Night, my own dearest MD.

28. I was to-day at court, where the ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house; but the abbé Gautier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day to let him know his house should be burnt, and tells several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out saw a pot with wildfire in the room. I dined with lord Orkney. Neither lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disobliged both sides. Night, dear MD.

29. Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord-treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer your letter, young women: not yet; it is late now, and I can't find it. Night, dearest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; faith, I will take them no more. I sauntered after church with the provost to-day, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a-year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least. Poor brat! Let me go to bed, sirrahs. Night, dear MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it, but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the duke of Ormond and several lords at court; and I contrived it so that lord-treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is enough for to-day: only to tell you that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.

Sunday, February 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it; so I was neither at church nor court. The duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Here is a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. O, but I will write now but once in three weeks.—Yes, faith, this shall go sooner. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days, for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers out of order, though one of them, the lord-keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to lord-treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle some way or other.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery; her name is now Wigmore, and her husband is turned parson. She desires nothing but that I would get lord-keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen lord-treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what you please. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expense for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it. Night, MD.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies: but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord-treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. David's [Dr. P. Blise] (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of Clogher.

[Wednesday] 4. I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord-treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady Masham, and then with lord Masham and lord-treasurer at lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady Jersey with lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform (I have just mended my pen you see), for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till Saturday next, I find; so I will answer yours now. I see no different days of the month; yet it is dated January 3. So it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr. Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was soliciting nothing anywhere, and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne to lord-treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for Ppt. I am sure her head is good for ****. I'll answer more to-morrow. Night, dearest MD.

5 [6]. I must go on with your letter. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an *if*. Well, but your letter, well, let me see.—No; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. **** I did not suspect you would tell Filby. You are so ****. Turns and visitations—what are those? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr. Walls. Pray God mend people's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs swell. Night, dearest MD.

6 [7]. This is the queen's birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so much hurry and fine clothes. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord-keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early to answer your letter again. Pray God keep the queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from lord-keeper's I called at lord-treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. You did well to let him make up his accompts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account. Night, dearest rogues, MD.

7 [8]. I was at court to-day, but saw no birthday clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord Orkney and sat the evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord-treasurer is angry if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a ———. Colds! why we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little off, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton. Indeed it is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered your letter; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid you night, dear MD.

8 [9]. It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but went to see sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire, and I stayed with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord-treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small-pox. She is very full, but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture, a very fine original of sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King-street, between St. James's-street and St. James's-square, where DD's brother bought the sweetbread when I lodged there and DD came to see me. Short ****. Night, MD.

9 [10]. I thought to have dined with lord-treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's, so I dined at lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with lady Masham at crown piquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord-treasurer came in to us and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced, after all her greatness, to seven servants and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet. Night, MD.

10 [11]. I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of Ormond, and lady Betty, and the duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this near twelve o'clock the duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key and is gone to bed, but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from lord-treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with sir Thomas Clarges and his lady, but met them in another place, and have there sate till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner.—Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says, but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him. Night, MD.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while,[a]

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[a] He had omitted Thursday the fifth.

for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow, and lord-treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night, but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters you may remember. **** I went in the morning and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow, and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs, but I hope will do well. Night, MD.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Night, dear MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord-treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER THE SIXTIETH.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I DINED to-day with Mr. Rowe, and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

16. I dined to-day with lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making anybody's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though everything about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Night, dear MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr. Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money at ombre sadly; I make a thousand blunders at it. I play but threepenny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does: she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young.—Night MD.

18. The earl of Abingdon had been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; lord Stawell, colonel Disney, and Dr. Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a-year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old devil, and her daughter a ———. There were more Whigs to-day at court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19. I was at court to-day, to speak to lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at lady Masham's, where lord-treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him I could not till Saturday. I have stayed there till past twelve; so night, dear MD.

20. Lady Jersey, lady Catherine Hyde, the Spanish ambassador, the duke d'Etrées, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment with lord Bolingbroke: but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champagne, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight, and then went and lost my money at ombre with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye which was lately bad, I sup-

pose one effect of her distemper,) is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good-lack! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No. 38; and you write so small now-a-days. I hope your poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow se'ennight, with a bill for Me. I will speak to Mr. Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended, that is to say, if I see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer MD's letter when I Pdfr think fit. Night, MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last. I saw Griffin at court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know "that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. Swift, &c.; that he will endeavour to deserve, &c.;" and if you dictated a whole letter for him it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with lord-treasurer and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at lord-treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Night, MD.

22. I dined to-day at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond and sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things: he thinks the peace is kept off too long; and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of Clogher at court; miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Night, dear MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and they hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury-street, near St. James's-street, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the commissioners. Night, dear MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr Atterbury, dean of Christchurch. I had business with him about entering Mr. Fitz-Maurice, lord Kerry's son, into his college; and lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, lord Dupplin, young Bromley the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants and made a rattle; but since I came home she sent me a message that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady Catherine Hyde and lady Bolingbroke are to be there by appointment, and I listed up my periwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it? Not I, vow to Heaven! Night, MD.

25. Lord-treasurer met me last night at lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say,

"More of your lining, and less of your dining."

However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried game, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady Dalkeith, her sister, the duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much. Night, MD.

26. This day our society met at the duke of Ormond's; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at lady Jersey's that I must attend lord-treasurer and duke of Ormond at supper at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till one, so you may be sure it is late enough. There was the duchess of Grafton, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, faith, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than anybody, because I go to no coffeehouse, nor see any but ministers and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The Whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily. Night, MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of lady Orkney,[a] an original, by sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord-treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and

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[a] He bequeathed this picture to the Earl of Orrery.

then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make lord-keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending Me a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure you. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business[a] stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on Friday night with Mrs. Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by the other night while the Duke d'Etrées lost six times with manilio, basto, and three small trumps; and lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Night, dear MD.

28. I was at court to-day, when the abbé Gautier whispered me that a courier was just come with an account that the French king had consented to all the queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an assistant; I don't know what, supervisor, I think; but it is some employment a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid you farewell, dearest rogues. God bless dear MD; and love Pdfr. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

It is out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not: but now I see I answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and Me's bill. I dined with lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as usual, found everything wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I have a lodging I box up the books I get (for I always get some), and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much. Night, MD.

2. I went into the city to see Pat Rolt, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin Cleve (you are much the wiser). I had never been at her house before. My he-cousin Thomson the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist; lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c., but she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to Keatley; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very hard to be got. Night, MD.

3. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house and make her speech. I saw Dr. Griffith two or three months ago at a Latin play at Westminster, but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die: I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book and go sleep. Night, dear MD.

4. Mr. Ford has been this half-year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, "That I have saved England, and he Ireland;" but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the duchess Hamilton to-day, and met Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the duke of Hamilton's house when the duke died; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the Postboy, reflecting on the ball because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Blith came to beg the duchess's pardon and clear himself. He is a sad dog. Night, dear MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met Blith at the duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the duchess Hamilton to beg her pardon again. I did on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel for all he is your Griffith's friend. Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Night, MD.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll

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[a] His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

part with it to lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord-treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy!—I was at lord-treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee unless it be to present somebody.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord-treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for he has engaged me for to-morrow), but went and dined with lord Masham, and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physic. I knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things are very dear. DD must come in at last with her two eggs a penny. There the provost was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which I hope will serve me, and bring me over. Pray God MD does not be delayed for it: but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at court to-day; a wonder! Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

8. You must know I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord-treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where everybody had their birthday clothes on, and I dined with lord-treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on Tuesday next unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Night, MD.

9. Lord-treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the provost, Parnell, and Ford, were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord-treasurer cares not a rush. Lord-keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think lord-treasurer, to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest. Read it. Night, MD.

10. I was early this morning to see lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'ennight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and sate an hour in the evening with lord-treasurer, who was in very good humour, but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord-keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. Night, MD.

11. I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of Ormond and the duchess of Hamilton, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for sir Andrew Fountaine invited the provost and me to dine with him and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. It won't do; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and yet was beasted. Very sad, faith! Night, my dear rogues, MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value apiece. Our society met to-day at the duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us as usual; and the chancellor of the exchequer sent the author of the "Examiner" [Mr. Oldisworth] twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure *****. I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champagne, or burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together. Night, MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and he rallied me to-day at lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve lord-treasurer and him the same way. For that reason I very seldom promise to go anywhere. I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left lord-treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no haste, young women; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than

my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Night, dear MD.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the park before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old lady Bellasyse is dead at last? She has left lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I stayed with lord-treasurer upon business after the company was gone, but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your post-office that I am fearful, &c., and so good night. Love Pdfr and MD.

15. Lord-treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tuesday, if the houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord-treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt may understand me. The doctors tell me that, if poor colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake, but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, "That, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman." You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dear sirrahs. Night, MD.

16. I was at lord-treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me the parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'ennight. They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready: but Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there the Spaniards can sign no peace: and one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that it is ratified in all courts before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Night, MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St. Patrick's day; and the Mall was so full of crosses that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with lord-treasurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week: for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Night, MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with lord-treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: everybody had it at court; but I believe there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went? And he whispered me in French, "Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord-treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his *if* puns. You know them. Night, MD.

19. The bishop of Clogher has made an *if* pun, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun:—If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; "Hack at Tom Pooley's." Silly, says, Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country-house; what care you? Night, MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say, you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy. Forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty that I would dine nowhere; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. Burke's, your accountant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by lord Paget's funeral. The provost and I sat till one o'clock; and if that be not late I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Night, MD.

21. Morning.—I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the post myself. I must go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with lord-treasurer, of course. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I GAVE your letter in this night. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parliament sits; and I have begged that the ministry may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the Whigs, it will be better: and further, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion-week. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a-year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not dislike it.—Night, dearest MD.

22. I dined to-day with lord-steward [earl Poulet]. There Frank Annesley (a parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that lord-treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of lord-treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord-treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember Eltee. You know the reason. L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the same way. Stay, it is now five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time: but as hope saved, it is not Pdfr's fault.

23. I dined to-day at sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the duke of Ormond, and lord and lady Orkney. I left them at six. Everybody is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the duke of Ormond and Eltee. You know who Eltee is (or have you forgot already?). I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called "The Ambassadress;"[a] it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The Examiner has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths: if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather; I'll go sleep. Night, dearest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited lord-keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to lord-treasurer (Eltee I mean); paid the coachman and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys: and lord-treasurer (Eltee I mean again) honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; faith it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Night, MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for you must understand I take a little physic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is hiera picra, two spoonful—devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small-pox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with you? Night, dear MD.

26. Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see lord Bolingbroke and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of Ormond, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to sir Andrew Fountaine, and played at ombre with him and sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour, upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Night, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with that **** poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l.* I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture till my lord-keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two: though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterward to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool. Night, dear MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to everybody, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addison was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was

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[a] It was entitled "The British Ambassadress's Speech to the French King.'

making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his style by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the first-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the crown-rents, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week: I believe you will have it next. Night, MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior fellows,[a] who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tisdall's outlandish mould at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day. Have you such weather? Night, MD.

30. Morning.—I was naming some time ago to a certain person, another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the city, at Pontack's, with lord Dupplin[b] and some others. We were treated by one colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Night, MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, &c. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad and taken the air. This evening lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends to know whether they they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Night, MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day You have heard of Dartineuf: I have told you of Dartineuf. After dinner we all went to lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him, but I would not, because I had heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court that he was in great apprehensions about his master, and indeed we are afraid that prince [Charles XII.] is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper called the "Guardian?" they say good for nothing. I have not seen it. Night, dear MD.

2. I was this morning with lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come with the news that the king of Spain has agreed to everything that the queen desires, and the duke d'Ossuna has left Paris in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap and read his poem and correct it, but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber and balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord Orkney's, at Cliffden, but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer, but going to see colonel Disney, who lives with general Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well that I stayed and took share of it, and did not go to lord-treasurer till six, where I found Dr. Sacheverel, who told us that the bookseller had given him 100*l.* for his sermon preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April is begun, against my old maxim, but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Night, dear MD.

3. I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht that the peace is signed by all the ministers there but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days, so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sate with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began lord Somers's health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it, and I told lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison loved lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the trimmer, are not you? As for DD, I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and

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[a] Mr. Charles Grattan, afterwards master of the royal free school at Enniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq.

[b] Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

DD the greater Whig of the two! It is late. Night, MD.

4. This Passion-week people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did, faith, and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all day. I came home at seven and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverel's long dull sermon which he sent me. It is his first sermon since his suspension is expired, but not a word in it upon the occasion except two or three remote hints. The bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun which the bishop had made and designed to send him, but delayed it; and lord Pembroke and I made sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter-day. Night, dear MD.

5. Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter general Georges had recommended a friend of his to the duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Georges recommended the other, for Warburton's last letter said that Foulkes was dead the day before the date.—This has prevented me from serving Warburton as I would have done if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at court, and lord Abingdon had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out for refusing him; but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks, for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter-day a fine day with you? I have sat with lady Worsley till now. Night, MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There was not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter [Mrs. Oldfield] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord-treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to lord-treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making *ifs* for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; never saw the like. This letter shall go to-morrow: remember, young women, it is seven weeks since your last, and I allow you but five weeks; but you have been galloping in the country to Swanton's. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord-lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Night, dear MD.

7. Morning.—I have had a visitor here that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, you may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I love MD better than ever, if possible. I will put this in the post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the dean, which he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much. Don't this perplex you? What care I? But love Pdfr. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-THIRD.

London, April 7, 1713.

I FANCY I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with lord-treasurer, and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly sit, and everybody's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night the lord-chief-justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace; so did lord Cholmondeley, another Whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord-keeper [lord Harcourt], was this night made lord-chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Night, dearest little MD.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and sir Richard Temple, lieutenant-general, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general Palmes will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord-treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Macartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord-treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Night, MD.

9. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord-treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day; but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord Orkney's, where I found sir Thomas Hanmer. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper.

Lord-treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; lord Peterborow flirted against the duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany, you know), but it was in answer to one of lord Halifax's impertinences. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at lord Orkney's. The bishop of Chester, a high Tory, was against the court. The duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the queen, and showed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was converted.

10. I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Portmahon. The Whigs are much down, but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament-time hinders our court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with Dr. Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave everything to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her, but talk to the winds. Night, MD.

11. I dined at lord-treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual. Duke of Ormond and lord Bolingbroke were absent. I stayed till near ten. Lord-treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord-treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Night, dear MD.

12. I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley,[a] one of your fellows of Dublin-college, to lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Night, MD.

13. This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for three deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord-treasurer that I take nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon lord-treasurer, hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe, for all our **** ****, you may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.—What care I? Night, dearest rogues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it should be determined to-night: and so he will say a hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Night, dear MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him today; I was as good company as ever; and told me the queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me that lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come tomorrow. Night, dear MD.

16. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen and lord-treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor and to lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore and I dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord-treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied, but that I must be prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady

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[a] Afterwards the celebrated bishop of Cloyne.

Masham says she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says she will determine to-morrow with lord-treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think anything will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord-treasurer any more, if I go. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Night, MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that lord-treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord-treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore and I dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord-treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Night, MD.

19. I forgot to tell you that lord-treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company, which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me word that the queen stayed till she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening and found the duke of Ormond at the cockpit, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of Dublin, &c.; so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord-treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than anything else. Night, MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Night, own dear MD.

21. The duke of Ormond has told the queen he is satisfied that Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord-treasurer was to be there. I said I would if I were out of suspense. Night, dearest MD.

22. The queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Night, dear MD.

23. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton: I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is bishop of Dromore, and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells. But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, whatever comes of it. I received yours to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of York [Dr. Sharpe], my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer your letter soon, but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a-year. Is it? If it be, overplus shall be divided *****, besides usual *****. Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficutly, which vexes me. But they say here it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Night, dear MD.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. ****** I made mistakes the last three days, and am forced to alter the number. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Night, MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten, and he said the bishop of Killaloe [Dr. Thomas Lindsay] had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again that the bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pounds a-year out of the deanery and divide between ****, but will talk of that when I come over. Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

26. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The archbishop of York says he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note to prove she is alive.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

London, May 16, 1713.

I HAD yours, No. 40, yesterday. Your new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders, one to Parvisol, and the other to Parvisol and a blank for whatever fellow the last dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me, but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed to get him the living of Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains have solicited for it, and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence you may keep the two papers and advise well in the mean time; and whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy bishop Sterne's hair as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord-treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, *quando?* I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What? at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and care not where nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, **** your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them. The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before, but an accident hindered it, and I assure you I am very angry MD did not write to Pdfr, and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my treatise,[a] and must be ten days in correcting it. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele. You'll seal the two papers after my name.

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol and Mr. to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's for the present year. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I do hereby appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

LETTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary, yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health, man. When I came here I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you written a post sooner I might have brought some pins, but you were lazy, and could not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say what you will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain 'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths, otherwise I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can, therefore take no lodgings for me to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to lord-treasurer about Mrs. South tomorrow.—Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. Mrs. Tisdall is very big, ready to lie down. Her husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still? The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele, &c.

[a] His history of the Peace of Utrecht.

MEMOIRS

RELATING TO THAT CHANGE WHICH HAPPENED IN QUEEN ANNE'S MINISTRY IN THE YEAR 1710.

Many particulars in these memoirs are remarkably confirmed by a publication in which the reader would the least expect them, in "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to Court, to the year 1740, in a letter from herself to my Lord ——;" printed in 1742.

Having continued for near the space of four years in a good degree of confidence with the ministry then in being, although not with so much power as was believed, or at least given out by my friends, as well as by my enemies, especially the latter, in both houses of parliament; and this having happened during a very busy period of negotiations abroad and management of intrigue at home, I thought it might probably, some years hence, when the present scene shall have given place to many new ones that will arise, be an entertainment to those who will have any personal regard for me or my memory to set down some particularities which fell under my knowledge and observation, while I was supposed, whether truly or not, to have part in the secret of affairs.

One circumstance I am a little sorry for, that I was too negligent (against what I had always resolved, and blamed others for not doing) in taking hints, or journals, of every material as it passed, whereof I omitted many that I cannot now recollect, although I was convinced by a thousand instances of the weakness of my memory. But, to say the truth, the nearer knowledge any man has in the affairs at court, the less he thinks them of consequence, or worth regarding. And those kind of passages which I have with curiosity found or searched for in memoirs, I wholly neglected when they were freely communicated to me from the first hand, or were such wherein I acted myself. This I take to be one among other reasons why great ministers seldom give themselves the trouble of recording the important parts of that administration where they themselves are at the head. They have extinguished all that vanity which usually possesses men during their first acquaintance at courts; and, like the masters of a puppet-show, they despise those motions which fill common spectators with wonder and delight. However, upon frequently recollecting the course of affairs during the time I was either trusted or employed, I am deceived if in history there can be found any period more full of passages which the curious of another age would be glad to know the secret springs of, or whence more useful instructions may be gathered, for directing the conduct of those who shall hereafter have the good or ill fortune to be engaged in business of the state.

It may probably enough happen that those who shall at any time hereafter peruse these papers may think it not suitable to the nature of them, that upon occasion I sometimes make mention of myself, who, during these transactions, and ever since, was a person without titles or public employment. But, since the chief leaders of the faction, then out of power, were pleased, in both houses of parliament, to take every opportunity of showing their malice by mentioning me (and often by name) as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice or privity nothing was done, or employment disposed of, it will not, perhaps, be improper to take notice of some passages wherein the public and myself were jointly concerned; not to mention that the chief cause of giving myself this trouble is to satisfy my particular friends; and at worst, if, after the fate of manuscripts, these papers shall, by accident or indiscretion, fall into the public view, they will be no more liable to censure than other memoirs, published for many years past, in English, French, and Italian. The period of time I design to treat on will commence with September, 1710; from which time, till within two months of the queen's death, I was never absent from court, except about six weeks in Ireland.

But, because the great change of employments in her majesty's family, as well as the kingdom, was begun some months before, and had been thought on from the time of Dr. Sacheverel's trial, while I was absent and lived retired in Ireland, I shall endeavour to recollect, as well as I am able, some particulars I learned from the earl of Oxford, the lord-viscount Bolingbroke, the lady Masham, and doctor Atterbury, who were best able to inform me.

I have often, with great earnestness, pressed the earl of Oxford, then lord treasurer, and my lady Masham, who were the sole persons which brought about that great change, to give me a particular account of every circumstance and passage during the whole transaction. Nor did this request proceed from curiosity, or the ambition of knowing and publishing important secrets; but from a sincere honest design of justifying the queen in the measures she then took, and afterwards pursued, against a load of scandal, which would certainly be thrown on her memory with some appearance of truth. It was easy to foresee, even at that distance, that the queen could not live many years; and it was sufficiently known what party was most in the good graces of the successor, and, consequently, what turns would be given by historians to her majesty's proceedings, under a reign where directly contrary measures would probably be taken. For instance, what would be more easy to a malicious pen than to charge the queen with inconstancy, weakness, and ingratitude, in removing and disgracing the duke of Marlborough, who had so many years commanded her armies with victory and success; in displacing so many great officers of her court and kingdom, by whose counsels she had, in all appearance, so prosperously governed; in extending the marks of her severity and displeasure toward the wife and daughters, as well as relations and allies, of that person she had so long employed and so highly trusted; and all this by the private intrigues of a woman of her bedchamber, in concert with an artful man, who might be supposed to have acted that bold part only from a motive of revenge upon the loss of his employments, or of ambition to come again into power?

These are some of the arguments I often made use of, with great freedom, both to the earl of Oxford and my lady Masham, to incite them to furnish me with materials for a fair account of that great transaction; to which they always seemed as well disposed as myself. My lady Masham did likewise assure me, that she had frequently informed the queen of my request, which her majesty thought very reasonable, and did appear, upon all occasions, as desirous of preserving reputation with posterity as might justly become a great prince to be. But that incurable disease, either of negligence or procrastination, which influenced every action both of the queen and the earl of Oxford, did, in some sort, infect every one who had credit or business in the court; for, after soliciting near four years to obtain a point of so great importance to the queen and her servants, whence I could propose nothing but trouble, malice, and envy to myself, it was perpetually put off.

The scheme I offered was, to write her majesty's reign; and that this work might not look officious or affected, I was ready to accept the historiographer's place, although of inconsiderable value, and of which I might be sure to be deprived upon the queen's death. This negligence in the queen, the earl of Oxford, and my lady Masham, is the cause that I can give but an imperfect account of the first springs of that great change at court after the trial of doctor Sacheverel; my memory not serving me to retain all the facts related to me: but what I remember I shall here set down.

There was not perhaps in all England a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions than the late queen. Upon her first coming to the throne the duchess of Marlborough had lost all favour with her, as her majesty has often acknowledged to those who have told it me. That lady had long preserved an ascendant over her mistress while she was princess; which her majesty, when she came to the crown, had neither patience to bear nor spirit to subdue. This princess was so exact an observer of forms, that she seemed to have made it her study, and would often descend so low as to observe, in her domestics of either sex who came into her presence, whether a ruffle, a periwig, or the lining of a coat, were unsuitable at certain times. The duchess, on the other side, who had been used to great familiarities, could not take it into her head that any change of station should put her upon changing her behaviour; the continuance of which was the more offensive to her majesty, whose other servants, of the greatest quality, did then treat her with the utmost respect.

The earl of Godolphin held in favour about three years longer, and then declined, although he kept his office till the general change. I have heard several reasons given for her majesty's early disgust against that lord. The duchess, who had long been his friend, often prevailed on him to solicit the queen upon things very unacceptable to her; which her majesty liked the worse, as knowing whence they originally came: and his lordship, although he endeavoured to be as respectful as his nature would permit him, was, upon all occasions, much too arbitrary and obtruding.

To the duke of Marlborough she was wholly indifferent (as her nature in general prompted her to be), until his restless impatient behaviour had turned her against him.

The queen had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time; and, further than a bare good or ill opinion, which she soon contracted and changed, and very often upon light grounds, she could hardly be said either to love or to hate anybody. She grew so jealous upon the change of her servants that often, out of fear of being imposed upon, by an over-caution she would impose upon herself: she took a delight in refusing those who were thought to have greatest power with her, even in the most reasonable things, and such as were necessary for her service; nor would let them be done till she fell into the humour of it herself.

Upon the grounds I have already related, her majesty had gradually conceived a most rooted aversion from the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin; which spread in time through all their allies and relations, particularly to the earl of Hertford, whose ungovernable temper had made him fail in his personal respects to her majesty. This I take to have been the principal ground of the queen's resolutions to make a change of some officers both in her family and kingdom; and that these resolutions did not proceed from any real apprehension she had of danger to the church or monarchy: for, although she had been strictly educated in the former, and very much approved its doctrine and discipline, yet she was not so ready to foresee any attempts against it by the party then presiding. But the fears that most influenced her were such as concerned her own power and prerogative, which those nearest about her were making daily encroachments upon, by their undutiful behaviour and unreasonable demands. The deportment of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince lay expiring, was of such a nature that the queen, then in the height of grief, was not able to bear it; but with marks of displeasure in her countenance, she ordered the duchess to withdraw and send Mrs. Masham to her.

I forgot to relate an affair that happened, as I remember, about a twelvemonth before prince George's death. This prince had long conceived an incurable aversion from that party, and was resolved to use his utmost credit with the queen his wife to get rid of them. There fell out an incident which seemed to favour this attempt; for the queen, resolving to bestow a regiment upon Mr. Hill, brother to Mrs. Masham, signified her pleasure to the duke of Marlborough; who, in a manner not very dutiful, refused his consent, and retired in anger to the country. After some heats, the regiment was given to a third person. But the queen resented this matter so highly, which she thought had been promoted by the earl of Godolphin, that she resolved immediately to remove the latter. I was told, and it was then generally reported, that Mr. St. John carried a letter from her majesty to the duke of Marlborough, signifying her resolution to take the staff from the earl of Godolphin, and that she expected his grace's compliance; to which the duke returned a very humble answer. I cannot engage for this passage, it having never come into my head to ask Mr. St. John about it; but the account Mr. Harley and he gave me was, that the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin had concerted with them upon a moderating scheme, wherein some of both parties should be employed, but with a more favourable aspect toward the church: that a meeting was appointed for completing this work: that in the mean time the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin were secretly using their utmost efforts with the queen to turn Mr. Harley (who was then secretary of state) and all his friends out of their employments: that the queen, on the other side, who had a great opinion of Mr. Harley's integrity and abilities, would not consent, and was determined to remove the earl of Godolphin. This was not above a month before the season of the year when the duke of Marlborough was to embark for Flanders; and the very night in which Mr. Harley and his friends had appointed to meet his grace and the earl of Godolphin, George Churchill, the duke's brother, who was in good credit with the prince, told his highness, "That the duke was firmly determined to lay down his command if the earl of Godolphin went out, or Mr. Harley and his friends were suffered to continue in." The prince, thus intimidated by

Churchill, reported the matter to the queen; and, the time and service pressing, her majesty was unwillingly forced to yield. The two great lords failed the appointment; and the next morning the duke, at his levee, said aloud, in a careless manner, to those who stood round him, "That Mr. Harley was turned out."

Upon the prince's death, November 1708, the two great lords so often mentioned, who had been for some years united with the low church party, and had long engaged to take them into power, were now in a capacity to make good their promises, which his highness had ever most strenuously opposed. The lord Somers was made president of the council, the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland, and some others of the same stamp were put into considerable posts.

It should seem to me that the duke and earl were not very willingly drawn to impart so much power to those of that party, who expected these removals for some years before, and were always put off upon pretence of the prince's unwillingness to have them employed. And I remember, some months before his highness's death, my lord Somers, who is a person of reserve enough, complained to me with great freedom of the ingratitude of the duke and earl, who, after the service he and his friends had done them in making the Union, would hardly treat them with common civility. Neither shall I ever forget that he readily owned to me that the Union was of no other service to the nation than by giving a remedy to that evil which my lord Godolphin had brought upon us by persuading the queen to pass the *Scotch act of security*. But to return from this digression.

Upon the admission of these men into employments, the court soon ran into extremity of low church measures; and although, in the house of commons, Mr. Harley, sir Simon Harcourt, Mr. St. John, and some others, made great and bold stands in defence of the constitution, yet they were always borne down by a majority.

It was, I think, during this period of time that the duke of Marlborough, whether by a motive of ambition, or a love of money, or by the rash counsels of his wife the duchess, made that bold attempt of desiring the queen to give him a commission to be general for life. Her majesty's answer was, "That she would take time to consider it;" and, in the mean while, the duke advised with the lord Cowper, then chancellor, about the form in which the commission should be drawn. The chancellor, very much to his honour, endeavoured to dissuade the duke from engaging in so dangerous an affair, and protested "he would never put the great seal to such a commission." But the queen was highly alarmed at this extraordinary proceeding in the duke; and talked to a person whom she had taken into confidence, as if she apprehended an attempt upon the crown. The duke of Argyle, and one or two more lords, were (as I have been told) in a very private manner brought to the queen. This duke was under great obligations to the duke of Marlborough, who had placed him in a high station in the army, preferred many of his friends, and procured him the garter. But his unquiet and ambitious spirit, never easy while there was any one above him, made him, upon some trifling resentments, conceive an inveterate hatred against his general. When he was consulted what course should be taken upon the duke of Marlborough's request to be general for life, and whether any danger might be apprehended from the refusal, I was told he suddenly answered, "That her majesty need not be in pain, for he would undertake, whenever she commanded, to seize the duke at the head of his troops, and bring him away either dead or alive."

About this time happened the famous trial of Dr. Sacheverel, which arose from a foolish passionate pique of the earl of Godolphin, whom this divine was supposed, in a sermon, to have reflected on under the name of Volpone, as my lord Somers, a few months after, confessed to me; and, at the same time, that he had earnestly, and in vain, endeavoured to dissuade the earl from that attempt. However, the impeachment went on, in the form and manner which everybody knows; and, therefore, there need not be anything said of it here.

Mr. Harley, who came up to town during the time of the impeachment, was, by the intervention of Mrs. Masham, privately brought to the queen; and in some meetings easily convinced her majesty of the dispositions of her people, as they appeared in the course of that trial, in favour of the church, and against the measures of those in her service. It was not without a good deal of difficulty that Mr. Harley was able to procure this private access to the queen; the duchess of Marlborough, by her emissaries, watching all the avenues to the back-stairs, and upon all occasions discovering their jealousy of him; whereof he told me a passage, no otherwise worth relating than as it gives an idea of an insolent, jealous minister, who would wholly engross the power and favour of his sovereign. Mr. Harley, upon his removal from the secretary's office, by the intrigues of the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, as I have above related, going out of town, was met by the latter of these two lords near Kensington gate. The earl, in a high fit of jealousy, goes immediately to the queen, reproaches her for privately seeing Mr. Harley, and was hardly so civil as to be convinced by her majesty's frequent protestations to the contrary.

These suspicions, I say, made it hard for her majesty and Mr. Harley to have private interviews: neither had he made use of the opportunities he met with to open himself so much to her as she seemed to expect, and desired; although Mrs. Masham, in right of her station in the bedchamber, had taken all proper occasions of pursuing what Mr. Harley had begun. In this critical juncture, the queen, hemmed in, and as it were imprisoned, by the duchess of Marlborough and her creatures, was at a loss how to proceed. One evening a letter was brought to Mr. Harley, all dirty, and by the hand of a very ordinary messenger. He read the superscription, and saw it was the queen's writing. He sent for the messenger, who said, "He knew not whence the letter came, but that it was delivered him by an under-gardener." I forget whether of Hampton Court or Kensington. The letter mentioned the difficulties her majesty was under; blaming him for "not speaking with more freedom and more particularly, and desiring his assistance." With this encouragement he went more frequently, although still as private as possible, to the back-stairs; and from that time began to have entire credit with the queen. He then told her of the dangers to her crown, as well as to the church and monarchy itself, from the counsels and actions of some of her servants: "That she ought gradually to lessen the exorbitant power of the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, by taking the disposition of employments into her own hands: that it did not become her to be a slave to a party, but to reward those who may deserve by their duty and loyalty, whether they were such as were called of the high church or low church." In short, whatever views he had then in his own breast, or how far soever he intended to proceed, the turn of his whole discourse was intended, in appearance, only to put the queen upon what they called a moderating scheme; which, however, made so strong an impression upon her, that when this minister, led by the necessity of affairs, the general disposition of the people, and probably by his own inclinations, put her majesty upon going greater lengths than she had first intended, it put him upon innumerable difficulties, and some insuperable; as we shall see in the progress of this change.

Her majesty, pursuant to Mr. Harley's advice, resolved to dispose of the first great employment that fell, according to her own pleasure, without consulting any of her ministers. To put this in execution, an opportunity soon happened, by the death of the earl of Essex, whereby the lieutenancy of the Tower became vacant. It was agreed between the queen and Mr. Harley that the earl Rivers should go immediately to the duke of Marlborough and desire his grace's good offices with the queen to procure him that post. The earl went accordingly; was received with abundance of professions of kindness by the duke, who said, "The lieutenancy of the Tower was not worth his lordship's acceptance;" and desired him to think of something else. The earl still insisted, and the duke still continued to put him off; at length, lord Rivers desired his grace's consent to let him go himself and beg this favour of the queen; and hoped he might tell her majesty "his grace had no objection to him." All this the duke readily agreed to, as a matter of no consequence. The earl went to the queen, who immediately gave orders for his commission. He had not long left the queen's presence, when the duke of Marlborough, suspecting nothing that would happen, went to the queen, and told her, "The lieutenancy of the Tower falling void by the death of the earl of Essex, he hoped her majesty would bestow it upon the duke of Northumberland, and give the Oxford regiment, then commanded by that duke, to the earl of Hertford." The queen said "He was come too late; that she had already granted the lieutenancy to earl Rivers, who had told her that he (the duke) had no objection to him." The duke, much surprised at this new manner of treatment, and making complaints in her majesty's presence, was, however, forced to submit.

The queen went on by slow degrees. Not to mention some changes of lesser moment, the duke of Kent was forced to compound for his chamberlain's staff, which was given to the duke of Shrewsbury, while the earl of Godolphin was out of town, I think at Newmarket. His lordship, on the first news, came immediately up to court; but the thing was done, and he made as good a countenance to the duke of Shrewsbury as he was capable of. The circumstances of the earl of Sunderland's removal, and the reasons alleged, are known enough. His ungovernable temper had overswayed him to fail in his respects to her majesty's person.

Meantime both parties stood at gaze, not knowing to what these steps would lead, or where they would end. The earl of Wharton, then in Ireland, being deceived by various intelligence from hence, endeavoured to hide his uneasiness as well as he could. Some of his sanguine correspondents had sent him word that the queen began to stop her hand, and the church party to despond. At the same time the duke of Shrewsbury happened to send him a letter filled with great expressions of civility. The earl was so weak, upon reading it, as to cry out, before two or three standers-by, "Damn him, he is making fair weather with me; but, by G—d, I will have his head." But these short hopes were soon blasted, by taking the treasurer's staff from the earl of Godolphin; which was done in a manner not very gracious, her majesty sending him a letter, by a very ordinary messenger, commanding him to break it. The treasury was immediately put into commission, with earl Poulett at the head; but Mr. Harley, who was one of the number, and at the same time made chancellor of the exchequer, was already supposed to preside behind the curtain.

Upon the fall of that great minister and favourite, that whole party became dispirited, and seemed to expect the worst that could follow. The earl of Wharton immediately desired and obtained leave to come for England; leaving that kingdom, where he had behaved himself with the utmost profligateness, injustice, arbitrary proceedings, and corruption, with the hatred and detestation of all good men, even of his own party.

And here, because my coming into the knowledge of the new ministry began about this time, I must digress a little, to relate some circumstances previous to it.

Although I had been for many years before no stranger at court, and had made the nature of government a great part of my study, yet I had dealt very little with politics, either in writing or acting, until about a year before the late king William's death; when, returning with the earl of Berkeley from Ireland, and falling upon the subject of the five great lords who were then impeached, for high crimes and misdemeanors, by the house of commons, I happened to say, "That the same manner of proceeding, at least appeared to me from the news we received of it in Ireland, had ruined the liberties of Athens and Rome; and that it might be easy to prove it from history." Soon after I went to London; and, in a few weeks, drew up a discourse, under the title of "The Contests and Dissensions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, with the Consequences they had upon both those States." This discourse I sent very privately to the press, with the strictest injunctions to conceal the author, and returned immediately to my residence in Ireland. The book was greedily bought and read; and charged some time upon my lord Somers, and some time upon the bishop of Salisbury; the latter of whom told me afterward, "That he was forced to disown it in a very public manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he was threatened."

Returning next year for England, and hearing of the great approbation this piece had received (which was the first I ever printed), I must confess, the vanity of a young man prevailed with me to let myself be known for the author: upon which my lords Somers and Halifax, as well as the bishop above mentioned, desired my acquaintance, with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness—not to mention the earl of Sunderland, who had been my old acquaintance. They lamented that they were not able to serve me since the death of the king; and were very liberal in promising me the greatest preferments I could hope for, if ever it came in their power. I soon grew domestic with lord Halifax, and was as often with lord Somers as the formality of his nature (the only unconversable fault he had) made it agreeable to me.

It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and I think much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; told him, "That, having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible upon any other principle to defend or submit to the Revolution: but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with great courtesy, but showed much ill will and contempt for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side; but that the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets, who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception would unite the church, as one man, to oppose them: and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequence of this."

My lord Somers in appearance entered very warmly into the same opinion, and said very much of the endeavours he had often used to redress that evil I complained of. This his lordship, as well as my lord Halifax (to whom I have talked in the same manner), can very well remember: and I have indeed been told by an honourable gentleman of the same party "That, both their lordships, about the time of lord Godolphin's removal, did, upon occasion, call to mind what I had said to them five years before."

In my journeys to England I continued upon the same foot of acquaintance with the two lords last mentioned until the time of prince George's death; when the queen, who, as is before related, had for some years favoured that party, now made lord Somers president of the council, and the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland. Being then in London, I received letters from some bishops of Ireland to solicit the earl of Wharton about the remittal of the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy there, which the queen had long promised, and wherein I had been employed before, with some hopes of success from the earl of Godolphin. It was the first time I ever was in company with the earl of Wharton: he received me with sufficient coldness, and answered the request I made in behalf of the clergy from very poor and lame excuses, which amounted to a refusal. I complained of this usage to lord Somers, who would needs bring us together to his house, and presented me to him; where he received me as drily as before.

It was everybody's opinion that the earl of Wharton would endeavour, when he went to Ireland, to take off the test, as a step to have it taken off here; upon which, I drew up and printed a pamphlet, by way of a letter from a member of parliament here, showing the danger to the church by such an intent. Although I took all care to be private, yet the lieutenant's chaplain, and some others, guessed me to be the author, and told his excellency their suspicions; whereupon I saw him no more until I went to Ireland. At my taking leave of lord Somers, he desired I would carry a letter from him to the earl of Wharton, which I absolutely refused; yet he ordered it to be left at my lodgings. I stayed some months in Leicestershire, went to Ireland, and immediately upon my landing retired to my country parish without seeing the lieutenant or any other person, resolving to send him lord Somers's letter by the post. But, being called up to town by the incessant intreaties of my friends, I went and delivered my letter, and immediately withdrew. During the greatest part of his government I lived in the country, saw the lieutenant very seldom when I came to town, nor ever entered into the least degree of confidence with him, or his friends, except his secretary, Mr. Addison, who had been my old and intimate acquaintance. Upon the news of great changes here, he affected very much to caress me; which I understood well enough to have been an old practice with him, in order to render men odious to the church party.

I mention these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much paper to show their malice against me, that I was a favourer of the low party; whereas it has been manifest to all men that, during the highest dominion of that faction, I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken; for instance, "A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a Letter to the Countess of Berkeley;" "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man;" "An Argument against abolishing Christianity;" and lastly, "A Letter to a Member of Parliament against taking off the Test in Ireland," which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom. But those who are loud and violent in coffeehouses, although generally they do a cause more hurt than good, yet will seldom allow any other merit; and it is not to such as these that I attempt to vindicate myself.

About the end of August, 1710, I went for England, at the desire and by the appointment of the archbishops and bishops of that kingdom, under whose hands I had a commission to solicit, in conjunction with two bishops who were then in London, the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, which had been many years solicited in vain. Upon my arrival in town I found the two bishops were gone into the country, whereupon I got myself introduced to Mr. Harley, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, and acted as first minister. He received me with great kindness; told me "that he and his friends had long expected my arrival;" and, upon showing my commission, immediately undertook to perform it, which he accordingly did in less than three weeks, having settled it at five meetings with the queen, according to the scheme I offered him, and got me the queen's promise for a further and more important favour to the clergy of Ireland, which the bishops there, deceived by misinformation not worth mentioning in this paper, prevented me from bringing to a good issue.

When the affair of the first-fruits was fully despatched, I returned my humble thanks to Mr. Harley, in the name of the clergy of Ireland, and in my own, and offered to take my leave, as intending immediately to return to that kingdom. Mr. Harley told me "He and his friends knew very well what useful things I had written against the principles of the late discarded faction, and that my personal esteem for several among them would not make me a favourer of their cause: that there was now entirely a new scene: that the queen was resolved to employ none but those who were friends to the constitution of church and state: that their great difficulty lay in the want of some good pen, to keep up the spirit raised in the people, to assert the principles and justify the proceedings of the new ministers." Upon that subject he fell into some personal civilities, which will not become me to repeat. He added, "That this province was in the hands of several persons, among whom some were too busy, and others too idle, to pursue it;" and concluded, "That it should be his particular care to establish me here in England, and represent me to the queen as a person they could not be without."

I promised to do my endeavours in that way for some few months. To which he replied, "He expected no more, and that he had other and greater occasions for me."

Upon the rise of this ministry, the principal persons in power thought it necessary that some weekly paper should be published, with just reflections upon former proceedings, and defending the present measures of her majesty. This was begun about the time of the lord Godolphin's removal, under the name of The Examiner. About a dozen of these papers, written with much spirit and sharpness, some by Mr. secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it, which I did accordingly about eight months. But my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death.

It was Mr. Harley's custom every Saturday that four or five of his most intimate friends among those he had taken in upon the great change made at court should dine at his house, and after about two months' acquaintance I had the honour always to be one of the number. This company, at first, consisted only of the lord-keeper Harcourt, the earl Rivers, the earl of Peterborough, Mr. secretary St. John, and myself; and here, after dinner, they used to discourse and settle matters of great importance. Several other lords were afterward, by degrees, admitted; as the dukes of Ormond, Shrewsbury, and Argyle; the earls of Anglesey, Dartmouth, and Poulett; the lord Berkeley, &c. These meetings were always continued, except when the queen was at Windsor; but, as they grew more numerous, became of less consequence, and ended only in drinking and general conversation, of which I may perhaps have occasion to speak hereafter.

My early appearance at these meetings, which many thought to be of greater consequence than really they were, could not be concealed, although I used all my endeavours to that purpose. This gave the occasion to some great men, who thought me already in the secret, to complain to me of the suspicions entertained by many of our friends in relation to Mr. Harley, even before he was lord-treasurer; so early were sown those seeds of discontent which afterwards grew up so high! The cause of complaint was, that so great a number of the adverse party continued in employment, and some, particularly the duke of Somerset and earl Cholmondeley, in great stations at court.—They could not believe Mr. Harley was in earnest; but that he designed to constitute a motley comprehensive administration, which, they said, the kingdom would never endure. I was once invited to a meeting of some lords and gentlemen, where these grievances were at large related to me, with an earnest desire that I would represent them in the most respectful manner to Mr. Harley, upon a supposition that I was in high credit with him. I excused myself from such an office, upon the newness of my acquaintance with Mr. Harley. However, I represented the matter fairly to him, against which he argued a good deal from the general reasons of politicians, the necessity of keeping men in hopes, the danger of disobliging those who must remain unprovided for, and the like usual topics among statesmen. But there was a secret in this matter which neither I, nor indeed any of his most intimate friends, were then apprised of; neither did he, at that time, enter with me further than to assure me very solemnly "that no person should have the smallest employment, either civil or military, whose principles were not firm for the church and monarchy."

However, these over-moderate proceedings in the court gave rise to a party in the house of commons, which appeared under the name of the October Club; a fantastic appellation, found out to distinguish a number of country gentlemen and their adherents, who professed, in the greatest degree, what was called the high church principle. They grew in number to almost a third part of the house, held their meetings at certain times and places, and there concerted what measures they were to take in parliament. They professed their jealousy of the court and ministry; declared, upon all occasions, their desire of a more general change, as well as of a strict inquiry into former mismanagement, and seemed to expect that those in power should openly avow the old principles in church and state. I was then of opinion, and still continue so, that if this body of men could have remained some time united, they would have put the crown under a necessity of acting in a more steady and strenuous manner. But Mr. Harley, who best knew the disposition of the queen, was forced to break their measures, which he did by that very obvious contrivance of dividing them among themselves and rendering them jealous of each other. The ministers gave everywhere out that the October Club were their friends, and acted by their directions; to confirm which, Mr. secretary St. John, and Mr. Bromley, afterwards chancellor of the exchequer, publicly dined with them at one of their meetings. Thus were eluded all the consequences of that assembly, although a remnant of them, who conceived themselves betrayed by the rest, did afterward meet under the denomination of the March Club, but without any effect.

The parliament which then rose had been chosen without any endeavours from the court to secure elections; neither, as I remember, were any of the lieutenancies changed throughout the kingdom, for the trial of Dr. Sacheverel had raised or discovered such a spirit in all parts, that the ministers could very safely leave the electors to themselves, and thereby gain a reputation of acting by a free parliament. Yet this proceeding was, by some refiners of both parties, numbered among the strains of Mr. Harley's politics, who was said to avoid an over-great majority, which is apt to be unruly, and not enough under the management of a ministry. But, from the small experience I have of courts, I have ever found refinements to be the worst sort of all conjectures; and, from this one occasion, I take leave to observe, that of some hundreds of facts, for the real truth of which I can account, I never yet knew any refiner to be once in the right. I have already told that the true reason why the court did not interpose in the matter of election was, because they thought themselves sure of a majority, and therefore could acquire reputation at a cheap rate. Besides, it afterwards appeared, upon some exigencies which the court had much at heart, that they were more than once likely to fail for want of numbers. Mr. Harley, in order to give credit to his administration, resolved upon two very important points: first, to secure the unprovided debts of the nation; and secondly, to put an end to the war. Of the methods he took to compass both those ends I have treated at large in another work.[a] I shall only observe that, while he was preparing to open to the house of commons his scheme for securing the public debts, he was stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard, while he was sitting in the council-chamber at the Cockpit, with a committee of nine or ten lords of the cabinet, met on purpose to examine the marquis, upon a discovery of a treasonable correspondence he held with France.

This fact was so uncommon in the manner and circumstances of it, that, although it be pretty well known at the time I am now writing, by a printed account, toward which I furnished the author with some materials, yet I thought it would not be proper wholly to omit it here. The assassin was seized, by Mr. Harley's order, upon the 8th of March, 1710-11; and, brought before the committee of lords, was examined about his corresponding with France Upon his denial, Mr. Harley produced a letter, which he could not deny to be his own hand. The marquis, prepared for mischief, had conveyed a penknife into his pocket while the messenger kept him attending in one of the offices below. Upon the surprise of his letter appearing against him, he came suddenly behind Mr. Harley, and, reaching his arm round, stabbed that minister into the middle of the breast, about a quarter of an inch above the *cartilago ensiformis*; the penknife, striking upon the bone, and otherwise obstructed by a thick embroidered waistcoat, broke short at the handle, which Guiscard still grasped, and redoubled his blow. The confusion upon this accident is easier conceived than described. The result was, that the marquis, whether by the wounds given him by some of the lords, or the bruises he received from the messengers while they were seizing him, or the neglect of his surgeon, or that, being unwilling to live, he industriously concealed one of his wounds, died in a few days after. But Mr. Harley, after a long illness and frequent ill symptoms, had the good fortune to recover.

Guiscard was the younger brother of the count of that name, a very honourable and worthy person, formerly governor of Namur. But this marquis was a reproach to his family, prostitute in his morals, impious in religion, and a traitor to his prince; as to the rest, of a very poor understanding, and the most tedious trifling talker I ever conversed with. He was grown needy by squandering upon his vices, was become contemptible both here and in Holland, his regiment taken from him, and his pension retrenched; the despair of which first put him upon his French correspondence; and the discovery of that drove him into madness. I had known him some years; and, meeting him upon the Mall a few hours before his examination, I observed to a friend then with me, "That I wondered to see Guiscard pass so often by without taking notice of me." But although, in the latter part of his life, his countenance grew cloudy enough, yet I confess I never suspected him to be a man of resolution or courage sufficient to bear him out in so desperate an attempt.

I have some very good reasons to know that the first misunderstanding between Mr. Harley and Mr St. John, which afterward had such unhappy consequences upon the public affairs, took its rise during the time that the former lay ill of his wounds, and his recovery doubtful. Mr. St. John affected to say in several companies, "That Guiscard intended th blow against him;" which, if it were true, the consequence must be, that Mr. St. John had all the merit, while Mr. Harley remained with nothing but the danger and the pain. But I am apt to think Mr. St. John was either mistaken or misinformed. However, the matter was thus represented in the weekly paper called The Examiner; which Mr. St. John perused before it was printed, but made no alteration in that passage.

This management was looked upon, at least, as a piece of youthful indiscretion in Mr. St. John; and, perhaps, was represented in a worse view to Mr. Harley. Neither am I altogether sure that Mr. St. John did not entertain some prospect of succeeding as first minister, in case of Mr. Harley's death; which, during his illness, was frequently apprehended. And I remember very well, that, upon visiting Mr. Harley as soon as he was in a condition to be seen, I found several of his nearest relations talk very freely of some proceedings of Mr. St. John; enough to make me apprehend that their friendship would not be of any long continuance.

Mr. Harley, soon after his recovery, was made an earl, and lord-treasurer; and the lord-keeper a baron.

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[a] History of the Four Last Years, &c.

A DISCOURSE OF THE CONTESTS AND DISSENSIONS

BETWEEN THE

NOBLES AND THE COMMONS IN ATHENS AND ROME.

WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON BOTH THOSE STATES.

> ——— Si tibi vera videtur,
> Dede manus, et si falsa est, accingere contra.—Lucr.

This whole treatise is full of historical knowledge and excellent reflections. It is not mixed with any improper sallies of wit, or any light aim at humour; and in point of style and learning is equal, if not superior, to any of Swift's political works.—Orrery.

The following discourse is a kind of remonstrance in behalf of king William and his friends, against the proceedings of the house of commons; and was published during the recess of parliament in the summer of 1701, with a view to engage them in milder measures, when they should meet again.

At this time Lewis XIV. was making large strides toward universal monarchy; plots were carrying on at St. Germains; the Dutch had acknowledged the duke of Anjou as king of Spain; and king William was made extremely uneasy by the violence with which many of his ministers and chief favourites were pursued by the commons. The king, to appease their resentment, had made several changes in his ministry, and removed some of his most faithful servants from places of the highest trust and dignity; this expedient, however, had proved ineffectual, and the commons persisted in their opposition. They began by impeaching William Bentinck, earl of Portland, groom of the stole; and proceeded to the impeachment of John Somers, baron Somers of Evesham, first lord-keeper, afterwards lord-chancellor; Edward Russell, earl of Orford. lord-treasurer of the navy, and one of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty; and Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, one of the commissioners of the treasury and afterward chancellor of the exchequer. Its general purport is to damp the warmth of the commons, by showing that the measures they pursued had a direct tendency to bring on the tyranny which they professed to oppose; and the particular cases of the impeached lords are paralleled in Athenian characters.

CHAPTER I.

It is agreed that in all government there is an absolute unlimited power which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body, wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body natural; for wherever we place the beginning of motion, whether from the head, or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves and acts by a consent of all its parts. This unlimited power, placed fundamentally in the body of a people, is what the best legislators of all ages have endeavoured, in their several schemes or institutions of government, to deposit in such hands as would preserve the people from rapine and oppression within, as well as violence from without. Most of them seem to agree in this, that it was a trust too great to be committed to any one man or assembly, and, therefore, they left the right still in the whole body; but the administration or executive part, in the hands of the one, the few, or the many; into which three powers all independent bodies of men seem naturally to divide; for, by all I have read of those innumerable and petty commonwealths in Italy, Greece, and Sicily, as well as the great ones of Carthage and Rome, it seems to me that a free people met together, whether by compact or family government, as soon as they fall into any acts of civil society, do of themselves divide into three powers. The first is that of some one eminent spirit, who, having signalised his valour and fortune in defence of his country, or by the practice of popular arts at home, comes to have great influence on the people, to grow their leader in warlike expeditions, and to preside, after a sort, in their civil assemblies; and this is grounded upon the principles of nature and common reason, which, in all difficulties or dangers, where prudence or courage is required, rather incite us to fly for counsel or assistance to a single person than a multitude. The second natural division of power is, of such men who have acquired large possessions, and consequently dependencies, or descend from ancestors who have left them great inheritances, together with an hereditary authority. These, easily uniting in thoughts and opinions, and acting in concert, begin to enter upon measures for securing their properties, which are best upheld by preparing against invasions from abroad, and maintaining peace at home; this commences a great council, or senate of nobles, for the weighty affairs of the nation. The last division is, of the mass or body of the people, whose part of power is great and indisputable, whenever they can unite, either collectively or by deputation, to exert it. Now the three forms of government, so generally known in the schools, differ only by the civil administration being placed in the hands of one, or sometimes two (as in Sparta), who were called kings; or in a senate, who were called the nobles; or in the people collective or representative, who may be called the commons. Each of these had frequently the executive power in Greece, and sometimes in Rome; but the power in the last resort was always meant by legislators to be held in balance among all three. And it will be an eternal rule in politics among every free people, that there is a balance of power to be carefully held by every state within itself, as well as among several states with each other.

The true meaning of a balance of power, either without or within a state, is best conceived by considering what the nature of a balance is. It supposes three things: first, the part which is held, together with the hand that holds it; and then the two scales, with whatever is weighed therein. Now, consider several states in a neighbourhood; in order to preserve peace between these states, it is necessary they should be formed into a balance, whereof one or more are to be directors, who are to divide the rest into equal scales, and, upon occasion, remove from one into the other, or else fall with their own weight into the lightest; so in a state within itself, the balance must be held by a third hand, who is to deal the remaining power with the utmost exactness into the several scales. Now, it is not necessary that the power should be equally divided between these three; for the balance may be held by the weakest, who, by his address and conduct, removing from either scale, and adding of his own, may keep the scales duly poised. Such was that of the two kings of Sparta, the consular power in Rome, that of the kings of Media before the reign of Cyrus, as represented by Xenophon; and that of the several limited states in the Gothic institution.

When the balance is broken, whether by the negligence, folly, or weakness of the hand that held it, or by mighty weights fallen into either scale, the power will never continue long in equal division between the two remaining parties, but, till the balance is fixed anew, will run entirely into one. This gives the truest account of what is understood in the most ancient and approved Greek authors by the word Tyranny; which is not meant for the seizing of the uncontrolled or absolute power into the hands of a single person (as many superficial men have grossly mistaken), but for the breaking of the balance by whatever hand, and leaving the power wholly in one scale: for, tyranny and usurpation in a state are by no means confined to any number, as might easily appear from examples enough; and, because the point is material, I shall cite a few to prove it.

The Romans [Dionys. Hal. lib. 10], having sent to Athens and the Greek cities of Italy for the copies of the best laws, chose ten legislators to put them into form, and during the exercise of their office suspended the consular power, leaving the administration of affairs in their hands. These very men, though chosen for such a work as the digesting a body of laws for the government of a free state, did immediately usurp arbitrary power, ran into all the forms of it, had their guards and spies after the practice of the tyrants of those ages, affected kingly state, destroyed the nobles, and oppressed the people; one of them proceeding so far as to endeavour to force a lady of great virtue: the very crime which gave occasion to the expulsion of the regal power but sixty years before, as this attempt did to that of the Decemviri.

The Ephori in Sparta were at first only certain persons deputed by the kings to judge in civil matters, while they were employed in the wars. These men, at several times, usurped the absolute authority, and were as cruel tyrants as any in their age.

Soon after the unfortunate expedition into Sicily [Thucyd. lib. 8] the Athenians chose four hundred men for administration of affairs, who became a body of tyrants, and were called, in the language of those ages, an oligarchy, or tyranny of the few; under which hateful denomination they were soon after deposed in great rage by the people

When Athens was subdued by Lysander [Xenoph. de Rebus Græc. l. 2] he appointed thirty men for the administration of that city, who immediately fell into the rankest tyranny; but this was not all; for, conceiving their power not founded on a basis large enough, they admitted three thousand into a share of the government; and, thus fortified, became the cruellest tyranny upon record. They murdered in cold blood great numbers of the best men, without any provocation, from the mere lust of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula. This was such a number of tyrants together as amounted to near a third part of the whole city; for Xenophon tells us [Memorab. lib. 3] that the city contained about ten thousand houses; and allowing one man to every house who could have any share in the government (the rest consisting of women, children, and servants), and making other obvious abatements, these tyrants, if they had been careful to adhere together, might have been a majority even of the people collective.

In the time of the second Punic war [Polyb. Frag. lib. 6] the balance of power in Carthage was got on the side of the people; and this to a degree, that some authors reckon the government to have been then among them a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the commons; which it seems they were at all times apt to fall into, and was at last among the causes that ruined their state: and the frequent murders of their generals, which Diodorus [lib. 20] tells us was grown to an established custom among them, may be another instance that tyranny is not confined to numbers.

I shall mention but one example more among a great number that might be produced; it is related by the author last cited [Polyb. Frag. lib. 15]. The orators of the people at Argos (whether you will style them, in modern phrase, great speakers of the house, or only, in general, representatives of the people collective) stirred up the commons against the nobles, of whom 1600 were murdered at once; and at last, the orators themselves, because they left off their accusations, or, to speak intelligibly, because they withdrew their impeachments, having, it seems, raised a spirit they were not able to lay. And this last circumstance, as cases have lately stood, may perhaps be worth nothing.

From what has been already advanced several conclusions may be drawn:—

First, that a mixed government, partaking of the known forms received in the schools, is by no means of Gothic invention, but has place in nature and reason, seems very well to agree with the sentiments of most legislators, and to have been followed in most states, whether they have appeared under the name of monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies; for, not to mention the several republics of this composition in Gaul and Germany, described by Cæsar and Tacitus, Polybius tells us the best government is that which consists of three forms, *regis, optimatium, et populi imperio* [Frag. lib. 6], which may be fairly translated, the king, lords, and commons. Such was that of Sparta, in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, who, observing the corruptions and depravations to which every of these was subject, compounded his scheme out of all, so that it was made up of *reges, seniores, et populus*. Such also was the state of Rome under its consuls; and the author tells us that the Romans fell upon this model purely by chance (which I take to have been nature and common reason), but the Spartans by thought and design. And such at Carthage was the *summa reipublicæ* [ibid.], or power in the last resort; for they had their kings, called *suffetes*, and a senate, which had the power of nobles, and the people had a share established too.

Secondly, it will follow that those reasoners who employ so much of their zeal, their wit, and their leisure, for the upholding the balance of power in Christendom, at the same time that by their practices they are endeavouring to destroy it at home, are not such mighty patriots, or so much in the true interest of their country, as they would affect to be thought; but seem to be employed like a man who pulls down with his right hand what he has been building with his left.

Thirdly, this makes appear the error of those who think it an uncontrollable maxim that power is always safer lodged in many hands than in one: for, if these many hands be made up only from one of the three divisions before mentioned, it is plain from those examples already produced, and easy to be paralleled in other ages and countries, that they are capable of enslaving the nation, and of acting all manner of tyranny and oppression, as it is possible for a single person to be, though we should suppose their number not only to be of four or five hundred, but above three thousand.

Again, it is manifest, from what has been said, that, in order to preserve the balance in a mixed state, the limits of power deposited with each party ought to be ascertained and generally known. The defect of this is the cause that introduces those strugglings in a state about prerogative and liberty; about encroachments of the few upon the rights of the many, and of the many upon the privileges of the few, which ever did, and ever will, conclude in a tyranny; first, either of the few or the many; but at last, infallibly of a single person: for, whichever of the three divisions in a state is upon the scramble for more power than its own (as one or other of them generally is), unless due care be taken by the other two, upon every new question that arises, they will be sure to decide in favour of themselves, talk much of inherent right; they will nourish up a dormant power, and reserve privileges *in petto*, to exert upon occasions, to serve expedients, and to urge upon necessities; they will make large demands and scanty concessions, ever coming off considerable gainers: thus at length the balance is broke and tyranny let in; from which door of the three it matters not.

To pretend to a declarative right, upon any occasion whatsoever, is little less than to make use of the whole power: that is, to declare an opinion to be law which has always been contested, or perhaps never started at all before such an incident brought it on the stage. Not to consent to the enacting of such a law, which has no view beside the general good, unless another law shall at the same time pass with no other view but that of advancing the power of one party alone; what is this but to claim a positive voice as well as a negative? To pretend that great changes and alienations of property have created new and great dependencies, and, consequently, new additions of power, as some reasoners have done, is a most dangerous tenet. If dominion must follow property, let it follow in the same pace; for change in property through the bulk of a nation makes slow marches, and its due power always attends it. To conclude that whatever attempt is begun by an assembly ought to be pursued to the end, without regard to the greatest incidents that may happen to alter the case; to count it mean and below the dignity of a house to quit a prosecution; to resolve upon a conclusion before it is possible to be apprised of the premises; to act thus, I say, is to affect not only absolute power, but infallibility too. Yet such unaccountable proceedings as these have popular assemblies engaged in, for want of fixing the due limits of power and privilege.

Great changes may indeed be made in a government, yet the form continue and the balance be held: but large intervals of time must pass between every such innovation, enough to melt down and make it of a piece with the constitution. Such, we are told, were the proceedings of Solon, when he modelled anew the Athenian commonwealth; and what convulsions in our own, as well as other states, have been bred by a neglect of this rule, is fresh and notorious enough: it is too soon, in all conscience, to repeat this error again.

Having shown that there is a natural balance of power in all free states, and how it has been divided, sometimes by the people themselves, as in Rome; at others by the institutions of the legislators, as in the several states of Greece and Sicily; the next thing is, to examine what methods have been taken to break or overthrow this balance, which every one of the three parties has continually endeavoured, as opportunities have served; as might appear from the stories of most ages and countries: for absolute power in a particular state is of the same nature with universal monarchy in several states adjoining to each other. So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less. Even since men have been united into governments, the hopes and endeavours after universal monarchy have been bandied among them, from the reign of Ninus to this of the Most Christian King; in which pursuits, commonwealths have had their share as well as monarchs: so the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Achaians, did several times aim at the universal monarchy of Greece; so the commonwealths of Carthage and Rome affected the universal monarchy of the then known world. In like manner has absolute power been pursued by the several parties of each particular state; wherein single persons have met with most success, though the endeavours of the few and the many have been frequent enough: yet, being neither so uniform in their designs nor so direct in their views, they neither could manage nor maintain the power they had got, but were ever deceived by the popularity and ambition of some single person. So that it will be always a wrong step in policy for the nobles and commons to carry their endeavours after power so far as to overthrow the balance: and it would be enough to damp their warmth in such pursuits, if they could once reflect that in such a course they will be sure to run upon the very rock that they meant to avoid; which, I suppose, they would have us think is the tyranny of a single person.

Many examples might be produced of the endeavours of each of these three rivals after absolute power; but I shall suit my discourse to the time I am writing in, and relate only such dissensions in Greece and Rome, between the nobles and commons, with the consequences of them, wherein the latter were the aggressors.

I shall begin with Greece, where my observation shall be confined to Athens, though several instances might be brought from other states thereof.

CHAPTER II.

Of the dissensions in Athens between the few and the many.

Theseus is the first who is recorded, with any appearance of truth, to have brought the Grecians from a barbarous manner of life, among scattered villages, into cities; and to have established the popular state in Athens, assigning to himself the guardianship of the laws and chief command in war. He was forced, after some time, to leave the Athenians to their own measures, upon account of their seditious temper, which ever continued with them till the final dissolution of their government by the Romans. It seems the country about Attica was the most barren of any in Greece, through which means it happened that the natives were never expelled by the fury of invaders (who thought it not worth a conquest), but continued always aborigines; and therefore retained, through all revolutions, a tincture of that turbulent spirit wherewith their government began. This institution of Theseus appears to have been rather a sort of mixed monarchy than a popular state; and, for aught we know, might continue so during the series of kings till the death of Codrus. From this last prince Solon was said to be descended; who, finding the people engaged in two violent factions of the poor and the rich, and in great confusion thereupon, refusing the monarchy which was offered him, chose rather to cast the government after another model, wherein he made provisions for settling the balance of power, choosing a senate of four hundred, and disposing the magistracies and offices according to men's estates; leaving to the multitude their votes in electing, and the power of judging certain processes by appeal. This council of four hundred was chosen, one hundred out of each tribe, and seems to have been a body representative of the people; though the people collective reserved a share of power to themselves. It is a point of history perplexed enough: but this much is certain, that the balance of power was provided for; else Pisistratus, called by authors the tyrant of Athens, could never have governed so peaceably as he did without changing any of Solon's laws [Herodot. lib. i.]. These several powers, together with that of the archon or chief magistrate, made up the form of government in Athens, at what time it began to appear upon the scene of action and story.

The first great man bred up under this institution was Miltiades, who lived about ninety years after Solon, and is reckoned to have been the first great captain, not only of Athens, but of all Greece. From the time of Miltiades to that of Phocion, who is looked upon as the last famous general of Athens, are about 130 years: after which, they were subdued and insulted by Alexander's captains, and continued under several revolutions a small truckling state, of no name or reputation, till they fell with the rest of Greece under the power of the Romans.

During this period from Miltiades to Phocion, I shall trace the conduct of the Athenians with relation to their dissensions between the people and some of their generals; who, at that time, by their power and credit in the army, in a warlike commonwealth, and often supported by each other, were, with the magistrates and other civil officers, a sort of counterpoise to the power of the people; who, since the death of Solon, had already made great encroachments. What these dissensions were, how founded, and what the consequences of them, I shall briefly and impartially relate.

I must here premise that the nobles in Athens were not at this time a corporate assembly, that I can gather; therefore the resentments of the commons were usually turned against particular persons, and by way of articles of impeachment. Whereas the commons in Rome and some other states, as will appear in a proper place, though they followed this method upon occasion, yet generally pursued the enlargement of their power by more set quarrels of one entire assembly against another. However, the custom of particular impeachments being not limited to former ages, any more than that of general struggles and dissensions between fixed assemblies of nobles and commons, and the ruin of Greece having been owing to the former, as that of Rome was to the latter, I shall treat on both expressly; that those states who are concerned in either (if, at least, there be any such now in the world) may, by observing the means and issues of former dissensions, learn whether the causes are alike in theirs; and if they find them to be so, may consider whether they ought not justly to apprehend the same effects.

To speak of every particular person impeached by the commons of Athens, within the compass designed, would introduce the history of almost every great man they had among them. I shall therefore take notice only of six, who, living at that period of time when Athens was at the height of its glory, as indeed it could not be otherwise while such hands were at the helm, though impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, such as bribery, arbitrary proceedings, misapplying or embezzling public funds, ill conduct at sea, and the like, were honoured and lamented by their country as the preservers of it, and have had the veneration of all ages since paid justly to their memories.

Miltiades [lord Orford] was one of the Athenian generals against the Persian power, and the famous victory at Marathon was chiefly owing to his valour and conduct. Being sent some time after to reduce the island of Paros, he mistook a great fire at a distance for the fleet, and, being no ways a match for them, set sail for Athens; at his arrival he was impeached by the commons for treachery, though not able to appear by reason of his wounds, fined 30,000 crowns, and died in prison. Though the consequences of this proceeding upon the affairs of Athens were no other than the untimely loss of so great and good a man, yet I could not forbear relating it.

Their next great man was Aristides [lord Somers]. Beside the mighty service he had done his country in the wars, he was a person of the strictest justice, and best acquainted with the laws as well as forms of their government, so that he was in a manner chancellor of Athens. This man, upon a slight and false accusation of favouring arbitrary power, was banished by ostracism; which, rendered into modern English, would signify that they voted he should be removed from their presence and council for ever. But, however, they had the wit to recal him, and to that action owed the preservation of their state by his future services. For it must be still confessed in behalf of the Athenian people that they never conceived themselves perfectly infallible, nor arrived to the heights of modern assemblies, to make obstinacy confirm what sudden heat and temerity began. They thought it not below the dignity of an assembly to endeavour at correcting an ill step; at least to repent, though it often fell out too late.

Themistocles[a] was at first a commoner himself: it was he that raised the Athenians to their greatness at sea, which he thought to be the true and constant interest of that commonwealth; and the famous naval victory over the Persians at Salamis was owing to his conduct. It seems the people observed somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behaviour, and therefore banished him for five years; but finding some slight matter of accusation against him, they sent to seize his person, and he hardly escaped to the Persian court; from whence, if the love of his country had not surmounted its base ingratitude to him, he had many invitations to return at the head of the Persian fleet, and take a terrible revenge: but he rather chose a voluntary death.

The people of Athens impeached Pericles[b] for misapplying the public revenues to his own private use. He had been a person of great deservings from the republic, was an admirable speaker, and very popular. His accounts were confused, and he could not then give them up; therefore, merely to divert that difficulty, and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war, the longest that ever was known in Greece, and which ended in the utter ruin of Athens.

The same people, having resolved to subdue Sicily, sent a mighty fleet under the command of Nicias, Lamachus, and Alcibiades: the two former, persons of age and experience; the last, a young man of noble birth, excellent education, and plentiful fortune. A little before the fleet set sail, it seems, one night, the stone images of Mercury, placed in several parts of the city, were all pared in the face: this action the Athenians interpreted for a design of destroying the popular state; and Alcibiades, having been formerly noted for the like frolics and excursions, was immediately accused of this. He, whether conscious of his innocence, or assured of the secrecy, offered to come to his trial before he went to his command: this the Athenians refused; but as soon as he was got to Sicily they sent for him back, designing to take the advantage and prosecute him in the absence of his friends, and of the army, where he was very powerful. It seems he understood the resentment of a popular assembly too well to trust them; and therefore, instead of returning, escaped to Sparta; where, his desires of revenge prevailing over his love for his country, he became its greatest enemy. Meanwhile the Athenians before Sicily, by the death of one commander, and the superstition, weakness, and perfect ill-conduct of the other, were utterly destroyed, the whole fleet taken, and a miserable slaughter made of the army, whereof hardly one ever returned. Some time after this, Alcibiades was recalled upon his own conditions by the necessities of the people, and made chief commander at sea and land; but his lieutenant engaging against his positive orders, and being beaten by Lysander, Alcibiades was again disgraced and banished. However, the Athenians having lost all strength and heart since their misfortune at Sicily, and now deprived of the only person that was able to recover their losses, repent of their rashness, and endeavour in vain for his restoration; the Persian lieutenant, to whose protection he fled, making him a sacrifice to the resentments of Lysander, the general of the Lacedemonians, who now reduces all the dominions of the Athenians, takes the city, razes their walls, ruins their works, and changes the form of their government, which, though again restored for some time by Thrasybulus (as their walls were rebuilt by Conon), yet here we must date the fall of the Athenian greatness; the dominion and chief power in Greece from that period to the time of Alexander the Great, which was about fifty years, being divided between the Spartans and Thebans. Though Philip, Alexander's father (the Most Christian King of that age), had indeed some time before begun to break in upon the republic of Greece by conquest or bribery; particularly dealing large money among some popular orators, by which he brought many of them, as the term of art was then, to Philippize.

In the time of Alexander and his captains, the Athenians were offered an opportunity of recovering their liberty and being restored to their former state: but the wise turn they thought to give the matter was by an impeachment and sacrifice of the author to hinder the success. For, after the destruction of Thebes by Alexander, this prince, designing the conquest of Athens, was prevented by Phocion [earl of

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[a] Admiral Russell, created earl of Orford.

[b] Under Pericles and Alcibiades, Swift points out circumstances parallel to the case of Halifax

Portland], the Athenian general, then ambassador from that state; who, by his great wisdom and skill at negotiations, diverted Alexander from his design, and restored the Athenians to his favour. The very same success he had with Antipater after Alexander's death, at which time the government was new regulated by Solon's laws: but Polyperchon, in hatred to Phocion, having, by order of the young king, whose governor he was, restored those whom Phocion had banished, the plot succeeded. Phocion was accused by popular orators, and put to death.

Thus was the most powerful commonwealth of all Greece, after great degeneracies from the institution of Solon, utterly destroyed by that rash, jealous, and inconstant humour of the people, which was never satisfied to see a general either victorious or unfortunate: such ill judges, as well as rewarders, have popular assemblies been, of those who best deserved from them.

Now, the circumstance which makes these examples of more importance is, that this very power of the people in Athens, claimed so confidently for an inherent right, and insisted on as the undoubted privilege of an Athenian born, was the rankest encroachment imaginable, and the grossest degeneracy from the form that Solon left them. In short, their government was grown into a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, who by degrees had broke and overthrown the balance which that legislator had very well fixed and provided for.—This appears not only from what has been already said of that lawgiver, but more manifestly from a passage in Diodorus [lib. 18], who tells us that Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, abrogated the popular government in Athens, and restored the power of suffrages and magistracy to such only as were worth two thousand drachmas; by which means, says he, that republic came to be again administered by the laws of Solon. By this quotation it is manifest that great author looked upon Solon's institution and a popular government to be two different things. And as for this restoration by Antipater, it had neither consequence nor continuance worth observing.

I might easily produce many more examples, but these are sufficient: and it may be worth the reader's time to reflect a little on the merits of the cause, as well as of the men who had been thus dealt with by their country. I shall direct him no further than by repeating that Aristides [Somers] was the most renowned by the people themselves for his exact justice and knowledge in the law; that Themistocles [Orford] was a most fortunate admiral, and had got a mighty victory over the great king of Persia's fleet; that Pericles [Halifax] was an able minister of state, an excellent orator, and a man of letters; and lastly, that Phocion [Portland], beside the success of his arms, was also renowned for his negotiations abroad; having in an embassy brought the greatest monarch of the world at that time to the terms of an honourable peace, by which his country was preserved.

I shall conclude my remarks upon Athens with the character given us of that people by Polybius. About this time, says he, the Athenians were governed by two men, quite sunk in their affairs, had little or no commerce with the rest of Greece, and were become great reverencers of crowned heads.

For, from the time of Alexander's captains till Greece was subdued by the Romans, to the latter part of which this description of Polybius falls in, Athens never produced one famous man either for counsels or arms, or hardly for learning. And, indeed, it was a dark insipid period through all Greece; for, except the Achaian league under Aratus and Philopœmen, and the endeavours of Agis and Cleomenes to restore the state of Sparta, so frequently harassed by tyrannies occasioned by the popular practices of the ephori, there was very little worth recording. All which consequences may perhaps be justly imputed to this degeneracy of Athens.

CHAPTER III.

Of the dissensions between the patricians and plebeians in Rome, with the consequences they had upon that state.

Having in the foregoing chapter confined myself to the proceedings of the commons only, by the method of impeachments against particular persons, with the fatal effects they had upon the state of Athens, I shall now treat of the dissensions at Rome, between the people and the collective body of the patricians or nobles. It is a large subject, but I shall draw it into as narrow a compass as I can.

As Greece, from the most ancient accounts we have of it, was divided into several kingdoms, so was most part of Italy [Dionys. Halicar.] into several petty commonwealths. And as those kings in Greece are said to have been deposed by their people upon the score of their arbitrary proceedings, so, on the contrary, the commonwealths of Italy were all swallowed up and concluded in the tyranny of the Roman emperors. However, the differences between those Grecian monarchies and Italian republics were not very great; for, by the account Homer gives us of those Grecian princes who came to the siege of Troy, as well as by several passages in the Odyssey, it is manifest that the power of these princes in their several states was much of a size with that of the kings in Sparta, the archon at Athens, the suffetes at Carthage, and the consuls in Rome: so that a limited and divided power seems to have been the most ancient and inherent principle of both those people in matters of government. And such did that of Rome continue from the time of Romulus, though with some interruptions, to Julius Cæsar, when it ended in the tyranny of a single person. During which period (not many years longer than from the Norman conquest to our age) the commons were growing by degrees into power and property, gaining ground upon the patricians, as it were, inch by inch, till at last they quite overturned the balance, leaving all doors open to the practices of popular and ambitious men, who destroyed the wisest republic, and enslaved the noblest people that ever entered upon the stage of the world. By what steps and degrees this was brought to pass shall be the subject of my present inquiry.

While Rome was governed by kings, the monarchy was altogether elective. Romulus himself, when he had built the city, was declared king by the universal consent of the people, and by augury, which was there understood for divine appointment. Among other divisions he made of the people, one was into patricians and plebeians: the former were like the barons of England some time after the conquest; and the latter are also described to be almost exactly what our commons were then. For they were dependents upon the patricians, whom they chose for their patrons and protectors, to answer for their appearance and defend them in any process: they also supplied their patrons with money in exchange for their protection. This custom of patronage, it seems, was very ancient, and long practised among the Greeks.

Out of these patricians Romulus chose a hundred to be a senate, or grand council, for advice and assistance to him in the administration. The senate therefore originally consisted all of nobles, and were of themselves a standing council, the people being only convoked upon such occasions as by this institution of Romulus fell into their cognizance: those were, to constitute magistrates, to give their votes for making laws, and to advise upon entering on a war. But the two former of these popular privileges were to be confirmed by authority of the senate; and the last was only permitted at the king's pleasure. This was the utmost extent of power pretended to by the commons in the time of Romulus, all the rest being divided between the king and the senate; the whole agreeing very nearly with the constitution of England for some centuries after the conquest.

After a year's interregnum from the death of Romulus, the senate of their own authority chose a successor, and a stranger, merely upon the fame of his virtue, without asking the consent of the commons; which custom they likewise observed in the two following kings. But in the election of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, we first hear mentioned that it was done *populi impetratâ veniâ;* which indeed was but very reasonable for a free people to expect; though I cannot remember, in my little reading, by what incidents they were brought to advance so great a step. However it were, this prince, in gratitude to the people, by whose consent he was chosen, elected a hundred senators out of the commons, whose number, with former additions, was now amounted to three hundred.

The people, naving once discovered their own strength, did soon take occasion to exert it, and that by very great degrees. For at this king's death, who was murdered by the sons of a former, being at a loss for a successor, Servius Tullius, a stranger, and of mean extraction, was chosen protector of the kingdom by the people, without the consent of the senate; at which the nobles being displeased, he wholly applied himself to gratify the commons, and was by them declared and confirmed no longer protector, but king.

This prince first introduced the custom of giving freedom to servants, so as to become citizens of equal privileges with the rest, which very much contributed to increase the power of the people.

Thus in a very few years the commons proceeded so far as to wrest even the power of choosing a king entirely out of the hands of the nobles; which was so great a leap, and caused such a convulsion and struggle in the state, that the constitution could not bear it; but civil dissensions arose, which immediately were followed by the tyranny of a single person, as this was by the utter subversion of the regal government, and by a settlement upon a new foundation. For the nobles, spited at this indignity done them by the commons, firmly united in a body, deposed this prince by plain force, and chose Tarquin the Proud; who, running into all the forms and methods of tyranny, after a cruel reign was expelled by a universal concurrence of nobles and people, whom the miseries of his reign had reconciled.

When the consular government began, the balance of power between the nobles and plebeians was fixed anew; the two first consuls were nominated by the nobles and confirmed by the commons; and a law was enacted, That no person should bear any magistracy in Rome, *injussu populi,* that is, without the consent of the commons.

In such turbulent times as these, many of the poorer citizens had contracted numerous debts, either to the richer sort among themselves, or to senators and other nobles: and the case of debtors in Rome for the first four centuries was, after the set time for payment, that they had no choice but either to pay or be the creditor's slave. In this juncture, the commons leave the city in mutiny and discontent, and will not return but upon condition to be acquitted of all their debts; and moreover, that certain magistrates be chosen yearly, whose business it shall be to defend the commons from injuries. These are called tribunes of the people; their persons are held sacred and inviolable, and the people bind themselves by oath never to abrogate the office. By these tribunes, in process of time, the people were grossly imposed on to serve the turns and occasions of revengeful or ambitious men, and to commit such exorbitancies as could not end but in the dissolution of the government.

These tribunes, a year or two after their institution, kindled great dissensions between the nobles and the commons on the account of Coriolanus, a nobleman whom the latter had impeached, and the consequences of whose impeachment (if I had not confined myself to Grecian examples for that part of my subject) had like to have been so fatal to their state. And from this time the tribunes began a custom of accusing to the people whatever nobles they pleased, several of whom were banished or put to death in every age.

At this time the Romans were very much engaged in wars with their neighbouring states; but upon the least intervals of peace the quarrels between the nobles and the plebeians would revive; and one of the most frequent subjects of their differences was the conquered lands, which the commons would fain have divided among the public; but the senate could not be brought to give their consent. For, several of the wisest among the nobles began to apprehend the growing power of the people; and, therefore, knowing what an accession thereof would accrue to them by such an addition of property, used all means to prevent it: for this the Appian family was most noted, and thereupon most hated by the commons. One of them, having made a speech against this division of lands, was impeached by the people of high treason, and a day appointed for his trial; but disdaining to make his defence, he chose rather the usual Roman remedy of killing himself: after whose death the commons prevailed, and the lands were divided among them.

This point was no sooner gained but new dissensions began; for the plebeians would fain have a law enacted to lay all men's rights and privileges upon the same level; and to enlarge the power of every magistrate within his own jurisdiction, as much as that of the consuls. The tribunes also obtained to have their numbers doubled, which before was five: and the author tells us that their insolence and power increased with their number, and the seditions were also doubled with it. [Dionys. Halicar.]

By the beginning of the fourth century from the building of Rome, the tribunes proceeded so far in the name of the commons as to accuse and fine the consuls themselves, who represented the kingly power. And the senate, observing how in all contentions they were forced to yield to the tribunes and people, thought it their wisest course to give way also to time; therefore a decree was made to send ambassadors to Athens and to the other Grecian commonwealths planted in that part of Italy called Græcia Major, to make a collection of the best laws; out of which, and some of their own, a new complete body of law was formed, afterward known by the name of the laws of the twelve tables.

To digest these laws into order, ten men were chosen, and the administration of all affairs left in their hands; what use they made of it has been already shown. It was certainly a great revolution, produced entirely by the many unjust encroachments of the people, and might have wholly changed the fate of Rome, if the folly and vice of those who were chiefly concerned could have suffered it to take root.

A few years after, the commons made further advances on the power of the nobles; demanding, among the rest, that the consulship, which hitherto had only been disposed to the former, should now lie in common to the pretensions of any Roman whatsoever. This, though it failed at present, yet afterward obtained, and was a mighty step to the ruin of the commonwealth.

What I have hitherto said of Rome has been chiefly collected out of that exact and diligent writer Dionysius Halicarnasseus, whose history, through the injury of time, reaches no farther than to the beginning of the fourth century after the building of Rome. The rest I shall supply from other authors, though I do not think it necessary to deduce this matter any further so very particularly as I have hitherto done.

To point at what time the balance of power was most equally held between the lords and commons in Rome would perhaps admit a controversy. Polybius tell us [Fragm. lib. 6] that in the second Punic war the Carthaginians were declining, because the balance was got too much on the side of the people; whereas the Romans were in their greatest vigour by the power remaining in the senate: yet this was between two and three hundred years after the period Dionysius ends with, in which time the commons had made several farther acquisitions. This however must be granted, that (till about the middle of the fourth century) when the senate appeared resolute at any time upon exerting their authority, and adhered closely together, they did often carry their point. Besides, it is observed by the best authors [Dionys. Hal., Plutarch, &c.] that in all the quarrels and tumults at Rome, from the expulsion of the kings, though the people frequently proceeded to rude contumelious language, and sometimes so far as to pull and hale one another about the forum, yet no blood was ever drawn in any popular commotions till the time of the Gracchi: however, I am of opinion that the balance had begun many years before to lean to the popular side. But this default was corrected, partly by the principle just mentioned, of never drawing blood in a tumult; partly by the warlike genius of the people, which, in those ages, was almost perpetually employed; and partly by their great commanders, who, by the credit they had in their armies, fell into the scales as a further counterpoise to the growing power of the people. Besides, Polybius, who lived in the time of Scipio Africanus the younger, had the same apprehensions of the continual encroachments made by the commons, and being a person of as great abilities and as much sagacity as any of his age, from observing the corruptions which, he says, had already entered into the Roman constitution, did very nearly foretell what would be the issue of them. His words are very remarkable, and with little addition may be rendered to this purpose: "That those abuses and corruptions which in time destroy a government are sown along with the very seeds of it, and both grow up together; and that, as rust eats away iron, and worms devour wood, and both are a sort of plagues born and bred along with the substance they destroy, so, with every form and scheme of government that man can invent, some vice or corruption creeps in with the very institution which grows up along with and at last destroys it." [Lib. 5.] The same author, in another place, ventures so far as to guess at the particular fate which would attend the Roman government. He says its ruin would arise from the popular tumults, which would introduce a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, wherein it is certain he had reason, and therefore might have adventured to pursue his conjectures so far as to the consequences of a popular tyranny, which, as perpetual experience teaches, never fails to be followed by the arbitrary government of a single person. [Fragm. lib. 6.]

About the middle of the fourth century from the building of Rome, it was declared lawful for nobles and plebeians to intermarry, which custom, among many other states, has proved the most effectual means to ruin the former, and raise the latter.

And now the greatest employments in the state were, one after another, by laws forcibly enacted by the commons, made free to the people; the consulship itself, the office of censor, that of the quæstors or commissioners of the treasury, the office of prætor or chief-justice, the priesthood, and even that of dictator; the senate, after long opposition, yielding, merely for present quiet, to the continual urging clamours of the commons, and of the tribunes their advocates. A law was likewise enacted that the *plebiscita*, or a vote of the house of commons, should be of universal obligation; nay, in time the method of enacting laws was wholly inverted, for, whereas the senate used of old to confirm the *plebiscita*, the people did at last, as they pleased, confirm or disannul the *senatus consulta*. [Dionys. lib. 2.]

Appius Claudius brought in a custom of admitting to the senate the sons of freedmen, or of such who had once been slaves, by which, and succeeding alterations of the like nature, that great council degenerated into a most corrupt and factious body of men, divided against itself, and its authority became despised.

The century and half following, to the end of the third Punic war by the destruction of Carthage, was a very busy period at Rome, the intervals between every war being so short that the tribunes and people had hardly leisure or breath to engage in domestic dissensions: however, the little time they could spare was generally employed the same way. So, Terentius Leo, a tribune, is recorded to have basely prostituted the privileges of a Roman citizen in perfect spite to the nobles. So, the great African Scipio and his brother, after all their mighty services, were impeached by an ungrateful commons.

However, the warlike genius of the people and continual employment they had for it served to divert this humour from running into a head, till the age of the Gracchi.

These persons, entering the scene in the time of a full peace, fell violently upon advancing the power of the people, by reducing into practice all those encroachments which they had been so many years gaining. There were at that time certain conquered lands to be divided, besides a great private estate left by a king; these the tribunes, by procurement of the elder Gracchus, declared by their legislative authority were not to be disposed of by the nobles, but by the commons only. The younger brother pursued the same design; and, besides, obtained a law, that all Italians should vote at elections as well as the citizens of Rome: in short, the whole endeavours of them both perpetually turned upon retrenching the nobles' authority in all things, but especially in the matter of judicature. And though they both lost their lives in those pursuits, yet they traced out such ways as were afterward followed by Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and Cæsar, to the ruin of the Roman freedom and greatness.

For in the time of Marius, Saturninus, a tribune, procured a law, that the senate should be bound by oath to agree to whatever the people would enact; and Marius himself, while he was in that office of tribune, is recorded to have with great industry used all endeavours for depressing the nobles and raising the people, particularly for cramping the former in their power of judicature, which was their most ancient inherent right.

Sylla, by the same measure, became absolute tyrant of Rome; he added three hundred commons to the senate, which perplexed the power of the whole order, and rendered it ineffectual; then, flinging off the mask, he abolished the office of tribune, as being only a scaffold to tyranny, whereof he had no further use.

As to Pompey and Cæsar, Plutarch tells us that their union for pulling down the nobles (by their credit with the people) was the cause of the civil war, which ended in the tyranny of the latter, both of them in their consulships having used all endeavours and occasions for sinking the authority of the patricians, and giving way to all encroachments of the people, wherein they expected best to find their own account.

From this deduction of popular encroachments in Rome, the reader will easily judge how much the balance was fallen upon that side. Indeed, by this time the very foundation was removed, and it was a moral impossibility that the republic could subsist any longer, for the commons having usurped the offices of state, and trampled on the senate, there was no government left but a *dominatio plebis*. Let us therefore examine how they proceeded in this conjuncture.

I think it is a universal truth, that the people are much more dexterous at pulling down and setting up than at preserving what is fixed; and they are not fonder of seizing more than their own, than they are of delivering it up again to the worst bidder, with their own into the bargain. For, although in their corrupt notions of divine worship they are apt to multiply their gods, yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid to above one idol at a time of their own creation, whose oar they pull with less murmuring, and much more skill, than when they share the lading, or even hold the helm.

The several provinces of the Roman empire were now governed by the great men of their state; those upon the frontiers, with powerful armies, either for conquest or defence. These governors, upon any designs of revenge or ambition, were sure to meet with a divided power at home, and therefore bent all their thoughts and applications to close in with the people, who were now by many degrees the stronger party. Two of the greatest spirits that Rome ever produced happened to live at the same time, and to be engaged in the same pursuit, and this at a conjuncture the most dangerous for such a contest; these were Pompey and Cæsar, two stars of such a magnitude that their conjunction was as likely to be fatal as their opposition.

The tribunes and people, having now subdued all competitors, began the last game of a prevalent populace, which is that of choosing themselves a master; while the nobles foresaw, and used all endeavours left them to prevent it. The people at first made Pompey their admiral, with full power over all the Mediterranean, soon after captain-general of all the Roman forces, and governor of Asia. Pompey, on the other side, restored the office of tribune, which Sylla had put down, and in his consulship procured a law for examining into the miscarriages of men in office or command for twenty years past. Many other examples of Pompey's popularity are left us on record, who was a perfect favourite of the people, and designed to be more, but his pretensions grew stale for want of a timely opportunity of introducing them upon the stage. For Cæsar, with his legions in Gaul, was a perpetual check upon his designs; and in the arts of pleasing the people did soon after get many lengths beyond him. For he tells us himself that the senate, by a bold effort, having made some severe decrees against his proceedings, and against the tribunes, these all left the city and went over to his party, and consequently along with them the affections and interests of the people, which is further manifest from the accounts he gives us of the citizens in several towns mutinying against their commanders, and delivering both to his devotion. Besides, Cæsar's public and avowed pretensions for beginning the civil war were, to restore the tribunes and the people, oppressed (as he pretended) by the nobles.

This forced Pompey, against his inclinations, upon the necessity of changing sides, for fear of being forsaken by both; and of closing in with the senate and chief magistrates, by whom he was chosen general against Cæsar.

Thus at length the senate (at least the primitive part of them, the nobles) under Pompey, and the commons under Cæsar, came to a final decision of the long quarrels between them. For, I think, the ambition of private men did by no means begin or occasion this war; though civil dissensions never fail of introducing and spiriting the ambition of private men; who thus become indeed the great instruments for deciding such quarrels, and at last are sure to seize on the prize. But no man that sees a flock of vultures hovering over two armies ready to engage can justly charge the blood drawn in the battle to them, though the carcases fall to their share. For, while the balance of power is equally held, the ambition of private men, whether orators or great commanders, gives neither danger nor fear, nor can possibly enslave their country; but that once broken, the divided parties are forced to unite each to its head, under whose conduct or fortune one side is at first victorious, and at last both are slaves. And to put it past dispute that this entire subversion of the Roman liberty and constitution was altogether owing to those measures which had broke the balance between the patricians and plebeians, whereof the ambition of particular men was but an effect and consequence, we need only consider that, when the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore the former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own dispositions, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery. Else, how could such a profligate as Antony, or a boy of eighteen, like Octavius, ever dare to dream of giving the law to such an empire and people? wherein the latter succeeded, and entailed the vilest tyranny that heaven, in its anger, ever inflicted on a corrupt and poisoned people. And this, with so little appearance at Cæsar's death, that when Cicero wrote to Brutus how he had prevailed by his credit with Octavius to promise him (Brutus) pardon and security for his person, that great Roman received the notice with the utmost indignity, and returned Cicero an answer, yet upon record, full of the highest resentment and contempt for such an offer, and from such a hand.

Here ended all show or shadow of liberty in Rome. Here was the repository of all the wise contentions and struggles for power between the nobles and commons, lapped up safely in the bosom of a Nero and a Caligula, a Tiberius and a Domitian.

Let us now see, from this deduction of particular impeachments and general dissensions in Greece and Rome, what conclusions may naturally be formed for instruction of any other state that may haply upon many points labour under the like circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon the subject of impeachments we may observe that the custom of accusing the nobles to the people, either by themselves or their orators (now styled an impeachment in the name of the commons), has been very ancient both in Greece and Rome, as well as Carthage, and therefore may seem to be the inherent right of a free people; nay, perhaps it is really so; but then it is to be considered, first, that this custom was peculiar to republics, or such states where the administration lay principally in the hands of the commons, and ever raged more or less according to their encroachments upon absolute power; having been always looked upon by the wisest men and best authors of those times as an effect of licentiousness, and not of liberty; a distinction which no multitude, either represented or collective, has been at any time very nice in observing. However, perhaps this custom in a popular state, of impeaching particular men, may seem to be nothing else but the people's choosing upon occasion to exercise their own jurisdiction in person; as if a king of England should sit as chief justice in his court of king's bench; which, they say, in former times he sometimes did. But in Sparta, which was called a kingly government, though the people were perfectly free, yet, because the administration was in the two kings and the ephori, with the assistance of the senate, we read of no impeachments by the people; nor was the process against great men either upon account of ambition or ill conduct, though it reached sometimes to kings themselves, ever formed that way, as I can recollect, but only passed through those hands where the administration lay. So likewise, during the regal government in Rome, though it was instituted a mixed monarchy, and the people made great advances in power, yet I do not remember to have read of one impeachment from the commons against a patrician, until the consular state began and the people had made great encroachments upon the administration.

Another thing to be considered is, that, allowing this right of impeachment to be as inherent as they please, yet, if the commons have been perpetually mistaken in the merits of the causes and the persons, as well as in the consequences of such impeachments upon the peace of the state, we cannot conclude less than that the commons in Greece and Rome (whatever they may be in other states) were by no means qualified, either as prosecutors or judges in such matters; and, therefore, that it would have been prudent to have reserved these privileges dormant, never to be produced but upon very great and urging occasions, where the state is in apparent danger, the universal body of the people in clamours against the administration, and no other remedy in view. But for a few popular orators or tribunes, upon the score of personal piques; or to employ the pride they conceive in seeing themselves at the head of a party; or as a method for advancement; or moved by certain powerful arguments that could make Demosthenes Philippize: for such men, I say, when the state would of itself gladly be quiet, and has, besides, affairs of the last importance upon the anvil, to impeach Miltiades, after a great naval victory, for not pursuing the Persian fleet; to impeach Aristides, the person most versed among them in the knowledge and practice of their laws, for a blind suspicion of his acting in an arbitrary way, that is, as they expound it, not in concert with the people; to impeach Pericles, after all his services, for a few inconsiderable accounts; or to impeach Phocion, who had been guilty of no other crime but negotiating a treaty for the peace and security of his country: what could the continuance of such proceedings end in but the utter discouragement of all virtuous actions and persons, and consequently in the ruin of a state? Therefore the historians of those ages seldom fail to set this matter in all its lights, leaving us in the highest and most honourable ideas of those persons who suffered by the persecution of the people, together with the fatal consequences they had, and how the persecutors seldom failed to repent when it was too late.

These impeachments perpetually falling upon many of the best men both in Greece and Rome are a cloud of witnesses and examples enough to discourage men of virtue and abilities from engaging in the service of the public; and help, on the other side, to introduce the ambitious, the covetous, the superficial, and the ill designing; who are as apt to be bold, and forward, and meddling, as the former are to be cautious, and modest, and reserved. This was so well known in Greece, that an eagerness after employments in the state was looked upon by wise men as the worst title a man could set up, and made Plato say, "That if all men were as good as they ought to be, the quarrel in a commonwealth would be, not, as it is now, who should be ministers of state, but who should not be so." And Socrates is introduced by Xenophon [Lib. Memorab.] severely chiding a friend of his for not entering into the public service when he was every way qualified for it: such a backwardness there was at that time among good men to engage with a usurping people and a set of pragmatical ambitious orators. And Diodorus tells us, that when the petalism was erected at Syracuse, in imitation of the ostracism at Athens, it was so notoriously levelled against all who had either birth or merit to recommend them, that whoever possessed either withdrew for fear and would have no concern in public affairs. So that the people themselves were forced to abrogate it, for fear of bringing all things into confusion. (Lib. 2.)

There is one thing more to be observed, wherein all the popular impeachments in Greece and Rome seem to have agreed; and that was a notion they had of being concerned in point of honour to condemn whatever person they impeached, however frivolous the articles were upon which they began, or however weak the surmises whereon they were to proceed in their proofs. For, to conceive that the body of the people could be mistaken was an indignity not to be imagined, till the consequences had convinced them when it was past remedy. And I look upon this as a fate to which all popular accusations are subject; though I should think that the saying, *Vox populi vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts and great industry and application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of malice and revenge are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

From what has been deduced of the dissensions in Rome between the two bodies of patricians and plebeians several reflections may be made.

First, That when the balance of power is duly fixed in a state nothing is more dangerous or unwise than to give way to the first steps of popular encroachments, which is usually done either in hopes of procuring ease and quiet from some vexatious clamour, or else made merchandise, and merely bought and sold. This is breaking into a constitution to serve a present expedient, or supply a present exigency: the remedy of an empiric to stifle the present pain, but with certain prospect of sudden and terrible returns. When a child grows easy and content by being humoured, and when a lover becomes satisfied by small compliances without further pursuits, then expect to find popular assemblies content with small concessions. If there could one single example be brought from the whole compass of history of any one popular assembly, who, after beginning to contend for power, ever sat down quietly with a certain share; or if one instance could be produced of a popular assembly that ever knew, or proposed, or declared what share of power was their due; then might there be some hopes that it were a matter to be adjusted by reasonings, by conferences, or debates: but since all that is manifestly otherwise, I see no other course to be taken in a settled state than a steady constant resolution in those to whom the rest of the balance is intrusted never to give way so far to popular clamours as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way.

Again, from this deduction it will not be difficult to gather and assign certain marks of popular encroachments; by observing which, those who hold the balance in a state may judge of the degrees, and, by early remedies and application, put a stop to the fatal consequences that would otherwise ensue. What those marks are has been at large deduced, and need not be here repeated.

Another consequence is this, that (with all respect for popular assemblies be it spoken) it is hard to recollect one folly, infirmity, or vice, to which a single man is subjected, and from which a body of commons, either collective or represented, can be wholly exempt. For, beside that they are composed of men with all their infirmities about them, they have also the ill fortune to be generally led and influenced by the very worst among themselves, I mean popular orators, tribunes, or, as they are now styled, great speakers, leading men, and the like. Whence it comes to pass, that in their results we have sometimes found the same spirit of cruelty and revenge, of malice and pride, the same blindness and obstinacy and unsteadiness, the same ungovernable rage and anger, the same injustice, sophistry, and fraud, that ever lodged in the breast of any individual.

Again, in all free states the evil to be avoided is tyranny, that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Now, we have shown that, although most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that a usurping populace is its own dupe, a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

CHAPTER V.

Some reflections upon the late public proceedings among us, and that variety of factions into which we are still so intricately engaged, gave occasion to this discourse. I am not conscious that I have forced one example, or put it into any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it.

I cannot conclude without adding some particular remarks upon the present posture of affairs and dispositions in this kingdom.

The fate of empire is grown a commonplace: that all forms of government, having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of duration limited, as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation: but there are few who turn their thoughts to examine how those diseases in a state are bred that hasten its end; which would, however, be a very useful inquiry. For, though we cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth beyond the decree of Heaven, or the date of its nature, any more than human life beyond the strength of the seminal virtue, yet we may manage a sickly constitution, and preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent accidents; we may turn off a great blow from without, and purge away an ill humour that is lurking within: and by these, and other such methods, render a state long-lived though not immortal. Yet some physicians have thought that, if it were practicable to keep the several humours of the body in an exact equal balance of each with its opposite, it might be immortal, and so perhaps would a political body if the balance of power could be always held exactly even. But, I doubt, this is as impossible in practice as the other.

It has an appearance of fatality, and that the period of a state approaches, when a concurrence of many circumstances, both within and without, unite toward its ruin; while the whole body of the people are either stupidly negligent, or else giving in with all their might to those very practices that are working their destruction. To see whole bodies of men breaking a constitution by the very same errors that so many have been broke before; to observe opposite parties, who can agree in nothing else, yet firmly united in such measures as must certainly ruin their country; in short, to be encompassed with the greatest dangers from without, to be torn by many virulent factions within; then to be secure and senseless under all this, and to make it the very least of our concern; these, and some others that might be named, appear to me to be the most likely symptoms in a state of a sickness unto death.

> Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans:
> Et ratio potius, quam res persuadeat ipsa.—LUCRET.

There are some conjunctures wherein the death or dissolution of government is more lamentable in its consequences than it would be in others. And, I think, a state can never arrive to its period in a more deplorable crisis than at a time when some prince in the neighbourhood, of vast power and ambition, lies hovering like a vulture to devour, or at least dismember, its dying carcase; by which means it becomes only a province or acquisition to some mighty monarchy, without hopes of a resurrection.

I know very well there is a set of sanguine tempers who deride and ridicule, in the number of fopperies, all such apprehensions as these. They have it ready in their mouths that the people of England are of a genius and temper never to admit slavery among them; and they are furnished with a great many commonplaces upon that subject. But it seems to me that such discoursers do reason upon short views and a very moderate compass of thought. For I think it a great error to count upon the genius of a nation as a standing argument in all ages, since there is hardly a spot of ground in Eu rope where the inhabitants have not frequently and entirely changed their temper and genius. Neither can I see any reason why the genius of a nation should be more fixed in the point of government than in their morals, their learning, their religion, their common humour and conversation, their diet and their complexion; which do all notoriously vary almost in every age, and may every one of them have great effects upon men's notions of government.

Since the Norman conquest the balance of power in England has often varied, and sometimes been wholly overturned; the part which the commons had in it (that most disputed point) in its original progress and extent was, by their own confessions, but a very inconsiderable share. Generally speaking, they have been gaining ever since, though with frequent interruptions and slow progress. The abolishing of villanage, together with the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles, of selling their lands, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was a mighty addition to the power of the commons: yet I think a much greater happened in the time of his successor, at the dissolution of the abbeys; for this turned the clergy wholly out of the scale, who had so long filled it; and placed the commons in their stead, who, in a few years, became possessed of vast quantities of those and other lands, by grant or purchase. About the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign, I take the power between the nobles and the commons to have been in more equal balance than it was ever before or since. But then, or soon after, arose a faction in England, which, under the name of Puritan, began to grow popular, by moulding up their new schemes of religion with republican principles in government; and gaining upon the prerogative as well as the nobles, under several denominations, for the space of about sixty years, did at last overthrow the constitution and, according to the usual course of such revolutions, did introduce a tyranny, first of the people, and then of a single person.

In a short time after the old government was revived. But the progress of affairs for almost thirty years, under the reigns of two weak princes [Charles II. and James II.], is a subject of a different nature; when the balance was in danger to be overturned by the hands that held it, which was at last very seasonably prevented by the late revolution. However, as it is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another, so in a very few years we have made mighty leaps from prerogative heights into the depth of popularity, and I doubt to the very last degree that our constitution will bear. It were to be wished that the most august assembly of the commons would please to form a pandect of their own power and privileges, to be confirmed by the entire legislative authority, and that in as solemn a manner (if they please) as the *magna charta*. But to fix one foot of their compass wherever they think fit, and extend the other to such terrible lengths, without describing any circumference at all, is to leave us and themselves in a very uncertain state, and in a sort of rotation that the author of the Oceana[a] never dreamed on. I believe the most hardy tribune will not venture to affirm at present that any just fears of encroachment are given us from the regal power, or the few: and is it then impossible to err on the other side? How far must we proceed, or where shall we stop? The raging of the sea, and the madness of the people, are put together in holy writ, and it is God alone who can say to either, "Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther."

The balance of power in a limited state is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for the appearance of a parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new house of lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the commons. And, indeed, considering the vileness of the clay, I have sometimes wondered that no tribune of that age durst ever venture to ask the potter, "What dost thou make?" But it was then about the last act of a popular usurpation; and fate, or Cromwell, had already prepared them for that of a single person.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results which have, at certain times, fallen from great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own.—This gave me the opinion I mentioned a while ago, that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men. To which if there be any exception, it must be of such assemblies who act by universal concert, upon public principles, and for public ends; such as proceed upon debates without unbecoming warmths or influence from particular leaders and inflamers; such, whose members, instead of canvassing to procure majorities for their private opinions, are ready to comply with general sober results, though contrary to their own sentiments. Whatever assemblies act by these and other methods of the like nature must be allowed to be exempt from several imperfections to which particular men are subjected. But I think the source of most mistakes and miscarriages in matters debated by public assemblies arises from the influence of private persons upon great numbers, styled, in common phrase, leading men and parties. And, therefore, when we sometimes meet a few words put together, which is called the vote or resolution of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a vote has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain; afterward raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial majority. For, let us suppose five hundred men, mixed in point of sense and honesty, as usually assemblies are; and let us suppose these men proposing, debating, resolving, voting, according to the mere natural motions of their own little or much reason and understanding; I do allow that abundance of indigested and abortive, many pernicious and foolish overtures, would arise and float a few minutes; but then they would die and disappear. Because this must be said in behalf of humankind, that common sense and plain reason, while men are disengaged from acquired opinions, will ever have some general influence upon their minds; whereas the species of folly and vice are infinite, and so different in every individual that they could never procure a majority if other corruptions did not enter to pervert men's understandings and misguide their wills.

To describe how parties are bred in an assembly would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.* Whether those who are leaders usually arrive at that station more by a sort of instinct or secret composition of their nature or influence of the stars than by the possession of any great abilities, may be a point of much dispute; but when the leader is once fixed there will never fail to be followers. And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep (*imitatores, servum pecus*), that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly followed by the rest.

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[a] Mr. James Harrington, who published a scheme of government entitled "The Commonwealth of Oceana."

Besides, when parties are once formed, the stragglers look so ridiculous, and become so insignificant, that they have no other way but to run into the herd, which at least will hide and protect them; and where to be much considered, requires only to be very violent.

But there is one circumstance with relation to parties which I take to be, of all others, most pernicious in a state; and I would be glad any partisan would help me to a tolerable reason, that, because Clodius and Curio happen to agree with me in a few singular notions, I must therefore blindly follow them in all: or, to state it at best, that, because Bibulus, the party-man, is persuaded that Clodius and Curio do really propose the good of their country as their chief end, therefore Bibulus shall be wholly guided and governed by them in the means and measures toward it. Is it enough for Bibulus and the rest of the herd to say, without further examining, I am of the side with Clodius, or I vote with Curio? Are these proper methods to form and make up what they think fit to call the united wisdom of the nation? Is it not possible that upon some occasion Clodius may be bold and insolent, borne away by his passion, malicious and revengeful? That Curio may be corrupt, and expose to sale his tongue or his pen? I conceive it far below the dignity both of human nature and human reason to be engaged in any party, the most plausible soever, upon such servile conditions.

This influence of one upon many, which seems to be as great in a people represented as it was of old in the commons collective, together with the consequences it has had upon the legislature, has given me frequent occasion to reflect upon what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites, an ancient people of Italy, who was so averse from all innovation, especially when it was to proceed from particular persons (and I suppose that he might put it out of the power of men fond of their own notions to disturb the constitution at their pleasures, by advancing private schemes), that he provided a statute, that whoever proposed any alteration to be made should step out and do it with a rope about his neck; if the matter proposed were generally approved, then it should pass into a law; if it went into the negative, the proposer to be immediately hanged. Great ministers may talk of what projects they please, but I am deceived if a more effectual one could ever be found for taking off (as the present phrase is) those hot, unquiet spirits who disturb assemblies and obstruct public affairs, by gratifying their pride, their malice, their ambition, or their avarice.

Those who in a late reign began the distinction between the personal and politic capacity seem to have had reason, if they judged of princes by themselves; for, I think, there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things than there is between a representing commoner in the function of his public calling, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals; here he follows his own reason and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts than servilely to copy either from the wisest of his neighbours. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men. But when he is got near the walls of his assembly he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs; he conceives himself a being of a superior nature to those without, and acting in a sphere where the vulgar methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party where he neither knows the temper, nor designs, nor perhaps the person, of his leader; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does those of a philosopher whose sect he is taught to profess. He has neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor actions, nor talk, that he can call his own, but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. The nourishment he receives has been not only chewed but digested before it comes into his mouth. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all his sentiments, and acquires a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him.

This encourages me to hope that, during the present lucid interval, the members retired to their homes may suspend a while their acquired complexions, and, taught by the calmness of the scene and the season, reassume the native sedateness of their temper. If this should be so, it would be wise in them, as individual and private mortals, to look back a little upon the storms they have raised, as well as those they have escaped; to reflect, that they have been authors of a new and wonderful thing in England, which is, for a house of commons to lose the universal favour of the numbers they represent; to observe how those whom they thought fit to persecute for righteousness sake have been openly caressed by the people; and to remember how themselves sate in fear of their persons from popular rage. Now, if they would know the secret of all this unprecedented proceeding in their masters, they must not impute it to their freedom in debate, or declaring their opinions, but to that unparliamentary abuse of setting individuals upon their shoulders who were hated by God and man. For it seems the mass of the people, in such conjunctures as this, have opened their eyes, and will not endure to be governed by Clodius and Curio at the head of their myrmidons, though these be ever so numerous, and composed of their own representatives.

This aversion of the people against the late proceedings of the commons is an accident that, if it last a while, might be improved to good uses for setting the balance of power a little more upon an equality than their late measures seem to promise or admit. This accident may be imputed to two causes: the first is a universal fear and apprehension of the greatness and power of France, whereof the people in general seem to be very much and justly possessed, and therefore cannot but resent to see it, in so critical a juncture, wholly laid aside by their ministers, the commons. The other cause is a great love and sense of gratitude in the people toward their present king, grounded upon a long opinion and experience of his merit, as well as concessions to all their reasonable desires; so that it is for some time they have begun to say and to fetch instances where he has in many things been hardly used. How long these humours may last (for passions are momentary, and especially those of a multitude), or what consequences they may produce, a little time will discover. But whenever it comes to pass that a popular assembly, free from such obstructions, and already possessed of more power than an equal balance will allow, shall continue to think they have not enough, but by cramping the hand that holds the balance, and by impeachments or dissensions with the nobles, endeavour still for more, I cannot possibly see, in the common course of things, how the same causes can produce different effects and consequences among us from what they did in Greece and Rome.

There is one thing I must needs add, though I reckon it will appear to many as a very unreasonable paradox. When the act passed some years ago against bribing of elections, I remember to have said upon occasion, to some persons of both houses, that we should be very much deceived in the consequences of that act: and upon some discourse of the conveniences of it, and the contrary (which will admit reasoning enough), they seemed to be of the same opinion. It has appeared since that our conjectures were right: for I think the late parliament was the first fruits of that act; the proceedings whereof, as well as of the present, have been such as to make many persons wish that things were upon the old foot in that matter. Whether it be that so great a reformation was too many degrees beyond so corrupt an age as this, or that, according to the present turn and disposition of men in our nation, it were a less abuse to bribe elections than leave them to the discretion of the choosers. This at least was Cato's opinion when things in Rome were at a crisis much resembling ours; who is recorded to have gone about with great industry, dealing money among the people to favour Pompey (as I remember) upon a certain election in opposition to Cæsar; and he excused himself in it upon the necessities of the occasion and the corruptions of the people: an action that might well have excused Cicero's censure of him, that he reasoned and acted *tanquam in Republicâ Platonis, non in fæce Romuli.* However it be, it is certain that the talents which qualify a man for the service of his country in parliament are very different from those which give him a dexterity at making his court to the people, and do not often meet in the same subject. Then for the moral part, the difference is inconsiderable; and whoever practises upon the weakness and vanity of the people is guilty of an immoral action as much as if he did it upon their avarice. Besides, the two trees may be judged by their fruits. The former produces a set of popular men, fond of their own merits and abilities, their opinions and their eloquence, whereas the bribing of elections, though a great and shameful evil, seems to be at present but an ill means of keeping things upon the old foot, by leaving the defence of our properties chiefly in the hands of those who will be the greatest sufferers whenever they are endangered. It is easy to observe in the late and present parliament that several boroughs and some counties have been represented by persons who little thought to have ever had such hopes before: and how far this may proceed when such a way is laid open for the exercise and encouragement of popular arts one may best judge from the consequences that the same causes produced both in Athens and Rome. For, let speculative men reason or rather refine as they please, it ever will be true among us, that as long as men engage in the public service upon private ends, and whilst all pretences to a sincere Roman love of our country are looked upon as an affectation, a foppery, or a disguise (which has been a good while our case, and is likely to continue so), it will be safer to trust our property and constitution in the hands of such who have paid for their election than of those who have obtained them by servile flatteries of the people.

THE EXAMINER.

PREFACE.

On the 3rd of August, 1710, appeared the first number of "The Examiner," the ablest vindication of the measures of the queen and her new ministry. "About a dozen of these papers," Dr Swift tells us, "written with much spirit and sharpness, some by secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it; which I did accordingly eight months. But, my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death."

The original institutors are supposed to have employed Dr. King as the publisher, or ostensible author, before they prevailed on their great champion to undertake that task. Mr. Oldmixon thought that Mr. Prior had a principal hand in the early numbers; and it is well known that he wrote No. 6, professedly against Dr. Garth. No. 8 and No. 9 were written either by Dr. Friend or Mr. St. John, or by both in conjunction. Dr. King was the author of No. 11 and of No. 12. Who was the author of No. 13 does not appear; but it is remarkable that, when the Examiners were first collected by Mr. Barber into a volume, No. 13 was omitted; the original 14 being then marked 13: and so on to 35 inclusive, which is marked 44; and this misarrangement was of course continued by Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Sheridan; a circumstance the more worthy of notice, as the paper omitted is a curious defence of passive obedience, not inferior perhaps in point of sophistry to any in the whole collection.

After the 13th number the undertaking was carried on wholly by Dr. Swift, who commenced a regular series of politics with No. 14, Nov. 2, 1710. "Get the Examiners," he says to Mrs Johnson, "and read them. The last nine or ten are full of the reasons of the late change and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction."—It appears, however, by a subsequent letter, Feb. 9, that "Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed to be author of it: but one of the last papers," Swift adds, "cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret; I suppose the ministry and the printer."

A contemporary writer, May 3, 1711, says, "The Examiner is a paper which all men who speak without prejudice allow to be well written. Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually placing it in so many different lights, and endeavouring to inculcate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expression, that men who are concerned in no party may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the question in debate is extremely artful; and his Letter to Crassus is, I think, a masterpiece. As these papers are supposed to have been written by several hands, the critics will tell you that they discover a difference in their styles and beauties; and pretend to observe that the first Examiners abound chiefly in wit, the last in humour. Soon after their first appearance, came out a paper from the other side, called the 'Whig Examiner,' written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the Tories in no small pain for their favourite hero: every one cried, 'Bickerstaff must be the author;' and people were the more confirmed in this opinion upon its being so soon laid down, which seemed to show that it was only written to bind the Examiners to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be a weekly paper. The Examiners therefore have no one to combat with at present but their friend the Medley; the author of which paper, though he seems to be a man of good sense, and expresses it luckily enough now and then, is, I think, for the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing. I presume I need not tell you that the Examiner carries much the more sail, as it is supposed to be written by the direction, and under the eye, of some great persons who sit at the helm of affairs, and is consequently looked on as a sort of public notice which way they are steering us. The reputed author is Dr. Swift, with the assistance sometimes of Dr. Atterbury and Mr. Prior."[a]

Having completed the design which first engaged him in the undertaking with No. 45, June 7, 1711, Dr. Swift then took his leave of the town in the last paragraph of that number, and on the same day wrote thus to Mrs. Johnson: "As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what *this* parliament have done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future. Methinks, in this day's Examiner the author speaks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all."

From this time Swift had no farther concern with the publi cation, except by assisting in the single number of the succeeding week.

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[a] "Present State of Wit," supposed to be written by Mr. Gay.

The Examiner indeed still continued to be published; but it sunk immediately into rudeness and ill manners, being written by some *under spur-leathers*[a] in the city, whose scurrility was encouraged (as Swift himself did not scruple to own) by the ministry themselves, who employed this paper to return the Grub-street invectives thrown out by the authors of the Medley, the Englishman, and some other detracting papers of the same stamp.

It is now no longer a secret that No. 46 was written by Mrs. Manley, with the assistance of Dr. Swift, and that the next six numbers were also by the same hand. On the 22nd June (the day after No. 47 was published) Swift says, "Yesterday was a sad Examiner; and last week's was very indifferent; though some scraps of the old spirit, as if he had *given* hints;" and on the 15th of July, "I do not like anything in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th."—Mrs. Manley's last paper was No. 52, July 26; and in a letter dated Nov. 3, 1711, Swift says, "The first thirteen Examiners were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand; that makes forty-six: then the author, whoever he was, laid it down, on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. The printer is going to print them in a small volume; it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth 500*l*. to him."

On the 6th of December following the work was resumed by Oldisworth,[b] who completed four volumes more, and published nineteen numbers more of the sixth volume, when the queen's death put an end to the work.[c] During this long period the only articles that are known to be by Dr. Swift are, a hint which he gave about the prorogation of the parliament, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still time to submit, which he notices to Mrs. Johnson, Jan 15, 1712-13; and says, "It suited the occasions at present." The vindication of his friend Mr. Lewis in No. 21 of the third volume, Feb. 2, 1712-13, which is printed at length in the fourth volume of the present edition, is undoubtedly Swift's; which he more than once acknowledges in his Journal to Stella, Jan. 27, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1.

The public at large, however, still considered the paper to be under the management of Swift, who tells Mrs. Johnson, March 23, 1712-13, "The Examiner has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged; I care not."—The letter alluded to has the following passage in the 35th number of vol iii., in which Mr. Oldisworth, speaking of some of his opponents, says, "I shall at once ease them of a great deal of guilt, as well as importance, by putting a final stop to some of their daily clamours, and for ever shutting up one of their most liberal sluices of scandal. They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman of the first character for learning, good sense, wit, and more virtues than even they can set off and illustrate by all the opposition and extremes of vice which are the compounds of their party. He is indeed fully accomplished to be mortally hated by them; and they needed not to charge him with writing the Examiner, as if that were a sufficient revenge, in which they show as little judgment as truth. I here pronounce him clear of that imputation, and, out of pure regard to justice, strip myself of all the honour that lucky untruth did this paper; reserving to myself the entertaining reflection that I was once taken for a man who has a thousand other recommendations, besides the notice of the worst men, to make him loved and esteemed by the best. This is the second time I have humoured that party by publicly declaring who is not the author of the Examiner. I will lend them no more light, because they do not love it. I could only wish that their invectives against that gentleman had been considerable enough to call forth his public resentments; and I stand amazed at their folly in provoking so much ruin to their party. Their intellectuals must be as stupid as their consciences, not to dread the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all that spite to his person which they ever expressed against his order."

May 12, 1713, after several sparrings between the Examiner and the Guardian, Steele thus indirectly states in the Guardian, No. 53, that the Examiner was written either by Dr. Swift or Mrs. Manley: "I have been told by familiar friends that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an *estranged friend* or an *exasperated mistress*."—This paragraph raised the indignation of Swift;[a] who complained of it to their common friend Mr Addison. "Is he so ignorant," Swift says, "of my temper and of my style? Had he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a stranger) did a month or two ago vindicate me from having any concern with it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me as a friend?"—In a letter which this produced from Steele it being still insinuated that Swift was an accomplice of the Examiner, he thus indignantly repels the charge: "I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you might not either have asked or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner. And if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction, you might then have wreaked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, that I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, or in a place where he came to pay his attendance."

Of Swift's Examiners, Dr. Johnson observes that "in argument he may be allowed to have the advantage; for, where a wide system of conduct and the whole of a public character is laid open to inquiry, the accuser, having the choice of facts, must be very unskilful if he does not prevail."—Lord Orrery, who commends the Examiners for the "nervous style, clear diction, and great knowledge of the true landed interest of England," observes that "their author was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence;" that "he was employed, not trusted." Remarks, &c., Letter iv. The earl of Chesterfield also asserts that "the lie of the day was coined and delivered out to him, to write Examiners and other political papers upon." It may be proper, however, to take notice, that neither of these noble peers appear to have seen Swift's "Preface" to his "History of the Four last Years of the Queen;" and, with all due deference to these great authorities, the present Editor cannot but be of opinion that Swift's manly fortitude and very accurate discernment of the human heart would have prevented his being a dupe to the intrigues of a statesman, however dignified. He himself assures us "that he was of a temper to think no man great enough to set him on work; that "he absolutely refused to be chaplain to the lord-treasurer, because he thought it would ill become him to be in a state of dependence." Indeed his whole conduct in that busy period (in which "it was his lot to have been daily conversant with the persons then in power; never absent in times of business or conversation, until a few weeks before her majesty's death; and a witness of every step they made in the course of their administration") demonstrates the respectable situation he then so ably filled. And when at last the time arrived in which he was to be rewarded for his services, in how different a light does he appear from that of a hireling writer! He frankly told the treasurer "he could not with any reputation stay longer here, unless he had something honourable immediately given to him." Whilst his noble patrons were undetermined whether he should be promoted to St Patrick's or to a stall at Windsor, he openly assured lord Bolingbroke "he would not stay for their disputes." And we find he exerted his interest so effectually with the duke of Ormond as to overrule a prejudice that nobleman had conceived against Dr. Sterne, whose promotion to the see of Dromore made the vacancy at St Patrick's. "The duke, with great kindness, said he would consent; but would do it for no man else but me." Swift acknowledges "this affair was carried with great difficulty;" but adds, "they say here it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop in spite of the world, and to get the best deanery in Ireland."

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[a] "I have instructed an *under spur-leather* to write so that it is taken for mine." Journal to Stella, Oct. 10, 1711. This was probably the *under-strapper* noticed Nov. 26, 1711, whom he elsewhere calls "a scrub instrument of mischief of mine."

[b] Of Mr. William Oldisworth little is now remembered but the titles of some of his literary productions. He was editor of the Muses' Mercury, 1707; and published, 1. "A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus in which the Principles and Projects of a late whimsical Book, entitled *the Rights of the Christian Church*, &c., are fairly stated, and answered in their kind, &c. By a Layman, 1709, 1710," 3 vols. 8vo. 2. "A Vindication of the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Blackall) against Mr. Hoadly." 3. A volume called "State Tracts." 4. Another called "State and Miscellany Poems, by the Author of the Examiner, 1715," 8vo. 5. He translated the "Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Seculare of Horace." 6. The "Life of Edmund Smith," prefixed to his works, written "with all the partiality of friendship;" said by Dr. Burton to show "what fine things one man of parts can say of another;" and which Dr. Johnson has honoured by incorporating it into his biographical preface on Smith.—That Oldisworth had an attachment to the abdicated royal family is admitted; which gave occasion to a report in the Weekly Packet, Jan. 17, 1715-16, that he was killed with his sword in his hand in the engagement at Preston, in company with several others who had the same fate; having resolved not to survive the loss of the battle." But this report was groundless; as he lived till Sept. 15, 1734.

[c] No. 19 was published July 26, 1714; and on the 8th of October came out the first number of "The Controller, being a Sequel to the Examiner;" published also by Morphew.

[a] "In the latter part of Swift's life affliction throws a sacredness around him that sets discernment and discrimination at defiance. My eye tries in vain to get a glimpse of his features; it can see nothing distinctly for tears. But in his best condition, his virulent treatment of Steele, and his very many unaccountable instances of insolence and caprice, seem to have been indications or ebullitions of that insanity which afterwards overpowered him." Dr. Calder, in the notes on the Tatler, 1786 vol v. p. 311.

No. 14.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

> —— longa est injuria, longæ
> Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.
>
> The tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long;
> Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.

It is a practice I have generally followed to converse in equal freedom with the deserving men of both parties; and it was never without some contempt that I have observed persons wholly out of employment affect to do otherwise. I doubted whether any man could owe so much to the side he was of, although he were retained by it; but without some great point of interest, either in possession or prospect, I thought it was the mark of a low and narrow spirit.

It is hard that for some weeks past I have been forced, in my own defence, to follow a proceeding that I have so much condemned in others. But several of my acquaintance among the declining party are grown so insufferably peevish and splenetic, profess such violent apprehensions for the public, and represent the state of things in such formidable ideas, that I find myself disposed to share in their afflictions, although I know them to be groundless and imaginary, or, which is worse, purely affected. To offer them comfort one by one would be not only an endless, but a disobliging task. Some of them, I am convinced, would be less melancholy if there were more occasion. I shall, therefore, instead of hearkening to further complaints, employ some part of this paper for the future in letting such men see that their natural or acquired fears are ill founded, and their artificial ones as ill intended; that all our present inconveniences are the consequence of the very counsels they so much admire, which would still have increased if those had continued; and that neither our constitution in church or state could probably have been long preserved without such methods as have been already taken.

The late revolutions at court have given room to some specious objections, which I have heard repeated by well-meaning men, just as they had taken them up on the credit of others who have worse designs. They wonder the queen would choose to change her ministry at this juncture, and thereby give uneasiness to a general who hath been so long successful abroad, and might think himself injured, if the entire ministry were not of his own nomination; that there were few complaints of any consequence against the late men in power, and none at all in parliament, which, on the contrary, passed votes in favour of the chief minister; that if her majesty had a mind to introduce the other party, it would have been more seasonable after a peace, which now we have made desperate, by spiriting the French, who rejoice in these changes, and by the fall of our credit, which unqualifies us for carrying on the war; that the parliament, so untimely dissolved, had been diligent in their supplies and dutiful in their behaviour; that one consequence of these changes appears already in the fall of the stocks; that we may soon expect more and worse; and lastly, that all this naturally tends to break the settlement of the crown, and call over the pretender.

These and the like notions are plentifully scattered abroad by the malice of a ruined party, to render the queen and her administration odious, and to inflame the nation. And these are what upon occasion I shall endeavour to overthrow by discovering the falsehood and absurdity of them.

It is a great unhappiness when, in a government constituted like ours, it should be so brought about that the continuance of a war must be for the interest of vast numbers (civil as well as military), who otherwise would have been as unknown as their original. I think our present condition of affairs is admirably described by two verses in Lucan:

> Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore fœnus,
> Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile bellum:

which, without any great force upon the words, may be thus translated:

Hence are derived those exorbitant interests and annuities; hence those large discounts for advance and prompt payment; hence public credit is shaken; and hence great numbers find their profit in prolonging the war.

It is odd that among a free trading people, as we call ourselves, there should so many be found to close in with those counsels, who have been ever averse from all overtures towards a peace: but yet there is no great mystery in the matter. Let any man observe the equipages in this town, he shall find the greater number of those who make a figure to be a species of men quite different from any that were ever known before the Revolution; consisting either of generals and colonels, or of those whose whole fortunes lie in funds and stocks; so that power, which, according to the old maxim, was used to follow land, is now gone over to money; and the country gentleman is in the condition of a young heir, out of whose estate a scrivener receives half the rents for interest, and has a mortgage on the whole; and is therefore always ready to feed his vices and extravagances while there is anything left. So that, if the war continues some years longer, a landed man will be little better than a farmer of a rack-rent to the army and to the public funds.

It may perhaps be worth inquiring from what beginnings, and by what steps, we have been brought into this desperate condition: and in search of this we must run up as high as the Revolution.

Most of the nobility and gentry, who invited over the prince of Orange, or attended him in his expedition, were true lovers of their country and its constitution in church and state; and were brought to yield to those breaches in the succession of the crown out of a regard to the necessity of the kingdom and the safety of the people, which did and could only make them lawful; but without intention of drawing such a practice into precedent, or making it a standing measure by which to proceed in all times to come: and therefore we find their counsels ever tended to keep things as much as possible in the old course. But soon after, an under set of men, who had nothing to lose, and had neither borne the burden nor heat of the day, found means to whisper in the king's ear that the principles of loyalty in the church of England were wholly inconsistent with the Revolution. Hence began the early practice of caressing the dissenters, reviling the universities as maintainers of arbitrary power, and reproaching the clergy with the doctrines of divine right, passive obedience, and non-resistance. At the same time, in order to fasten wealthy people to the new government, they proposed those pernicious expedients of borrowing money by vast premiums, and at extortionate interest: a practice as old as Eumenes, one of Alexander's captains, who, setting up for himself after the death of his master, persuaded his principal officers to lend him great sums, after which they were forced to follow him for their own security.

This introduced a number of new dexterous men into business and credit. It was argued that the war could not last above two or three campaigns, and that it was easier for the subjects to raise a fund for paying interest than to tax them annually to the full expense of the war. Several persons who had small or encumbered estates sold them, and turned their money into those funds, to great advantage: merchants, as well as other moneyed men, finding trade was dangerous, pursued the same method. But the war continuing, and growing more expensive, taxes were increased, and funds multiplied every year, till they have arrived at the monstrous height we now behold them; and that which was at first a corruption is at last grown necessary, and what every good subject must now fall in with, although he may be allowed to wish it might soon have an end; because it is with a kingdom as with a private fortune, where every new incumbrance adds a double weight. By this means the wealth of a nation, that used to be reckoned by the value of land, is now computed by the rise and fall of stocks: and although the foundation of credit be still the same, and upon a bottom that can never be shaken, and although all interest be duly paid by the public, yet, through the contrivance and cunning of stockjobbers, there has been brought in such a complication of knavery and cozenage, such a mystery of iniquity, and such an unintelligible jargon of terms to involve it in, as were never known in any other age or country in the world. I have heard it affirmed, by persons skilled in these calculations, that, if the funds appropriated to the payment of interest and annuities were added to the yearly taxes, and the four-shilling aid strictly exacted in all counties of the kingdom, it would very near, if not fully, supply the occasions of the war, at least such a part as, in the opinion of very able persons, had been at that time prudent not to exceed. For I make it a question whether any wise prince or state, in the continuance of a war which was not purely defensive, or immediately at his own door, did ever propose that his expense should perpetually exceed what he was able to impose annually upon his subjects. Neither, if the war last many years longer, do I see how the next generation will be able to begin another; which, in the course of human affairs, and according to the various interests and ambition of princes, may be as necessary for them as it has been for us. And if our fathers had left us deeply involved, as we are likely to leave our children, I appeal to any man what sort of figure we should have been able to make these twenty years past. Besides, neither our enemies nor allies are upon the same foot with us in this particular. France and Holland, our nearest neighbours, and the farthest engaged, will much sooner recover themselves after a war: the first, by the absolute power of the prince, who, being master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, will quickly find expedients to pay his debts; and so will the other, by their prudent administration, the greatness of their trade, their wonderful parsimony, the willingness of their people to undergo all kind of taxes, and their justice in applying as well as collecting them. But above all we are to consider that France and Holland fight on the continent, either upon or near their own territories, and the greatest part of the money circulates among themselves, whereas ours crosses the sea, either to Flanders, Spain, or Portugal; and every penny of it, whether in specie or returns, is so much lost to the nation for ever.

Upon these considerations alone, it was the most prudent course imaginable in the queen to lay hold of the disposition of the people for changing the parliament and ministry at this juncture, and extricating herself as soon as possible out of the pupilage of those who found their accounts only in perpetuating the war. Neither have we the least reason to doubt but the ensuing parliament will assist her majesty with the utmost vigour, until her enemies again be brought to sue for peace, and again offer such terms as will make it both honourable and lasting; only with this difference, that the ministry perhaps will not again refuse them.

> Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
> Rara, Juventus. Hor. book i. Ode 2.

No. 15.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

> E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
> Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
> Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
> Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
> Vanaque Lætitia est, consternatique Timores,
> Seditioque recens, dubioque auctore Susurri.
>
> With idle tales this fills our empty ears;
> The next reports what from the first he hears
> The rolling fictions grow in strength and size,
> Each author adding to the former lies.
> Here vain credulity, with new desires,
> Leads us astray, and groundless joy inspires;
> The dubious whispers. tumults fresh design'd,
> And chilling fears astound the anxious mind.

I AM prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an "essay upon the Art of Political Lying." We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience: for which he was driven down from heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like the great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us that, after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the Earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted: that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earthborn, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying their art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb, and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain: has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a blackmoor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis* and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and, soaring aloft, scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary, according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man (earl of Wharton) famous for his talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that, if you think fit to refine upon him, by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers: and it often happens that, if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no further occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed or the company parted; or like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine after the patient is dead.

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in everybody's mouth, that truth will at last prevail. Here has this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in church and state, and we at last were brought to the very brink of ruin; yet, by the means of perpetual misrepresentations, have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries; while others, who, by their credit, quality, and fortune, were only able to give reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside as dangerous and useless, but loaded with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France; while truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of the landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen; and we saw it with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a majority, while the court and ministry were on their side, till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections and influencing distant boroughs by powerful motives from the city. But all this was mere force and constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management, until the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger; when we saw them greedily laying hold on the first occasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people I shall discourse more at large in some following paper: wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive or discover those deluded or deluding persons who hope or pretend it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover; whereas, I believe it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its consequences; and prove a great example to illustrate the maxim I lately mentioned, that truth (however sometimes late) will at last prevail.

No. 16.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

——— medioque ut limite curras,
Icare, ait, moneo: ne si demissior ibis,
Unda gravet pennas; si celsior, ignis adurat.

——— My boy, take care
To wing thy course along the middle air:
If low, the surges wet thy flagging plumes;
If high, the sun the melting wax consumes.

It must be avowed that for some years past there have been few things more wanted in England than such a paper as this ought to be: and such I will endeavour to make it as long as it shall be found of any use, without entering into the violences of either party. Considering the many grievous misrepresentations of persons and things, it is highly requisite at this juncture that the people throughout the kingdom should, if possible, be set right in their opinions by some impartial hand, which has never been yet attempted; those who have hitherto undertaken it being, upon every account, the least qualified of all human kind for such work.

We live here under a limited monarchy, and under the doctrine and discipline of an excellent church. We are unhappily divided into two parties, both which pretend a mighty zeal for our religion and government, only they disagree about the means. The evils we must fence against are, on one side, fanaticism and infidelity in religion, and anarchy, under the name of a commonwealth, in government; on the other side, popery, slavery, and the pretender from France. Now, to inform and direct us in our sentiments upon these weighty points, here are, on one side, two stupid illiterate scribblers, both of them fanatics by profession, I mean the Review and Observator; on the other side, we have an open Nonjuror, whose character and person, as well as learning and good sense, discovered upon other subjects, do indeed deserve respect and esteem; but his Rehearsal and the rest of his political papers are yet more pernicious than those of the former two. If the generality of the people know not how to talk or think until they have read their lesson in the papers of the week, what a misfortune is it that their duty should be conveyed to them through such vehicles as those! For, let some gentlemen think what they please, I cannot but suspect that the two worthies I first mentioned have, in a degree, done mischief among us; the mock authoritative manner of the one, and the insipid mirth of the other, however insupportable to reasonable ears, being of a level with great numbers among the lowest part of mankind. Neither was the author of the Rehearsal, while he continued that paper, less infectious to many persons of better figure, who, perhaps, were as well qualified, and much less prejudiced, to judge for themselves.

It was this reason that moved me to take the matter out of those rough as well as those dirty hands; to let the remote and uninstructed part of the nation see that they have been misled on both sides by mad ridiculous extremes, at a wide distance on each side of the truth; while the right path is so broad and plain as to be easily kept if they were once put into it.

Further: I had lately entered on a resolution to take little notice of other papers, unless it were such where the malice and falsehood had so great a mixture of wit and spirit as would make them dangerous; which, in the present circle of scribblers, from twelvepence to a halfpenny, I could easily foresee would not very frequently occur. But here again I am forced to dispense with my resolution, although it be only to tell my reader what measures I am likely to take on such occasions for the future. I was told that the paper called The Observator was twice filled last week with remarks upon a late Examiner. These I read with the first opportunity, and, to speak in the news-writers' phrase, they gave me occasion for many speculations. I observed with singular pleasure the nature of those things which the owners of them usually call answers, and with what dexterity this matchless author had fallen into the whole art and cant of them. To transcribe here and there three or four detached lines of least weight in a discourse, and by a foolish comment mistake every syllable of the meaning, is what I have known many, of a superior class to this formidable adversary, entitle an Answer. This is what he has exactly done, in about thrice as many words as my whole discourse; which is so mighty an advantage over me, that I shall by no means engage in so unequal a combat; but, as far as I can judge of my own temper, entirely dismiss him for the future; heartily wishing he had a match exactly of his own size to meddle with, who should only have the odds of truth and honesty, which, as I take it, would be an effectual way to silence him for ever. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear a short story of a fanatic farmer, who lived in my neighbourhood, and was so great a disputant in religion that the servants in all the families thereabouts reported how he had confuted the bishop and all his clergy. I had then a footman who was fond of reading the Bible; and I borrowed a comment for him, which he studied so close that in a month or two I thought him a match for the farmer. They disputed at several houses, with a ring of servants and other people always about them; where Ned explained his texts so full and clear to the capacity of his audience, and showed the insignificancy of his adversary's cant to the meanest understanding, that he got the whole country on his side, and the farmer was cured of his itch of disputation for ever after.

The worst of it is, that this sort of outrageous party-writers I have spoken of above are like a couple of makebates, who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories, and, by keeping friends at a distance, hinder them from coming to a good understanding, as they certainly would if they were suffered to meet and debate between themselves; for let any one examine a reasonable honest man, of either side, upon those opinions in religion and government which both parties daily buffet each other about, he shall hardly find one material point in difference between them. I would be glad to ask a question about two great men of the late ministry, how they came to be Whigs? and by what figure of speech half a dozen others, lately put into great employments, can be called Tories? I doubt whoever would suit the definition to the persons, must make it directly contrary to what we understood it at the time of the Revolution.

In order to remove these misapprehensions among us, I believe it will be necessary, upon occasion, to detect the malice and falsehood of some popular maxims, which those idiots scatter from the press twice a-week, and draw a hundred absurd consequences from them.

For example, I have heard it often objected, as a great piece of insolence in the clergy and others, to say or hint that the church was in danger, when it was voted otherwise in parliament some years ago; and the queen herself, in her last speech, did openly condemn all such insinuations. Notwithstanding which, I did then and do still believe the church has, since that vote, been in very imminent danger; and I think I might then have said so without the least offence to her majesty or either of the two houses. The queen's words, as near as I can remember, mentioned the church being in danger from her administration; and whoever says or thinks that deserves, in my opinion, to be hanged for a traitor; but that the church and state may be both in danger, under the best princes that ever reigned, and without the least guilt of theirs, is such a truth as a man must be a great stranger to history and common sense to doubt. The wisest prince on earth may be forced by the necessity of his affairs and the present power of an unruly faction, or deceived by the craft of ill-designing men. One or two ministers, most in his confidence, may at first have good intentions, but grow corrupted by time, by avarice, by love, by ambition, and have fairer terms offered them to gratify their passions or interests from one set of men than another, until they are too far involved for a retreat, and so be forced to take seven spirits more wicked than themselves. This is a very possible case; and will not the last state of such men be worse than the first? that is to say, will not the public, which was safe at first, grow in danger by such proceedings as these? And shall a faithful subject, who foresees and trembles at the consequences, be called disaffected because he delivers his opinion, although the prince declares, as he justly may, that the danger is not owing to his administration? or shall the prince himself be blamed when, in such a juncture, he puts his affairs into other hands, with the universal applause of his people? As to the vote against those who should affirm the church was in danger, I think it likewise referred to danger from or under the queen's administration; for I neither have it by me, nor can suddenly have recourse to it; but, if it were otherwise, I know not how it can refer to any dangers but what were past, or at that time present; or how it could affect the future, unless the senators were all inspired, or at least that majority which voted it: neither do I see it is any crime, further than ill manners, to differ in opinion from a majority of either or both houses; and that ill manners, I must confess, I have been often guilty of for some years past, although I hope I never shall again.

Another topic of great use to these weekly inflamers is, the young pretender in France, to whom their whole party is in a high measure indebted for all their greatness; and whenever it lies in their power they may perhaps return their acknowledgments, as, out of their zeal for frequent revolutions, they were ready to do to his supposed father, which is a piece of secret history that I hope will one day see the light; and I am sure it shall if ever I am master of it, without regarding whose ears may tingle. But at present the word *pretender* is a term of art in their profession. A secretary of state cannot desire leave to resign, but the pretender is at bottom; the queen cannot dissolve a parliament, but it is a plot to dethrone herself and bring in the pretender; half-a-score stock-jobbers are playing the knave in Exchange-alley, and there goes the pretender with a sponge. One would be apt to think they bawl out the pretender so often to take off the terror, or tell so many lies about him to slacken our caution, that when he is really coming, by their connivance, we may not believe them, as the boy served the shepherds about the coming of the wolf; or perhaps they scare us with the pretender because they think he may be like some diseases that come with a fright. Do they not believe that the queen's present ministry love her majesty at least as well as some loved the church? And why is it not as great a mark of disaffection now to say the queen is in danger, as it was some months ago to affirm the same of the church? Suppose it be a false opinion that the queen's right is hereditary and indefeasible; yet how is it possible that those who hold and believe such a doctrine can be in the pretender's interest? His title is weakened by every argument that strengthens hers: it is as plain as the words of an act of parliament can make it that her present majesty is heir to the survivor of the late king and queen, her sister: is not that an hereditary right? What need we explain it any further? I have known an article of faith expounded in much looser and more general terms, and that by an author whose opinions are very much followed by a certain party. Suppose we go further, and examine the word *indefeasible*, with which some writers of late have made themselves so merry; I confess it is hard to conceive how any law which the supreme power makes may not by the same power be repealed; so that I shall not determine whether the queen's right be indefeasible or not. But this I will maintain, that whoever affirms it is so is not guilty of a crime; for in that settlement of the crown after the Revolution, where her present majesty is named in remainder, there are (as near as I can remember) these remarkable words, "to which we bind ourselves and our posterity for ever." Lawyers may explain this, or call them words of form, as they please; and reasoners may argue that such an obligation is against the nature of government; but a plain reader, who takes the words in their natural meaning, may be excused in thinking a right so confirmed is indefeasible; and if there be an absurdity in such an opinion, he is not to answer for it.

P.S. When this paper was going to the press, the printer brought me two more Observators, wholly taken up in my Examiner upon lying, which I was at the pains to read; and they are just such an answer as the two others I have mentioned. This is all I have to say on that matter.

No. 17.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui sunt boni cives? Qui belli, qui domi de patriâ bene merentes, nisi qui patriæ beneficia meminerunt?

Who is the good and laudable citizen? Who in peace, or who in war, has merited the favour of his country? Who but that person who with gratitude remembers and acknowledges the favours and rewards he has already received?

I WILL employ this present paper upon a subject which of late has very much affected me, which I have considered with a good deal of application, and made several inquiries about among those persons who I thought were best able to inform me; and, if I deliver my sentiments with some freedom, I hope it will be forgiven, while I accompany it with that tenderness which so nice a point requires.

I said in a former paper (No. 14) that one specious objection to the late removals at court was, the fear of giving uneasiness to a general who has been long successful abroad; and accordingly the common clamour of tongues and pens for some months past has run against the baseness, the inconstancy, and ingratitude of the whole kingdom to the duke of Marlborough, in return of the most eminent services that ever were performed by a subject to his country; not to be equalled in history: and then, to be sure, some bitter stroke of detraction against Alexander and Cæsar, who never did us the least injury. Besides, the people who read Plutarch come upon us with parallels drawn from the Greeks and Romans, who ungratefully dealt with I know not how many of their most deserving generals; while the profounder politicians have seen pamphlets where Tacitus and Machiavel have been quoted to show the danger of too resplendent a merit. If a stranger should hear these serious outcries of ingratitude against our general without knowing the particulars, he would be apt to inquire where was his tomb, or whether he was allowed christian burial? not doubting but we had put him to some ignominious death. Or has he been tried for his life, and very narrowly escaped? has he been accused of high crimes and misdemeanors? has the prince seized on his estate and left him to starve? has he been hooted at as he passed the streets by an ungrateful rabble? have neither honours, offices, nor grants, been conferred on him or his family? have not he and they been barbarously stripped of them all? have not he and his forces been ill paid abroad? and does not the prince, by a scanty limited commission, hinder him from pursuing his own methods in the conduct of the war? has he no power at all of disposing of commissions as he pleases? is he not severely used by the ministry or parliament, who yearly call him to a strict account? has the senate ever thanked him for good success, and have they not always publicly censured him for the least miscarriage?—Will the accusers of the nation join issue upon any of these particulars, or tell us in what point our damnable sin of ingratitude lies?—Why, it is plain and clear; for while he is commanding abroad, the queen dissolves her parliament and changes her ministry at home; in which universal calamity, no less than two persons allied by marriage to the general [Sunderland and Godolphin] have lost their places. Whence came this wonderful sympathy between the civil and military powers? Will the troops in Flanders refuse to fight unless they can have their own lord-keeper, their own lord-president of the council, their own parliament? In a kingdom where the people are free, how came they to be so fond of having their counsels under the influence of their army, or those that lead it? who, in all well-instituted states, had no commerce with the civil power, further than to receive their orders, and obey them without reserve.

When a general is not so popular, either in his army or at home, as one might expect from a long course of success, it may perhaps be ascribed to his wisdom, or perhaps to his complexion. The possession of some one quality, or defect in some other, will extremely damp the people's favour, as well as the love of the soldiers. Besides, this is not an age to produce favourites of the people, while we live under a queen who engrosses all our love and all our veneration; and where the only way for a great general or minister to acquire any degree of subordinate affection from the public must be, by all marks of the most entire submission and respect to her sacred person and commands; otherwise, no pretence of great services, either in the field or the cabinet, will be able to screen them from universal hatred.

But the late ministry was closely joined to the general by friendship, interest, alliance, inclination, and opinion; which cannot be affirmed of the present: and the ingratitude of the nation lies in the people's joining, as one man, to wish that such a ministry should be changed. Is it not, at the same time, notorious to the whole kingdom, that nothing but a tender regard to the general was able to preserve that ministry so long, until neither God nor man could suffer their continuance? Yet, in the highest ferment of things, we heard few or no reflections upon this great commander; but all seemed unanimous in wishing he might still be at the head of the confederate forces; only at the same time, in case he were resolved to resign, they chose rather to turn their thoughts somewhere else than throw up all in despair. And this I cannot but add, in defence of the people, with regard to the person we are speaking of, that in the high station he has been for many years past, his real defects (as nothing human is without them) have, in a detracting age, been very sparingly mentioned either in libels or conversation, and all successes very freely and universally applauded.

There is an active and a passive ingratitude: applying both to this occasion, we may say, the first is, when a prince or people returns good services with cruelty or ill usage; the other is, when good services are not at all or very meanly rewarded. We have already spoken of the former; let us therefore, in the second place, examine how the services of our general have been rewarded, and whether, upon that article, either prince or people have been guilty of ingratitude.

Those are the most valuable rewards which are given to us from the certain knowledge of the donor that they fit our temper best: I shall therefore say nothing of the title of duke, or the garter, which the queen bestowed upon the general in the beginning of her reign; but I shall come to more substantial instances, and mention nothing which has not been given in the face of the world. The lands of Woodstock may, I believe, be reckoned worth 40,000*l.*; on the building of Blenheim castle 200,000*l.* have been already expended, although it be not yet near finished; the grant of 5000*l.* per annum on the post-office is richly worth 100,000*l.*; his principality in Germany may be computed at 30,000*l.*; pictures, jewels, and other gifts from foreign princes, 60,000*l.*; the grant at the Pall-mall, the rangership, &c., for want of more certain knowledge, may be called 10,000*l.*; his own and his duchess's employments at five years' value, reckoning only the known and avowed salaries, are very low rated at 100,000*l.* Here is a good deal above half a million of money; and, I dare say, those who are loudest with the clamour of ingratitude will readily own that all this is but a trifle in comparison of what is untold.

The reason of my stating this account is only to convince the world that we are not quite so ungrateful either as the Greeks or the Romans; and in order to adjust the matter with all fairness, I shall confine myself to the latter, who were much more generous of the two. A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which, doing honour to the general, we will place to his account; and lastly, sometimes, although not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the rewards that I can call to mind which a victorious general received after his return from the most glorious expedition; having conquered some great kingdom; brought the king himself, his family, and nobles, to adorn the triumph, in chains; and made the kingdom either a Roman province, or, at best, a poor depending state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now, of all these rewards, I find but two which were of real profit to the general; the laurel crown, made and sent him at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the senate or the general: however, we will take the more favourable opinion; and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts; the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

Imprimis	£.	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment . . .	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value halfpence a-piece	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph . .	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A BILL OF BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

Imprimis—	£.
Woodstock	40,000
Blenheim	200,000
Post-office grant	100,000
Mildenheim	30,000
Pictures, jewels, &c. . . .	60,000
Pall-mall grant, &c. . . .	10,000
Employments	100,000
	£540,000

This is an account of the visible profits on both sides; and if the Roman general had any private perquisites, they may be easily discounted, and by more probable computations; and differ yet more upon the balance if we consider that all the gold and silver for safeguards and contributions, also all valuable prizes taken in the war, were openly exposed in the triumph, and then lodged in the Capitol for the public service.

So that, upon the whole, we are not yet quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best. And I doubt, those who raise the hideous cry of ingratitude may be mightily mistaken in the consequence they propose from such complaints. I remember a saying of Seneca, *Multos ingratos invenimus, plures facimus;* we find many ungrateful persons in the world, but we make more by setting too high a rate upon our pretensions, and undervaluing the rewards we receive. When unreasonable bills are brought in they ought to be taxed or cut off in the middle. Where there have been long accounts between two persons, I have known one of them perpetually making large demands, and pressing for payment, who, when the accounts were cast up on both sides, was found to be debtor for some hundreds. I am thinking, if a proclamation were issued out for every man to send in his bill of merits, and the lowest price he set them at, what a pretty sum it would amount to, and how many such islands as this must be sold to pay them. I form my judgment from the practice of those who sometimes happen to pay themselves, and, I dare affirm, would not be so unjust as to take a farthing more than they think is due to their deserts. I will instance only in one article. A lady [supposed to be queen Anne] of my acquaintance appropriated twenty-six pounds a-year out of her allowance, for certain uses, which her woman received, and was to pay to the lady, or her order, as it was called for. But, after eight years, it appeared, upon the strictest calculation, that the woman had paid but four pounds a-year, and sunk two-and-twenty for her own pocket. It is but supposing, instead of twenty-six pounds, twenty-six thousand; and by that you may judge what the pretensions of modern merit are, where it happens to be its own paymaster.

No. 18.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

Quas res luxuries in flagitiis, avaritia in rapinis, superbia in contumeliis efficere potuisset; eas omnes sese, hoc uno prætore per triennium, pertulisse aiebant.

These things were the effect of his scandalous and unbounded luxury, his insatiable avarice, his contumelious insolence. These were the sufferings of that unhappy nation, for three years, under his oppressive government.

When I first undertook this paper I was resolved to concern myself only with things, and not with persons. Whether I have kept or broken this resolution I cannot recollect; and I will not be at the pains to examine, but leave the matter to those little antagonists who may want a topic for criticism. Thus much I have discovered, that it is in writing as in building, where, after all our schemes and calculations, we are mightily deceived in our accounts, and often forced to make use of any materials we can find that the work may be kept a-going. Besides, to speak my opinion, the things I have occasion to mention are so closely linked to persons, that nothing but time (the father of oblivion) can separate them. Let me put a parallel case:—Suppose I should complain that last week my coach was within an inch of overturning in a smooth even way, and drawn by very gentle horses; to be sure, all my friends would immediately lay the fault upon John [duke of Marlborough], because they knew he then presided in my coach-box. Again, suppose I should discover some uneasiness to find myself, I knew not how, over head and ears in debt, although I were sure my tenants paid their rents very well, and that I never spent half my income; they would certainly advise me to turn off Mr. Oldfox [lord Godolphin, lord-treasurer], my receiver, and take another. If, as a justice of peace, I should tell a friend that my warrants and mittimuses were never drawn up as I would have them; that I had the misfortune to send an honest man to gaol and dismiss a knave; he would bid me no longer trust Charles and Harry,[a] my two clerks, whom he knew to be ignorant, wilful assuming, and ill-inclined fellows. If I should add that my tenants made me very uneasy with their squabbles and broils among themselves, he would counsel me to cashier Will Bigamy [William earl Cowper], the seneschal of my manor. And lastly, if my neighbour and I happened to have a misunderstanding about the delivery of a message, what could I do less than strip and discard the blundering or malicious rascal who carried it? [Horatio Walpole.]

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[a] Earl of Sunderland, and Henry Boyle, esq., secretaries of state.

It is the same thing in the conduct of public affairs, where they have been managed with rashness or wilfulness, corruption, ignorance, or injustice. Barely to relate the facts, at least while they are fresh in memory, will as much reflect upon the persons concerned, as if we had told their names at length.

I have therefore since thought of another expedient, frequently practised with great safety and success by satirical writers, which is, that of looking into history for some character bearing a resemblance to the person we would describe, and with the absolute power of altering, adding, or suppressing what circumstances we please, I conceive we must have very bad luck, or very little skill, to fail. However, some days ago in a coffee-house, looking into one of the politic weekly papers, I found the writer had fallen into this scheme, and I happened to light on that part where he was describing a person who, from small beginnings, grew (as I remember) to be constable of France, and had a very haughty imperious wife. I took the author as a friend to our faction, for so, with great propriety of speech, they call the queen and ministry, almost the whole clergy, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom; and I said to a gentleman near me, that although I knew well enough what persons the author meant, yet there were several particulars in the husband's character which I could not reconcile; for that of the lady, it was just and adequate enough. But it seems I mistook the whole matter, and applied all I had read to a couple of persons who were not at that time in the writer's thoughts.

Now, to avoid such a misfortune as this, I have been for some time consulting Livy and Tacitus, to find out a character of a *princeps senatus*, a *prætor urbanus*, a *quæstor ærarius*, a *Cæsari ab epistolis*, and a *proconsul:* but among the worst of them, I cannot discover one from whom to draw a parallel without doing injury to a Roman memory, so that I am compelled to have recourse to Tully. But this author relating facts only as an orator, I thought it would be best to observe his method, and make an extract from six harangues of his against Verres, only still preserving the form of an oration. I remember a younger brother of mine, who deceased about two months ago, presented the world with a speech of Alcibiades against an Athenian brewer. Now I am told for certain, that in those days there was no ale in Athens, therefore that speech, or at least a great part of it, must needs be spurious. The difference between my brother and me is this; he makes Alcibiades say a great deal more than he really did, and I make Cicero say a great deal less. This Verres[a] had been the Roman governor of Sicily for three years, and, on his return from his government, the Sicilians entreated Cicero to impeach him in the senate, which he accordingly did in several orations, whence I have faithfully translated and abstracted that which follows:

"My Lords,—A pernicious opinion has for some time prevailed, not only at Rome but among our neighbouring nations, that a man who has money enough, although he be ever so guilty, cannot be condemned in this place. But however industriously this opinion be spread to cast an odium on the senate, we have brought before your lordships Caius Verres, a person for his life and actions already condemned by all men. But, as he hopes and gives out by the influence of his wealth to be here absolved in condemning this man, you have an opportunity of belying that general scandal, of redeeming the credit lost by former judgments, and recovering the love of the Roman people as well as of our neighbours. I have brought here a man before you, my lords, who is a robber of the public treasure, an overturner of law and justice, and the disgrace, as well as destruction of the Sicilian province; of whom, if you shall determine with equity and due severity, your authority will remain entire, and upon such an establishment as it ought to be: but if his great riches will be able to force their way through that religious reverence and truth, which become so awful an assembly, I shall, however, obtain this much, that the defect will be laid where it ought; and that it shall not be objected that the criminal was not produced, or that there wanted an orator to accuse him. This man, my lords, has publicly said, that those ought to be afraid of accusations who have only robbed enough for their own support and maintenance; but that he has plundered sufficient to bribe numbers; and that nothing is so high or so holy which money cannot corrupt. Take that support from him, and he can have no other left; for what eloquence will be able to defend a man whose life has been tainted with so many scandalous vices, and who has been so long condemned by the universal opinion of the world? To pass over the foul stains and ignominy of his youth, his corrupt management in all employments he has borne, his treachery and irreligion, his injustice and oppression: he has left of late such monuments of his villanies in Sicily, made such havoc and confusion there during his government, that the province cannot by any means be restored to its former state, and hardly recover itself at all, under many years, and by a long succession of good governors. While this man governed in that island, the Sicilians had neither the benefit of our laws, nor their own, nor even of common right. In Sicily, no man now possesses more than what the governor's lust and avarice have overlooked, or what he was forced to neglect, out of mere weariness and satiety of oppression. Everything, where he presided, was determined by his arbitrary will; and the best subjects he treated as enemies. To recount his abominable debaucheries would offend any modest ear, since so many could not preserve their daughters and wives from his lust. I believe there is no man, who ever heard his name, that cannot relate his enormities. We bring before you in judgment, my lords, a public robber, an adulterer, a DEFILER OF ALTARS,[a] an enemy of religion, and of all that is sacred. In Sicily he sold all employments of judicature, magistracy, and trust, places in the council, and the priesthood itself, to the highest bidder; and has plundered that island of forty millions of sesterces. And here I cannot but observe to your lordships, in what manner Verres passed the day; the morning was spent in taking bribes and selling employments—the rest of it in drunkenness and lust. His discourse at table was scandalously unbecoming the dignity of his station; noise, brutality, and obsceneness. One particular I cannot omit; that in the high character of governor of Sicily (Ireland), upon a solemn day, a day set apart for public prayer for the safety of the commonwealth, he stole at evening in a chair to a married woman of infamous character, against all decency and prudence, as well as against all laws, both human and divine. Didst thou think, O Verres! the government of Sicily was given thee with so large a commission, only, by the power of that, to break all the bars of law, modesty, and duty; to suppose all men's fortunes thine, and leave no house free from thy rapine and lust?" &c.

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[a] Earl of Wharton—viceroy of Ireland.

[a] A true story of lord Wharton.

This extract, to deal ingenuously, has cost me more pains than I think it is worth, having only served to convince me, that modern corruptions are not to be paralleled by ancient examples, without having recourse to poetry or fable. For instance, I never read in story of a law enacted to take away the force of all laws whatsoever; by which a man may safely commit upon the last of June, what he would infallibly be hanged for, if he committed it on the first of July; by which the greatest criminals may escape, provided they continue long enough in power to antiquate their crimes, and by stifling them a while, can deceive the legislature into an amnesty, of which the enactors do not at that time foresee the consequence. A cautious merchant will be apt to suspect, when he finds a man who has the repute of a cunning dealer, and with whom he has old accounts, urging for a general release. When I reflect on this proceeding, I am not surprised that those who contrived a parliamentary sponge for their crimes are now afraid of a new revolution sponge for their money: and if it were possible to contrive a sponge that could only affect those who had need of the other, perhaps it would not be ill employed

No. 19.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

> Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas; tot bella per orbem;
> Tam multæ scelerum facies ———
>
> Where sacred order, fraud and force confound;
> Where impious wars and tumults rage around.

I AM often violently tempted to let the world freely know who the author of this paper is; to tell them my name and titles at length; which would prevent abundance of inconsistent criticisms I daily hear upon it. Those who are enemies to the notions and opinions I would advance are sometimes apt to quarrel with the Examiner, as defective in point of wit, and sometimes of truth. At other times they are so generous and candid to allow it is written by a club, and that very great hands have fingers in it. As for those who only appear its adversaries in print, they give me but very little pain. The paper I hold lies at my mercy, and I can govern it as I please; therefore, when I begin to find the wit too bright, the learning too deep, and the satire too keen for me to deal with (a very frequent case, no doubt, where a man is constantly attacked by such shrewd adversaries), I peaceably fold it up, or fling it aside, and read no more. It would be happy for me to have the same power over people's tongues, and not be forced to hear my own work railed and commended fifty times a day; affecting all the while a countenance wholly unconcerned, and joining, out of policy or good manners, with the judgment of both parties: this, I confess, is too great a hardship for so bashful and unexperienced a writer.

But, alas! I lie under another discouragement of much more weight. I was very unfortunate in the choice of my party, when I set up to be a writer. Where is the merit, or what opportunity to discover our wit, our courage, or our learning, in drawing our pens for the defence of a cause which the queen and both houses of parliament, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom, have so unanimously embraced? I am cruelly afraid we politic authors must begin to lessen our expenses, and lie for the future at the mercy of our printers. All hopes are now gone of writing ourselves into places or pensions. A certain starveling author, who worked under the late administration, told me with a heavy heart about a month ago that he, and some others of his brethren, had secretly offered their service, dog-cheap, to the present ministry, but were all refused; and are now maintained by contribution like Jacobites or fanatics. I have been of late employed, out of perfect commiseration, in doing them good offices: for, whereas some were of opinion that these hungry zealots should not be suffered any longer, in their malapert way, to snarl at the present course of public proceedings; and whereas others proposed that they should be limited to a certain number, and permitted to write for their masters in the same manner as counsel are assigned for other criminals, that is, to say all they can in defence of their client, but not reflect upon the court; I humbly gave my advice, that they should be suffered to write on as they used to do, which I did purely out of regard to their persons, for I hoped it would keep them out of harm's way, and prevent them from falling into evil courses; which, though of little consequence to the public, would certainly be fatal to themselves. If I have room at the bottom of this paper, I will transcribe a petition to the present ministry, sent me by one of these authors, in behalf of himself and fourscore others of his brethren.

For my own part, notwithstanding the little encouragement to be hoped for at this time from the men in power, I shall continue my paper, till either the world or myself grow weary of it: the latter is easily determined; and, for the former, I shall not leave it to the partiality of either party, but to the infallible judgment of my printer. One principal end I designed by it was to undeceive those well-meaning people who have been drawn unawares into a wrong sense of things, either by the common prejudices of education and company, the great personal qualities of some party leaders, or the foul misrepresentations that were constantly made of all who durst differ from them in the smallest article. I have known such men struck with the thoughts of some late changes, which as they pretend to think, were made, without any reason visible to the world. In answer to this, it is not sufficient to allege, what nobody doubts, that a good and wise prince may be allowed to change his ministers, without giving a reason to his subjects; because it is probable, that he will not make such a change without very important reasons; and a good subject ought to suppose, that, in such a case, there are such reasons, although he be not apprised of them; otherwise he must inwardly tax his prince of capriciousness, inconstancy, or ill design. Such reasons, indeed, may not be obvious to persons prejudiced, or at a great distance, or short thinkers; and, therefore, if there be no secrets of state nor any ill consequences to be apprehended from their publication, it is no uncommendable work in any private hand, to lay them open for the satisfaction of all men. And if what I have already said, or shall hereafter say, of this kind, be thought to reflect upon persons, although none have been named, I know not how it can possibly be avoided. The queen in her speech mentions, with great concern, that "the navy and other offices are burdened with heavy debts; and desires that the like may be prevented for the time to come." And if it be now possible to prevent the continuance of an evil that has been so long growing upon us, and is arrived to such a height, surely those corruptions and mismanagements must have been great which first introduced them, before our taxes were eaten up by annuities.

If I were able to rip up and discover, in all their colours, only about eight or nine thousand of the most scandalous abuses that have been committed in all parts of public management for twenty years past, by a certain set of men and their instruments, I should reckon it some service to my country and posterity. But, to say the truth, I should be glad the authors' names were conveyed to future times, along with their actions. For although the present age may understand well enough the little hints we give, the parallels we draw, and the characters we describe, yet all this will be lost to the next. However, if these papers, reduced into a more durable form, should happen to live till our grandchildren be men, I hope they may have curiosity enough to consult annals, and compare dates, in order to find out what names were then intrusted with the conduct of affairs, in the consequences whereof themselves will so deeply share; like a heavy debt in a private family, which often lies an incumbrance upon an estate for three generations.

But, leaving the care of informing posterity to better pens, I shall, with due regard to truth, discretion, and the safety of my person from the men of the new-fangled moderation, continue to take all proper opportunities of letting the misled part of the people see how grossly they have been abused, and in what particulars. I shall also endeavour to convince them that the present course we are in is the most probable means, with the blessing of God, to extricate ourselves out of all our difficulties.

Among those who are pleased to write or talk against this paper, I have observed a strange manner of reasoning, which I should be glad to hear them explain themselves upon. They make no ceremony of exclaiming upon all occasions against a change of ministry, in so critical and dangerous a conjuncture. What shall we, who heartily approve and join in those proceedings, say in defence of them? We own the juncture of affairs to be as they describe: we are pushed for an answer; and are forced at last freely to confess that the corruptions and abuses in every branch of the administration were so numerous and intolerable, that all things must have ended in ruin without some speedy reformation. This I have already asserted in a former paper; and the replies I have read or heard have been in plain terms to affirm the direct contrary: and not only to defend and celebrate the late persons and proceedings, but to threaten me with law and vengeance for casting reflections on so many great and honourable men, whose birth, virtue, and abilities, whose morals and religion, whose love of their country, and its constitution in church and state, were so universally allowed; and all this set off with odious comparisons, reflecting on the present choice; is not this, in plain and direct terms, to tell all the world that the queen has, in a most dangerous crisis, turned out a whole set of the best ministers that ever served a prince, without any manner of reason but her royal pleasure, and brought in others, of a character directly contrary? And how so vile an opinion as this can consist with the least pretence to loyalty or good manners, let the world determine.

I confess myself so little a refiner in politics as not to be able to discover what other motive, besides obedience to the queen, a sense of public danger, and a true love of their country, joined with invincible courage, could spirit up those great men, who have now, under her majesty's authority, undertaken the direction of affairs. What can they expect but the utmost efforts of malice, from a set of enraged domestic adversaries, perpetually watching over their conduct, crossing all their designs, and using every art to foment divisions among them, in order to join with the weakest, upon any rupture? The difficulties they must encounter are nine times more and greater than ever; and the prospects of the interest, after the reapings and gleanings of so many years, nine times less. Every misfortune at home or abroad, although the necessary consequence of former counsels, will be imputed to them; and all the good success given to the merit of former schemes. A sharper has held your cards all the evening, played booty, and lost your money; and when things are almost desperate you employ an honest gentleman to retrieve your losses.

I would ask, whether the queen's speech does not contain her intentions, in every particular relating to the public, that a good subject, a Briton, and a Protestant, can possibly have at heart?—"To carry on the war in all its parts, particularly in Spain, with the utmost vigour, in order to procure a safe and honourable peace for us and our allies; to find some ways of paying the debts of the navy; to support and encourage the church of England; to preserve the British constitution according to the Union; to maintain the indulgence by law allowed to scrupulous consciences; and to employ none but such as are for the protestant succession in the house of Hanover." It is known enough, that speeches on these occasions are ever digested by the advice of those who are in the chief confidence; and, consequently, that these are the sentiments of her majesty's ministers, as well as her own; and we see the two houses have unanimously agreed with her in every article. When the least counterpaces [counterpoises] are made to any of these resolutions, it will then be time enough for our male-contents to bawl out popery, persecution, arbitrary power, and the pretender. In the mean while, it is a little hard to think that this island can hold but six men, of honesty and ability enough to serve their prince and country: or that our safety should depend upon their credit any more than it would upon the breath in their nostrils. Why should not a revolution in the ministry be sometimes necessary, as well as a revolution in the crown? It is to be presumed the former is at least as lawful in itself, and perhaps the experiment not quite so dangerous. The revolution of the sun about the earth was formerly thought a necessary expedient to solve appearances, although it left many difficulties unanswered; until philosophers contrived a better, which is that of the earth's revolution about the sun. This is found, upon experience, to save much time and labour, to correct many irregular motions, and is better suited to the respect due from a planet to a fixed star.

No. 20.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

Sunt quibus in satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: sine nervis altera quicquid
Composui pars esse putat ——

There are to whom too poignant I appear,
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinewed, others say,
A man may spin a thousand such a-day.

When the printer came last week for his copy, he brought along with him a bundle of those papers, which, in the phrase of Whig coffeehouses, have swinged off the Examiner, most of which I had never seen or heard of before. I remember some time ago, in one of the Tatlers, to have read a letter wherein several reasons are assigned for the present corruption and degeneracy of our taste; but I think the writer has omitted the principal one, which I take to be the prejudice of parties. Neither can I excuse either side of this infirmity: I have heard the arrantest drivellers, *pro* and *con*, commended for their shrewdness, even by men of tolerable judgment; and the best performances exploded as nonsense and stupidity. This, indeed, may partly be imputed to policy and prudence; but it is chiefly owing to that blindness which prejudice and passion cast over the understanding. I mention this because I think it properly within my province in quality of Examiner. And having granted more than is usual for an enemy to do, I must now take leave to say, that so weak a cause, and so ruined a faction, were never provided with pens more resembling their condition or less suited to their occasions.

> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
> Tempus eget ——

This is the more to be wondered at, when we consider they have the full liberty of the press; that they have no other way left to recover themselves; and that they want not men of excellent parts to set their arguments in the best light they will bear. Now, if two men would argue on both sides with fairness, good sense, and good manners, it would be no ill entertainment to the town, and perhaps be the most effectual means to reconcile us. But I am apt to think, that men of great genius are hardly brought to prostitute their pens in a very odious cause; which, besides, is more properly undertaken by noise and impudence, by gross railing and scurrility, by calumny and lying, and by little trifling cavils and carpings in the wrong place, which those whifflers use for arguments and answers.

I was well enough pleased with the story of one of these answerers, who, in a paper last week, found many faults with a late calculation of mine. Being, it seems, more deeply learned than his fellows, he was resolved to begin his answer with a Latin verse, as well as other folks. His business was to look out for something against the Examiner, that would pretend to tax accounts; and, turning over Virgil, he had the luck to find these words,

> —— fugiant examina taxos;

so down they went, and out they would have come, if one of his unlucky prompters had not hindered it.

I here declare, once for all, that if these people will not be quiet, I shall take the bread out of their mouths, and answer the Examiner myself, which I protest I have never yet done, although I have been often charged with it; neither have those answers been written or published with my privity, as malicious people are pleased to give out; nor do I believe the common Whiggish report, that the authors are hired by the ministry, to give my paper a value.

But the friends of this paper have given me more uneasiness with their impatience than its enemies by their answers. I heard myself censured last week, by some of the former, for promising to discover the corruptions of the late administration, but never performing anything. The latter, on the other side, are thundering out their anathemas against me, for discovering so many. I am at a loss how to decide between these contraries, and shall therefore proceed after my own way, as I have hitherto done; my design being of more importance than that of writing only to gratify the spleen of one side, or provoke that of the other, although it may occasionally have both effects.

I shall therefore go on to relate some facts, that, in my humble opinion, were no hindrance to the change of the ministry.

The first I shall mention was that of introducing certain new phrases into the court style, which had been very seldom, or never, made use of in former times. They usually ran in the following terms: " Madam, I cannot serve you while such a one is in employment. I desire, humbly, to resign my commission, if Mr —— continues secretary of state. I cannot answer that the city will lend money, unless my l—d —— be president of the council. I must beg leave to surrender, except —— has his staff. I must not accept the seals, unless —— comes into the other office." This has been the language of late years from subjects to their prince. Thus they stood upon terms, and must have their conditions to ruin the nation. Nay, this dutiful manner of capitulating had spread so far, that every understrapper began at length to perk up and assume; he expected a regiment; or his son must be a major; or his brother a collector; else he threatened to vote according to his conscience.

Another of their glorious attempts was the clause intended in the bill for the encouragement of learning, by taking off the obligation upon fellows of colleges, in both universities, to enter upon holy orders: the design of which, as I have heard the undertakers often confess, was to remove the care of educating youths out of the hands of the clergy, who are apt to infuse into their pupils too great a regard for the church and the monarchy. But there was a farther secret in this clause, which may best be discovered by the first projectors, or at least the garblers of it; and these are known to be Collins and Tindall, in conjunction with a most pious lawyer, their disciple.

What shall we say to their prodigious skill in arithmetic, discovered so constantly in their decision of elections; where they were able to make out by the rule of false that three were more than three-and-twenty, and fifteen than fifty? Nay, it was a maxim, which I never heard any of them dispute, that in determining elections they were not to consider where the right lay, but which of the candidates was likelier to be true to the cause. This they used to illustrate by a very apt and decent similitude, of gaming with a sharper;—if you cannot cheat as well as he, you are certainly undone.

Another cast of their politics was, that of endeavouring to impeach an innocent lady [Mrs. afterwards lady Masham], for no reason imaginable but her faithful and diligent service to the queen, and the favour her majesty bore to her upon that account, when others had acted contrary in so shameful a manner. What else was the crime? Had she treated her royal mistress with insolence or neglect? Had she enriched herself by a long practice of bribery, and obtained exorbitant grants? Had she engrossed her majesty's favours, without admitting any access but through her means? Had she heaped employments upon herself, her family, and dependants? Had she an imperious haughty behaviour? Or, after all, was it a perfect blunder, and mistake of one person for another? I have heard of a man, who lay all night on a rough pavement, and in the morning, wondering what it could possibly be that made him rest so ill, happening to see a feather under him, imputed the uneasiness of his lodging to that. I remember likewise the story of a giant in Rabelais, who used to feed upon windmills; but was unfortunately choked with a small lump of fresh butter, before a warm oven.

And here I cannot but observe how very refined some people are in their generosity and gratitude. There is a certain great person [lord Nottingham] (I shall not say of what sex), who for many years past was the constant mark and butt against which our present malecontents used to discharge their resentment; upon whom they bestowed all the terms of scurrility, that malice, envy, and indignation, could invent; whom they publicly accused of every vice that can possess a human heart; pride, covetousness, ingratitude, oppression, treachery, dissimulation, violence, and fury, all in the highest extremes: but of late they have changed their language on a sudden; that person is now the most faithful and just that ever served a prince; that person, originally differing from them in principles as far as east from west, but united in practice, and falling together, they are now reconciled, and find twenty resemblances between each other, which they could never discover before. *Tanti est, ut placeam tibi perire!*

But to return:—how could it be longer suffered in a free nation, that all avenues to preferment should be shut up, except a very few; when one or two stood constant sentry, who docked all favours they handed down, or spread a huge invisible net between the prince and subject, and through which nothing of value could pass? And here I cannot but admire at one consequence from this management, which is of an extraordinary nature. Generally speaking, princes, who have ill ministers, are apt to suffer in their reputation, as well as in the love of the people; but it was not so with the queen. When the sun is overcast by those clouds he exhales from the earth, we still acknowledge his light and influence, and at last find he can dispel and drive them down to the horizon. The wisest prince, by the necessity of affairs, the misrepresentations of designing men, or the innocent mistakes even of a good predecessor, may find himself encompassed by a crew of courtiers, whom time, opportunity, and success, have miserably corrupted; and if he can save himself and his people from ruin, under the worst administration, what may not his subjects hope for, when, with their universal applause, he changes hands, and makes use of the best?

Another great objection with me against the late party was the cruel tyranny they put upon conscience, by a barbarous inquisition, refusing to admit the least toleration or indulgence. They imposed a hundred tests, but could never be prevailed on to dispense with or take off the smallest, or even to admit of occasional conformity, but went on daily (as their apostle Tindall expresses it) narrowing their terms of communion, pronouncing nine parts in ten of the kingdom heretics, and shutting them out of the pale of their church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how came they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion? You shall hear them pretending to bewail the animosities kept up between the church of England and dissenters, where the differences in opinion are so few and inconsiderable; yet these very sons of moderation were pleased to excommunicate every man who disagreed with them in the smallest article of their political creed, or who refused to receive any new article, how difficult soever to digest, which the leaders imposed at pleasure to serve their own interest.

I will quit this subject for the present, when I have told one story: "There was a great king in Scythia, whose dominions were bounded on the north by the poor mountainous territories of a petty lord, who paid homage as the king's vassal. The Scythian prime minister, being largely bribed, indirectly obtained his master's consent to suffer this lord to build forts, and provide himself with arms, under pretence of preventing the inroads of the Tartars. This little depending sovereign, finding he was now in a condition to be troublesome, began to insist upon terms, and threatened upon every occasion to unite with the Tartars; upon which the prime minister, who began to be in pain about his head, proposed a match betwixt his master and the only daughter of this tributary lord, which he had the good luck to bring to pass; and from that time valued himself as author of a most glorious union, which indeed was grown of absolute necessity by his corruption." This passage, cited literally from an old history of Sarmatia, I thought fit to set down, on purpose to perplex little smattering remarkers, and put them upon the hunt for an application.

No. 21

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1710.

——— pugnacem scirent sapiente minorem.
Arms to the gown the victory must yield.

I AM very much at a loss how to proceed upon the subject intended in this paper, which a new incident has led me to engage in. The subject I mean is that of soldiers and the army; but being a matter wholly out of my trade, I shall handle it in as cautious a manner as I am able.

It is certain that the art of war has suffered great changes almost in every age and country of the world; however, there are some maxims relating to it that will be eternal truths, and which every reasonable man must allow.

In the early times of Greece and Rome the armies of those states were composed of their citizens, who took no pay, because the quarrel was their own; and therefore the war was usually decided in one campaign; or if it lasted longer, yet in winter the soldiers returned to their several callings, and were not distinguished from the rest of the people. The Gothic governments in Europe, although they were of military institution, yet observed almost the same method. I shall instance only here in England: those who held lands *in capite* of the king were obliged to attend him in his wars with a certain number of men, who all held lands from them at easy rents on that condition. These fought without pay; and when the service was over, returned again to their farms. It is recorded of William Rufus, that being absent in Normandy, and engaged in a war with his brother, he ordered twenty thousand men to be raised, and sent over hence to supply his army, but having struck up a peace before they were embarked, he gave them leave to disband, upon condition they would pay him ten shillings a man, which amounted to a mighty sum in those days.

Consider a kingdom as a great family, whereof the prince is the father, and it will appear plainly, that mercenary troops are only servants armed, either to awe the children at home, or else to defend from invaders the family who are otherwise employed, and choose to contribute out of their stock for paying their defenders, rather than leave their affairs to be neglected in their absence. The art of making soldiery a trade, and keeping armies in pay, seems in Europe to have had two originals; the first was usurpation, when popular men destroyed the liberties of their country and seized the power into their own hands, which they were forced to maintain by hiring guards to bridle the people. Such were anciently the tyrants in most of the small states of Greece; and such were those in several parts of Italy about three or four centuries ago, as Machiavel informs us. The other original of mercenary armies seems to have risen from larger kingdoms or commonwealths, which had subdued provinces at a distance, and were forced to maintain troops upon them, to prevent insurrections from the natives. Of this sort were Macedon, Carthage, and Rome of old; Venice and Holland at this day, as well as most kingdoms in Europe. So that mercenary forces in a free state, whether monarchy or commonwealth, seem only necessary, either for preserving their conquests (which in such governments it is not prudent to extend too far), or else for maintaining war at a distance.

In this last, which at present is our most important case, there are certain maxims that all wise governments have observed.

The first I shall mention is, that no private man should have a commission to be general for life, let his merit and services be ever so great; or if a prince be unadvisedly brought to offer such a commission in one hand, let him (to save time and blood) deliver up his crown with the other. The Romans, in the height and perfection of their government, usually sent out one of the new consuls to be general against their most formidable enemy, and recalled the old one, who often returned before the next election, and, according as he had merit, was sent to command in some other part, which perhaps was continued to him for a second, and sometimes a third year. But if Paulus Æmilius, or Scipio himself, had presumed to move the senate to continue their commission for life, they would certainly have fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of the people. Cæsar, indeed (between whom and a certain general, some of late, with much discretion, have made a parallel) had his command in Gaul continued to him for five years, and was afterwards made perpetual Dictator, that is to say, general for life, which gave him the power and the will of utterly destroying the Roman liberty. But in his time the Romans were very much degenerated, and great corruptions had crept into their morals and discipline. However, we see there still were some remains of a noble spirit among them; for when Cæsar sent to be chosen consul, notwithstanding his absence, they decreed he should come in person, give up his command, and *petere more majorum.*

It is not impossible, but a general may desire such a commission out of inadvertency, at the instigation of his friends, or perhaps of his enemies, or merely for the benefit and honour of it, without intending any such dreadful consequences; and in that case, a wise prince, or state, may barely refuse it, without showing any marks of their displeasure. But the request, in its own nature, is highly criminal, and ought to be entered so upon record, to terrify others in time to come from venturing to make it.

Another maxim to be observed by a free state engaged in war is, to keep the military power in absolute subjection to the civil, nor ever suffer the former to influence or interfere with the latter. A general and his army are servants hired by the civil power to act, as they are directed thence, and with a commission large or limited as the administration shall think fit; for which they are largely paid in profit and honour. The whole system by which armies are governed is quite alien from the peaceful institutions of states at home; and if the rewards be so inviting as to tempt a senator to take a post in the army, while he is there on his duty, he ought to consider himself in no other capacity. I know not any sort of men so apt as soldiers are to reprimand those who presume to interfere in what relates to their trade. When they hear any of us in a coffeehouse wondering that such a victory was not pursued; complaining that such a town cost more men and money than it was worth to take it; or, that such an opportunity was lost in fighting the enemy; they presently reprove us, and often with justice enough, for meddling with matters out of our sphere; and clearly convince us of our mistakes, by terms of art that none of us understand. Nor do we escape so; for they reflect with the utmost contempt on our ignorance, that we, who sit at home in ease and security, never stirring from our firesides, should pretend from books and general reason to argue upon military affairs; which, after all, if we may judge from the share of intellectuals in some, who are said to excel that way, is not so very profound or difficult a science. But, if there be any weight in what they offer, as perhaps there may be a great deal, surely these gentlemen have a much weaker pretence to concern themselves in matters of the cabinet, which are always either far above, or much beside their capacities. Soldiers may as well pretend to prescribe rules for trade, to determine points in philosophy, to be moderators in an assembly of divines or direct in a court of justice, as to misplace their talent in examining affairs of state, especially in what relates to the choice of ministers, who are never so likely to be ill chosen as when approved by them. It would be endless to show how pernicious all steps of this nature have been in many parts and ages of the world. I shall only produce two at present; one in Rome, the other in England. The first is of Cæsar: when he came to the city with his soldiers to settle the ministry, there was an end of their liberty for ever. The second was, in the great rebellion against king Charles the First: the king and both houses were agreed upon the terms of a peace; but the officers of the army (as Ludlow relates it) set a guard upon the house of commons, took a list of the members, and kept all by force out of the house, except those who were for bringing the king to a trial. Some years after, when they erected a military government, and ruled the island by major-generals, we received most admirable instances of their skill in politics. To say the truth, such formidable sticklers can have but two reasons for desiring to interfere in the administration; the first is, that of Cæsar and Cromwell, of which God forbid I should accuse or suspect anybody, since the second is pernicious enough, and that is, to preserve those in power, who are for perpetuating a war, rather than see others advanced, who, they are sure, will use all proper means to promote a safe and honourable peace.

Thirdly, since it is observed of armies, that, in the present age, they are brought to some degree of humanity, and more regular demeanour to each other and to the world than in former times, it is certainly a good maxim to endeavour to preserve this temper among them; without which they would soon degenerate into savages. To this end, it would be prudent, among other things, to forbid that detestable custom of drinking to the damnation or confusion of any person whatsoever.

Such desperate acts, and the opinions infused along with them into heads already inflamed by youth and wine, are enough to scatter madness and sedition through a whole camp. So seldom upon their knees to pray, and so often to curse! this is not properly atheism, but a sort of anti-religion prescribed by the devil, and which an atheist of common sense would scorn as an absurdity. I have heard it mentioned as a common practice last autumn, somewhere or other, to drink damnation and confusion (and this with circumstances very aggravating and horrid) to the new ministry, and to those who had any hand in turning out the old; that is to say, to those persons whom her majesty has thought fit to employ in her greatest affairs, with something more than a glance against the queen herself. And if it be true that these orgies were attended with certain doubtful words of standing by their general, who, without question, abhorred them, let any man consider the consequence of such dispositions, if they should happen to spread. I could only wish, for the honour of the army, as well as of the queen and ministry, that a remedy had been applied to the disease, in the place and time where it grew. If men of such principles were able to propagate them in a camp, and were sure of a general for life, who had any tincture of ambition, we might soon bid farewell to ministers and parliaments, whether new or old.

I am only sorry such an accident has happened toward the close of a war, when it is chiefly the interest of those gentlemen, who have posts in the army, to behave themselves in such a manner as might encourage the legislature to make some provision for them, when there will be no farther need of their services. They are to consider themselves as persons, by their education, unqualified for many other stations of life. Their fortunes will not suffer them to retain to a party after its fall, nor have they weight or abilities to help toward its resurrection. Their future dependence is wholly upon the prince and parliament, to which they will never make their way by solemn execrations of the ministry; a ministry of the queen's own election, and fully answering the wishes of her people. This unhappy step in some of their brethren may pass for an uncontrollable argument, that politics are not their business or their element. The fortune of war has raised several persons up to swelling titles, and great commands over numbers of men, which they are too apt to transfer along with them into civil life, and appear in all companies, as if they were at the head of their regiments, with a sort of deportment that ought to have been dropt behind in that short passage to Harwich. It puts me in mind of a dialogue in Lucian, where Charon, wafting one of their predecessors over Styx, ordered him to strip off his armour and fine clothes, yet still thought him too heavy: "But," said he, "put off likewise that pride and presumption, those high-swelling words, and that vain glory;" because they were of no use on the other side of the water. Thus, if all that array of military grandeur were confined to the proper scene, it would be much more for the interest of the owners, and less offensive to their fellow-subjects.

No. 22.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

Nam et majorum instituta tueri, sacris ceremoniisque retinendis, sapientis est.

—Ruituraque semper
Stat (mirum !) moles—

A wise man will protect and defend the rights of the church; which, in spite of the malice of its enemies, although tottering, and on the brink of destruction, stands secure, to the admiration of all men.

Whoever is a true lover of our constitution must needs be pleased to see what successful endeavours are daily made to restore it, in every branch, to its ancient form, from the languishing condition it has long lain in, and with such deadly symptoms.

I have already handled some abuses during the late management, and shall, in convenient time, go on with the rest. Hitherto I have confined myself to those of the state; but, with the good leave of some who think it a matter of small moment, I shall now take liberty to say something of the church.

For several years past there has not, I think, in Europe, been any society of men upon so unhappy a foot as the clergy of England, nor more hardly treated by those very persons from whom they deserved much better quarter, and in whose power they chiefly had put it to use them so ill. I would not willingly misrepresent facts; but I think it generally allowed by enemies and friends, that the bold and brave defences made before the Revolution against those many invasions of our rights, proceeded principally from the clergy, who are likewise known to have rejected all advances made them, to close with the measures at that time concerting while the dissenters, to gratify their ambition and revenge, fell into the basest compliances with the court, approved of all proceedings by their numerous and fulsome addresses, and took employments and commissions, by virtue of the dispensing power, against the direct laws of the land. All this is so true, that if ever the pretender comes in, they will, next to those of his own religion, have the fairest claim and pretensions to his favour, from their merit and eminent services to his supposed father; who, without such encouragement, would probably never have been misled to go the lengths he did. It should likewise be remembered, to the everlasting honour of the London divines, that, in those dangerous times, they writ and published the best collection of arguments against popery that ever appeared in the world. At the Revolution, the body of the clergy joined heartily in the common cause, except a few, whose sufferings, perhaps, have atoned for their mistakes, like men who are content to go about for avoiding a gulf or a precipice, but come into the old straight road again as soon as they can. But another temper had now began to prevail; for, as in the reign of king Charles the First, several well-meaning people were ready to join in reforming some abuses, while others, who had deeper designs, were still calling out for a thorough reformation, which ended at last in the ruin of the kingdom; so, after the late king's coming to the throne, there was a restless cry from men of the same principles for a thorough revolution, which, as some were carrying it on, must have ended in the destruction of the monarchy and church.

What a violent humour has run ever since against the clergy, and from what corner spread and fomented, is, I believe, manifest to all men. It looked like a set quarrel against christianity; and if we call to mind several of the leaders, it must, in a great measure, have been actually so. Nothing was more common, in writing and conversation, than to hear that reverend body charged in gross with what was utterly inconsistent, despised for their poverty, hated for their riches; reproached with avarice and taxed with luxury; accused for promoting arbitrary power, and for resisting the prerogative; censured for their pride, and scorned for their meanness of spirit. The representatives of the lower clergy were railed at for disputing the power of the bishops, by the known abhorrers of episcopacy, and abused for doing nothing in the convocations, by those very men who helped to bind up their hands. The vice, the folly, the ignorance of every single man, were laid upon the character; their jurisdiction, censures, and discipline, trampled under foot; yet mighty complaints against their excessive power; the men of wit employed to turn the priesthood itself into ridicule; in short, groaning everywhere under the weight of poverty, oppression, contempt, and obloquy. A fair return for the time and money spent in their education to fit them for the service of the altar and a fair encouragement for worthy men to come into the church! However, it may be some comfort to the persons of that holy function, that their divine Founder, as well as his harbinger, met with the like reception:—"John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, behold a glutton and a wine-bibber," &c.

In this deplorable state of the clergy nothing but the hand of Providence, working by its glorious instrument the queen, could have been able to turn the people's hearts so surprisingly in their favour. This princess, destined for the safety of Europe, and a blessing to her subjects, began her reign with a noble benefaction to the church; and it was hoped the nation would have followed such an example, which nothing could have prevented but the false politics of a set of men who form their maxims upon those of every tottering commonwealth, which is always struggling for life, subsisting by expedients, and often at the mercy of any powerful neighbour. These men take it into their imagination that trade can never flourish unless the country becomes a common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages; a system only proper for small popular states, but altogether unworthy and below the dignity of an imperial crown; which, with us, is best upheld by a monarchy in possession of its just prerogative, a senate of nobles and of commons, and a clergy established in its due rights, with a suitable maintenance by law. But these men come, with the spirit of shopkeepers, to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; or, as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. Such an island as ours can afford enough to support the majesty of a crown, the honour of a nobility, and the dignity of a magistracy; we can encourage arts and sciences, maintain our bishops and clergy, and suffer our gentry to live in a decent hospitable manner; yet still there will remain hands sufficient for trade and manufactures, which do always indeed deserve the best encouragement, but not to a degree of sending every living soul into the warehouse or the workshop.

This pedantry of republican politics has done infinite mischief among us. To this we owe those noble schemes of treating Christianity as a system of speculative opinions which no man should be bound to believe; of making the being and the worship of God a creature of the state; in consequence of these, that the teachers of religion ought to hold their maintenance at pleasure, or live by the alms and charitable collection of the people, and be equally encouraged of all opinions; that they should be prescribed what to teach by those who are to learn from them; and, upon default, have a staff and a pair of shoes, left at their door,[a] with many other projects of equal piety, wisdom and good nature.

But God be thanked, they and their schemes are vanished, and their places shall know them no more. When I think of that inundation of atheism, infidelity, profaneness, and licentiousness, which was likely to overwhelm us, from what mouths and hearts it first proceeded, and how the people joined with the queen's endeavours to divert this flood, I cannot but reflect on that remarkable passage in the Revelation, where "the serpent with seven heads[b] cast out of his mouth water after the woman, like a flood, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood: but the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth." For the queen having changed her ministry suitably to her own wisdom and the wishes of her subjects, and having called a free parliament, and at the same time summoned the convocation by her royal writ, as in all times had been accustomed; and, soon after their meeting, sent a most gracious letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, to be communicated to the bishops and clergy of his province, taking notice of "the loose and profane principles which had been openly scattered and propagated among her subjects; that the consultations of the clergy were particularly requisite to repress and prevent such daring attempts, for which her subjects from all parts of the kingdom have shown their just abhorrence; she hopes the endeavours of the clergy in this respect will not be unsuccessful; and, for her part, is ready to give them all fit encouragement to proceed in the despatch of such business as properly belongs to them, and to grant them powers requisite to carry on so good a work:" in conclusion, "earnestly recommending to them to avoid disputes; and determining to do all that in her lies to compose and extinguish them."

It is to be hoped, that this last part of her majesty's letter will be the first she will please to execute; for it seems, this very letter created the first dispute, the fact whereof is thus related:—The upper house, having formed an address to the queen before they received her majesty's letter, sent both address and letter together to the lower house, with a message, excusing their not mentioning the letter in the address; because this was formed before the other was received. The lower house returned them, with a desire that an address might be formed with a due regard and acknowledgments for the letter. After some difficulties, the same address was sent down again, with a clause inserted, making some short mention of the said letter. This the lower house did not think sufficient, and sent it back again with the same request; whereupon the archbishop, after a short consultation with some of his brethren, immediately adjourned the convocation for a month; and no address at all was sent to the queen.

I understand not ecclesiastical affairs well enough to comment upon this matter; but it seems to me, that all methods of doing service to the church and kingdom, by means of a convocation, may be at any time eluded, if there be no remedy against such an incident. And, if this proceeding be agreeable to the institution, spiritual assemblies must needs be strangely contrived, very different from any lay senate yet known in the world. Surely, from the nature of such a synod, it must be a very unhappy circumstance, when the majority of the bishops draws one way, and that of the lower clergy another. The latter, I think, are not at this time suspected, for any principle bordering upon those professed by enemies to episcopacy; and if they happen to differ from the greater part of the present set of bishops, I doubt it will call some things to mind, that may turn the scale of general favour on the inferior clergy's side; who, with a profound duty to her majesty, are perfectly pleased with the present turn of affairs. Besides, curious people will be apt to inquire into the dates of some promotions; to call to mind what designs were then upon the anvil, and thence make malicious deductions. Perhaps they will observe the manner of voting on the bishops' bench, and compare it with what shall pass in the upper house of convocation. There is however one comfort, that, under the present dispositions of the kingdom, a dislike to the proceedings of any of their lordships, even to the number of a majority, will be purely personal, and not turned to the disadvantage of the order. And for my part, as I am a true lover of the church, I would rather find the inclinations of the people favourable to episcopacy in general, than see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are known enemies to the character. Nor, indeed, has anything given me more offence for several years past, than to observe how some of that bench have been caressed by certain persons, and others of them openly celebrated by the infamous pens of atheists, republicans, and fanatics.

Time and mortality can only remedy these inconveniences in the church, which are not to be cured, like those in the state, by a change of ministry. If we may guess the temper of a convocation from the choice of a prolocutor, as it is usual to do that of a house of commons by the speaker, we may expect great things from that reverend body, who have done themselves much reputation, by pitching upon a gentleman of so much piety, wit, and learning, for that office, and one who is so thoroughly versed in those parts of knowledge which are proper for it. [Atterbury]. I am sorry that the three Latin speeches, delivered upon presenting the prolocutor, were not made public; they might, perhaps, have given us some light into the disposition of each house; and besides one of them is said to be so peculiar in the style and matter, as might have made up in entertainment what it wanted in instruction.

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[a] To give intimation, like the Dutch, that it was time to withdraw themselves from the state.

[b] The chiefs of the opposition, called a Heptarchy.

No. 23.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1711.

> Nullæ sunt occultiores insidiæ, quam eæ, quæ latent in simulatione officii, aut in aliquo necessitudinis nomine.
>
> It is extremely difficult to explore those designs which are conceived under the veil of duty, and lie hid under the pretence of friendship.

THE following answer is written in the true style, and with the usual candour of such pieces; which I have imitated to the best of my skill, and doubt not but the reader will be extremely satisfied with it.

The Examiner cross-examined; or, A full Answer to the last Examiner.

IF I durst be so bold with this author, I would gladly ask him a familiar question:—Pray, sir, who made you an examiner? He talks in one of his insipid papers of eight or nine thousand corruptions, while we were at the head of affairs; yet in all this time he has hardly produced fifty:

> Parturiunt montes, &c.—HOR.

But I shall confine myself at present to his last paper. He tells us, the queen began her reign with a noble benefaction to the church. Here's priestcraft with a witness! This is the constant language of your highfliers, to call those who are hired to teach the religion of the magistrate by the name of the church. But this is not all; for, in the very next line, he says, it was hoped the nation would have followed this example. You see the faction begins already to speak out; this is an open demand for the abbey lands. This furious zealot would have us priestridden again, like our popish ancestors; but it is to be hoped the government will take timely care to suppress such audacious attempts; else we have spent so much blood and treasure to very little purpose, in maintaining religion and the Revolution. But what can we expect from a man who at one blow endeavours to ruin our trade? A country, says he, may flourish (these are his own words) without being the common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages. What! we must immediately banish or murder the Palatines; forbid all foreign merchants not only the Exchange but the kingdom; persecute the dissenters with fire and fagot; and make it high treason to speak any other tongue but English. In another place, he talks of a serpent with seven heads, which is a manifest corruption of the text; for the words, *seven heads*, are not mentioned in that verse. However, we know what serpent he would mean; a serpent with fourteen legs, or indeed no serpent at all, but seven great men, who were the best ministers, the truest protestants, and the most disinterested patriots that ever served a prince. But nothing is so inconsistent as this writer. I know not whether to call him a Whig or a Tory, a protestant or a papist; he finds fault with convocations; says they are assemblies strangely contrived, and yet lays the fault upon us, that we bound their hands: I wish we could have bound their tongues too. But, as fast as their hands were bound, they could make a shift to hold their pens, and have their share in the guilt of ruining the hopefullest party and ministry that ever prescribed to a crown. This captious gentleman is angry to see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are enemies to the character; now I always thought, that the concessions of enemies were more to a man's advantage than the praise of his friends. Time and mortality, he says, can only remedy these inconveniences in the church; that is in other words, when certain bishops are dead, we shall have others of our own stamp. Not so fast; you are not yet so sure of your game. We have already got one comfortable loss in Spain, although by a general of our own; for joy of which our junto had a merry meeting at the house of their great proselyte, on the very day we received the happy news. One or two more such blows would perhaps set us right again, and then we can employ mortality as well as others. He concludes with wishing, that three letters, spoken when the prolocutor was presented, were made public. I suppose he would be content with one, and that is more than we shall humour him to grant. However, I hope he will allow it possible to have grace, without either eloquence or Latin, which is all I shall say to this malicious innuendo.

Having thus, I hope, given a full and satisfactory answer to the Examiner's last paper, I shall now go on to a more important affair, which is to prove, by several undeniable instances, that the late ministry and their abettors were true friends to the church. It is yet, I confess, a secret to the clergy wherein this friendship did consist. For information, therefore, of that reverend body, that they may never forget their benefactors, as well as of all others who may be equally ignorant, I have determined to display our merits to the world upon that weighty article. And I could wish, that what I am to say were to be written in brass, for an eternal memorial; the rather, because for the future the church may endeavour to stand unsupported by those patrons, who expired in doing it their last good office, and will never rise to preserve it any more.

Let us, therefore, produce the pious endeavours of these church defenders, who were its patrons, by their power and authority, as well as ornaments of it, by their exemplary lives.

First, St. Paul tells us, there must be heresies in the church, that the truth may be manifest; and therefore, by due course of reasoning, the more heresies there are, the more manifest will the truth be made. This being maturely considered by these lovers of the church, they endeavoured to propagate as many heresies as they could that the light of truth might shine the clearer.

Secondly, to show their zeal for the church's defence, they took the care of it entirely out of the hands of God Almighty (because that was a foreign jurisdiction), and made it their own creature, depending altogether upon them; and issued out their orders to Tindal, and others, to give public notice of it.

Thirdly, because charity is the most celebrated of all christian virtues, therefore they extended theirs beyond all bounds; and instead of shutting the church against dissenters, were ready to open it to all comers, and break down its walls, rather than that any should want room to enter. The strength of a state we know consists in the number of people, how different soever in their callings; and why should not the strength of a church consist in the same, how different soever in their creeds? For that reason, they charitably attempted to abolish the test which tied up so many hands from getting employments, in order to protect the church.

I know very well that this attempt is objected to as a crime by several malignant Tories; and denied as a slander by many unthinking people among ourselves. The latter are apt, in their defence, to ask such questions as these: Was your test repealed? had we not a majority? might we not have done it, if we pleased? To which the others answer, You did what you could: you prepared the way, but you found a fatal impediment from that quarter whence the sanction of the law must come; and therefore, to save your credit, you condemned a paper to be burnt, which yourselves had brought in. But, alas! the miscarriage of that noble project for the safety of the church had another original; the knowledge whereof depends upon a piece of secret history, which I shall now lay open.

These church-protectors had directed a presbyterian preacher to draw up a bill for repealing the test. It was accordingly done with great art; and in the preamble, several expressions of civility to the established church; and when it came to the qualifications of all those who were to enter on any office, the compiler had taken special care to make them large enough for all christians whatsoever, by transcribing the very words (only formed into an oath) which quakers are obliged to profess by a former act of parliament, as I shall here set them down: "I, A. B., profess faith in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his eternal Son, the true God; and in the Holy Spirit, one God, blessed for evermore; and do acknowledge the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by divine inspiration." This bill was carried to the chief leaders, for their approbation, with these terrible words turned into an oath: what should they do? Those few among them, who fancied they believed in God, were sure they did not believe in Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or one syllable of the Bible; and they were as sure that everybody knew their opinion in those matters, which, indeed, they had been always too sincere to disguise; how, therefore, could they take such an oath as that, without ruining their reputation with Tindal, Toland, Coward, Collins, Clendon, and all the tribe of free-thinkers, and so give a scandal to weak unbelievers? Upon this nice point of honour and conscience, the matter was hushed, the project for repealing the test let fall, and the sacrament left as the smaller evil of the two.

Fourthly, These pillars of the church, because the harvest was great, and the labourers few, and because they would ease the bishops from the grievous trouble of laying on hands, were willing to allow that power to all men whatsoever, to prevent that terrible consequence of unchurching those, who thought a hand from under a cloak as effectual as from lawn sleeves. And, indeed, what could more contribute to the advancement of true religion, than a bill of general naturalization for priesthood?

Fifthly, In order to fix religion in the minds of men, because truth never appears so fair as when confronted with falsehood, they directed books to be published, that denied the being of a God, the divinity of the Second and Third Person, the truth of all revelation, and the immortality of the soul. To this we owe that great sense of religion, that respect and kindness of the clergy, and that true love of virtue, so manifest of late years among the youth of our nation. Nor could anything be more discreet, than to leave the merits of each cause to such wise, impartial judges; who might otherwise fall under the slavery of believing, by education and prejudice.

Sixthly, Because nothing so much distracts the thoughts as too great a variety of subjects, therefore they had kindly prepared a bill to prescribe the clergy what subjects they should preach upon, and in what manner, that they might be at no loss; and this, no doubt, was a proper work for such hands, so thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of all Christian duties.

Seventhly, To save trouble and expense to the clergy, they contrived that convocations should meet as seldom as possible; and when they were suffered to assemble, would never allow them to meddle with any business; because, they said, the office of a clergyman was enough to take up the whole man. For the same reason, they were very desirous to excuse the bishops from sitting in parliament, that they might be at more leisure to stay at home, and look after the inferior clergy.

I shall mention at present but one more instance of their pious zeal for the church. They had somewhere heard the maxim, that *Sanguis martyrum est semen ecclesiæ;* therefore, in order to sow this seed, they began with impeaching a clergyman: and that it might be a true martyrdom in every circumstance, they proceeded as much as possible against common law; which the long-robe part of the managers knew was in a hundred instances directly contrary to all their positions, and were sufficiently warned of it beforehand; but their love of the church prevailed. Neither was this impeachment an affair taken up on a sudden; for a certain great person, (whose character has been lately published by some stupid and lying writer,) who very much distinguished himself by his zeal in forwarding this impeachment, had several years ago endeavoured to persuade the late king to give way to just such another attempt. He told his majesty, there was a certain clergyman, who preached very dangerous sermons, and that the only way to put a stop to such insolence was to impeach him in parliament. The king inquired the character of the man: "O, sir," said my lord, "the most violent, hot, positive fellow in England; so extremely wilful, that, I believe, he would be heartily glad to be a martyr." The king answered, "Is it so? then I am resolved to disappoint him;" and would never hear more of the matter, by which that hopeful project unhappily miscarried.

I have hitherto confined myself to those endeavours for the good of the church, which were common to all the leaders and principal men of our party; but, if my paper were not drawing toward an end, I could produce several instances of particular persons, who, by their exemplary lives and actions, have confirmed the character so justly due to the whole body. I shall at present mention only two, and illustrate the merits of each by a matter of fact.

That worthy patriot and true lover of the church, whom a late Examiner is supposed to reflect on under the name of Verres, felt a pious impulse to be a benefactor to the cathedral of Gloucester; but how to do it in the most decent, generous manner, was the question. At last he thought of an expedient: one morning, or night, he stole into the church, mounted upon the altar, and there did that, which, in cleanly phrase, is called disburdening of nature. He[a] was discovered, prosecuted, and condemned to pay a thousand pounds; which sum was all employed to support the church, as, no doubt, the benefactor meant it.

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[a] Lord Wharton had been guilty of what is here stated.

There is another person, whom the same writer is thought to point at, under the name of Will Bigamy. This gentleman, knowing that marriage fees were a considerable perquisite to the clergy, found out a way of improving them cent. per cent. for the good of the church. His invention was to marry a second wife, while the first was alive, convincing her of the lawfulness by such arguments, as he did not doubt would make others follow the same example. These he had drawn up in writing, with an intention to publish for the general good: and it is hoped he may now have leisure to finish them.

No. 24.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1711.

Bellum ita suscipiatur, ut nihil aliud nisi pax quæsita videatur.

War should be undertaken only with a view to procure a solid and lasting peace.

I AM satisfied, that no reasonable man of either party can justly be offended at anything I said in one of my papers relating to the army. From the maxims I there laid down, perhaps many persons may conclude, that I had a mind the world should think there had been occasion given by some late abuses among men of that calling; and they conclude right: for my intention is, that my hints may be understood, and my quotations and allegories applied; and I am in some pain to think, that in the Orcades on one side, and the western coasts of Ireland on the other, the Examiner may want a key in several parts, which I wish I could furnish them with. As to the French king, I am under no concern at all; I hear he has left off reading my papers, and by what he has found in them, dislikes our proceedings more than ever; and intends either to make great additions to his armies, or propose new terms for a peace. So false is that which is commonly reported, of his mighty satisfaction in our change of ministry. And I think it clear, that his late letter of thanks to the Tories of Great Britain must either have been extorted from him against his judgment, or was a cast of his politics to set the people against the present ministry, wherein it has wonderfully succeeded.

But, though I have never heard, or never regarded any objections made against that paper which mentions the army, yet I intended this as a sort of apology for it. And first I declare (because we live in a mistaking world) that at hinting at some proceedings, wherein a few persons are said to be concerned, I did not intend to charge them upon the body of the army. I have too much detested that barbarous injustice among the writers of a late party to be ever guilty of it myself; I mean, the accusing of societies for the crimes of a few. On the other side, I must take leave to believe that armies are no more exempt from corruptions than other numbers of men. The maxims proposed were occasionally introduced by the report of certain facts, which I am bound to believe are true, because I am sure, considering what has passed, it would be a crime to think otherwise. All posts in the army, all employments at court, and many others, are, or ought to be, given and resumed at the mere pleasure of the prince; yet when I see a great officer broke, a change made in the court or the ministry, and this under the most just and gracious princess that ever reigned, I must naturally conclude, it is done upon prudent considerations, and for some great demerit in the sufferers. But then, is not the punishment sufficient? Is it generous or charitable to trample on the unfortunate, and expose their faults to the world in the strongest colours? And would it not suit better with magnanimity, as well as common good nature, to leave them at quiet to their own thoughts and repentance? Yes, without question; provided it could be so contrived, that their very names, as well as actions, might be forgotten for ever: such an act of oblivion would be for the honour of the nation, and beget a better opinion of us with posterity; and then I might have spared the world and myself the trouble of examining. But at present there is a cruel dilemma in the case; the friends and abettors of the late ministry are every day publishing their praises to the world, and casting reflections upon the present persons in power. This is so barefaced an aspersion upon the queen, that I know not how any good subject can with patience endure it, although he were ever so indifferent with regard to the opinions in dispute. Shall they, who have lost all power and love of the people, be allowed to scatter their poison? and shall not those, who are at least of the strongest side, be suffered to bring an antidote? And how can we undeceive the deluded remainder, but by letting them see that these discarded statesmen were justly laid aside; and producing as many instances to prove it as we can, not from any personal hatred to them, but in justification to the best of queens. The many scurrilities I have heard and read against this poor paper of mine are in such a strain, that, considering the present state of affairs, they look like a jest. They usually run after the following manner: "What! Shall this insolent writer presume to censure the late ministry, the ablest, the most faithful, and truest lovers of their country and its constitution, that ever served a prince? Shall he reflect on the best house of commons that ever sat within those walls? Has not the queen changed both, for a ministry and parliament of Jacobites and high-fliers, who are selling us to France, and bringing over the pretender?" This is the very sum and force of all their reasonings, and this is their method of complaining against the Examiner. In them, it is humble and loyal to reflect upon the queen, and the ministry and parliament she has chosen with the universal applause of her people; in us, it is insolent to defend her majesty and her choice, or to answer their objections, by showing the reasons why those changes were necessary.

The same style has been used in the late case concerning some gentlemen in the army. Such a clamour was raised by a set of men, who had the boldness to tax the administration with cruelty and injustice, that I thought it necessary to interfere a little, by showing the ill consequences that might arise from some proceedings, although without application to particular persons. And what do they offer in answer? Nothing but a few poor commonplaces against calumny and informers, which might have been full as just and seasonable in a plot against the sacred person of the queen.

But by the way, why are these idle people so indiscreet to name those two words, which afford occasion of laying open to the world such an infamous scene of subornation and perjury, as well as calumny and informing, as I believe is without example; when a whole cabal attempted an action, wherein a condemned criminal [Greg] refused to join with them for the reward of his life? Not that I disapprove their sagacity who could foretell so long before by what hand they should one day fall, and therefore thought any means justifiable by which they might prevent it.

But, waving this at present, it must be owned in justice to the army, that those violences did not proceed so far among them as some have believed; nor ought the madness of a few to be laid at their doors. For the rest, I am so far from denying the due praises to those brave troops who did their part in procuring so many victories for the allies, that I could wish every officer and private soldier had their full share of honour, in proportion to their deserts; being thus far of the Athenians' mind, who when it was proposed that the statue of Miltiades should be set up alone in some public place of the city, said, they would agree to it, whenever he conquered alone, but not before. Neither do I at all blame the officers of the army for preferring in their hearts the late ministry before the present, or, if wishing alone could be of any use for wishing their continuance, because then they might be secure of the war's continuance too; whereas, since affairs have been put into other hands, they may perhaps lie under some apprehensions of a peace, which no army, especially in the course of success, was ever inclined to, and which all wise states have in such a juncture chiefly endeavoured. This is a point, wherein the civil and military politics have always disagreed, and for that reason I affirmed it necessary, in all free governments, that the latter should be absolutely in subjection to the former, otherwise one of these two inconveniences must arise, either to be perpetually in war, or to turn the civil institution into a military.

I am ready to allow all that has been said of the valour and experience of our troops, who have fully contributed their part to the great successes abroad; nor is it their fault that those important victories had no better consequences at home, though it may be their advantage. War is their trade and business; to improve and cultivate the advantages of success is an affair of the cabinet; and the neglect of this, whether proceeding from weakness or corruption, according to the usual uncertainty of wars, may be of the most fatal consequence to a nation. For, pray let me represent our condition in such a light, as I believe both parties will allow, though perhaps not the consequences I shall deduce from it. We have been for above nine years blessed with a queen, who, beside all virtues that can enter into the composition of a private person, possesses every regal quality that can contribute to make a people happy; of great wisdom, yet ready to receive the advice of her counsellors; of much discernment in choosing proper instruments, when she follows her own judgment; and only capable of being deceived by that excess of goodness which makes her judge of others by herself; frugal in her management, in order to contribute to the public, which in proportion she does, and that voluntarily, beyond any of her subjects; but from her own nature generous and charitable to all who want or deserve; and in order to exercise those virtues, denying herself all entertainments of expense which many others enjoy. Then, if we look abroad, at least in Flanders, our arms have been crowned with perpetual success in battles and sieges, not to mention several fortunate actions in Spain. These facts being thus stated, which none can deny, it is natural to ask, how we have improved such advantages, and to what account they have turned? I shall use no discouraging terms. When a patient grows daily worse by the tampering of mountebanks, there is nothing left but to call in the best physicians, before the case grows desperate. But I would ask whether France, or any other kingdom, would have made so little use of such prodigious opportunities? the fruits whereof could never have fallen to the ground without the extremest degree of folly and corruption; and where those have lain, let the world judge. Instead of aiming at peace, while we had the advantage of the war, which has been the perpetual maxim of all wise states, it has been reckoned factious and malignant even to express our wishes for it; and such a condition imposed, as was never offered to any prince who had an inch of ground to dispute; *quæ enim est conditio pacis, in qua ei, cum quo pacem facias, nihil concedi potest?*

It is not obvious to conceive what could move men, who sat at home, and were called to consult upon the good of the kingdom, to be so utterly averse from putting an end to a long, expensive war, which the victorious, as well as conquered side, were heartily weary of. Few, or none of them, were men of the sword; they had no share in the honour; they had made large fortunes, and were at the head of all affairs. But they well knew by what tenure they held their power; that the queen saw through their designs; that they had entirely lost the hearts of the clergy; that the landed men were against them; that they were detested by the body of the people; and that nothing bore them up but their credit with the bank, and other stocks, which would be neither formidable nor necessary when the war was at an end. For these reasons, they resolved to disappoint all overtures of a peace, until they and their party should be so deeply rooted, as to make it impossible to shake them. To this end they began to precipitate matters so fast, as in a little time must have ruined the constitution, if the crown had not interposed, and rather ventured the accidental effects of their malice than such dreadful consequences of their power. And, indeed, if the former danger had been greater than some hoped or feared, I see no difficulty in the choice, which was the same with his, who said he would rather be devoured by wolves than by rats. I therefore still insist, that we cannot wonder at, or find fault with the army for concurring with the ministry, which was for prolonging the war. The inclination is natural in them all; pardonable in those who have not yet made their fortunes; and as lawful in the rest as love of power or love of money can make it. But, as natural, as pardonable, and as lawful as this inclination is, when it is not under check of the civil power, or when a corrupt ministry joins in giving it too great a scope, the consequence can be nothing less than infallible ruin and slavery to the state.

After I had finished this paper the printer sent me two small pamphlets, called "The Management of the War;" written with some plausibility, much artifice, and abundance of misrepresentations, as well as direct falsehoods in point of fact. These I have thought worth examining, which I shall accordingly do, when I find an opportunity.

No. 25.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1711.

Parva momenta in spem metumque impellunt animos.

The merest trifles influence the human mind, and impel it to hope or fear.

HOPES are natural to most men, especially to sanguine complexions, and among the various changes that happen in the course of public affairs, they are seldom without some grounds. Even in desperate cases, where it is impossible they should have any foundation, they are often affected to keep a countenance, and make an enemy think we have some resource which they know nothing of. This appears to have been for several months past the condition of those people, whom I am forced for want of other phrases to call the ruined party. They have taken up since their fall some real, and some pretended hopes. When the earl of Sunderland was discarded, they hoped her majesty would proceed no further in the change of her ministry, and had the insolence to misrepresent her words to foreign states. They hoped nobody durst advise the dissolution of the parliament. When this was done, and further alterations made in court, they hoped, and endeavoured to ruin the credit of the nation. They likewise hoped that we should have some terrible loss abroad, which would force us to unravel all, and begin again upon their bottom. But, of all their hopes, whether real or assumed, there is none more extraordinary than that in which they now would seem to place their whole confidence: that this great turn of affairs was only occasioned by a short madness of the people, from which they will recover in a little time, when their eyes are open, and they grow cool and sober enough to consider the truth of things, and how much they have been deceived. It is not improbable, that some few of the deepest sighted among these reasoners are well enough convinced how vain all such hopes must be; but for the rest, the wisest of them seem to have been very ill judges of the people's dispositions, the want of which knowledge was a principal occasion to hasten their ruin; for surely, had they suspected which way the popular current inclined, they never would have run against it by that impeachment. I therefore conclude, they generally are so blind as to imagine some comfort from this fantastical opinion, that the people of England are at present distracted, but will shortly come to their senses again.

For the service therefore of our adversaries and friends I shall briefly examine this point, by showing what are the causes and symptoms of a people's madness, and how it differs from their natural bent and inclination.

It is Machiavel's observation, that the people when left to their own judgment do seldom mistake their true interests; and indeed they naturally love the constitution they are born under; never desiring to change, but under great oppressions. However, they are to be deceived by several means. It has often happened in Greece, and sometimes in Rome, that those very men who have contributed to shake off a former tyranny, have, instead of restoring the old constitution, deluded the people into a worse and more ignominious slavery. Besides, all great changes have the same effects upon commonwealths that thunder has upon liquors, making the dregs fly up to the top; the lowest plebeians rise to the head of affairs, and these preserve themselves, by representing the nobles, and other friends to the old government, as enemies to the public. The encouraging of new mysteries and new deities, with the pretences of further purity in religion, has likewise been a frequent topic to mislead the people. And, not to mention more, the promoting false reports of dangers from abroad has often served to prevent them from fencing against real dangers at home. By these and the like arts, in conjunction with a great depravity of manners, and a weak or corrupt administration, the madness of the people has risen to such a height as to break in pieces the whole frame of the best instituted governments. But, however, such great frenzies being artificially raised are a perfect force and constraint upon human nature; and, under a wise steady prince, will certainly decline of themselves, settling like the sea after a storm; and then the true bent and genius of the people will appear. Ancient and modern story are full of instances to illustrate what I say.

In our own island we had a great example of a long madness in the people, kept up by a thousand artifices, like intoxicating medicines, until the constitution was destroyed; yet the malignity being spent, and the humour exhausted that served to foment it, before the usurpers could fix upon a new scheme, the people suddenly recovered and peaceably restored the old constitution.

From what I have offered, it will be easy to decide whether this late change in the disposition of the people was a new madness, or a recovery from an old one. Neither do I see how it can be proved that such a change had, in any circumstance, the least symptom of madness, whether my description of it be right or not. It is agreed that the truest way of judging the disposition of the people, in the choice of their representatives, is by computing the county elections; and in these it is manifest, that five in six are entirely for the present measures; although the court was so far from interposing its credit, that there was no change in the admiralty, not above one or two in the lieutenancy, nor any other methods used to influence elections. The free, unextorted addresses, sent some time before from every part of the kingdom, plainly showed what sort of bent the people had taken, and from what motives. The election of members for this great city, carried contrary to all conjecture against the united interest of those two great bodies, the Bank and East India Company, was another convincing argument. Besides, the Whigs themselves have always confessed that the bulk of landed men in England was generally of Tories. So that this change must be allowed to be according to the natural genius and disposition of the people; whether it were just and reasonable in itself or not.

Notwithstanding all which, you shall frequently hear the partisans of the late men in power gravely and decisively pronounce, that the present ministry cannot possibly stand. Now they who affirm this, if they believe themselves, must ground their opinion upon the iniquity of the last being so far established and deeply rooted, that no endeavours of honest men will be able to restore things to their former state; or else these reasoners have been so misled by twenty years' mismanagement that they have forgot our constitution, and talk as if our monarchy and revolution began together. But the body of the people is wiser; and, by the choice they have made, show they do understand our constitution, and would bring it back to the old form; which, if the new ministers take care to maintain, they will and ought to stand; otherwise, they may fall like their predecessors. But I think we may easily foresee what a parliament, freely chosen, without threatening or corruption, is likely to do, when no man should be in any danger to lose his place by the freedom of his voice.

But, who are the advancers of this opinion that the present ministry cannot hold? It must be either such as are afraid to be called to an account in case it should hold, or those who keep offices from which others better qualified were removed, and may reasonably apprehend to be turned out for worthier men to come into their places; since perhaps it will be necessary to make some changes that the public business of the nation may go on: or lastly, stock-jobbers, who industriously spread such reports, that actions [stocks] may fall, and their friends buy to advantage.

Yet these hopes, thus freely expressed, as they are more sincere, so they are more supportable than when they appear under the disguise and pretence of fears. Some of these gentlemen are employed to shake their heads in proper companies; to doubt where all this will end; to be in mighty pain for the nation; to show how impossible it is that the public credit can be supported; to pray that all may do well, in whatever hands; but very much to doubt that the pretender is at the bottom. I know not anything so nearly resembling this behaviour as what I have often seen among the friends of a sick man whose interest it is that he should die. The physicians protest they see no danger, the symptoms are good, the medicines answer expectation; yet still they are not to be comforted; they whisper he is a gone man, it is not possible he should hold out; he has perfect death in his face; they never liked his doctor. At last the patient recovers, and their joy is as false as their grief.

I believe there is no man so sanguine who did not apprehend some ill consequences from the late change, though not in any proportion to the good ones; but it is manifest the former have proved much fewer and lighter than were expected, either at home or abroad, by the fears of our friends or the hopes of our enemies. Those remedies that stir the humours in a diseased body are at first more painful than the malady itself, yet certain death is the consequence of deferring them too long. Actions have fallen, and the loans are said to come in slowly. But, beside that something of this must have been, whether there had been any change or not; beside, that the surprise of every change, for the better as well as the worse, is apt to affect credit for a while; there is a further reason, which is plain and scandalous. When the late party was at the helm, those who were called the Tories never put their resentments in balance with the safety of the nation, but cheerfully contributed to the common cause: now the scene is changed, the fallen party seems to act from very different motives; they have given the word about, they will keep their money and be passive, and in this point stand upon the same foot with papists and nonjurors. What would have become of the public if the present great majority had acted thus during the late administration, before the others were masters of that wealth they have squeezed out of the landed men, and with the strength of which they would now hold the kingdom at defiance?

Thus much I have thought fit to say, without pointing reflections upon any particular person, which I have hitherto but sparingly done, and that only toward those whose characters are too profligate for the managing of them to be of any consequence. Beside, as it is a talent I am not naturally fond of, so, in the subjects I treat, it is generally needless. If I display the effects of avarice and ambition, of bribery and corruption, of gross immorality and irreligion; those who are the least conversant in things will easily know where to apply them. Not that I lay any weight upon the objections of such who charge me with this proceeding: it is notorious enough that the writers of the other side were the first aggressors. Not to mention their scurrilous libels, many years ago, directly levelled at particular persons, how many papers do now come out every week full of rude invectives against the present ministry, with the first and last letters of their names, to prevent mistakes! It is good sometimes to let these people see that we neither want spirit nor materials to retaliate: and therefore in this point alone I shall follow their example whenever I find myself sufficiently provoked; only with one addition, that whatever charges I bring, either general or particular, shall be religiously true, founded either upon avowed facts which none can deny, or such as I can prove from my own knowledge.

Being resolved publicly to confess any mistakes I have been guilty of, I do hereby humbly desire the reader's pardon for one of mighty importance about a fact in one of my papers said to be done in the cathedral of Gloucester. A whole Hydra of errors in two words! For, as I am since informed, it was neither in the cathedral, nor city, nor county of Gloucester, but some other church of that diocese. If I had ever met any other objection of equal weight, although from the meanest hands, I should certainly have answered it.

No. 26.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1711.

Διαλεξάμενοί τινα ἡσυχῆ, τὸ μὲν σῦμπαν ἐπί τε τῆ δυναστεία
καὶ κατα τῶν ἐχθρῶν συνώμοσαν.

Summissa quædam voce collocuti sunt, quorum summa erat de dominatione sibi confirmanda, ac inimicis delendis. conjuratio.

They meet, they whisper together, and their whole design is to establish themselves in their ill-gotten power upon the ruin of their enemies.

Not many days ago I observed a knot of discontented gentlemen cursing the Tories to hell for their uncharitableness in affirming that if the late ministry had continued to this time, we should have had neither church nor monarchy left. They are usually so candid as to call that the opinion of the party which they hear in a coffeehouse, or over a bottle, from some warm young people, whom it is odds but they have provoked to say more than they believed, by some positions as absurd and ridiculous of their own. And so it proved in this very instance; for, asking one of these gentlemen what it was that provoked those he had been disputing with to advance such a paradox, he assured me, in a very calm manner, it was nothing in the world but that himself, and some others of the company, had made it appear that the design of the present parliament and ministry was to bring in popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; which I take to be an opinion fifty times more improbable, as well as more uncharitable, than what is charged upon the Whigs; because I defy our adversaries to produce one single reason for suspecting such designs in the persons now at the helm; whereas I can, upon demand, produce twenty to show that some late men had strong views toward a commonwealth, and the alteration of the church.

It is natural, indeed, when a storm is over, that has only untiled our houses, and blown down some of our chimneys, to consider what further mischiefs might have ensued if it had lasted longer. However, in the present case, I am not of the opinion above mentioned. I believe the church and state might have lasted somewhat longer, although the late enemies to both had done their worst. I can hardly conceive how things would have been so soon ripe for a new revolution. I am convinced that if they had offered to make such large and sudden strides, it must have come to blows; and according to the computation, we have now reason to think a right one, I can partly guess what would have been the issue. Besides, we are sure the queen would have interposed before they came to extremities; and as little as they regarded the regal authority, would have been a check in their career.

But instead of this question, what would have been the consequence if the late ministry had continued? I will propose another, which will be more useful for us to consider; and that is, what may we reasonably expect they will do if ever they come into power again? This we know is the design and endeavour of all those scribblers which daily fly about in their favour; of all the false, insolent, and scandalous libels against the present administration, and of all those engines set at work to sink the actions and blow up the public credit. As for those who show their inclinations by writing, there is one consideration which I wonder does not sometimes affect them; for how can they forbear having a good opinion of the gentleness and innocence of those who permit them to employ their pens as they do? It puts me in mind of an insolent pragmatical orator somewhere in Greece, who, railing with great freedom at the chief men in the state, was answered by one who had been very instrumental in recovering the liberty of the city, that he thanked the gods they had now arrived to the condition he always wished them in, when every man in that city might securely say what he pleased. I wish these gentlemen would, however, compare the liberty they take with what their masters used to give; how many messengers and warrants would have gone out against any who durst have opened their lips, or drawn their pens against the persons and proceedings of their juntoes and cabals? How would their weekly writers have been calling out for prosecution and punishment? We remember when a poor nickname,[a] borrowed from an old play of Ben Jonson, and mentioned in a sermon without any particular application, was made use of as a motive to spur on an impeachment. But after all it must be confessed they had reasons to be thus severe, which their successors have not: their faults would never endure the light; and to have exposed them sooner would have raised the kingdom against the actors before the proper time.

But to come to the subject I have now undertaken, which is, to examine what the consequences would be upon supposition that the Whigs were now restored to their power. I already imagine the present free parliament dissolved, and another of a different epithet met, by the force of money and management. I read immediately a dozen or two of stinging votes against the proceedings of the late ministry. The bill[b] now to be repealed would then be re-enacted, and the birthright of an Englishman reduced again to the value of twelvepence. But, to give the reader a strong imagination of such a scene, let me represent the designs of some men, lately endeavoured and projected, in the form of a paper of votes.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for repealing the sacramental test.

"A petition of Tindal, Collins, Clendon, Coward, and Toland, in behalf of themselves and many hundreds of their disciples, some of whom are members of this honourable house, desiring that leave may be given to bring in a bill for qualifying atheists, deists, and Socinians, to serve their country in any employment, ecclesiastical, civil, or military.

"Ordered, That leave be given to bring in a bill according to the prayer of the said petition; and that Mr. Lechmere[c] do prepare and bring in the same.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for removing the education of youth out of the hands of the clergy.

"Another to forbid the clergy preaching certain duties in religion; especially obedience to princes.

"Another to take away the jurisdiction of bishops.

"Another for constituting a general for life; with instructions to the committee that care may be taken to make the war last as long as the life of the said general.

"A bill of attainder against Charles duke of Shrewsbury,[a] John duke of Buckingham, Laurence earl of Rochester, sir Simon Harcourt, knight, Robert Harley and William Shippen, esqrs., Abigail Masham, spinster, and others, for high treason against the junto.

"Resolved, That Sarah duchess of Marlborough has been a most dutiful, just, and grateful servant to her majesty.

"Resolved, That to advise the dissolution of a Whig parliament or the removal of a Whig ministry, was in order to bring in popery and the pretender; and that the said advice was high treason.

"Resolved, That by the original compact the government of this realm is by a junto, and a king, or queen; but the administration solely in the junto.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for further limiting the prerogative.

"Ordered, That it be a standing order of this house that the merit of elections be not determined by the number of voices, or right of electors, but by weight; and that one Whig shall weigh down ten Tories.

"A motion being made, and the question being put, that when a Whig is detected of manifest bribery, and his competitor, being a Tory, has ten to one a majority, there shall be a new election; it passed in the negative.

"Resolved, That for a king or queen of this realm to read or examine a paper brought them to be signed by a junto minister is arbitrary and illegal, and a violation of the liberties of the people."

These, and the like reformations, would, in all probability, be the first fruits of the Whigs' resurrection; and what structures such able artists might in a short time build upon such foundations, I leave others to conjecture. All hopes of a peace cut off; the nation industriously involved in further debts, to a degree that none would dare undertake the management of affairs but those whose interest lay in ruining the constitution: I do not see how the wisest prince, under such necessities, could be able to extricate himself. Then as to the church: the bishops would by degrees be dismissed, first from the parliament, next from their revenues, and at last from their office; and the clergy, instead of their idle claim of independency on the state, would be forced to depend for their daily bread on every individual. But what system of future government was designed, whether it were already digested, or would have been left for time and incidents to mature, I shall not now examine. Only upon this occasion I cannot help reflecting on a fact which it is probable the reader knows as well as myself. There was a picture drawn some time ago representing five persons, as large as the life, sitting in council together, like a pentarchy; a void space was left for the sixth, which was to have been the queen, to whom they intended that honour; but her majesty having since fallen under their displeasure, they have made a shift to crowd in two better friends in her place, which makes it a complete heptarchy. This piece is now in the country, reserved until better times, and hangs in the hall among the pictures of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, and some other predecessors.

I must now desire leave to say something to a gentleman who has been pleased to publish a discourse against a paper of mine, relating to the con vocation. He promises to set me right without any undue reflections, or indecent language. I suppose he means, in comparison with others who pretend to answer the Examiner. So far he is right; but if he thinks he has behaved himself as becomes a candid antagonist, I believe he is mistaken. He says, in his title-page, my representations are unfair and my reflections unjust: and his conclusion is yet more severe; where he doubts I and my friends are enraged against the Dutch, because they preserved us from popery and arbitrary power at the Revolution; and, since that time, from being overrun by the exorbitant power of France, and becoming a prey to the pretender. Because this author seems in general to write with an honest meaning, I would seriously put to him the question, Whether he thinks I and my friends are for popery, arbitrary power, France, and the pretender? I omit other instances of smaller moment, which, however, do not suit, in my opinion, with due reflection or decent language. The fact relating to the convocation came from a good hand; and I do not find this author differs from me in any material circumstance about it. My reflections were no more than what might be obvious to any other gentleman who had heard of their late proceedings. If the notion be right which this author gives us of a lower house of convocation, it is a very melancholy one; and to me seems utterly inconsistent with that of a body of men, whom he owns to have a negative; and, therefore, since a great majority of the clergy differs from him in several points he advances I shall rather choose to be of their opinion than his. I fancy when the whole synod met in one house, as this writer affirms, they were upon a better foot with their bishops; and, therefore, whether this treatment, so extremely *de haut en bas*, since their exclusion, be suitable to primitive custom or primitive humility toward brethren, is not my business to inquire. One may allow the divine or apostolic right of episcopacy, and its great superiority over presbyters, and yet dispute the methods of exercising the latter, which, being of human institution, are subject to encroachments and usurpations. I know every clergyman in a diocese has a great deal of dependence upon his bishop, and owes him canonical obedience: but I was apt to think, that when the whole representative of the clergy met in a synod, they were considered in another light; at least since they are allowed to have a negative. If I am mistaken, I desire to be excused, as talking out of my trade; only there is one thing wherein I entirely differ from this author: since, in the disputes about privileges, one side must recede; where so very few privileges remain, it is a hundred to one odds, that the encroachments are not on the inferior clergy's side; and no man can blame them for insisting on the small number that is left. There is one fact wherein I must take occasion to set this author right: that the person [earl of Oxford, lord-treasurer] who first moved the queen to remit the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, was an eminent instrument in the late turn of affairs; and, I am told, has lately prevailed to have the same favour granted for the clergy of Ireland.[a]

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[a] In Dr. Sacheverel's sermon Godolphin bears the nick-name of Volpone.

[b] A bill for a general naturalization.

[c] One of the managers against Dr. Sacheverel, who summed up the evidence.

[a] Altered afterwards to James duke of Ormond.

But I must beg leave to inform this author, that my paper is not intended for the management of controversy; which would be of very little import to most readers, and only mispend time that I would gladly employ to better purposes. For where it is a man's business to entertain a whole roomful, it is unmannerly to apply himself to a particular person, and turn his back upon the rest of the company.

No. 27.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1711.

Ea autem est gloria, laus recte factorum, magnorumque in rempublicam meritorum: quæ cum optimi cujusque, tum etiam multitudinis, testimonio comprobatur.

That is real honour and true praise for glorious actions to a meritorious state, when they gain the commendation and esteem of the great, and, at the same time, the love and approbation of the common people.

I AM thinking what a mighty advantage it is to be entertained as a writer to a ruined cause. I remember a fanatic preacher, who was inclined to come into the church and take orders: but, upon mature thoughts, was diverted from that design, when he considered, that the collections of the godly were a much heartier and readier penny than he could get by wrangling for tithes. He certainly had reason; and the two cases are parallel. If you write in defence of a fallen party you are maintained by contribution, as a necessary person: you have little more to do than to carp and cavil at those who hold the pen on the other side; you are sure to be celebrated and caressed by all your party, to a man: you may affirm and deny what you please without truth or probability, since it is but loss of time to contradict you. Besides, commiseration is often on your side; and you have a pretence to be thought honest and disinterested for adhering to friends in distress: after which, if your friends ever happen to turn up again, you have a strong fund of merit toward making your fortune. Then, you never fail to be well furnished with materials, every one bringing in his quota, and falsehood being naturally more plentiful than truth: not to mention the wonderful delight of libelling men in power and hugging yourself in a corner with mighty satisfaction for what you have done.

It is quite otherwise with us, who engage as volunteers in the service of a flourishing ministry, in full credit with the queen, and beloved by the people; because they have no sinister ends or dangerous designs, but pursue with steadiness and resolution the true interest of both. Upon which account they little want or desire our assistance; and we may write till the world is weary of reading, without having our pretences allowed, either to a place or a pension: besides, we are refused the common benefit of the party, to have our works cried up of course; the readers of our own side being as ungentle and hard to please as if we writ against them: and our papers never make their way in the world, but barely in proportion to their merit. The design of their labours who write on the conquered side is likewise of greater importance than ours: they are like cordials for dying men, which must be repeated; whereas ours are, in the Scripture phrase, but meat for babes: at least, all I can pretend is, to undeceive the ignorant and those at a distance; but their task is to keep up the sinking spirits of a whole party.

After such reflections I cannot be angry with those gentlemen for perpetually writing against me; it furnishes them largely with topics, and is, besides, their proper business; neither is it affectation or altogether scorn, that I do not reply. But as things are we both act suitably to our several provinces; mine is, by laying open some corruptions in the late management, to set those that are ignorant right in their opinions of persons and things: it is theirs to cover with fig-leaves all the faults of their friends, as well as they can. When I have produced my facts, and offered my arguments, I have nothing further to advance; it is their office to deny and disprove and then let the world decide. If I were as they, my chief endeavour should certainly be to batter down the Examiner; therefore I cannot but approve their design. Besides, they have another reason for barking incessantly at this paper: they have in their prints openly taxed a most ingenious person as author of it; one who is in great and very deserved reputation with the world, both on account of his poetical works and his talents for public business. They were wise enough to consider what a sanction it would give their performances to fall under the animadversion of such a pen; and therefore used all the forms of provocation commonly practised by little obscure pedants, who are fond of distinguishing themselves by the fame of an adversary. So nice a taste have these judicious critics in pretending to discover an author by his style and manner of thinking! not to mention the justice and candour of exhausting all the stale topics of scurrility in reviling a paper, and then flinging, at a venture, the whole load upon one who is entirely innocent; and whose greatest fault, perhaps, is too much gentleness toward a party from whose leaders he has received quite contrary treatment.

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[a] This was done by the solicitation of Swift.

The concern I have for the ease and reputation of so deserving a gentleman has at length forced me, much against my interest and inclination, to let these angry people know who is not the author of the Examiner. For I observed the opinion began to spread, and I chose rather to sacrifice the honour I received by it than let injudicious people entitle him to a performance that, perhaps, he might have reason to be ashamed of; still faithfully promising never to disturb those worthy advocates, but suffer them in quiet to roar on at the Examiner, if they or their party find any ease in it, as physicians say there is to people in torment, such as men in the gout, or women in labour.

However, I must acknowledge myself indebted to them for one hint, which I shall now pursue, although in a different manner. Since the fall of the late ministry, I have seen many papers filled with their encomiums, I conceive, in imitation of those who write the lives of famous men, where, after their deaths, immediately follow their characters. When I saw the poor virtues thus dealt at random, I thought the disposers had flung their names, like valentines, into a hat, to be drawn as fortune pleased by the junto and their friends. There Crassus drew liberty and gratitude; Fulvia, humility and gentleness; Clodius, piety and justice; Gracchus, loyalty to his prince; Cinna, love of his country and constitution; and so of the rest. Or, to quit this allegory, I have often seen, of late, the whole set of discarded statesmen celebrated by their judicious hirelings for those very qualities which their admirers owned they chiefly wanted. Did these heroes put off and lock up their virtues when they came into employment; and have they now resumed them since their dismissions? If they wore them, I am sure it was under their greatness, and without ever once convincing the world of their visibility or influence.

But why should not the present ministry find a pen to praise them, as well as the last? This is what I shall now undertake; and it may be more impartial in me, from whom they have deserved so little. I have without being called served them half a year in quality of champion; and, by help of the queen, and a majority of nine in ten of the kingdom, have been able to protect them against a routed cabal of hated politicians, with a dozen of scribblers at their head; yet so far have they been from rewarding me suitably to my deserts, that to this day they never so much as sent to the printer to inquire who I was, although I have known a time and ministry where a person of half my merit and consideration would have had fifty promises, and in the mean time a pension settled on him, whereof the first quarter should be honestly paid. Therefore, my resentments shall so far prevail, that in praising those who are now at the head of affairs, I shall, at the same time, take notice of their defects.

Was any man more eminent in his profession than the present lord-keeper,[a] or more distinguished by his eloquence and great abilities in the house of commons? and will not his enemies allow him to be fully equal to the great station he now adorns? But then it must be granted that he is wholly ignorant in the speculative as well as practical part of polygamy; he knows not how to metamorphose a sober man into a lunatic; he is no freethinker in religion, nor has courage to be patron of an atheistical book, while he is guardian of the queen's conscience. Although, after all, to speak my private opinion, I cannot think these such mighty objections to his character as some would pretend.

The person who now presides at the council[b] is descended from a great and honourable father, not from the dregs of the people; he was at the head of the treasury for some years, and rather chose to enrich his prince than himself. In the height of favour and credit, he sacrificed the greatest employment in the kingdom to his conscience and honour; he has been always firm in his loyalty and religion, zealous for supporting the prerogative of the crown and preserving the liberties of the people. But then his best friends must own that he is neither Deist nor Socinian; he has never conversed with Toland to open and enlarge his thoughts, and dispel the prejudices of education; nor was he ever able to arrive at that perfection of gallantry, to ruin and imprison the husband, in order to keep the wife without disturbance.

The present lord-steward[c] has been always distinguished for his wit and knowledge, is of consummate wisdom and experience in affairs, has continued constant to the true interest of the nation, which he espoused from the beginning, and is every way qualified to support the dignity of his office; but in point of oratory must give place to his predecessor.

The duke of Shrewsbury[d] was highly instrumental in bringing about the Revolution, in which service he freely exposed his life and fortune. He has ever been the favourite of the nation, being possessed of all the amiable qualities that can accomplish a great man; but in the agreeableness and fragrancy of his person, and the profoundness of his politics, must be allowed to fall very short of ——.

Mr. Harley[e] had the honour of being chosen speaker successively to three parliaments. He was the first, of late years, who ventured to restore the forgotten custom of treating his prince with duty and respect; easy and disengaged in private conversation, with such a weight of affairs upon his shoulders; of great learning, and as great a favourer and protector of it; intrepid by nature as well as by the consciousness of his own integrity; and a despiser of money, pursuing the true interest of his prince and country against all obstacles; sagacious to view into the remotest consequences of things, by which all difficulties fly before him; a firm friend, and a placable enemy, sacrificing his justest resentments not only to public good, but to common intercession and acknowledgment. Yet, with all these virtues, it must be granted there is some mixture of human infirmity. His greatest admirers must confess his skill at cards and dice to be very low and superficial; in horse-racing he is utterly ignorant; then, to save a few millions to the public, he never regards how many worthy citizens he hinders from making up their plumb. And surely there is one thing never to be forgiven him, that he delights to have his table filled with black coats, whom he uses as if they were gentlemen.

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[a] Sir Simon (afterwards lord) Harcourt.

[b] Laurence Hyde, late earl of Rochester.

[c] John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham and Normanby, in the room of the duke of Devonshire.

[d] Lord-chamberlain, in the room of Henry de Grey, earl, marquis, and duke of Kent.

[e] Chancellor of the exchequer, upon the removal of lord Godolphin.

My lord Dartmouth[a] is a man of letters, full of good sense, good nature, and honour; of strict virtue and regularity in his life; but labours under one great defect, that he treats his clerks with more civility and good manners than others in his station have done the queen.

Omitting some others, I shall close this character of the present ministry with that of Mr. St. John,[b] who, from his youth, applying those admirable talents of nature and improvements of art to public business, grew eminent in court and parliament at an age when the generality of mankind is employed in trifles and folly. It is to be lamented that he has not yet procured himself a busy, important countenance, nor learned that profound part of wisdom, to be difficult of access. Besides, he has clearly mistaken the true use of books, which he has thumbed and spoiled with reading, when he ought to have multiplied them on his shelves: not like a great man of my acquaintance, who knew a book by the back better than a friend by the face, although he had never conversed with the former, and often with the latter.

No. 28.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1711.

Caput est in omni procuratione negotii et muneris publici, ut avaritiæ pellatur etiam minima suspicio.

In every employment in every public office, it is of the utmost importance to keep free from even the least suspicion of avarice.

THERE is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice. Those two which seem to rival it in this point are lust and ambition; but the former is checked by difficulties and diseases, destroys itself by its own pursuits, and usually declines with old age; and the latter, requiring courage, conduct, and fortune in a high degree, and meeting with a thousand dangers and oppositions, succeeds too seldom in an age to fall under common observation. Or, avarice is perhaps the same passion with ambition, only placed in more ignoble and dastardly minds, by which the object is changed from power to money. Or it may be that one man pursues power in order to wealth, and another wealth in order to power, which last is the safer way, although longer about; and suiting with every period, as well as condition of life, is more generally followed.

However it be, the extremes of this passion are certainly more frequent than of any other; and often to a degree so absurd and ridiculous, that if it were not for their frequency, they could hardly obtain belief. The stage, which carries other follies and vices beyond nature and probability, falls very short in the representations of avarice; nor are there any extravagancies of this kind described by ancient or modern comedies, which are not outdone by a hundred instances commonly told among ourselves.

I am ready to conclude hence, that a vice which keeps so firm a hold upon human nature, and governs it with so unlimited a tyranny, since it cannot wholly be eradicated, ought at least to be confined to particular objects; to thrift and penury, to private fraud and extortion, and never suffered to prey upon the public; and should certainly be rejected as the most unqualifying circumstance for any employment where bribery and corruption can possibly enter.

If the mischiefs of this vice in a public station were confined to enriching only those particular persons employed, the evil would be more supportable: but it is usually quite otherwise. When a steward defrauds his lord, he must connive at the rest of the servants while they are following the same practice in their several spheres: so that in some families you may observe a subordination of knaves, in a link downward to the very helper in the stables, all cheating by concert, and with impunity. And even if this were all, perhaps the master could bear it without being undone; but it so happens that, for every shilling the servant gets by iniquity, the master loses twenty; the perquisites of servants being but small compositions for suffering shopkeepers to bring in what bills they please. It is exactly the same thing in a state: an avaricious man in office is in confederacy with the whole clan of his district or dependence; which in modern terms of art is called to live and let live; and yet their gains are the smallest part of the public's loss. Give a guinea to a knavish land-waiter, and he shall connive at the merchant for cheating the queen of a hundred. A brewer gives a bribe to have the privilege of selling drink to the navy: but the fraud is a hundred times greater than the bribe, and the public is at the whole loss.

Moralists make two kinds of avarice; that of Catiline, *alieni appetens, sui profusus;* and the other more generally understood by that name, which is the endless desire of hoarding. But I take the former to be more dangerous in a state, because it mingles with ambition, which I think the latter cannot; for, although the same breast may be capable of admitting both, it is not able to cultivate them; and where the love of heaping wealth prevails, there is not, in my opinion, much to be apprehended from ambition. The disgrace of that sordid vice is sooner apt to spread than any other; and is always attended with the hatred and scorn of the people: so that whenever those two passions happen to meet in the same subject, it is not unlikely that Providence has placed avarice to be a check upon ambition; and I have reason to think some great ministers of state have been of my opinion.

The divine authority of holy writ, the precepts of philosophers, the lashes and ridicule of satirical poets, have been all employed in exploding this insatiable thirst of money; and all equally controlled by the daily practice of mankind. Nothing new remains to be said upon the occasion; and if there did, I must remember my character, that I am an Examiner only, and not a Reformer.

However, in those cases where the frailties of particular men do nearly affect the public welfare, such as a prime minister of state, or a great general of an army, methinks there should be some expedient contrived to let them know impartially what is the world's opinion in the point. Encompassed with a crowd of depending flatterers, they are many degrees blinder to their own faults than the common infirmities of human nature can plead in their excuse. Advice dares not to be offered, or is wholly lost, or returned with hatred: and whatever appears in public against their prevailing vice goes for nothing: being either not applied, or passing only for libel and slander, proceeding from the malice and envy of party.

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[a] He succeeded the earl of Sunderland as secretary of state.

[b] Secretary of state, in the room of Mr. Henry Boyle.

I have sometimes thought that if I had lived at Rome in the time of the first triumvirate, I should have been tempted to write a letter, as from an unknown hand, to those three great men who had then usurped the sovereign power; wherein I would freely and sincerely tell each of them that fault which I conceived was most odious, and of worst consequence to the commonwealth. That to Crassus should have been sent to him after his conquests in Mesopotamia, and in the following terms:

"To Marcus Crassus, health.

"If you apply, as you ought, what I now write, you will be more obliged to me than to all the world, hardly excepting your parents or your country. I intend to tell you, without disguise or prejudice, the opinion which the world has entertained of you; and to let you see I write this without any sort of ill will, you shall first hear the sentiments they have to your advantage. No man disputes the gracefulness of your person; you are allowed to have a good and clear understanding, cultivated by the knowledge of men and manners, although not by literature; you are no ill orator in the senate; you are said to excel in the art of bridling and subduing your anger, and stifling or concealing your resentments; you have been a most successful general, of long experience, great conduct, and much personal courage; you have gained many important victories for the commonwealth, and forced the strongest towns in Mesopotamia to surrender, for which frequent supplications have been decreed by the senate. Yet with all these qualities, and this merit, give me leave to say, you are neither beloved by the patricians nor plebeians at home, nor by the officers or private soldiers of your own army abroad. And do you know, Crassus, that this is owing to a fault of which you may cure yourself by one minute's reflection? What shall I say? You are the richest person in the commonwealth; you have no male child; your daughters are all married to wealthy patricians; you are far in the decline of life, and yet you are deeply stained with that odious and ignoble vice of covetousness. It is affirmed that you descend even to the meanest and most scandalous degrees of it; and while you possess so many millions, while you are daily acquiring so many more, you are solicitous how to save a single sesterce; of which a hundred ignominious instances are produced, and in all men's mouths. I will only mention that passage of the buskins, which, after abundance of persuasion, you would hardly suffer to be cut from your legs, when they were so wet and cold, that to have kept them on would have endangered your life.

"Instead of using the common arguments to dissuade you from this weakness, I will endeavour to convince you that you are really guilty of it, and leave the cure to your own good sense. For perhaps you are not yet persuaded that this is your crime; you have probably never yet been reproached for it to your face; and what you are now told comes from one unknown, and it may be from an enemy. You will allow yourself indeed to be prudent in the management of your fortune; you are not a prodigal, like Clodius, or Catiline; but surely that deserves not the name of avarice. I will inform you how to be convinced. Disguise your person, go among the common people in Rome, introduce discourses about yourself, inquire your own character; do the same in your camp; walk about in the evening, hearken at every tent; and if you do not hear every mouth censuring, lamenting, cursing this vice in you, and even you for this vice, conclude yourself innocent. If you be not yet persuaded, send for Atticus, Servius Sulpicius, Cato, or Brutus; they are all your friends: conjure them to tell you ingenuously which is your great fault, and which they would chiefly wish you to correct; if they do not agree in their verdict, in the name of all the gods you are acquitted.

"When your adversaries reflect how far you are gone in this vice, they are tempted to talk as if we owed our successes not to your courage or conduct but to those veteran troops you command, who are able to conquer under any general, with so many brave and experienced officers to lead them. Besides, we know the consequences your avarice has often occasioned. The soldier has been starving for bread, surrounded with plenty, and in an enemy's country; but all under safeguards and contributions, which, if you had sometimes pleased to have exchanged for provisions, might, at the expense of a few talents in a campaign, have so endeared you to the army, that they would have desired you to lead them to the utmost limits of Asia. But you rather choose to confine your conquests within the fruitful country of Mesopotamia, where plenty of money might be raised. How far that fatal greediness of gold may have influenced you in breaking off the treaty with the old Parthian king Orodes, you best can tell; your enemies charge you with it; your friends offer nothing material in your defence; and all agree there is nothing so pernicious which the extremes of avarice may not be able to inspire.

"The moment you quit this vice you will be a truly great man; and still there will imperfections enough remain to convince us you are not a god. Farewell."

Perhaps a letter of this nature, sent to so reasonable a man as Crassus, might have put him upon examining into himself, and correcting that little sordid appetite, so utterly inconsistent with all pretences to heroism. A youth in the heat of blood may plead, with some show of reason, that he is not able to subdue his lusts. An ambitious man may use the same arguments for his love of power; or perhaps other arguments to justify it. But excess of avarice has neither of these pleas to offer; it is not to be justified, and cannot pretend temptation for excuse. Whence can the temptation come? Reason disclaims it altogether, and it cannot be said to lodge in the blood or the animal spirits. So that I conclude no man of true valour and true understanding, upon whom this vice has stolen unawares, when he is convinced he is guilty will suffer it to remain in his breast an hour.

No. 29.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1711.

Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia?

Shall you Cotytto's feasts deride,
Yet safely triumph in your pride?

[In answer to the Letter to the Examiner.]

London, Feb. 15, 1711.

Sir—Although I have wanted leisure to acknowledge the honour of a letter you were pleased to write to me about six months ago, yet I have been very careful in obeying some of your commands, and am going on as fast as I can with the rest. I wish you had thought fit to have conveyed them to me by a more private hand than that of the printing-house; for, although I was pleased with a pattern of style and spirit which I proposed to imitate, yet I was sorry the world should be a witness how far I fell short in both.

I am afraid you did not consider what an abundance of work you have cut out for me; neither am I at all comforted by the promise you are so kind to make, that when I have performed my task, "D—n shall blush in his grave among the dead, Walpole among the living, and even Volpone shall feel some remorse." How the gentleman in his grave may have kept his countenance I cannot inform you, having no acquaintance at all with the sexton; but for the other two, I take leave to assure you there have not yet appeared the least signs of blushing or remorse in either, although some very good opportunities have offered, if they had thought fit to accept them; so that, with your permission, I would rather engage to continue this work until they be in their graves too; which I am sure will happen much sooner than the other.

You desire I would collect some of those indignities offered last year to her majesty. I am ready to oblige you; and have got a pretty tolerable collection by me, which I am in doubt whether to publish by itself in a large volume in folio, or scatter them here and there occasionally in my papers; although, indeed, I am sometimes thinking to stifle them altogether; because such a history will be apt to give foreigners a monstrous opinion of our country. But since it is your absolute opinion that the world should be informed, I will, with the first occasion, pick out a few choice instances, and let them take their chance in the ensuing papers. I have likewise in my cabinet certain quires of paper filled with facts of corruption, mismanagement, cowardice, treachery, avarice, ambition, and the like; with an alphabetical table to save trouble. And perhaps you will not wonder at the care I take to be so well provided, when you consider the vast expense I am at. I feed weekly two or three wit-starved writers, who have no visible support; besides several others who live upon my offals. In short, I am like a nurse who suckles twins at one time, and has besides one or two whelps constantly to draw her breasts.

I must needs confess (and it is with grief I speak it) that I have been the innocent cause of a great circulation of dulness; at the same time, I have often wondered how it has come to pass that these industrious people, after poring so constantly upon the Examiner, a paper writ with plain sense and in a tolerable style, have made so little improvement. I am sure it would have fallen out quite otherwise with me; for, by what I have seen of their performances (and I am credibly informed they are all of a piece), if I had perused them until now I should have been fit for little but to make an advocate in the same cause.

You, sir, perhaps will wonder, as most others do, what end these angry folks propose in writing perpetually against the Examiner: it is not to beget a better opinion of the late ministry, or with any hope to convince the world that I am in the wrong in any one fact I relate; they know all that to be lost labour, and yet their design is important enough: they would fain provoke me, by all sorts of methods within the length of their capacity, to answer their papers; which would render mine wholly useless to the public; for, if it once came to rejoinder and reply, we should be all upon a level; and then their work would be done.

There is one gentleman,[a] indeed, who has written three small pamphlets upon the management of the war, and the treaty of peace. These I had intended to have bestowed a paper in examining; and could easily have made it appear that whatever he says of truth relates not at all to the evils we complain of, or controls one syllable of what I have ever advanced. Nobody that I know of did ever dispute the duke of Marlborough's courage, conduct, or success; they have been always unquestionable, and will continue to be so, in spite of the malice of his enemies, or, which is yet more, the weakness of his advocates. The nation only wishes to see him taken out of ill hands, and put into better. But what is all this to the conduct of the late ministry, the shameful mismanagements in Spain, or the wrong steps in the treaty of peace; the secret of which will not bear the light, and is consequently by this author very poorly defended? These, and many other things, I would have shown; but, upon second thoughts, determined to have it done in a discourse by itself, rather than take up room here, and break into the design of this paper, whence I have resolved to banish controversy as much as possible. But the postscript to his third pamphlet was enough to disgust me from having any dealings at all with such a writer; unless that part was left to some footman he has picked up among the boys who follow the camp, whose character it would suit much better than that of the supposed author: at least, the foul language, the idle, impotent menaces, and the gross perverting of an innocent expression in the fourth Examiner, joined to that respect I shall ever have for the function of a divine, would incline me to believe so. But, when he turns off his footman and disclaims that postscript, I will tear it out and see how far the rest deserves to be considered.

But, sir, I labour under a much greater difficulty, upon which I should be glad to hear your advice. I am worried on one side by the Whigs for being too severe, and by the Tories on the other for being too gentle. I have formerly hinted a complaint of this, but having lately received two peculiar letters, among many others, I thought nothing could better represent my condition, or the opinion which the warm men of both sides have of my conduct, than to send you a transcript of each. The former is exactly in these words:—

"To the Examiner.

"MR. EXAMINER,—By your continual reflecting upon the conduct of the late ministry, and by your encomiums on the present, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day that you are a jesuit, or nonjuror, employed by the friends of the pretender to endeavour to introduce popery, and slavery, and arbitrary power, and to infringe the sacred act for toleration of dissenters. Now, sir, since the most ingenious authors, who write weekly against you, are not able to teach you better manners, I would have you to know that those great and excellent men, as low as you think them at present, do not want friends that will take the first proper occasion to cut your throat, as all such enemies to moderation ought to be served. It is well you have cleared another person from being author of your cursed libels; although, d—n me, perhaps after all that may be a bamboozle too. However, I hope we shall soon ferret you out. Therefore I advise you as a friend to let fall your pen, and retire by times; for our patience is now at an end. It is enough to lose our power and employments without setting the whole nation against us. Consider, three years is the life of a party; d—n me, every dog has his day, and it will be our turn next; therefore take warning, and learn to sleep in a whole skin; or, whenever we are uppermost, by G—d you shall find no mercy."

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[a] Dr. Hare, afterwards bishop of Chichester, chaplain to the duke of Marlborough.

The other letter was in the following terms:

"To the Examiner.

"Sir, I am a country member, and constantly send a dozen of your papers down to my electors. I have read them all, but, I confess, not with the satisfaction I expected. It is plain you know a great deal more than you write; why will you not let us have it all out? We are told that the queen has been a long time treated with insolence by those she has most obliged. Pray, sir, let us have a few good stories upon that head. We have been cheated of several millions; why will you not set a mark on the knaves who are guilty, and show us what ways they took to rob the public at such a rate? inform us how we came to be disappointed of peace about two years ago. In short, turn the whole mystery of iniquity inside out, that everybody may have a view of it. But, above all, explain to us what was the bottom of that same impeachment; I am sure I never liked it; for at that very time a dissenting preacher in our neighbourhood came often to see our parson; it could be for no good, for he would walk about the barns and the stables, and desired to look into the church, as who should say, These will shortly be mine: and we all believed he was then contriving some alterations, against he got into possession. And I shall never forget that a Whig justice offered me then very high for my bishop's lease. I must be so bold to tell you, sir, that you are too favourable; I am sure there was no living in quiet for us, while they were in the saddle. I was turned out of the commission, and called a Jacobite, although it cost me a thousand pounds in joining with the prince of Orange at the Revolution. The discoveries I would have you make are of some facts for which they ought to be hanged; not that I value their heads, but I would see them exposed, which may be done upon the owner's shoulders as well as upon a pole," &c.

These, sir, are the sentiments of a whole party on one side, and of considerable numbers on the other: however, taking the medium between these extremes, I think to go on as I have hitherto done, although I am sensible my paper would be more popular if I did not lean too much on the favourable side. For nothing delights the people more than to see their oppressors humbled, and all their actions painted with proper colours, set out in open view; *exactos tyrannos densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.*

But as for the Whigs, I am in some doubt whether this mighty concern they show for the honour of the late ministry may not be affected; at least whether their masters will thank them for their zeal in such a cause. It is, I think, a known story of a gentleman, who fought another for calling him a son of a whore, that the lady desired her son to make no more quarrels upon that subject, because it was true. For pray, sir, does it not look like a jest, that such a pernicious crew, after draining our wealth, and discovering the most destructive designs against our church and state, instead of thanking fortune that they are got off safe in their persons and plunder, should hire these bullies of the pen to defend their reputations? I remember I thought it the hardest case in the world, when a poor acquaintance of mine, having fallen in among sharpers, where he lost all his money, and then, complaining he was cheated, got a good beating into the bargain, for offering to affront gentlemen. I believe the only reason why these purloiners of the public cause such a clutter to be made about their reputations is, to prevent inquisitions that might tend toward making them refund; like those women they call shoplifters, who, when they are challenged for their thefts, appear to be mighty angry and affronted, for fear of being searched.

I will dismiss you, sir, when I have taken notice of one particular. Perhaps you may have observed in the tolerated factious papers of the week, that the earl of Rochester is frequently reflected on for having been ecclesiastical commissioner and lord-treasurer in the reign of the late king James. The fact is true; and it will not be denied, to his immortal honour, that, because he could not comply with the measures then taking, he resigned both those employments; of which the latter was immediately supplied by a commission composed of two popish lords, and the present earl of Godolphin.

No. 30.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1711.

> Laus summa in fortunæ bonis, non extulisse se in potestate, non fuisse insolentem in pecunia, non se prætulisse aliis propter abundantiam fortunæ.

> In the goods of fortune it is the highest commendation to say that he was not elated in power, insolent in riches, or contemptuous amid the overflowing of fortune.

I am conscious to myself that I write this paper with no other intention but of doing good. I never received injury from the late ministry, nor advantage from the present, further than in common with every good subject. There were among the former one or two who must be allowed to have possessed very valuable qualities; but proceeding by a system of politics which our constitution could not suffer, and discovering a contempt of all religion, especially of that which has been so happily established among us ever since the Reformation, they seem to have been justly suspected of no very good inclinations to either.

It is possible that a man may speculatively prefer the constitution of another country, or a Utopia of his own, before that of the nation where he is born and lives; yet, from considering the dangers of innovation, the corruptions of mankind, and the frequent impossibility of reducing ideas to practice, he may join heartily in preserving the present order of things and be a true friend to the government already settled. So in religion, a man may perhaps have little or none of it at heart; yet if he conceals his opinions, if he endeavours to make no proselytes, advances no impious tenets in writing or discourse; if according to the common atheistical notion he believes religion to be only a contrivance of politicians for keeping the vulgar in awe, and that the present model is better adjusted than any other to so useful an end; although the condition of such a man as to his own future state be very deplorable, yet Providence, which often works good out of evil, can make even such a man an instrument for contributing toward the preservation of the church.

On the other side, I take a state to be truly in danger, both as to its religion and government, when a set of ambitious politicians, bred up in hatred to the constitution and a contempt for all religion, are forced upon exerting these qualities, in order to keep or increase their power, by widening their bottom and taking in (like Mahomet) some principles from every party that is in any way discontented at the present faith and settlement; which was manifestly our case. Upon this occasion I remember to have asked some considerable Whigs whether it did not bring a disreputation upon their body to have the whole herd of presbyterians, independents, atheists, anabaptists, deists, quakers, and socinians, openly and universally listed under their banners? They answered that all this was absolutely necessary in order to make a balance against the Tories; and all little enough: for indeed it was as much as they could possibly do, although assisted with the absolute power of disposing of every employment, while the bulk of the English gentry kept firm to their old principles in church and state.

But notwithstanding what I have hitherto said, I am informed several among the Whigs continue still so refractory, that they will hardly allow the heads of their party to have entertained any designs of ruining the constitution; or that they would have endeavoured it if they had continued in power. I beg their pardon if I have discovered a secret; but who could imagine they ever intended it should be one, after those overt acts with which they thought fit to conclude their farce? But perhaps they now find it convenient to deny vigorously; that the question may remain, why was the old ministry changed, which they urge on without ceasing, as if no occasion in the least had been given, but that all were owing to the insinuations of crafty men practising upon the weakness of an easy prince: I shall therefore offer, among an hundred, one reason for this change, which I think would justify any monarch who ever reigned for the like proceeding.

It is notorious enough how highly princes have been blamed in the histories of all countries, particularly of our own, upon the account of their minions; who have been ever justly odious to the people for their insolence and avarice, and engrossing the favours of their masters. Whoever has been the least conversant in the English story cannot but have heard of Gaveston, the Spencers, and the earl of Oxford; who by the excess and abuse of their power cost the princes they served, or rather governed, their crowns and lives. However, in the case of minions it must at least be acknowledged that the prince is pleased and happy, although his subjects be aggrieved; and he has the plea of friendship to excuse him, which is a disposition of generous minds. Besides, a wise minion, although he be haughty to others, is humble and insinuating to his master, and cultivates his favour by obedience and respect. But our misfortune has been a great deal worse; we have suffered for some years under the oppression, the avarice, and insolence of those for whom the queen had neither esteem nor friendship; who rather seemed to snatch their own dues than receive the favour of their sovereign; and were so far from returning respect, that they forgot common good manners. They imposed on their prince by urging the necessity of affairs of their own creating: they first raised difficulties, and then offered them as arguments to keep themselves in power. They united themselves, against nature and principle, to a party they had always abhorred, and which was now content to come in upon any terms, leaving them and their creatures in full possession of the court: then they urged the formidable strength of that party, and the dangers which must follow by disobliging it. So that it seems almost a miracle how a princess thus besieged on all sides could alone have courage and prudence enough to extricate herself.

And, indeed, there is a point of history relating to this matter which well deserves to be considered. When her majesty came to the crown she took into favour and employment several persons who were esteemed the best friends of the old constitution; among whom none were reckoned further gone in the high church principles (as they are usually called) than two or three who had at that time most credit, and ever since, until within these few months, possessed all power at court. So that the first umbrage given to the Whigs, and the pretences for clamouring against France and the pretender, were derived from them. And I believe nothing appeared then more unlikely than that such different opinions should ever incorporate; that party having, upon former occasions, treated those very persons with enmity enough. But some lords then about court, and in the queen's good graces, not able to endure those growing impositions upon the prince and people, presumed to interpose, and were, consequently, soon removed and disgraced. However, when a most exorbitant grant was proposed, antecedent to any visible merit, it miscarried in parliament for want of being seconded by those who had most credit in the house; and who, having always opposed the like excesses in a former reign, thought it their duty to do so still, to show to the world that the dislike was not against persons, but things. But this was to cross the oligarchy in the tenderest point; a point which outweighed all considerations of duty and gratitude to their prince or regard to the constitution; and therefore, after having in several private meetings concerted measures with their old enemies, and granted as well as received conditions, they began to change their style and their countenance, and to put it as a maxim in the mouths of their emissaries, that England must be saved by Whigs. This unnatural league was afterward cultivated by another incident, I mean the act of security, and the consequences of it, which everybody knows; when (to use the words of my correspondent[a]) the sovereign authority was parcelled out among the faction, and made the purchase of indemnity for an offending minister. Thus the union of the two kingdoms improved that between the ministry and the junto, which was afterward cemented by their mutual danger in that storm they so narrowly escaped about three years ago, but, however, was not quite perfected till prince George's[b] death; and then they went lovingly on together, both satisfied with their several shares, and at full liberty to gratify their predominant inclinations; the first, their avarice and ambition; the other, their models of innovation in church and state.

Therefore, whoever thinks fit to revive that baffled question, why was the late ministry changed? may receive the following answer, that it was become necessary by the insolence and avarice of some about the queen, who, in order to perpetuate their tyranny, had made a monstrous alliance with those who profess principles destructive to our religion and government. If this will not suffice, let him make an abstract of all the abuses I have mentioned in my former papers, and view them together; after which, if he still remain unsatisfied, let him suspend his opinion a few weeks longer. Although, after all, I think the question as trifling as that of the papists, when they ask us, where was our religion before Luther? And, indeed, the ministry was changed for the same reasons that religion was reformed; because a thousand corruptions had crept into the discipline and doctrine of the state by the pride, the avarice, the fraud, and the ambition of those who administered to us in secular affairs.

I heard myself censured the other day in a coffeehouse for seeming to glance in the letter to Crassus against a great man who is still in employment and likely to continue so. What if I had really intended that such an application should be given it? I cannot perceive how I could be justly blamed for so gentle a reproof. If I saw a handsome young fellow going to a ball at court with a great smut upon his face, could he take it ill in me to point out the place, and desire him, with abundance of good words, to pull out his handkerchief and wipe it off, or bring him to a glass, where he might plainly see it with his own eyes? Does any man think I shall suffer my pen to inveigh against vices, only because they are charged upon persons who are no longer in power? Everybody knows that certain vices are more or less pernicious according to the stations of those who possess them. For example, lewdness and intemperance are not of so bad consequences in a town-rake as in a divine; cowardice in a lawyer is more supportable than in an officer of the army. If I should find fault with an admiral because he wanted politeness, or an alderman for not understanding Greek, that indeed would be to go out of the way for occasion of quarrelling. But excessive avarice in a general is, I think, the greatest defect he can be liable to next to the want of courage and conduct, and may be attended with the most ruinous consequences, as it was in Crassus, who to that vice alone owed the destruction of himself and his army. It is the same thing in praising men's excellencies which are more or less valuable, as the person you commend has occasion to employ them. A man may perhaps mean honestly; yet, if he be not able to spell, he shall never have my vote to be a secretary. Another may have wit and learning, in a post where honesty with plain common sense are of much more use. You may praise a soldier for his skill at chess, because it is said to be a military game, and the emblem of drawing up an army; but this to a treasurer would be no more a compliment than if you called him a gamester or a jockey.

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[a] Letter to the Examiner.

[b] Prince George of Denmark favoured the Tories.

P.S. I have received a letter relating to Mr. Greenshields; the person that sent it may know that I will say something to it in the next paper.

No. 31.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1711.

Quæ enim domus tam stabilis, quæ tam firma civitas est, quæ non odiis atque dissidiis funditùs possit everti?

What family so established, what society so firmly united, that it cannot be broken and dissolved by intestine quarrels and divisions?

If we examine what societies of men are in closest union among themselves, we shall find them either to be those who are engaged in some evil design, or who labour under one common misfortune. Thus the troops of banditti in several countries abroad, the knots of highwaymen in our own nation, the several tribes of sharpers, thieves, and pickpockets, with many others, are so firmly knit together, that nothing is more difficult than to break or dissolve their several gangs; so likewise those who are fellow-sufferers under any misfortune, whether it be in reality or opinion, are usually contracted into a very strict union; as we may observe in the papists throughout the kingdom, under those real difficulties which are justly put on them; and in the several schisms of presbyterians and other sects under that grievous persecution of the modern kind called want of power. And the reason why such confederacies are kept so sacred and inviolable is very plain; because in each of those cases I have mentioned the whole body is moved by one spirit in pursuit of one general end, and the interest of individuals is not crossed by each other, or by the whole.

Now both these motives are joined to unite the high-flying Whigs at present: they have been always engaged in an evil design, and of late they are faster riveted by that terrible calamity, the loss of power. So that, whatever designs a mischievous crew of dark confederates may possibly entertain, who will stop at no means to compass them, may be justly apprehended from these.

On the other side, those who wish well to the public, and would gladly contribute to its service, are apt to differ in their opinions about the methods of promoting it; and when their party flourishes are sometimes envious at those in power; ready to overvalue their own merit, and be impatient until it be rewarded by the measure they have prescribed for themselves. There is a further topic of contention, which a ruling party is apt to fall into in relation to retrospections and inquiry into past miscarriages; wherein some are thought too warm and zealous, others too cool and remiss; while, in the mean time, these divisions are industriously fomented by the discarded faction, which, although it be an old practice, has been much improved in the schools of the jesuits, who, when they despaired of perverting this nation to popery by arguments or plots against the state, sent their emissaries to subdivide us into schisms. And this expedient is now, with great propriety, taken up by our men of incensed moderation, because they suppose themselves able to attack the strongest of our subdivisions, and to subdue us one after another. Nothing better resembles this proceeding than that famous combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, where, two of the former being killed, the third, who remained entire and untouched, was able to kill his three wounded adversaries, after he had divided them by a stratagem. I well know with how tender a hand all this should be touched; yet, at the same time, I think it my duty to warn the friends as well as expose the enemies of the public weal, and to begin preaching up union upon the first suspicion that any steps are made to disturb it.

But the two chief subjects of discontent, which, upon most great changes in the management of public affairs, are apt to breed differences among those who are in possession, are what I have just now mentioned; a desire of punishing the corruption of former managers, and rewarding merit among those who have been any way instrumental or consenting to the change. The first of these is a point so nice that I shall purposely wave it; but the latter I take to fall properly within my district. By merit I here understand that value which every man puts upon his own deservings from the public. And I believe there could not be a more difficult employment found out than that of paymaster-general to this sort of merit; or a more noisy crowded place than a court of judicature erected to settle and adjust every man's claim upon that article. I imagine, if this had fallen into the fancy of the ancient poets, they would have dressed it up after their manner into an agreeable fiction, and given us a genealogy and description of merit, perhaps not very different from that which follows.

A poetical Genealogy and Description of Merit.

"That true Merit was the son of Virtue and Honour; but that there was likewise a spurious child, who usurped the name, and whose parents were Vanity and Impudence. That at a distance there was a great resemblance between them, and they were often mistaken for each other. That the bastard issue had a loud shrill voice, which was perpetually employed in cravings and complaints; while the other never spoke louder than a whisper, and was often so bashful that he could not speak at all. That in all great assemblies the false Merit would step before the true, and stand just in his way; was constantly at court, or great men's levees, or whispering in some minister's ear. That the more you fed him the more hungry and importunate he grew. That he often passed for the true son of Virtue and Honour, and the genuine for an impostor. That he was born distorted and a dwarf, but by force of art appeared of handsome shape, and taller than the usual size; and that none but those who were wise and good, as well as vigilant, could discover his littleness or deformity. That the true Merit had been often forced to the indignity of applying to the false for his credit with those in power, and to keep himself from starving. That false Merit filled the antechambers with a crew of his dependants and creatures, such as projectors, schematists, occasional converts to a party, prostitute flatterers, starveling writers, buffoons, shallow politicians, empty orators, and the like; who all owned him for their patron, and he grew discontented if they were not immediately fed."

This metaphorical description of false Merit is, I doubt, calculated for most countries in Christendom: as to our own, I believe it may be said, with a sufficient reserve of charity, that we are fully able to reward every man among us according to his real deservings; and I think I may add, without suspicion of flattery, that never any prince had a ministry with a better judgment to distinguish between false and real merit than that which is now at the helm; or whose inclination, as well as interest, was greater to encourage the latter. And it ought to be observed, that those great and excellent persons we see at the head of affairs are of the queen's own personal, voluntary choice; not forced upon her by any insolent overgrown favourite, or by the pretended necessity of complying with an unruly faction.

Yet these are the persons whom those scandals to the press, in their daily pamphlets and papers, openly revile at so ignominious a rate as I believe was never tolerated before under any government. For surely no lawful power derived from a prince should be so far affronted as to leave those who are in authority exposed to every scurrilous libeller: because in this point I make a mighty difference between those who are in and those who are out of power; not upon any regard to their persons, but the stations they are placed in by the sovereign. And if my distinction be right I think I might appeal to any man whether, if a stranger were to read the invectives which are daily published against the present ministry, and the outrageous fury of the authors against me for censuring the last, he would not conclude the Whigs to be at this time in full possession of power and favour, and the Tories entirely at their mercy. But all this now ceases to be a wonder, since the queen herself is no longer spared; witness the libel published some days ago, under the title of "A Letter to Sir Jacob Banks," where the reflections upon her sacred majesty are much more plain and direct than ever the Examiner thought fit to publish against the most obnoxious persons in a ministry discarded for endeavouring the ruin of their prince and country. Cæsar, indeed, threatened to hang the pirates for presuming to disturb him, while he was their prisoner aboard their ship: but it was Cæsar who did so, and he did it to a crew of public robbers; and it became the greatness of his spirit, for he lived to execute what he had threatened. Had they been in his power and sent such a message, it could be imputed to nothing but the extremes of impudence, folly, or madness.

I had a letter last week relating to Mr. Greenshields, an episcopal clergyman of Scotland; and the writer seems to be a gentleman of that part of Britain. I remember formerly to have read a printed account of Mr. Greenshields' case, who has been prosecuted and silenced, for no other reason beside reading divine service after the manner of the church of England to his own congregation, who desired it; though, as the gentleman who writes to me says, there is no law in Scotland against those meetings; and he adds that the sentence pronounced against Mr. Greenshields will soon be affirmed, if some care be not taken to prevent it. I am altogether uninformed in the particulars of this case, and, besides, to treat it justly would not come within the compass of my paper; therefore I could wish the gentleman would undertake it in a discourse by itself; and I should be glad he would inform the public in one fact, whether episcopal assemblies are freely allowed in Scotland? It is notorious that abundance of their clergy fled from thence some years ago into England and Ireland, as from a persecution; but it was alleged by their enemies that they refused to take the oaths to the government, which, however, none of them scrupled when they came among us. It is somewhat extraordinary to see our Whigs and fanatics keep such a stir about the sacred act of toleration, while their brethren will not allow a connivance in so near a neighbourhood; especially if what the gentleman insists on in his letter be true, that nine parts in ten of the nobility and gentry, and two in three of the commons, are episcopal; of which, one argument he offers is, the present choice of their representatives in both houses, though opposed to the utmost by the preachings, threatenings, and anathemas of the kirk. Such usage to a majority may, as he thinks, be of dangerous consequence; and I entirely agree with him. If these be the principles of the high kirk, God preserve at least the southern parts from their tyranny!

No. 32.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1711.

——— Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.

——— Never fails
To cheer our converse with his pithy tales.

I had last week sent me, by an unknown hand, a passage out of Plato, with some hints how to apply it. That author puts a fable into the mouth of Aristophanes, with an account of the original of love; that mankind was at first created with four arms and legs, and all other parts double to what they are now; till Jupiter, as a punishment for his sins, cleft him in two with a thunderbolt; since which time we are always looking out for our other half; and this is the cause of love. But Jupiter threatened, that if they did not mend their manners he would give them t'other slit, and leave them to hop about in the shape of figures in *basso relievo*. The effect of this last threatening, my correspondent imagines, is now come to pass; and that, as the first splitting was the original of love, by inclining us to search for our other half; so the second was the cause of hatred, by prompting us to fly from our other side, and, dividing the same body into two, gave each slice the name of a party.

I approve the fable and application, with this refinement upon it: for parties do not only split a nation but every individual among them, leaving each but half their strength and wit, and honesty, and good nature; but one eye and ear for their sight and hearing, and equally lopping the rest of the senses. Where parties are pretty equal in a state no man can perceive one bad quality in his own, or good one in his adversaries. Besides, party being a dry, disagreeable subject, it renders conversation insipid or sour, and confines invention. I speak not here of the leaders, but the insignificant crowd of followers in a party, who have been the instruments of mixing it in every condition and circumstance of life. As the zealots among the Jews bound the law about their forehead, and wrists, and hems of their garments, so the women among us have got the distinguishing marks of party in their muffs, their fans, and their furbelows. The Whig ladies put on their patches in a different manner from the Tories. They have made schisms in the playhouse, and each have their particular sides at the opera; and when a man changes his party he must infallibly count upon the loss of his mistress. I asked a gentleman the other day how he liked such a lady; but he would not give me his opinion till I had answered him whether she were a Whig or a Tory. Mr. Prior, since he is known to visit the present ministry, and lay some time under a suspicion of writing the Examiner, is no longer a man of wit; his very poems have contracted a stupidity many years after they were printed.

Having lately ventured upon a metaphorical genealogy of Merit, I thought it would be proper to add another of Party, or rather of Faction (to avoid mistake), not telling the reader whether it be my own or a quotation, till I know how it is approved. But whether I read or dreamt it, the fable is as follows:—

"Liberty, the daughter of Oppression, after having brought forth several fair children, as Riches, Arts, Learning, Trade, and many others, was at last delivered of her youngest daughter, called Faction; whom Juno, doing the office of the midwife, distorted in her birth, out of envy to the mother, whence it derived its peevishness and sickly constitution. However, as it is often the nature of parents to grow most fond of their youngest and disagreeablest children, so it happened with Liberty; who doted on this daughter to such a degree that by her good will she would never suffer the girl to be out of her sight. As Miss Faction grew up she became so termagant and froward, that there was no enduring her any longer in heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone; and her mother, rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth. She landed first in Greece; was expelled by degrees through all the cities by her daughter's ill conduct; fled afterward to Italy, and, being banished thence, took shelter among the Goths, with whom she passed into most parts of Europe; but, being driven out everywhere, she began to lose esteem, and her daughter's faults were imputed to herself; so that, at this time, she has hardly a place in the world to retire to. One would wonder what strange qualities this daughter must possess sufficient to blast the influence of so divine a mother and the rest of her children. She always affected to keep mean and scandalous company; valuing nobody but just as they agreed with her in every capricious opinion she thought fit to take up; and rigorously exacting compliance, though she changed her sentiments ever so often. Her great employment was, to breed discord among friends and relations, and make up monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other. Whoever offered to contradict her, though in the most insignificant trifle, she would be sure to distinguish by some ignominious appellation, and allow them to have neither honour, wit, beauty, learning, honesty, or common sense. She intruded into all companies at the most unseasonable times; mixed at balls, assemblies, and other parties of pleasure; haunted every coffeehouse and bookseller's shop; and by her perpetual talking filled all places with disturbance and confusion: she buzzed about the merchant in the Exchange, the divine in his pulpit, and the shopkeeper behind his counter. Above all, she frequented public assemblies, where she sat in the shape of an obscene, ominous bird, ready to prompt her friends as they spoke."

If I understand this fable of Faction right, it ought to be applied to those who set themselves up against the true interest and constitution of their country, which I wish the undertakers for the late ministry would please to take notice of, or tell us by what figure of speech they pretend to call so great and unforced a majority, with the queen at their head, by the name of the Faction, which is not unlike the phrase of the Nonjurors, who, dignifying one or two deprived bishops, and half a score clergymen of the same stamp, with the title of the Church of England, exclude all the rest as schismatics; or like the presbyterians, laying the same accusation, with equal justice, against the established religion.

And here it may be worth inquiring what are the true characteristics of a faction, or how it is to be distinguished from that great body of the people who are friends to the constitution? The heads of a faction are usually a set of upstarts, or men ruined in their fortunes, whom some great change in a government did at first, out of their obscurity, produce upon the stage. They associate themselves with those who dislike the old establishment, religious and civil. They are full of new schemes in politics and divinity; they have an incurable hatred against the old nobility, and strengthen their party by dependants raised from the lowest of the people. They have several ways of working themselves into power; but they are sure to be called when a corrupt administration wants to be supported against those who are endeavouring at a reformation; and they firmly observe that celebrated maxim of preserving power by the same arts by which it is attained. They act with the spirit of those who believe their time is but short; and their first care is to heap up immense riches at the public expense, in which they have two ends beside that common one of insatiable avarice, which are, to make themselves necessary, and to keep the commonwealth in dependence.—Thus they hope to compass their design, which is, instead of fitting their principles to the constitution, to alter and adjust the constitution to their own pernicious principles.

It is easy determining by this test to which side the name of faction most properly belongs. But, however, I will give them any system of law or regal government, from William the Conqueror to this present time, to try whether they can tally it with their late models; excepting only that of Cromwell, whom, perhaps, they will reckon for a monarch.

If the present ministry, and so great a majority in the parliament and kingdom, be only a faction, it must appear by some actions which answer the idea we usually conceive from that word. Have they abused the prerogatives of the prince, or invaded the rights and liberties of the subject? Have they offered at any dangerous innovations in church or state? Have they broached any doctrines of heresy, rebellion, or tyranny? Have any of them treated their sovereign with insolence, engrossed and sold all her favours, or deceived her by base, gross misrepresentations of her most faithful servants? These are the arts of a faction, and whoever has practised them, they and their followers must take up with the name.

It is usually reckoned a Whig principle to appeal to the people; but that is only when they have been so wise as to poison their understandings beforehand. Will they now stand to this appeal, and be determined by their *vox populi* to which side their title of faction belongs? And that the people are now left to the natural freedom of their understanding and choice I believe their adversaries will hardly deny. They will now refuse this appeal, and it is reasonable they should; and I will further add, that, if our people resembled the old Grecians, there might be danger in such a trial. A pragmatical orator told a great man at Athens, that whenever the people were in their rage they would certainly tear him to pieces: Yes, says the other, and they will do the same to you whenever they are in their wits. But, God be thanked, our populace is more merciful in their nature, and at present under better direction; and the orators among us have attempted to confound both prerogative and law in their sovereign's presence, and before the highest court of judicature, without any hazard to their persons.

No. 33.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1711.

Non est ea medicina, cum sanæ parti corporis scalpellum adhibetur, atque integræ; carnificina est ista, et crudelitas. Hi medentur reipublicæ, qui exsecant pestem aliquam, tanquam strumam civitatis.

To apply the knife to a sound and healthy part of the body is butchery and cruelty, not real surgery. Those are the true physicians and surgeons of a state who cut off the pests of society, like wens from the human body.

I AM diverted from the general subject of my discourses, to reflect upon an event of a very extraordinary and surprising nature. A great minister, in high confidence with the queen, under whose management the weight of affairs at present is in a great measure supposed to lie, sitting in council, in a royal palace, with a dozen of the chief officers of the state, is stabbed at the very board in the execution of his office by the hand of a French papist, then under examination for high treason; the assassin redoubles his blow to make sure work, and, concluding the chancellor[a] was despatched, goes on with the same rage to murder a principal secretary of state;[b] and that whole noble assembly are forced to rise and draw their swords in their own defence, as if a wild beast had been let loose among them.

This fact has some circumstances of aggravation not to be paralleled by any of the like kind we meet with in history. Cæsar's murder, being performed in the senate, comes nearest to the case; but that was an affair concerted by great numbers of the chief senators, who were likewise the actors in it, and not the work of a vile single ruffian. Harry the Third of France was stabbed by an enthusiastic friar, whom he suffered to approach his person while those who attended him stood at some distance. His successor met the same fate in a coach, where neither he nor his nobles, in such a confinement, were able to defend themselves. In our own country we have, I think, but one instance of this sort which has made any noise; I mean that of Felton about fourscore years ago, but he took the opportunity to stab the duke of Buckingham in passing through a dark lobby from one room to another. The blow was neither seen nor heard, and the murderer might have escaped if his own concern and horror, as it is usual in such cases, had not betrayed him. Besides, that act of Felton will admit of some extenuation, from the motives he is said to have had; but this attempt of Guiscard seems to have outdone them all in every heightening circumstance, except the difference of persons between a king and a great minister: for I give no allowance at all to the difference of success (which, however, is yet uncertain and depending), nor think it the least alleviation to the crime, whatever it may be to the punishment.

I am sensible it is ill arguing from particulars to generals, and that we ought not to charge upon a nation the crimes of a few desperate villains it is so unfortunate to produce; yet at the same time it must be avowed that the French have, for these last centuries, been somewhat too liberal of their daggers upon the persons of their greatest men, such as the admiral de Coligny, the dukes of Guise, father and son, and the two kings I last mentioned. I have sometimes wondered how a people whose genius seems wholly turned to singing and dancing and prating, to vanity and impertinence; who lay so much weight upon modes and gestures; whose essentialities are generally so very superficial; who are usually so serious upon trifles, and so trifling upon what is serious, have been capable of committing such solid villanies, more suitable to the gravity of a Spaniard, or the silence and thoughtfulness of an Italian: unless it be, that in a nation naturally so full of themselves, and of so restless imaginations, when any of them happen to be of a morose and gloomy constitution, that huddle of confused thoughts, for want of evaporating, usually terminates in rage or despair. D'Avila observes that Jacques Clement[a] was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friars used to make sport with; but at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering his king.

But in the marquis de Guiscard there seems to have been a complication of ingredients for such an attempt. He had committed several enormities in France, was extremely prodigal and vicious, of a dark melancholy complexion and cloudy countenance, such as in vulgar physiognomy is called an ill look. For the rest, his talents were very mean, having a sort of inferior cunning, but very small abilities; so that a great man of the late ministry, by whom he was invited over, and with much discretion raised at first step from a profligate popish priest to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, was at last forced to drop him for shame.

Had such an accident happened under that ministry, and to so considerable a member of it, they would have immediately charged it upon the whole body of those they are pleased to call the faction. This would have been styled a high-church principle; the clergy would have been accused as promoters and abettors of the fact; committees would have been sent to promise the criminal his life provided they might have liberty to direct and dictate his confession; and a black list would have been printed of all those who had been ever seen in the murderer's company. But the present men in power hate and despise all such detestable arts, which they might now turn upon their adversaries with much more plausibility than ever these did their honourable negotiations with Greg.[b]

And here it may be worth observing how unanimous a concurrence there is between some persons once in great power and a French papist; both agreeing in the great end of taking away Mr. Harley's life, though differing in their methods; the first proceeding by subornation, the other by violence; wherein Guiscard seems to have the advantage, as aiming no further than his life, while the others designed to destroy at once both that and his reputation. The malice of both against this gentleman seems to have risen from the same cause—his discovering designs against the government. It was Mr. Harley who detected the treasonable correspondence of Greg, and secured him betimes, when a certain great man who shall be nameless had, out of the depth of his politics, sent him a caution to make his escape, which would certainly have fixed the appearance of guilt upon Mr. Harley; but when that was prevented, they would have enticed the condemned criminal with promise of a pardon, to write and sign an accusation against the secretary: but, to use Greg's own expression, his death was nothing near so ignominious as would have been such a life that must be saved by prostituting his conscience. The same gentleman now lies stabbed by his other enemy, a popish spy, whose treason he has discovered. God preserve the rest of her majesty's ministers from such protestants, and from such papists!

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[a] Mr. Harley, then chancellor of the exchequer, afterward earl of Oxford.

[b] Mr. Henry St. John, afterward lord Bolingbroke.

[a] The monk who assassinated Henry III. of France.

[b] William Greg, an under clerk to Mr. secretary Harley, was detected in a correspondence with Monsieur Chamillard, one of the French king's ministers, to whom he transmitted the proceedings of both houses of parliament with respect to the augmentation of the British forces and other papers of great importance.

I shall take occasion to hint at some particularities in this surprising fact for the sake of those at a distance, or who may not be thoroughly informed. The murderer confessed in Newgate that his chief design was against Mr. secretary St. John, who happened to change seats with Mr. Harley for more convenience of examining the criminal: and being asked what provoked him to stab the chancellor, he said that, not being able to come at the secretary as he intended, it was some satisfaction to murder the person whom he thought Mr. St. John loved best.

And here, if Mr. Harley has still any enemies left, whom his blood spilt in the public service cannot reconcile, I hope they will at least admire his magnanimity, which is a quality esteemed even in an enemy; and I think there are few greater instances of it to be found in story. After the wound was given he was observed neither to change his countenance nor discover any concern or disorder in his speech. He rose up and walked about the room while he was able with the greatest tranquillity during the height of the confusion. When the surgeon came, he took him aside and desired he would inform him freely whether the wound were mortal, because in that case he said he had some affairs to settle relating to his family. The blade of the penknife, broken by the violence of the blow against the rib, within a quarter of an inch of the handle, was dropped out (I know not whether from the wound or his clothes) as the surgeon was going to dress him: he ordered it to be taken up, and wiping it himself gave it to somebody to keep, saying he thought it now properly belonged to him. He showed no sort of resentment, nor spoke one violent word against Guiscard, but appeared all the while the least concerned of any in the company; a state of mind which in such an exigency nothing but innocence can give, and is truly worthy of a christian philosopher.

If there be really so great a difference in principle between the high-flying Whigs and the friends of France, I cannot but repeat the question, how came they to join in the destruction of the same man? Can his death be possibly for the interest of both? Or have they both the same quarrel against him, that he is perpetually discovering and preventing the treacherous designs of our enemies? However it be, this great minister may now say, with St. Paul, that he has been in perils by his own countrymen, and in perils by strangers.

In the midst of so melancholy a subject, I cannot but congratulate with our own country that such a savage monster as the marquis de Guiscard is none of her production: a wretch perhaps more detestable in his own nature than even this barbarous act has been yet able to represent him to the world. For there are good reasons to believe, from several circumstances, that he had intentions of a deeper die than those he happened to execute: I mean such as every good subject must tremble to think on. He has of late been frequently seen going up the back stairs at court, and walking alone in an outer room adjoining to her majesty's bedchamber. He has often and earnestly pressed for some time to have access to the queen, even since his correspondence with France. And he has now given such a proof of his disposition as leaves it easy to guess what was before in his thoughts, and what he was capable of attempting.

It is humbly to be hoped that the legislature will interpose on so extraordinary an occasion as this, and direct a punishment some way proportionable to so execrable a crime.

> Et quicunque tuum violavit vulnere corpus,
> Morte luat meritâ——––

No. 34.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1711.

De libertate retinenda, qua certe nihil est dulcius, tibi assentior.

I agree with you in respect to your sentiments for preserving our liberty, than which nothing can be more pleasing to a human mind.

THE apologies of the ancient fathers are reckoned to have been the most useful parts of their writings, and to have done greatest service to the christian religion; because they removed those misrepresentations which had done it most injury. The methods these writers took were openly and freely to discover every point of their faith, to detect the falsehood of their accusers, and to charge nothing upon their adversaries but what they were sure to make good. This example has been ill followed of later times: the papists, since the Reformation, using all arts to palliate the absurdities of their tenets, and loading the reformers with a thousand calumnies; the consequence of which has been only a more various, wide, and inveterate separation. It is the same thing in civil schisms: a Whig forms an image of a Tory just after the thing he most abhors, and that image serves to represent the whole body.

I am not sensible of any material difference there is between those who call themselves the old Whigs and a great majority of the present Tories; at least by all I could ever find from examining several persons of each denomination. But it must be confessed that the present body of Whigs, as they now constitute that party, is a very odd mixture of mankind, being forced to enlarge their bottom by taking in every heterodox professor, either in religion or government, whose opinions they were obliged to encourage for fear of lessening their number; while the bulk of the landed men and people were entirely of the old sentiments. However, they still pretended a due regard to the monarchy and the church, even at the time when they were making the largest steps toward the ruin of both; but, not being able to wipe off the many accusations laid to their charge, they endeavoured, by throwing scandal, to make the Tories appear blacker than themselves: and so the people might join with them, as the smaller evil of the two.

But among all the reproaches which the Whigs have flung upon their adversaries, there is none has done them more service than that of passive obedience, as they represent it with the consequences of non-resistance, arbitrary power, indefeasible right, tyranny, popery, and what not. There is no accusation which has passed with more plausibility than this, or any that is supported with less justice. In order, therefore, to undeceive those who have been misled by false representations, I thought it would be no improper undertaking to set this matter in a fair light, which I think has not yet been done. A Whig asks whether you hold passive obedience? you affirm it.: he then immediately cries out, "You are a Jacobite, a friend of France and the pretender!" because he makes you answerable for the definition he has formed of that term, however different it be from what you understand. I will, therefore, give two descriptions of passive obedience; the first, as it is falsely charged by the Whigs; the other, as it is really professed by the Tories; at least by nineteen in twenty of all I ever conversed with.

Passive obedience, as charged by the Whigs.

The doctrine of passive obedience is, to believe that a king, even in a limited monarchy, holding his power only from God, is only answerable to him; that such a king is above all law; that the cruelest tyrant must be submitted to in all things; and if his commands be ever so unlawful, you must neither fly nor resist, nor use any other weapons than prayers and tears. Although he should force your wife and daughter, murder your children before your face, or cut off five hundred heads in a morning for his diversion, you are still to wish him a long, prosperous reign, and to be patient under all his cruelties, with the same resignation as under a plague or a famine; because to resist him would be to resist God, in the person of his vicegerent. If a king of England should go through the streets of London in order to murder every man he met, passive obedience commands them to submit. All laws made to limit him signify nothing, although passed by his own consent, if he thinks fit to break them. God will, indeed, call him to a severe account; but the whole people, united to a man, cannot presume to hold his hands, or offer him the least active disobedience: the people were certainly created for him, and not he for the people. His next heir, although worse than what I have described, although a fool or a madman, has a divine indefeasible right to succeed him, which no law can disannul; nay, although he should kill his father upon the throne, he is immediately king to all intents and purposes; the possession of the crown wiping off all stains. But whosoever sits on the throne without this title, though ever so peaceably, and by consent of former kings and parliaments, is a usurper while there is anywhere in the world another person who has a nearer hereditary right; and the whole kingdom lies under mortal sin till that heir be restored, because he has a divine title which no human law can defeat.

This and a great deal more has, in a thousand papers and pamphlets, been laid to that doctrine of passive obedience which the Whigs are pleased to charge upon us. This is what they are perpetually instilling into the people as the undoubted principle by which the present ministry and a great majority in parliament do at this time proceed. This is what they accuse the clergy of delivering from the pulpits, and of preaching up as a doctrine absolutely necessary to salvation. And whoever affirms in general that passive obedience is due to the supreme power, he is presently loaded by our candid adversaries with such consequences as these. Let us therefore see what this doctrine is when stripped of such misrepresentations, by describing it as really taught and practised by the Tories; and then it will appear what grounds our adversaries have to accuse us upon this article.

Passive obedience, as professed and practised by the Tories.

They think that in every government, whether monarchy or republic, there is placed a supreme, absolute, unlimited power, to which passive obedience is due. That wherever is intrusted the power of making laws, that power is without all bounds, can repeal or enact at pleasure whatever laws it thinks fit, and justly demand universal obedience and non-resistance. That among us, as everybody knows, this power is lodged in the king or queen, together with the lords and commons of the kingdom; and, therefore, all decrees whatsoever made by that power are to be actively or passively obeyed. That the administration, or executive part of this power, is, in England, solely intrusted with the prince; who in administering those laws ought to be no more resisted than the legislative power itself. But they do not conceive the same absolute passive obedience to be due to a limited prince's commands, when they are directly contrary to the laws he has consented to and sworn to maintain. The crown may be sued as well as a private person; and if an arbitrary king of England should send his officers to seize my lands or goods against law, I can lawfully resist them. The ministers by whom he acts are liable to prosecution and impeachment, although his own person be sacred. But, if he interpose royal authority to support their insolence, I see no remedy until it grows a general grievance, or until the body of the people have reason to apprehend it will be so; after which it becomes a case of necessity; and then, I suppose, a free people may assert their own rights, yet without any violation to the person or lawful power of the prince. But, although the Tories allow all this, and did justify it by the share they had in the Revolution, yet they see no reason for entering upon so ungrateful a subject, or raising controversies upon it, as if we were in daily apprehensions of tyranny, under the reign of so excellent a princess, and while we have so many laws of late years made to limit the prerogative; when, according to the judgment of those who know our constitution best, things rather seem to lean to the other extreme, which is equally to be avoided. As to the succession, the Tories think an hereditary right to be the best in its own nature, and most agreeable to our old constitution; yet, at the same time, they allow it to be defeasible by act of parliament; and so is Magna Charta too, if the legislature think fit: which is a truth so manifest, that no man who understands the nature of government can be in doubt concerning it.

These I take to be the sentiments of a great majority among the Tories with respect to passive obedience: and if the Whigs insist, from the writings or common talk of warm and ignorant men, to form a judgment of the whole body, according to the first account I have here given, I will engage to produce as many of their side who are utterly against passive obedience even to the legislature; who will assert the last resort of power to be in the people, against those whom they have chosen and trusted as their representatives, with the prince at the head; and who will put wild improbable cases to show the reasonableness and necessity of resisting the legislative power in such imaginary junctures: than which, however, nothing can be more idle; for I dare undertake in any system of government, either speculative or practic, that was ever yet in the world, from Plato's Republic to Harrington's Oceana, to put such difficulties as cannot be answered.

All the other calumnies raised by the Whigs may be as easily wiped off; and I have the charity to wish they could as fully answer the just accusations we have against them. Dodwell, Hickes, and Lesley, are gravely quoted to prove that the Tories design to bring in the pretender; and if I should quote them to prove that the same thing is intended by the Whigs, it would be full as reasonable; since I am sure they have at least as much to do with Nonjurors as we. But our objections against the Whigs are built upon their constant practice for many years, whereof I have produced a hundred instances, against any single one of which no answer has yet been attempted, although I have been curious enough to look into all the papers I could meet with that are written against the Examiner; such a task as, I hope, no man thinks I would undergo for any other end but that of finding an opportunity to own and rectify my mistakes: as I would be ready to do upon the call of the meanest adversary. Upon which occasion I shall take leave to add a few words.

I flattered myself last Thursday, from the nature of my subject, and the inoffensive manner I handled it, that I should have one week's respite from those merciless pens whose severity will some time break my heart: but I am deceived, and find them more violent than ever. They charge me with two lies and a blunder. The first lie is a truth, that Guiscard was invited over; but it is of no consequence. I do not tax it as a fault; such sort of men have often been serviceable: I only blamed the indiscretion of raising a profligate abbot, at the first step, to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, without staying some reasonable time, as is usual in such cases, until he had given some proofs of his fidelity as well as of that interest and credit he pretended to have in his country. But that is said to be another lie; for he was a papist, and could not have a regiment; however, this other lie is a truth too; for a regiment he had, and paid by us to his agent, Monsieur le Bas, for his use. The third is a blunder; that I say Guiscard's design was against Mr. secretary St. John, and yet my reasonings upon it are as if it were personally against Mr. Harley. But I say no such thing, and my reasonings are just. I relate only what Guiscard said in Newgate, because it was a particularity the reader might be curious to know, and accordingly it lies in a paragraph by itself, after my reflections; but I never meant to be answerable for what Guiscard said, or thought it of weight enough for me to draw conclusions thence, when I had the address of both houses to direct me better: where it is expressly said that Mr. Harley's fidelity to her majesty, and zeal for her service, have drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of popery and faction. This is what I believe, and what I shall stick to.

But, alas! these are not the passages which have raised so much fury against me. One or two mistakes in facts of no importance, or a single blunder, would not have provoked them; they are not so tender of my reputation as a writer. All their outrage is occasioned by those passages in that paper which they do not in the least pretend to answer, and with the utmost reluctancy are forced to mention. They take abundance of pains to clear Guiscard from a design against Mr. Harley's life: but offer not one argument to clear their other friends, who, in the business of Greg, were equally guilty of the same design against the same person; whose tongues were very swords, and whose penknives were axes.

No. 35.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

—— Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
——— See

The palm that virtue yields! in scenes like these
We trace humanity, and man with man
Related by the kindred sense of woe.

I BEGIN to be heartily weary of my employment as Examiner; which I wish the ministry would consider with half so much concern as I do, and assign me some other, with less pains and a larger pension. There may soon be a vacancy either on the bench, in the revenue, or the army, and I am equally qualified for each; but this trade of examining, I apprehend, may at one time or other go near to sour my temper. I did lately propose that some of those ingenious pens which are engaged on the other side might be employed to succeed me; and I undertook to bring them over for t'other crown; but it was answered, that those gentlemen do much better service in the stations where they are. It was added that abundance of abuses yet remained to be laid open to the world, which I had often promised to do, but was too much diverted by other subjects that came into my head. On the other side, the advices of some friends, and the threats of many enemies, have put me upon considering what would have become of me if times should alter; this I have done very maturely, and the result is, that I am in no manner of pain. I grant that what I have said upon occasion, concerning the late men in power, may be called satire by some unthinking people, as long as that faction is down; but if ever they come into play again I must give them warning beforehand that I shall expect to be a favourite, and that those pretended advocates of theirs will be pilloried for libellers. For I appeal to any man whether I ever charged that party, or its leaders, with one single action or design which (if we may judge by their former practices) they will not openly profess, be proud of, and score up for merit when they come again to the head of affairs. I said they were insolent to the queen; will they not value themselves upon that as an argument to prove them bold assertors of the people's liberty? I affirmed they were against a peace; will they be angry with me for setting forth the refinements of their politics, in pursuing the only method left to preserve them in power? I said they had involved the nation in debts, and engrossed much of its money; they go beyond me, and boast they have got it all, and the credit too. I have urged the probability of their intending great alterations in religion and government; if they destroy both at their next coming, will they not reckon my foretelling it rather as a panegyric than an affront? I said they had formerly a design against Mr. Harley's life; if they were now in power would they not immediately cut off his head, and thank me for justifying the sincerity of their intentions? In short, there is nothing I ever said of those worthy patriots which may not be as well excused; therefore, as soon as they resume their places I positively design to put in my claim; and, I think, may do it with a much better grace than many of that party who now make their court to the present ministry. I know two or three great men, at whose levees you may daily observe a score of the most forward faces, which everybody is ashamed of, except those who wear them. But I conceive my pretensions will be upon a very different foot. Let me offer a parallel case:—Suppose king Charles the First had entirely subdued the rebels at Naseby, and reduced the kingdom to his obedience; whoever had gone about to reason from the former conduct of those saints, that if the victory had fallen on their side they would have murdered their prince, destroyed monarchy and the church, and made the king's party compound for their estates as delinquents, would have been called a false uncharitable libeller by those very persons who afterward gloried in all this, and called it the work of the Lord when they happened to succeed. I remember there was a person fined and imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*, because he said the duke of York was a papist; but when that prince came to be king, and made open profession of his religion, he had the justice immediately to release his prisoner, who, in his opinion, had put a compliment upon him, and not a reproach; and therefore colonel Titus,[a] who had warmly asserted the same thing in parliament, was made a privy-counsellor.

By this rule, if that which for some politic reasons is now called scandal upon the late ministry, proves one day to be only an abstract of such a character as they will assume and be proud of, I think I may fairly offer my pretensions, and hope for their favour; and I am the more confirmed in this notion by what I have observed in those papers that come out weekly against the Examiner. The authors are perpetually telling me of my ingratitude to my masters; that I blunder and betray the cause, and write with more bitterness against those who hire me than against the Whigs. Now I took all this at first only for so many strains of wit, and pretty paradoxes, to divert the reader; but, upon further thinking, I find they are serious. I imagined I had complimented the present ministry for their dutiful behaviour to the queen, for their love of the old constitution in church and state, for their generosity and justice, and for their desire of a speedy honourable peace; but it seems I am mistaken, and they reckon all this for satire, because it is directly contrary to the practice of all those whom they set up to defend, and utterly against all their notions of a good ministry. Therefore I cannot but think they have reason on their side; for, suppose I should write the character of an honest, a religious, and a learned man, and send the first to Newgate, the second to the Grecian coffeehouse, and the last to White's, would they not all pass for satires, and justly enough, among the companies to whom they were sent?

Having therefore employed several papers in such sort of panegyric, and but very few on what they understand to be satires, I shall henceforth upon occasion be more liberal of the latter; of which they are likely to have a taste in the remainder of this present paper.

Among all the advantages which the kingdom has received by the late change of ministry, the greatest must be allowed to be the calling of the present parliament upon the dissolution of the last. It is acknowledged that this excellent assembly has entirely recovered the honour of parliaments, which had been unhappily prostituted for some years past by the factious proceedings of an unnatural majority, in concert with a most corrupt administration. It is plain, by the present choice of members, that the electors of England, when left to themselves, do rightly understand their true interest. The moderate Whigs begin to be convinced that we have been all this while in the wrong hands, and that things are now as they should be. And as the present house of commons is the best representative of the nation that has ever been summoned in our memories, so they have taken care in their first session, by that noble bill of qualification, that future parliaments should be composed of landed men; and our properties lie no more at the mercy of those who have none themselves, or at least only what is transient or imaginary. If there be any gratitude in posterity, the memory of this assembly will be always celebrated; if otherwise, at least we, who share in the blessings they derive to us, ought with grateful hearts to acknowledge them.

I design in some following papers to draw up a list (for I can do no more) of the great things this parliament has already performed; the many abuses they have detected; their justice in deciding elections without regard to party; their cheerfulness and address in raising supplies for the war, and at the same time providing for the nation's debts; their duty to the queen, and their kindness to the church.

In the mean time I cannot forbear mentioning two particulars which, in my opinion, do discover in some measure the temper of the present parliament, and bear analogy to those passages related by Plutarch in the lives of certain great men, which, as himself observes, although they be not of actions which make any great noise or figure in history, yet give more light into the characters of persons than we could receive from an account of their most renowned achievements.

Something like this may be observed from two late instances of decency and good nature in that illustrious assembly I am speaking of. The first was when, after that inhuman attempt upon Mr. Harley, they were pleased to vote an address to the queen, wherein they express their utmost detestation of the fact, their high esteem and great concern for that able minister, and justly impute his misfortunes to that zeal for her majesty's service which had drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of popery and faction. I dare affirm that so distinguishing a mark of honour and good will from such a parliament was more acceptable to a person of Mr. Harley's generous nature than the most bountiful grant that was ever yet made to a subject; as her majesty's answer, filled with gracious expressions in his favour, adds more to his real glory than any titles she could bestow. The prince and representatives of the whole kingdom join in their concern for so important a life; these are the true rewards of virtue; and this is the commerce between noble spirits, in a coin which the giver knows where to bestow, and the receiver how to value, although neither avarice nor ambition would be able to comprehend its worth.

The other instance I intend to produce, of decency and good nature in the present house of commons, relates to their most worthy speaker;[a] who, having unfortunately lost his eldest son, the assembly, moved with a generous pity for so sensible an affliction, adjourned themselves for a week, that so good a servant for the public might have some interval to wipe away a father's tears. And, indeed, that gentleman has too just an occasion for his grief, by the death of a son who had already acquired so great a reputation for every amiable quality, and who might have lived to be so great an honour and an ornament to his ancient family.

Before I conclude, I must desire one favour of the reader; that, when he thinks it worth his while to peruse any paper written against the Examiner, he will not form his judgment by any mangled quotation out of it which he finds in such papers, but be so just as to read the paragraph referred to, which I am confident will be found a sufficient answer to all that ever those papers can object; at least I have seen above fifty of them, and never yet observed one single quotation transcribed with common candour.

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[a] Author of the tract against Oliver Cromwell, "Killing no Murder."

[a] William Bromley, esq., elected speaker Nov. 23, 1710; and sworn of the privy council June 23, 1711.

No. 36.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

Nullo suo peccato impediantur, quo minus alterius peccata demonstrare possint.

No fault or crime in themselves hinders them from searching into and pointing out the faults of others.

I HAVE been considering the old constitution of this kingdom; comparing it with the monarchies and republics whereof we meet so many accounts in ancient story, and with those at present in most parts of Europe. I have considered our religion, established here by the legislature soon after the Reformation. I have likewise examined the genius and disposition of the people under that reasonable freedom they possess. Then I have turned my reflections upon those two great divisions of Whig and Tory (which some way or other take in the whole kingdom), with the principles they both profess, as well as those wherewith they reproach one another. From all this I endeavour to determine from which side her present majesty may reasonably hope for most security to her person and government, and to which she ought in prudence to trust the administration of her affairs. If these two rivals were really no more than parties according to the common acceptation of the word, I should agree with those politicians who think a prince descends from his dignity by putting himself at the head of either, and that his wisest course is to keep them in a balance, raising or depressing either as it best suits with his designs. But when the visible interest of his crown and kingdom lies on one side, and when the other is but a faction, raised and strengthened by incidents and intrigues, and by deceiving the people with false representations of things, he ought in prudence to take the first opportunity of opening his subjects' eyes, and declaring himself in favour of those who are for preserving the civil and religious rights of the nation, wherewith his own are so interwoven.

This was certainly our case: for I do not take the heads, advocates, and followers of the Whigs, to make up, strictly speaking, a national party; being patched up of heterogeneous, inconsistent parts, whom nothing served to unite but the common interest of sharing in the spoil and plunder of the people; the present dread of their adversaries, by whom they apprehended to be called to an account; and that general conspiracy of endeavouring to overturn the church and state, which, however, if they could have compassed, they would certainly have fallen out among themselves, and broke in pieces, as their predecessors did after they destroyed the monarchy and religion. For how could a Whig, who is against all discipline, agree with a presbyterian, who carries it higher than the papists themselves? How could a Socinian adjust his models to either? Or how could any of these cement with a deist, or freethinker, when they came to consult upon points of faith? Neither would they have agreed better in their systems of government, where some would have been for a king under the limitations of a duke of Venice; others for a Dutch republic; a third party for an aristocracy; and most of all for some new fabric of their own contriving.

But, however, let us consider them as a party, and under those general tenets wherein they agreed and which they publicly owned, without charging them with any that they pretend to deny. Then, let us examine those principles of the Tories which their adversaries allow them to profess, and do not pretend to tax them with any actions contrary to those professions: after which, let the reader judge which of these two parties a prince has most to fear; and whether her majesty did not consider the ease, the safety, and dignity of her person, the security of her crown, and the transmission of monarchy to her protestant successors, when she put her affairs into the present hands.

Suppose the matter were now entire, the queen to make her choice, and for that end should order the principles on both sides to be fairly laid before her. First, I conceive the Whigs would grant that they have naturally no very great veneration for crowned heads; that they allow the person of the prince may, upon many occasions, be resisted by arms; and they do not condemn the war raised against king Charles the First, or own it to be a rebellion, although they would be thought to blame his murder. They do not think the prerogative to be yet sufficiently limited, and have therefore taken care (as a particular mark of their veneration for the illustrious house of Hanover) to clip it still closer against the next reign; which consequently they would be glad to see done in the present; not to mention that the majority of them, if it were put to the vote, would allow that they prefer a commonwealth before a monarchy. As to religion, their universal undisputed maxim is, that it ought to make no distinction at all among protestants; and in the word protestant they include everybody who is not a papist, and who will by an oath give security to the government. Union in discipline and doctrine, the offensive sin of schism, the notion of a church and a hierarchy, they laugh at, as foppery, cant, and priestcraft. They see no necessity at all that there should be a national faith; and what we usually call by that name they only style "the religion of the magistrate." Since the dissenters and we agree in the main, why should the difference of a few speculative points or modes of dress incapacitate them from serving their prince and country in a juncture when we ought to have all hands up against the common enemy? And why should they be forced to take the sacrament from our clergy's hands, and in our posture; or, indeed, why compelled to receive it at all, when they take an employment which has nothing to do with religion?

These are the notions which most of that party avow, and which they do not endeavour to disguise or set off with false colours, or complain of being misrepresented about. I have here placed them on purpose in the same light which themselves do in the very apologies they make for what we accuse them of; and how inviting even these doctrines are for such a monarch to close with, as our law, both statute and common, understands a king of England to be, let others decide. But then, if to these we should add other opinions, which most of their own writers justify, and which their universal practice has given a sanction to, they are no more than what a prince might reasonably expect as the natural consequence of those avowed principles. For when such persons are at the head of affairs, the low opinion they have of princes will certainly lead them to violate that respect they ought to bear; and at the same time their own want of duty to their sovereign is largely made up by exacting greater submissions to themselves from their fellow-subjects; it being indisputably true that the same principle of pride and ambition makes a man treat his equals with insolence in the same proportion as he affronts his superiors; as both prince and people have sufficiently felt from the late ministry.

Then, from their confessed notions of religion, as above related, I see no reason to wonder why they countenanced not only all sorts of dissenters, but the several gradations of freethinkers among us, all which are openly enrolled in their party; nor why they were so averse from the present established form of worship, which, by prescribing obedience to princes from the topic of conscience, would be sure to thwart all their schemes of innovation.

One thing I might add, as another acknowledged maxim in that party, and in my opinion as dangerous to the constitution as any I have mentioned; I mean that of preferring on all occasions the moneyed interest before the landed; which they were so far from denying, that they would gravely debate the reasonableness and justice of it; and, at the rate they went on, might in a little time have found a majority of representatives fitly qualified to lay those heavy burdens on the rest of the nation which themselves would not touch with one of their fingers.

However, to deal impartially, there are some motives which might compel a prince, under the necessity of affairs, to deliver himself over to that party. They were said to possess the great bulk of cash, and consequently of credit in the nation; and the heads of them had the reputation of presiding over those societies who have the great direction of both; so that all applications for loans to the public service, upon any emergency, must be made through them; and it might prove highly dangerous to disoblige them, because, in that case, it was not to be doubted that they would be obstinate and malicious, ready to obstruct all affairs, not only by shutting their own purses, but by endeavouring to sink credit, although with some present imaginary loss to themselves, only to show it was a creature of their own.

From this summary of Whig principles and dispositions we find what a prince may reasonably fear and hope from that party. Let us now very briefly consider the doctrines of the Tories, which their adversaries will not dispute. As they prefer a well-regulated monarchy before all other forms of government, so they think it next to impossible to alter that institution here without involving our whole island in blood and desolation. They believe that the prerogative of a sovereign ought at least to be held as sacred and inviolable as the rights of his people; if only for this reason, because, without a due share of power, he will not be able to protect them. They think that by many known laws of this realm, both statute and common, neither the person nor lawful authority of the prince ought, upon any pretence whatsoever, to be resisted or disobeyed. Their sentiments in relation to the church are known enough, and will not be controverted, being just the reverse to what I have delivered as the doctrine and practice of the Whigs upon that article.

But here I must likewise deal impartially too, and add one principle as a characteristic of the Tories which has much discouraged some princes from making use of them in affairs. Give the Whigs but power enough to insult their sovereign, engross his favours to themselves, and to oppress and plunder their fellow-subjects; they presently grow into good humour and good language toward the crown; profess they will stand by it with their lives and fortunes; and, whatever rudenesses they may be guilty of in private, yet they assure the world that there never was so gracious a monarch. But to the shame of the Tories it must be confessed that nothing of all this has been ever observed in them; in or out of favour, you see no alteration further than a little cheerfulness or cloud in their countenances; the highest employments can add nothing to their loyalty; but their behaviour to their prince, as well as their expressions of love and duty, are in all conditions exactly the same.

Having thus impartially stated the avowed principle of Whig and Tory, let the reader determine as he pleases to which of these two a wise prince may, with most safety to himself and the public, trust his person and his affairs: and whether it were rashness or prudence in her majesty to make those changes in the ministry which have been so highly extolled by some and condemned by others.

No. 37.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

> Tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
> Una dies dedit exitio ———
>
> Such different forms of various threads combin'd,
> One day destroy'd, in common ruin join'd.

I WRITE this paper for the sake of the dissenters, whom I take to be the most spreading branch of the Whig party that professes christianity, and the only one that seems to be zealous for any particular system of it; the bulk of those we call the Low Church being generally indifferent and undetermined in that point, and the other subdivisions having not yet taken either the Old or the New Testament into their scheme. By the dissenters therefore it will easily be understood that I mean the presbyterians, as they include the sects of anabaptists, independents, and others, which have been melted down into them since the Restoration. This sect, in order to make itself national, having gone so far as to raise a rebellion, murder their king, destroy monarchy and the church, was afterward broken in pieces by its own divisions, which made way for the king's return from his exile. However, the zealous among them did still entertain hopes of recovering the dominion of grace: whereof I have read a remarkable passage in a book published about the year 1661, and written by one of their own side. As one of the regicides was going to his execution, a friend asked him whether he thought the cause would revive? He answered, The cause is in the bosom of Christ; and as sure as Christ rose from the dead, so sure will the cause revive also. And therefore the Nonconformists were strictly watched, and restrained by penal laws, during the reign of king Charles the Second; the court and kingdom looking on them as a faction, ready to join in any design against the government in church or state. And surely this was reasonable enough while so many continued alive who had voted, and fought, and preached against both, and gave no proof that they had changed their principles. The Nonconformists were then exactly upon the same foot with our Nonjurors now, whom we double-tax, forbid their conventicles, and keep under hatches, without thinking ourselves possessed with a persecuting spirit, because we know they want nothing but the power to ruin us. This, in my opinion, should altogether silence the dissenters' complaints of persecution under king Charles the Second, or make them show us wherein they differed at that time from what our Jacobites are now.

Their inclinations to the church were soon discovered when king James the Second succeeded to the crown; with whom they unanimously joined in its ruin, to revenge themselves for that restraint they had most justly suffered in the foregoing reign; not from the persecuting temper of the clergy, as their clamours would suggest, but the prudence and caution of the legislature. The same indulgence against law was made use of by them and the papists; and they amicably employed their power, as in defence of one common interest.

But the revolution happening soon after served to wash away the memory of the rebellion; upon which the run against popery was no doubt as just and seasonable as that of fanaticism after the restoration: and the dread of popery being then our latest danger, and consequently the most fresh upon our spirits, all mouths were open against that; the dissenters were rewarded with an indulgence by law; the rebellion and king's murder were now no longer a reproach; the former was only a civil war, and whoever durst call it a rebellion was a Jacobite and friend to France. This was the more unexpected, because, the revolution being wholly brought about by church-of-England hands, they hoped one good consequence of it would be the relieving us from the encroachments of dissenters as well as those of papists; since both had equally confederated toward our ruin: and therefore when the crown was new settled, it was hoped at least that the rest of the constitution would be restored. But this affair took a very different turn: the dissenters had just made a shift to save a tide and join with the prince of Orange, when they found all was desperate with their protector king James; and observing a party then forming against the old principles in church and state under the name of Whigs and low churchmen, they listed themselves of it, where they have ever since continued. It is therefore upon the foot they now are that I would apply myself to them and desire they would consider the different circumstances at present from what they were under when they began their designs against the church and monarchy about seventy years ago. At that juncture they made up the body of the party; and whosoever joined with them from principles of revenge, discontent, ambition, or love of change, were all forced to shelter under their denomination; united heartily in the pretences of a farther and purer reformation in religion and of advancing the great work (as the cant was then) that God was about to do in these nations; received the systems of doctrine and discipline prescribed by the Scots, and readily took the covenant; so that there appeared no division among them till after the common enemy was subdued.

But now their case is quite otherwise: and I can hardly think it worth being of a party upon the terms they have been received of late years. For suppose the whole faction should at length succeed in their design of destroying the church; are they so weak as to imagine that the new modelling of religion would be put into their hands? would their brethren, the low churchmen and freethinkers, submit to their discipline, their synods, and their classes; and divide the lands of bishops, or deans and chapters, among them? How can they help observing that their allies, instead of pretending more sanctity than other men, are some of them for levelling all religion, and the rest for abolishing it? Is it not manifest that they have been treated by their confederates exactly after the same manner as they were by king James the Second; made instruments to ruin the church; not for their own sakes, but under a pretended project of universal freedom in opinion to advance the dark designs of those who employ them? For excepting the antimonarchical principle and a few false notions about liberty, I see but little agreement between them; and even in these I believe it would be impossible to contrive a frame of government that would please them all if they had it now in their power to try. But however, to be sure, the presbyterian institution would never obtain. For suppose they should, in imitation of their predecessors, propose to have no king but our Saviour Christ; the whole clan of freethinkers would immediately object and refuse his authority. Neither would their low church brethren use them better, as well knowing what enemies they are to that doctrine of unlimited toleration wherever they are suffered to preside. So that upon the whole I do not see, as their present circumstances stand, where the dissenters can find better quarter than from the church of England.

Besides, I leave it to their consideration whether, with all their zeal against the church, they ought not to show a little decency; and how far it consists with their reputation to act in concert with such confederates. It was reckoned a very infamous proceeding in the present most christian king to assist the Turk against the emperor: policy and reasons of state were not allowed sufficient excuses for taking part with an infidel against a believer. It is one of the dissenters' quarrels against the church that she is not enough reformed from popery; yet they boldly entered into a league with papists and a popish prince to destroy her. They profess much sanctity, and object against the wicked lives of some of our members; yet they have been long and still continue in strict combination with libertines and atheists to contrive our ruin. What if the Jews should multiply and become a formidable party among us? Would the dissenters join in alliance with them likewise because they agree already in some general principles, and because the Jews are allowed to be a stiffnecked and rebellious people?

It is the part of wise men to conceal their passions when they are not in circumstances of exerting them to purpose: the arts of getting power and preserving indulgence are very different. For the former the reasonable hopes of the dissenters seem to be at an end; their comrades, the Whigs and freethinkers, are just in a condition proper to be forsaken; and the parliament, as well as the body of the people, will be deluded no longer. Besides, it sometimes happens for a cause to be exhausted and worn out, as that of the Whigs in general seems at present to be; the nation had felt enough of it. It is as vain to hope restoring that decayed interest as for a man of sixty to talk of entering on a new scene of life, that is only proper for youth and vigour. New circumstances and new men must arise, as well as new occasions, which are not likely to happen in our time. So that the dissenters have no game left at present but to secure their indulgence: in order to which I will be so bold as to offer them some advice.

First, That until some late proceedings are a little forgot, they would take care not to provoke, by any violence of tongue or pen, so great a majority as there is now against them; nor keep up any longer that combination with their broken allies; but disperse themselves, and lie dormant against some better opportunity. I have shown they could have got no advantage if the late party had prevailed; and they will certainly lose none by its fall unless through their own fault. They pretend a mighty veneration for the queen; let them give proof of it by quitting the ruined interest of those who have used her so ill; and by a due respect to the persons she is pleased to trust at present with her affairs. When they can no longer hope to govern, when struggling can do them no good, and may possibly hurt them, what is left but to be silent and passive?

Secondly, Although there be no law (beside that of God Almighty) against occasional conformity, it would be prudence in the dissenters to use it as tenderly as they can: for beside the infamous hypocrisy of the thing itself, too frequent practice would perhaps make a remedy necessary. And after all they have said to justify themselves in this point, it still continues hard to conceive how those consciences can pretend to be scrupulous upon which an employment has more power than the love of unity.

In the last place, I am humbly of opinion that the dissenters would do well to drop that lesson they have learned from their directors, of affecting to be under horrible apprehensions that the Tories are in the interest of the pretender, and would be ready to embrace the first opportunity of inviting him over. It is with the worst grace in the world that they offer to join in the cry upon this article; as if those who alone stood in the gap against all the encroachments of popery and arbitrary power are not more likely to keep out both than a set of schismatics; who, to gratify their ambition and revenge, did, by the meanest compliances, encourage and spirit up that unfortunate prince to fall upon such measures as must at last have ended in the ruin of our liberty and religion.

P. S.—I wish those who give themselves the trouble to write to the Examiner would consider whether what they send would be proper for such a paper to take notice of. I had one letter last week, written as I suppose by a divine, to desire I would offer some reasons against a bill now before the parliament for ascertaining the tithe of hops; from which the writer apprehends great damage to the clergy, especially the poorer vicars. If it be as he says (and he seems to argue very reasonably upon it), the convocation now sitting will, no doubt, upon due application, represent the matter to the house of commons; and he may expect all justice and favour from that great body, who have already appeared so tender of their rights.

A gentleman likewise who has sent me several letters relating to personal hardships he received from some of the late ministry, is advised to publish a narrative of them, they being too large and not proper for this paper.

No. 38.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

Semper causæ eventorum magis movent quam ipsa eventa.

We are always more moved at the causes of events than at the events themselves.

I AM glad to observe that several among the Whigs have begun very much to change their language of late. The style is now among the reasonable part of them, when they meet a man in business, or a member of parliament, Well, gentlemen, if you go on as you have hitherto done, we shall no longer have any pretence to complain: they find it seems that there have been yet no overtures made to bring in the pretender, nor any preparatory steps toward it. They read no enslaving votes, nor bills brought in to endanger the subject. The indulgence to scrupulous consciences is again confirmed from the throne, inviolably preserved, and not the least whisper offered that may affect it. All care is taken to support the war; supplies cheerfully granted, and funds readily subscribed to, in spite of the little arts made use of to discredit them. The just resentments of some, which are laudable in themselves, and to which at another juncture it might be proper to give way, have been softened or diverted by the calmness of others; so that, upon the article of present management, I do not see how any objection of weight can well be raised.

However, our adversaries still allege that this great success was wholly unexpected, and out of all probable view; that in public affairs we ought least of all others to judge by events; that the attempt of changing a ministry during the difficulties of a long war was rash and inconsiderate; that if the queen were disposed, by her inclinations, or from any personal dislike, for such a change, it might have been done with more safety in a time of peace; that if it had miscarried by any of those incidents which in all appearance might have intervened, the consequences would perhaps have ruined the whole confederacy; and therefore, however it has now succeeded, the experiment was too dangerous to try.

But this is what we can by no means allow them. We never will admit rashness or chance to have produced all this harmony and order. It is visible to the world that the several steps toward this change were slowly taken, and with the utmost caution. The movers observed, as they went on, how matters would bear; and advanced no further at first than so as they might be able to stop or go back if circumstances were not mature. Things were grown to such a height that it was no longer the question whether a person who aimed at an employment were a Whig or Tory; much less whether he had merit or proper abilities for what he pretended to: he must owe his preferment only to the favourites; and the crown was so far from nominating, that they would not allow it a negative. This the queen was resolved no longer to endure; and began to break into their prescription, by bestowing one or two places of consequence, without consulting her ephori, after they had fixed them for others, and concluded as usual that all their business was to signify their pleasure to her majesty. But although the persons the queen had chosen were such as no objection could well be raised against upon the score of party, yet the oligarchy took the alarm; their sovereign authority was it seems called in question; they grew into anger and discontent, as if their undoubted rights were violated. All former obligations to their sovereign now became cancelled; and they put themselves upon the foot of the people who are hardly used after the most eminent services.

I believe all men who know anything in politics will agree that a prince thus treated by those he has most confided in, and perpetually loaded with his favours, ought to extricate himself as soon as possible, and is then only blamable in his choice of time when he defers one minute after it is in his power; because, from the monstrous encroachments of exorbitant avarice and ambition, he cannot tell how long it may continue to be so. And it will be found upon inquiring into history that most of those princes who have been ruined by favourites have owed their misfortune to the neglect of earlier remedies; deferring to struggle until they were quite sunk.

The Whigs are every day cursing the ungovernable rage, the haughty pride, and insatiable covetousness of a certain person, as the cause of their fall; and are apt to tell their thoughts, that one single removal might have set all things right. But the interests of that single person were found, upon experience, so complicated and woven with the rest, by love, by awe, by marriage, by alliance, that they would rather confound heaven and earth than dissolve such an union.

I have always heard and understood that a king of

England, possessed of his people's hearts, at the head of a free parliament, and in full agreement with a great majority, made the true figure in the world that such a monarch ought to do, and pursued the real interest of himself and his kingdom. Will they allow her majesty to be in those circumstances at present? And was it not plain, by the addresses sent from all parts of the island, and by the visible disposition of the people, that such a parliament would undoubtedly be chosen? and so it proved, without the court's using any arts to influence elections.

What people then are these in a corner to whom the constitution must truckle? If the whole nation's credit cannot supply funds for the war without humble applications from the entire legislature to a few retailers of money, it is high time we should sue for a peace. What new maxims are these, which neither we nor our forefathers ever heard of before, and which no wise institution would ever allow? must our laws from henceforward pass the Bank and East India Company, or have their royal assent before they are in force?

To hear some of those worthy reasoners talking of credit, that she is so nice, so squeamish, so capricious, you would think they were describing a lady troubled with vapours or the cholic, to be removed only by a course of steel, or swallowing a bullet. By the narrowness of their thoughts, one would imagine they conceived the world to be no wider than Exchange-alley. It is probable they may have such a sickly dame among them; and it is well if she has no worse diseases, considering what hands she passes through. But the national credit is of another complexion; of sound health and an even temper; her life and existence being a quintessence drawn from the vitals of the whole kingdom; and we find these money politicians, after all their noise, to be of the same opinion, by the court they paid her when she lately appeared to them in the form of a lottery.

As to that mighty error in politics they charge upon the queen for changing her ministry in the height of war, I suppose it is only looked upon as an error under a Whiggish administration: otherwise the late king had much to answer for, who did it pretty frequently. And it is well known that the late ministry, of famous memory, was brought in during the present war: only with this circumstance, that two or three of the chief did first change their own principles, and then took in suitable companions.

But, however, I see no reason why the Tories should not value their wisdom by events as well as the Whigs. Nothing was ever thought a more precipitate, rash counsel, than that of altering the coin at the juncture it was done; yet the prudence of the undertaking was sufficiently justified by the success. Perhaps it will be said that the attempt was necessary, because the whole species of money was so grievously clipped and counterfeit: and is not her majesty's authority as sacred as her coin? And has not that been most scandalously clipped and mangled, and often counterfeited too?

It is another grievous complaint of the Whigs, that their late friends and the whole party are treated with abundance of severity in print, and in particular by the Examiner. They think it hard that, when they are wholly deprived of power, hated by the people, and out of all hope of establishing themselves, their infirmities should be so often displayed, in order to render them yet more odious to mankind. This is what they employ their writers to set forth in their papers of the week; and it is humorous enough to observe one page taken up in railing at the Examiner for his invectives against a discarded ministry; and the other side filled with the falsest and vilest abuses against those who are now in the highest power and credit with their sovereign, and whose least breath would scatter them in silence and obscurity. However, although I have indeed often wondered to see so much licentiousness taken and connived at, and am sure it would not be suffered in any other country of Christendom, yet I never once invoked the assistance of the gaol or pillory, which, upon the least provocation, was the usual style during their tyranny. There has not passed a week these twenty years without some malicious paper scattered in every coffeehouse by the emissaries of that party, whether it were down or up. I believe they will not pretend to object the same thing to us: nor do I remember any constant weekly paper with reflections on the late ministry or junto. They have many weak defenceless parts; they have not been used to a regular attack, and therefore it is that they are so ill able to endure one when it comes to be their turn; so that they complain more of a few months' truths from us than we did of all their scandal and malice for twice as many years.

I cannot forbear observing upon this occasion that those worthy authors I am speaking of seem to me not fairly to represent the sentiments of their party; who, in disputing with us, do generally give up several of the late ministry, and freely own many of their failings. They confess the monstrous debt upon the navy to have been caused by most scandalous mismanagement; they allow the insolence of some, the avarice of others, to have been insupportable: but these gentlemen are most liberal in their praises to those persons and upon those very articles where their wisest friends give up the point. They gravely tell us that such a one was the most faithful servant that ever any prince had; another the most dutiful; a third, the most generous; a fourth, of the greatest integrity; so that I look upon these champions rather as retained by a cabal than a party; which I desire the reasonable men among them would please to consider.

No. 39.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

Indignum est in ea civitate, quæ legibus continetur, discedi a legibus.

It is shameful and unworthy in a state, whose support and preservation is founded on laws, that the laws should be rendered useless and evaded.

I HAVE been often considering how it comes to pass that the dexterity of mankind in evil should always outgrow, not only the prudence and caution of private persons, but the continual expedience of the wisest laws contrived to prevent it. I cannot imagine a knave to possess a greater share of natural wit or genius than an honest man. I have known very notable sharpers at play, who upon other occasions were as great dunces as human shape can well allow; and I believe the same might be observed among the other knots of thieves and pickpockets about this town. The proposition however is certainly true, and to be confirmed by a hundred instances. A scrivener, an attorney, a stock-jobber, and many other retailers of fraud, shall not only be able to overreach others much wiser than themselves, but find out new inventions to elude the force of any law made against them. I suppose the reason of this may be, that, as the aggressor is said to have generally the advantage of the defender, so the makers of the law, which is to defend our rights, have usually not so much industry or vigour as those whose interest leads them to attack it. Besides, it rarely happens that men are rewarded by the public for their justice and virtue; neither do those who act upon such principles expect any recompence until the next world; whereas fraud, where it succeeds, gives present pay; and this is allowed the greatest spur imaginable both to labour and invention. When a law is made to stop some growing evil, the wits of those whose interest it is to break it with secrecy or impunity are immediately at work; and even among those who pretend to fairer characters, many would gladly find means to avoid what they would not be thought to violate. They desire to reap the advantage, if possible, without the shame, or at least without the danger. This art is what I take that dexterous race of men, sprung up soon after the Revolution, to have studied with great application ever since, and to have arrived at great perfection in. According to the doctrine of some Romish casuists, they have found out *quam propè ad peccatum sine peccato possint accedere;* they can tell how to go within an inch of an impeachment, and yet come back untouched. They know what degree of corruption will just forfeit an employment, and whether the bribe you receive be sufficient to set you right, and put something in your pocket besides; how much to a penny you may safely cheat the queen, whether forty, fifty, or sixty per cent., according to the station you are in, and the dispositions of the persons in office below and above you. They have computed the price you may securely take or give for a place, or what part of the salary you ought to reserve; they can discreetly distribute five hundred pounds in a small borough, without any danger from the statutes against bribing at elections. They can manage a bargain for an office by a third, fourth, or fifth hand, so that you shall not know whom to accuse; they can win a thousand guineas at play in spite of the dice, and send away the loser satisfied. They can pass the most exorbitant accounts, overpay the creditor with half his demands and sink the rest.

It would be endless to relate, or rather indeed impossible to discover, the several arts which curious men have found out to enrich themselves by defrauding the public, in defiance of the law. The military men, both by sea and land, have equally cultivated this most useful science; neither has it been altogether neglected by the other sex; of which, on the contrary, I could produce an instance that would make ours blush to be so far outdone.

Besides, to confess the truth, our laws themselves are extremely defective in many articles, which I take to be one ill effect of our best possession, liberty. Some years ago the ambassador of a great prince[a] was arrested, and outrages committed on his person in our streets, without any possibility of redress from Westminster-hall or the prerogative of the sovereign; and the legislature was forced to provide a remedy against the like evils in time to come. A commissioner of the stamped paper was lately discovered to have notoriously cheated the public of great sums for many years, by counterfeiting the stamps, which the law has made capital; but the aggravation of his crime proved to be the cause that saved his life, and that additional heightening circumstance of betraying his trust was found to be a legal defence. I am assured that the notorious cheat of the brewers at Portsmouth, detected about two months ago in parliament, cannot by any law now in force be punished in any degree equal to the guilt and infamy of it. Nay, what is almost incredible, had Guiscard survived his detestable attempt upon Mr. Harley's person, all the inflaming circumstances of the fact would not have sufficed, in the opinion of many lawyers, to have punished him with death; and the public must have lain under this dilemma, either to condemn him by a law *ex post facto* (which would have been of dangerous consequence, and form an ignominious precedent), or undergo the mortification to see the greatest villain upon earth escape unpunished, to the infinite triumph and delight of popery and faction. But even this is not to be wondered at when we consider that, of all the insolences offered to the queen since the act of indemnity (at least that ever came to my ears), I can hardly instance above two or three which by the letter of the law could amount to high treason.

From these defects in our laws, and the want of some discretionary power, safely lodged, to exert upon emergencies, as well as from the great acquirements of able men to elude the penalties of those laws they break, it is no wonder that the injuries done to the public are so seldom redressed. But, besides, no individual suffers by any wrong he does to the commonwealth in proportion to the advantage he gains by doing it. There are seven or eight millions who contribute to the loss, while the whole gain is sunk among a few. The damage suffered by the public is not so immediately or heavily felt by particular persons; and the zeal of prosecutions is apt to drop and be lost among numbers.

But imagine a set of politicians for many years at the head of affairs, the game visibly their own, and by consequence acting with great security; may not these be sometimes tempted to forget their caution by length of time, by excess of avarice and ambition, by the insolence or violence of their nature, or, perhaps, by a mere contempt for their adversaries? May not such motives as these put them often upon actions directly against the law, such as no evasions can be found for, and which will lay them fully open to the vengeance of a prevailing interest whenever they are out of power? It is answered in the affirmative. And here we cannot refuse the late ministry their due praises, who, foreseeing a storm, provided for their own safety by two admirable expedients, by which, with great prudence, they have escaped the punishments due to pernicious counsels and corrupt management. The first was to procure, under pretences hardly specious, a general act of indemity, which cuts off all impeachments. The second was yet more refined: suppose, for instance, a counsel is to be pursued which is necessary to carry on the dangerous designs of a prevailing party, to preserve them in power, to gratify the unmeasurable appetites of a few leaders, civil and military, although by hazarding the ruin of the whole nation; this counsel, desperate in itself, unprecedented in its nature, they procure a majority to form into an address, which makes it look like the sense of the nation. Under that shelter they carry on their work, and lie secure against after-reckonings.

I must be so free to tell my meaning in this, that, among other things, I understand it of the address made to the queen about three years ago, to desire that her majesty would not consent to a peace without the entire restitution of Spain; a proceeding which, to people abroad, must look like the highest strain of temerity, folly, and gasconade. But we at home, who allow the promoters of that advice to be no fools, can easily comprehend the depth and mystery of it. They were assured by this means to pin down the war upon us; consequently, to increase their own power and wealth, and multiply difficulties on the queen and kingdom, until they had fixed their party too firmly to be shaken whenever they should find themselves disposed to reverse their address, and give us leave to wish for a peace.

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[a] To Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, who was arrested for debt by a merchant of London in the open street, and detained in a sponging-house.

If any man entertains a more favourable opinion of this monstrous step in politics, I would ask him what we must do in case we find it impossible to recover Spain? Those among the Whigs who believe a God will confess that the events of war lie in his hands; and the rest of them, who acknowledge no such power, will allow that fortune has too great a share in the good or ill success of military actions to let a wise man reason upon them as if they were entirely in his power. If Providence should think fit to refuse success to our arms, with how ill a grace, with what shame and confusion, shall we be obliged to recant that precipitate address, unless the world will be so charitable to consider that parliaments among us differ as much as princes; and that, by the fatal conjunction of many unhappy circumstances, it is very possible for our island to be represented sometimes by those who have the least pretensions. So little truth or justice there is in what some pretend to advance, that the actions of former senates ought always to be treated with respect by the latter; that those assemblies are all equally venerable, and no one to be preferred before another; by which argument the parliament that began the rebellion against king Charles I., voted his trial, and appointed his murderers, ought to be remembered with respect.

But to return from this digression; it is very plain that, considering the defectiveness of our laws, the variety of cases, the weakness of the prerogative, the power or cunning of ill-designing men, it is possible that many great abuses may be visibly committed which cannot be legally punished; especially if we add to this that some inquiries might probably involve those whom upon other accounts it is not thought convenient to disturb. Therefore it is very false reasoning, especially in the management of public affairs, to argue that men are innocent because the law has not pronounced them guilty.

I am apt to think it was to supply such defects as these that satire was first introduced into the world; whereby those whom neither religion, nor natural virtue, nor fear of punishment, were able to keep within the bounds of their duty, might be withheld by the shame of having their crimes exposed to open view in the strongest colours, and themselves rendered odious to mankind. Perhaps all this may be little regarded by such hardened and abandoned natures as I have to deal with; but, next to taming or binding a savage animal, the best service you can do the neighbourhood is to give them warning either to arm themselves or not come in its way.

Could I have hoped for any signs of remorse from the leaders of that faction, I should very gladly have changed my style, and forgot, or passed by, their million of enormities. But they are every day more fond of discovering their impotent zeal and malice; witness their conduct in the city about a fortnight ago, which had no other end imaginable beside that of perplexing our affairs, and endeavouring to make things desperate, that themselves may be thought necessary. While they continue in this frantic mood I shall not forbear to treat them as they deserve; that is to say, as the inveterate irreconcilable enemies to our country and its constitution.

No. 40.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?
——— in vain
The Gracchi of sedition will complain.

There have been certain topics of reproach liberally bestowed, for some years past, by the Whigs and Tories upon each other. We charge the former with a design of destroying the established church, and introducing fanaticism and freethinking in its stead. We accuse them as enemies to monarchy; as endeavouring to undermine the present form of government, and to build a commonwealth, or some new scheme of their own, upon its ruins. On the other side, their clamours against us may be summed up in those three formidable words, popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender. Our accusations against them we endeavour to make good by certain overt acts; such as their perpetually abusing the whole body of the clergy; their declared contempt for the very order of priesthood; their aversion against episcopacy; the public encouragement and patronage they give to Tindal, Toland, and other atheistical writers; their appearing as professed advocates retained by the dissenters, excusing their separation, and laying the guilt of it to the obstinacy of the church; their frequent endeavours to repeal the test, and their setting up the indulgence to scrupulous consciences as a point of greater importance than the established worship. The regard they bear to our monarchy has appeared by their openly ridiculing the martyrdom of king Charles I. in their calves'-head clubs, their common discourses, and their pamphlets; their denying the unnatural war raised against that prince to have been a rebellion; their justifying his murder in the allowed papers of the week; their industry in publishing and spreading seditious and republican tracts, such as Ludlow's Memoirs, Sidney on Government, and many others; their endless lopping of the prerogative, and mincing into nothing her majesty's titles to the crown.

What proofs they bring for our endeavouring to introduce popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender, I cannot readily tell, and would be glad to hear; however, these important words having, by dexterous management, been found of mighty service to their cause, although applied with little colour either of reason or justice, I have been considering whether they may not be adapted to more proper objects.

As to popery, which is the first of these; to deal plainly, I can hardly think there is any set of men among us, except the professors of it, who have any direct intention to introduce it here; but the question is, whether the principles and practices of us or the Whigs be most likely to make way for it? It is allowed on all hands that, among the methods concerted at Rome for bringing over England into the bosom of the catholic church, one of the chief was to send jesuits and other emissaries, in lay habits, who, personating tradesmen and mechanics, should mix with the people, and, under the pretence of a further and purer reformation, endeavour to divide us into as many sects as possible; which would either put us under the necessity of returning to our old errors to preserve peace at home, or, by our divisions, make way for some powerful neighbour, with the assistance of the pope's permission and a consecrated banner, to convert and enslave us at once. If this has been reckoned good politics (and it was the best the jesuit schools could invent), I appeal to any man whether the Whigs, for many years past, have not been employed in the very same work? They professed on all occasions that they knew no reason why any one system of speculative opinions (as they term the doctrines of the church) should be established by law more than another; or why employments should be confined to the religion of the magistrate and that called the church established. The grand maxim they laid down was, that no man, for the sake of a few notions and ceremonies, under the names of doctrine and discipline, should be denied the liberty of serving his country: as if places would go a-begging unless Brownists, familists, sweet-singers, quakers, anabaptists, and Muggletonians, would take them off our hands.

I have been sometimes imagining this scheme brought to perfection, and how diverting it would be to see half a dozen sweet-singers on the bench in their ermines, and two or three quakers with their white staves at court. I can only say this project is the very counterpart of the late king James's design, which he took up as the best method for introducing his own religion, under the pretext of a universal liberty of conscience, and that no difference in religion should make any in his favour. Accordingly, to save appearances, he dealt some employments among dissenters of most denominations; and what he did was, no doubt, in pursuance of the best advice he could get at home or abroad; but the church thought it the most dangerous step he could take for her destruction. It is true king James admitted papists among the rest, which the Whigs would not: but this is sufficiently made up by a material circumstance, wherein they seem to have much outdone that prince, and to have carried their liberty of conscience to a higher point, having granted it to all the classes of freethinkers (which the nice conscience of a popish prince would not give him leave to do), and were therein mightily overseen; because it is agreed by the learned that there is but a very narrow step from atheism to the other extreme, superstition. So that, upon the whole, whether the Whigs had any real design of bringing in popery or not, it is very plain that they took the most effectual step toward it; and if the jesuits had been their immediate directors, they could not have taught them better, nor have found apter scholars.

Their second accusation is, that we encourage and maintain abitrary power in princes; and promote enslaving doctrines among the people. This they go about to prove by instances; producing the particular opinions of certain divines in king Charles II.'s reign, a decree of Oxford university, and some few writers since the revolution. What they mean is the principle of passive obedience and non-resistance, which those who affirm did, I believe, never intend should include arbitrary power. However, although I am sensible that it is not reckoned prudent in a dispute to make any concessions without the last necessity, yet I do agree that, in my own private opinion, some writers did carry that tenet of passive obedience to a height which seemed hardly consistent with the liberties of a country whose laws can neither be enacted nor repealed without the consent of the whole people: I mean not those who affirm it due in general, as it certainly is, to the legislature; but such as fix it entirely in the prince's person. This last has, I believe, been done by a very few; but when the Whigs quote authors to prove it upon us, they bring in all who mention it as a duty in general, without applying it to princes abstracted from their senate.

By thus freely declaring my own sentiments of passive obedience, it will at least appear that I do not write for a party; neither do I upon any occasion pretend to speak their sentiments, but my own. The majority of the two houses and the present ministry (if those be a party) seem to me in all their proceedings to pursue the real interest of church and state: and if I should happen to differ from particular persons among them in a single notion about government, I suppose they will not, upon that account, explode me and my paper. However, as an answer, once for all, to the tedious scurrilities of those idle people who affirm I am hired and directed what to write, I must here inform them that their censure is an effect of their principles. The present ministry are under no necessity of employing prostitute pens; they have no dark designs to promote by advancing heterodox opinions.

But (to return), suppose two or three private divines under king Charles the Second did a little overstrain the doctrine of passive obedience to princes; some allowance might be given to the memory of that unnatural rebellion against his father, and the dismal consequences of resistance. It is plain, by the proceedings of the churchmen before and at the revolution, that this doctrine was never designed to introduce arbitrary power.

I look upon the Whigs and dissenters to be exactly of the same political faith; let us therefore see what share each of them had in advancing arbitrary power. It is manifest that the fanatics made Cromwell the most absolute tyrant in Christendom. The Rump abolished the house of lords, the army abolished the Rump, and by this army of saints he governed. The dissenters took liberty of conscience and employments from the late king James, as an acknowledgment of his dispensing power; which makes a king of England as absolute as the Turk. The Whigs under the late king perpetually declared for keeping up a standing army in times of peace; which has, in all ages, been the first and great step to the ruin of liberty. They were besides discovering every day their inclinations to destroy the rights of the church, and declared their opinion in all companies against the bishops sitting in the house of peers; which was exactly copying after their predecessors of 1641. I need not say their real intentions were to make the king absolute; but, whatever be the designs of innovating men, they usually end in a tyranny; as we may see by a hundred examples in Greece, and in the later commonwealths of Italy mentioned by Machiavel.

In the third place, the Whigs accuse us of a design to bring in the pretender; and to give it a greater air of probability, they suppose the queen to be a party in this design; which, however, is no very extraordinary supposition in those who have advanced such singular paradoxes concerning Greg and Guiscard. Upon this article their charge is general, without ever offering to produce an instance. But I verily think and believe it will appear no paradox, that, if ever he be brought in, the Whigs are his men. For, first, it is an undoubted truth that, a year or two after the revolution, several leaders of that party had their pardons sent them by the late king James, and had entered upon measures to restore him, on account of some disobligation they received from king William. Besides, I would ask whether those who were under the greatest ties of gratitude to king James are not at this day become the most zealous Whigs? And of what party those are now who kept a long correspondence with St. Germains?

It is likewise very observable of late that the Whigs upon all occasions profess their belief of the pretender's being no impostor, but a real prince, born of the late queen's body; which, whether it be true or false, is very unseasonably advanced, considering the weight such an opinion must have with the vulgar, if they once thoroughly believe it. Neither is it at all improbable that the pretender himself puts his chief hopes in the friendship he expects from the dissenters and Whigs, by his choice to invade the kingdom when the latter were most in credit; and he had reason to count upon the former, from the gracious treatment they received from his supposed father, and their joyful acceptance of it. But further, what could be more consistent with the Whiggish notion of a revolution principle than to bring in the pretender? A revolution principle, as their writings and discourses have taught us to define it, is a principle perpetually disposing men to revolutions; and this is suitable to the famous saying of a great Whig, that the more revolutions the better; which, how odd a maxim soever in appearance, I take to be the true characteristic of the party.

A dog loves to turn round often; yet after certain revolutions he lies down to rest: but heads under the dominion of the moon are for perpetual changes and perpetual revolutions; besides, the Whigs owe all their wealth to wars and revolutions; like the girl at Bartholomew fair, who gets a penny by turning round a hundred times with swords in her hands.

To conclude: the Whigs have a natural faculty of bringing in pretenders, and will therefore probably endeavour to bring in the great one at last. How many pretenders to wit, honour, nobility, politics, have they brought in these last twenty years! In short, they have been sometimes able to procure a majority of pretenders in parliament, and wanted nothing to render the work complete except a pretender at their head.

No. 41.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

Dos est magna parentum virtus.

The virtue of parents is a large dowry to their children.

I took up a paper[a] some days ago in a coffeehouse; and if the correctness of the style, and a superior spirit in it, had not immediately undeceived me, I should have been apt to imagine I had been reading an Examiner. In this paper there were several important propositions advanced. For instance, "that Providence had raised up Mr. Harley to be an instrument of great good, in a very critical juncture, when it was much wanted; that his very enemies acknowledge his eminent abilities and distinguished merit, by their unwearied and restless endeavours against his person and reputation; that they have had an inveterate malice against both; that he has been wonderfully preserved from some unparalleled attempts;" with more to the same purpose. I immediately computed, by rules of arithmetic, that in the last-cited words there was something more intended than the attempt of Guiscard, which, I think, can properly pass but for one of the some. And although I dare not pretend to guess the author's meaning, yet the expression allows such a latitude that I would venture to hold a wager, most readers, both Whig and Tory, have agreed with me that this plural number must, in all probability, among other facts, take in the business of Greg.

See now the difference of styles. Had I been to have told my thoughts on this occasion, instead of saying how Mr. Harley "was treated by some persons, and preserved from some unparalleled attempts," I should, with intolerable bluntness and ill manners, have told a formal story of a committee sent to a condemned criminal in Newgate, to bribe him with pardon on condition he would swear high treason against his master, who discovered his correspondence and secured his person, when a certain grave politician had given him warning to make his escape: and by this means I should have drawn a whole swarm of hedge-writers to exhaust their catalogue of scurrilities against me as a liar and slanderer. But, with submission to the author of that forementioned paper, I think he has carried that expression to the utmost it will bear; for after all this notice I know of but two attempts against Mr. Harley that can really be called unparalleled, which are those aforesaid of Greg and Guiscard; and as to the rest, I will engage to parallel them from the story of Catiline and others I could produce.

However, I cannot but observe with infinite pleasure that a great part of what I have charged upon the late prevailing faction, and for affirming which I have been adorned with so many decent epithets, has been sufficiently confirmed at several times by the resolutions of one or the other house of parliament. I may therefore now say, I hope with good authority, that there have been some unparalleled attempts against Mr. Harley; that the late ministry were justly to blame in some managements, which occasioned the unfortunate battle of Almanza and the disappointment at Toulon; that the public has been grievously wronged by most notorious frauds during the Whig administration; that those who advised the bringing in the Palatines were enemies to the kingdom; that the late managers of the revenue have not duly passed their accounts for a great part of thirty-five millions, and ought not to be trusted in such employments any more. Perhaps in a little time I may venture to affirm some other paradoxes of this kind, and produce the same vouchers. And perhaps also, if it had not been so busy a period, instead of one Examiner the late ministry might have had above four hundred, each of whose little fingers would be heavier than my loins. It makes me think of Neptune's threat to the winds:—

Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Thus, when the sons of Æolus had almost sunk the ship with the tempests they raised, it was necessary to smooth the ocean and secure the vessel, instead of pursuing the offenders.

But I observe the general expectation at present, instead of dwelling any longer upon conjectures who is to be punished for past miscarriages, seems bent upon the rewards intended to those who have been so highly instrumental in rescuing our constitution from its late dangers. It is the observation of Tacitus, in the life of Agricola, that his eminent services had raised a general opinion of his being designed by the emperor for prætor of Britain: *Nullis in hoc suis sermonibus, sed quia par videbatur;* and then he adds, *Non semper errat fama, aliquando et eligit.* The judgment of a wise prince, and a general disposition of the people, do often point at the same person; and sometimes the popular wishes do often foretel the reward intended for some superior merit. Thus among several deserving persons there are two whom the public vogue has in a peculiar manner singled out, as designed very soon to receive the choicest marks of the royal favour; one of them to be placed in a very high station, and both to increase the number of our nobility [Harley and St. John]. This, I say, is the general conjecture; for I pretend to none, nor will be chargeable if it be not fulfilled; since it is enough for their honour that the nation thinks them worthy of the greatest rewards.

Upon this occasion I cannot but take notice that, of all the heresies in politics profusely scattered by the partisans of the late administration, none ever displeased me more, or seemed to have more dangerous consequences to monarchy, than that pernicious talent so much affected of discovering a contempt for birth, family, and ancient nobility. All the threadbare topics of poets and orators were displayed to discover to us that merit and virtue were the only nobility; and that the advantages of blood could not make a knave or a fool either honest or wise. Most popular commotions we read of in the histories of Greece and Rome took their rise from unjust quarrels to the nobles; and, in the latter, the plebeians' encroachments on the patricians were the first cause of their ruin.

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[a] The speaker's congratulation of Mr. Harley in the name of the house on his escape and recovery.

Suppose there be nothing but opinion in the difference of blood, everybody knows that authority is very much founded on opinion. But surely that difference is not wholly imaginary. The advantages of a liberal education, of choosing the best companions to converse with, not being under the necessity of practising little mean tricks by a scanty allowance, the enlarging of thought and acquiring the knowledge of men and things by travel, the example of ancestors inciting to great and good actions; these are usually some of the opportunities that fall in the way of those who are born of what we call the better families: and, allowing genius to be equal in them and the vulgar, the odds are clearly on their side. Nay, we may observe in some, who, by the appearance of merit or favour of fortune, have risen to great stations from an obscure birth, that they have still retained some sordid vices of their parentage or education; either insatiable avarice or ignominious falsehood and corruption.

To say the truth, the great neglect of education in several noble families, whose sons are suffered to pass the most improvable seasons of their youth in vice and idleness, have too much lessened their reputation: but even this misfortune we owe, among all the rest, to that Whiggish practice of reviling the universities, under the pretence of their instilling pedantry, narrow principles, and high-church doctrines.

I would not be thought to undervalue merit and virtue, wherever they are to be found, but will allow them capable of the highest dignities in a state when they are in a very great degree of eminence. A pearl holds its value, though it be found in a dunghill; but, however, that is not the most probable place to search for it. Nay, I will go further, and admit that a man of quality, without merit, is just so much the worse for his quality; which at once sets his vices in a more public view, and reproaches him for them. But on the other side, I doubt those who are always undervaluing the advantages of birth, and celebrating personal merit, have principally an eye to their own, which they are fully satisfied with, and which nobody will dispute with them about; whereas they cannot, without impudence and folly, pretend to be nobly born: because this is a secret too easily discovered: for no men's parentage is so nicely inquired into as that of assuming upstarts, especially when they affect to make it better than it is (as they often do), or behave themselves with insolence.

But whatever may be the opinion of others upon this subject, whose philosophical scorn for blood and families reaches even to those that are royal, or perhaps took its rise from a Whiggish contempt of the latter, I am pleased to find two such instances of extraordinary merit as I have mentioned joined with ancient and honourable birth; which, whether it be of real or imaginary value, has been held in veneration by all wise polite states, both ancient and modern. And as much a foppery as men pretend to think it, nothing is more observable in those who rise to great place or wealth from mean originals than their mighty solicitude to convince the world that they are not so low as is commonly believed. They are glad to find it made out, by some strained genealogy, that they have a remote alliance with better families. Cromwell himself was pleased with the impudence of a flatterer who undertook to prove him descended from a branch of the royal stem. I know a citizen who adds or alters a letter in his name with every plum he acquires; he now wants only the change of a vowel[a] to be allied to a sovereign prince in Italy;[b] and that perhaps he may contrive to be done by a mistake of the graver upon his tombstone.

When I am upon this subject of nobility I am sorry for the occasion given me to mention the loss of a person who is so great an ornament to it as the late lord-president [earl of Rochester], who began early to distinguish himself in the public service, and passed through the highest employments of state, in the most difficult times, with great abilities and untainted honour. As he was of a good old age, his principles of religion and loyalty had received no mixture from late infusions, but were instilled into him by his illustrious father and other noble spirits, who had exposed their lives and fortunes for the royal martyr;—

—— Pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis.

His first great action was like Scipio, to defend his father when oppressed by numbers; and his filial piety was not only rewarded with long life, but with a son who, upon the like occasion, would have shown the same resolution. No man ever preserved his dignity better when he was out of power, nor showed more affability while he was in. To conclude, his character (which I do not here pretend to draw) is such as his nearest friends may safely trust to the most impartial pen; nor wants the least of that allowance which, they say, is required for those who are dead.

No. 42.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1711.

—— Quem cur distringere coner,
Tutus ab infestis latronibus?

—— Safe it lies
Within the sheath, till thieves and villains rise.

I NEVER let slip an opportunity of endeavouring to convince the world that I am not partial, and to confound the idle reproach of my being hired or directed what to write in defence of the present ministry, or for detecting the practices of the former. When I first undertook this paper I firmly resolved that if ever I observed any gross neglect, abuse, or corruption in the public management, which might give any just offence to reasonable people, I would take notice of it with that innocent boldness which becomes an honest man and a true lover of his country; at the same time preserving the respect due to persons so highly intrusted by so wise and excellent a queen. I know not how such a liberty might have been resented; but I thank God there has been no occasion given me to exercise it: for I can safely affirm that I have with the utmost rigour examined all the actions of the present ministry, as far as they fall under general cognisance, without being able to accuse them of one ill or mistaken step. Observing, indeed, some time ago, that seeds of dissension had been plentifully scattered from a certain corner, and fearing they began to rise and spread, I immediately writ a paper on the subject, which I treated with that warmth I thought it required; but the prudence of those at the helm soon prevented this growing evil, and at present it seems likely to have no consequences.

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[a] Sir Henry Furnese.

[b] Farnese.

I have had indeed for some time a small occasion of quarrelling, which I thought too inconsiderable for a formal subject of complaint, although I have hinted at it more than once. But it is grown at present to as great a height as a matter of that nature can possibly bear; and therefore I conceive it high time that an effectual stop should be put to it. I have been amazed at the flaming licentiousness of several weekly papers, which, for some months past, have been chiefly employed in barefaced scurrilities against those who are in the greatest trust and favour with the queen, with the first and last letters of their names frequently printed, or some periphrasis describing their station, or other innuendoes contrived too plain to be mistaken. The consequence of which is (and it is natural it should be so) that their long impunity has rendered them still more audacious.

At this time I particularly intend a paper called the Medley,[a] whose indefatigable incessant railings against me I never thought convenient to take notice of, because it would have diverted my design, which I intended to be of public use. Besides, I never yet observed that writer, or those writers (for it is every way a Medley), to argue against any one material point or fact that I had advanced, or make one fair quotation. And after all, I knew very well how soon the world grow weary of controversy. It is plain to me that three or four hands at least have been joined at times in that worthy composition; but the outlines, as well as the finishing, seem to have been always the work of the same pen, as it is visible from half a score beauties of style inseparable from it. But who these meddlers are, or where the judicious leaders have picked them up, I shall never go about to conjecture: factious rancour, false wit, abandoned scurrility, impudent falsehood, and servile pedantry, having so many fathers and so few to own them, that curiosity herself would not be at the pains to guess. It is the first time I ever did myself the honour to mention that admirable paper; nor could I imagine any occasion likely to happen that would make it necessary for me to engage with such an adversary. This paper is weekly published, and, as appears by the number, has been so for several months; and is, next to the Observator, allowed to be the best production of the party. Last week my printer brought me that of May 7, No. 32, where there are two paragraphs relating to the speaker of the house of commons, and to Mr. Harley, which, as little as I am inclined to engage with such an antagonist, I cannot let pass without failing in my duty to the public; and if those in power will suffer such infamous insinuations to pass with impunity, they act without precedent from any age or country of the world.

I desire to open this matter, and leave the Whigs themselves to determine upon it. The house of commons resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the speaker should congratulate Mr. Harley's escape and recovery, in the name of the house, upon his first attendance on their service. This is accordingly done; and the speech, together with the chancellor of the exchequer's, are printed by order of the house. The author of the Medley takes this speech to task the very next week after it is published; telling us in the aforesaid paper that the speaker's commending Mr. Harley for being an instrument of great good to the nation was ill-chosen flattery; because Mr. Harley had brought the nation under great difficulties, to say no more. He says that, when the speaker tells Mr. Harley that Providence has wonderfully preserved him from some unparalleled attempts (for that the Medley alludes to), he only revives a false and groundless calumny upon other men, which is an instance of impotent but inveterate malice, that makes him (the speaker) still appear more vile and contemptible. This is an extract from his first paragraph. In the next, this writer says that the speaker's praying to God for the continuance of Mr. Harley's life, as an invaluable blessing, was a fulsome piece of insincerity, which exposes him to shame and derision: because he is known to bear ill will to Mr. Harley, to have an extreme bad opinion of him, and to think him an obstructor of those fine measures he would bring about.

I now appeal to the Whigs themselves whether a great minister of state, in high favour with the queen, and a speaker of the house of commons, were ever publicly treated after so extraordinary a manner in the most licentious times? For this is not a clandestine libel stolen into the world, but openly printed and sold with the bookseller's name and place of abode at the bottom: and the juncture is admirable, when Mr. Harley is generally believed upon the very point to be made an earl, and promoted to the most important station of the kingdom; nay, the very marks of esteem he has so lately received from the whole representative body of the people are called ill-chosen flattery, and a fulsome piece of insincerity, exposing the donors to shame and derision.

Does this intrepid writer think he has sufficiently disguised the matter by that stale artifice of altering the story, and putting it as a supposed case? Did any man who ever saw the congratulatory speech read either of those paragraphs in the Medley without interpreting them just as I have done? Will the author declare upon his great sincerity that he never had any such meaning? Is it enough that a jury at Westminster-hall would perhaps not find him guilty of defaming the speaker and Mr. Harley in that paper? which, however, I am much in doubt of too; and must think the law very defective if the reputation of such persons must lie at the mercy of such pens. I do not remember to have seen any libel, supposed to be writ with caution and double meaning in order to prevent prosecution, delivered under so thin a cover, or so unartificially made up, as this; whether it were from an apprehension of his readers' dulness, or an effect of his own. He has transcribed the very phrases of the speaker, and put them in a different character, for fear they might pass unobserved, and prevent all possibility of being mistaken. I shall be pleased to see him have recourse to the old evasion, and say that I who make the application am chargeable with the abuse; let any reader of either party be judge. But I cannot forbear asserting as my opinion, that for a ministry to endure such open calumny, without calling the author to account, is next to deserving it. And this is an omission I venture to charge upon the present ministry, who are too apt to despise little things, which, however, have not always little consequences.

When this paper was first undertaken, one design among others was, to examine some of those writings so frequently published with an evil tendency either to religion or government; but I was long diverted by other inquiries, which I thought more immediately necessary; to animadvert upon men's actions, rather than their speculations; to show the necessity there was of changing the ministry, that our constitution in church and state might be preserved; to expose some dangerous principles and practices under the former administration, and prove by many instances that those who are now at the helm are entirely in the true interest of prince and people. This I may modestly hope has in some measure been already done, sufficient to answer the end proposed, which was to inform the ignorant and those at a distance, and to convince such as are engaged in party from no other motive than that of conscience. I know not whether I shall have any appetite to continue this work much longer; if I do, perhaps some time may be spent in exposing and overturning the false reasonings of those who engage their pens on the other side, without losing time in vindicating myself against their scurrilities, much less in retorting them. Of this sort there is a certain humble companion, a French *maître des langues* [Abel Boyer], who every month publishes an extract from votes, newspapers, speeches, and proclamations, larded with some insipid remarks of his own, which he calls "The Political State of Great Britain." This ingenious piece, he tells us himself, is constantly translated into French, and printed in Holland, where the Dutch, no doubt, conceive most noble sentiments of us, conveyed through such a vehicle. It is observable in his account for April that the vanity so predominant in many of his nation has made him more concerned for the honour of Guiscard than the safety of Mr. Harley. And for fear we should think the worse of his country upon that assassin's account, he tells us there have been more murders, parricides, and villanies committed in England than in any other part of the world. I cannot imagine how an illiterate foreigner, who is neither master of our language, nor, indeed, of common sense, and who is devoted to a faction I suppose for no other reason but his having more Whig customers than Tories, should take it into his head to write politic tracts of our affairs. But I presume he builds upon the foundation of having been called to an account for his insolence in one of his monthly former productions, which is a method that seldom fails of giving some vogue to the foolishest composition. If such a work must be done, I wish some tolerable hand would undertake it; and that we would not suffer a little whiffling Frenchman to neglect his trade of teaching his language to our children, and presume to instruct foreigners in our politics.

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[a] Published in answer to the Examiner.

No. 43.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes deorum.

You of your father's crimes the guilt shall bear,
Unless the sacred temples you repair.

SEVERAL letters have been lately sent me, desiring I would make honourable mention of the pious design of building fifty churches in several parts of London and Westminster, where they are most wanted, occasioned by an address of the convocation to the queen, and recommended by her majesty to the house of commons, who immediately promised they would enable her to accomplish so excellent a design, and are now preparing a bill accordingly. I thought to have deferred any notice of this important affair until the end of the session; at which time I proposed to deliver a particular account of the great and useful things already performed by this present parliament. But, in compliance to those who give themselves the trouble of advising me, and partly convinced by the reasons they offer, I am content to bestow a paper upon a subject that, indeed, so well deserves it.

The clergy, and whoever else have a true concern for the constitution of the church, cannot but be highly pleased with one prospect in this new scene of public affairs. They may very well remember the time when every session of parliament was like a cloud hanging over their heads; and if it happened to pass without bursting into some storm upon the church, we thanked God, and thought it a happy escape until the next meeting; upon which we resumed our secret apprehensions, although we were not allowed to believe any danger. Things are now altered; the parliament takes the necessities of the church into consideration, receives the proposals of the clergy met in convocation, and amid all the exigencies of a long expensive war, and under the pressure of heavy debts, finds a supply for erecting fifty edifices for the service of God. And it appears by the address of the commons to her majesty upon this occasion (wherein they discovered a true spirit of religion), that applying the money granted to accomplish so excellent a design would, in their opinion, be the most effectual way of carrying on the war; that it would (to use their own words) be a means of drawing down blessings on her majesty's undertakings, as it adds to the number of those places where the prayers of her devout and faithful subjects will be daily offered up to God for the prosperity of her government at home and the success of her arms abroad.

I am sometimes hoping that we are not naturally so bad a people as we have appeared for some years past. Faction, in order to support itself, is generally forced to make use of such abominable instruments, that, as long as it prevails, the genius of a nation is overpressed, and cannot appear to exert itself; but, when that is broken and suppressed, when things return to the old course, mankind will naturally fall to act from principles of reason and religion. The Romans, upon a great victory or escape from public danger, frequently built a temple in honour of some god, to whose peculiar favour they imputed their success or delivery; and sometimes the general did the like, at his own expense, to acquit himself of some pious vow he had made. How little of anything resembling this has been done by us after all our victories! And perhaps for that reason, among others, they have turned to so little account. But what could we expect? We acted all along as if we believed nothing of a God, or his providence; and, therefore, it was consistent to offer up our edifices only to those whom we looked upon as givers of all victory in his stead.

I have computed that fifty churches may be built, by a medium, at six thousand pounds for a church, which is somewhat under the price of a subject's palace; yet, perhaps, the care of above two hundred thousand souls, with the benefit of their prayers fo the prosperity of their queen and country, may be almost put in the balance with the domestic convenience, or even magnificence, of any subject whatsoever.

Sir William Petty, who, under the name of capt. Graunt, published some observations upon the bills of mortality above five years after the restoration, tells us the parishes in London were even then so unequally divided, that some were two hundred times larger than others. Since that time the increase of trade, the frequency of parliaments, the desire of living in the metropolis, together with that genius for building which began after the fire, and has ever since continued, have prodigiously enlarged this town on all sides where it was capable of increase; and those tracts of land built into streets have generally continued of the same parish they belonged to while they lay in fields; so that the care of about thirty thousand souls has been sometimes committed to one minister, whose church would hardly contain the twentieth part of his flock; neither, I think, was any family in those parishes obliged to pay above a groat a-year to their spiritual pastor. Some few of those parishes have been since divided; in others were erected chapels of ease, where a preacher is maintained by general contribution. Such poor shifts and expedients, to the infinite shame and scandal of so vast and flourishing a city, have been thought sufficient for the service of God and religion, as if they were circumstances wholly indifferent.

This defect, among other consequences of it, has made schism a sort of necessary evil; there being at least three hundred thousand inhabitants in this town whom the churches would not be able to contain if the people were ever so well disposed: and in a city not overstocked with zeal, the only way to preserve any degree of religion is to make all attendance upon the duties of it as easy and cheap as possible: whereas, on the contrary, in the larger parishes, the press is so great, and the pew-keepers' tax so exorbitant, that those who love to save trouble and money either stay at home or retire to the conventicles. I believe there are few examples in any christian country of so great a neglect of religion; and the dissenting teachers have made their advantage largely by it, sowing tares among the wheat while men slept, being much more expert at procuring contributions, which is a trade they are bred up in, than men of a liberal education.

And, to say truth, the way practised by several parishes in and about this town of maintaining their clergy by voluntary subscriptions is not only an indignity to the character, but has many pernicious consequences attending it; such a precarious dependence subjecting a clergyman who has not more than ordinary spirit and resolution to many inconveniences which are obvious to imagine; but this defect will, no doubt, be remedied by the wisdom and piety of the present parliament, and a tax laid upon every house in a parish for the support of their pastor. Neither, indeed, can it be conceived why a house, whose purchase is not reckoned above one-third less than land of the same yearly rent, should not pay a twentieth part annually (which is half tithe) to the support of the minister. One thing I could wish, that, in fixing the maintenance to the several ministers in these new intended parishes, no determinate sum of money may be named; which, in all perpetuities, ought by any means to be avoided; but rather a tax in proportion to the rent of each house, although it be but a twentieth or even a thirtieth part. The contrary of this, I am told, was done in several parishes of the city after the fire, where the incumbent and his successors were to receive for ever a certain sum; for example, one or two hundred pounds a-year. But the lawgivers did not consider that what we call at present one hundred pounds will not, in process of time, have the intrinsic value of twenty; as twenty pounds now are hardly equal to forty shillings three hundred years ago. There are a thousand instances of this all over England, in reserved rents applied to hospitals, in old chiefries, and even among the clergy themselves, in those payments which I think they call a *modus*.

As no prince had ever better dispositions than her present majesty for the advancement of true religion, so there never was any age that produced greater occasions to employ them on. It is an unspeakable misfortune, that any design of so excellent a queen should be checked by the necessities of a long and ruinous war, which the folly or corruption of modern politicians have involved us in, against all the maxims whereby our country flourished so many hundred years; else her majesty's care of religion would certainly have reached even to her American plantations. Those noble countries, stocked by numbers from hence, whereof too many are in no very great reputation for faith or morals, will be a perpetual reproach to us until some better care be taken for cultivating christianity among them.—If the governors of those several colonies were obliged, at certain times, to transmit an exact representation of the state of religion in their several districts, and the legislature here would, in a time of leisure, take that affair under their consideration, it might be perfected with little difficulty, and be a great addition to the glories of her majesty's reign.

But, to wave further speculations upon so remote a scene, while we have subjects enough to employ them on at home; it is to be hoped the clergy will not let slip any proper opportunity of improving the pious dispositions of the queen and kingdom for the advantage of the church; when, by the example of times past, they consider how rarely such conjunctures are likely to happen. What if some method were thought on toward the repairing of churches; for which there is likely to be too frequent occasion, those ancient Gothic structures throughout this kingdom going every year to decay? That expedient of repairing or rebuilding them by charitable collections seems in my opinion not very suitable either to the dignity and usefulness of the work, or to the honour of our country; since it might be so easily done, with very little charge to the public, in a much more decent and honourable manner, while parliaments are so frequently called. But these and other regulations must be left to a time of peace, which I shall humbly presume to wish may soon be our share, however offensive it may be to any, either abroad or at home, who are gainers by the war.

No. 44.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1711.

Scilicet, ut posses curvo dignoscere rectum.

That hence you may distinguish right from wrong.

Having been forced in my papers to use the cant words of Whig and Tory, which have so often varied their significations for twenty years past, I think it necessary to say something of the several changes those two terms have undergone since that period; and then to tell the reader what I have always understood by each of them since I undertook this work. I reckon that these sorts of conceited appellations are usually invented by the vulgar; who, not troubling themselves to examine thoroughly the merits of a cause, are consequently the most violent partisans of what they espouse, and in their quarrels usually proceed to their beloved argument of calling names, until at length they light upon one which is sure to stick: and in time each party grows proud of that appellation, which their adversaries at first intended for a reproach. Of this kind were the Prasini and Veneti, the Guelphs and Gibelines, huguenots and papists, Roundheads and Cavaliers, with many others of ancient and modern date. Among us of late there seems to have been a barrenness of invention in this point; the words Whig and Tory, although they be not much above thirty years old, having been pressed to the service of many successions of parties, with very different ideas fastened to them. This distinction, I think, began toward the latter part of king Charles II.'s reign, was dropped during that of his successor, and then revived at the revolution; since which it has perpetually flourished, although applied to very different kinds of principles and persons. In that convention of lords and commons, some of both houses were for a regency to the prince of Orange, with a reservation of style and title to the absent king, which should be made use of in all public acts: others, when they were brought to allow the throne vacant, thought the succession should immediately go to the next heir, according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, as if the last king were actually dead. And although the dissenting lords (in whose house the chief opposition was) did at last yield both those points, took the oaths to the new king, and many of them employments, yet they were looked upon with an evil eye by the warm zealots of the other side; neither did the court ever heartily favour any of them, although some of them were of the most eminent for abilities and virtue, and served that prince both in his councils and his army with untainted faith. It was apprehended at the same time, and perhaps it might have been true, that many of the clergy would have been better pleased with the scheme of a regency, or at least an uninterrupted lineal succession, for the sake of those whose consciences were truly scrupulous; and they thought there were some circumstances in the case of the deprived bishops that looked a little hard, or at least deserved commiseration.

These and other the like reflections did, as I conceive, revive the denominations of Whig and Tory.

Some time after the revolution the distinction of high and low church came in, which was raised by the dissenters in order to break the church party by dividing the members into high and low; and the opinions raised, that the high joined with the papists, inclined the low to fall in with the dissenters.

And here I shall take leave to produce some principles which, in the several periods of the late reign, served to denote a man of one or the other party. To be against a standing army in time of peace was all high-church, Tory, and Tantivy; to differ from a majority of bishops was the same. To raise the prerogative above law for serving a turn was low-church and Whig. The opinion of the majority in the house of commons, especially of the country party or landed interest, was high-flying and rank Tory. To exalt the king's supremacy beyond all precedent was low-church, Whiggish, and moderate. To make the least doubt of the pretended prince's being suppositious, and a tiler's son, was in their phrase top and topgallant, and perfect jacobitism. To resume the most exorbitant grants that were ever given to a set of profligate favourites, and apply them to the public, was the very quintessence of Toryism; notwithstanding those grants were known to be acquired by sacrificing the honour and the wealth of England.

In most of these principles the two parties seem to have shifted opinions since their institution under king Charles II., and, indeed, to have gone very different from what was expected from each, even at the time of the revolution. But as to that concerning the pretender, the Whigs have so far renounced it, that they are grown the great advocates for his legitimacy; which gives me the opportunity of vindicating a noble duke, who was accused of a blunder in the house, when, upon a certain lord's mentioning the pretended prince, his grace told the lords he must be plain with them, and call that person not the pretended prince, but the pretended impostor; which was so far from a blunder in that polite lord, as his ill-willers give out, that it was only a refined way of delivering the avowed sentiments of his whole party.

But to return; this was the state of principles when the queen came to the crown; some time after which, it pleased certain great persons, who had been all their lives in the altitude of Tory profession, to enter into a treaty with the Whigs, from whom they could get better terms than from their old friends, who began to be resty, and would not allow monopolies of power and favour, nor consent to carry on the war entirely at the expense of this nation, that they might have pensions from abroad; while another people, more immediately concerned in the war, traded with the enemy as in times of peace; whereas the other party, whose case appeared then as desperate, was ready to yield to any conditions that would bring them into play. And I cannot help affirming that this nation was made a sacrifice to the unmeasurable appetite of power and wealth in a very few that shall be nameless, who, in every step they made, acted directly against what they had always professed. And if his royal highness [prince George of Denmark] had died some years sooner (who was a perpetual check in their career), it is dreadful to think how far they might have proceeded.

Since that time the bulk of the Whigs appears rather to be linked to a certain set of persons than any certain set of principles; so that, if I were to define a member of that party, I should say he was one who believed in the late ministry. And therefore whatever I have affirmed of Whigs in any of these papers, or objected against them, ought to be understood, either of those who were partisans of the late men in power, and privy to their designs; or such who joined with them from a hatred to our monarchy and church, as unbelievers and dissenters of all sizes; or men in office, who had been guilty of much corruption, and dreaded a change which would not only put a stop to further abuses for the future, but might perhaps introduce examinations of what was past; or those who had been too highly obliged to quit their supporters with any common decency; or lastly, the money-traders, who could never hope to make their markets so well of premiums, and exorbitant interest, and high remittances, under any other administration.

Under these heads may be reduced the whole body of those whom I have all along understood for Whigs; for I do not include within this number any of those who have been misled by ignorance, or seduced by plausible pretences, to think better of that sort of men than they deserve, and to apprehend mighty danger from their disgrace; because I believe the greatest part of such well-meaning people are now thoroughly converted.

And, indeed, it must be allowed that the two fantastic names of Whig and Tory have at present very little relation to those opinions which were at first thought to distinguish them. Whoever formerly professed himself to approve the revolution, to be against the pretender, to justify the succession in the house of Hanover, to think the British monarchy not absolute, but limited by laws which the executive power could not dispense with, and to allow an indulgence to scrupulous consciences; such man was content to be called a Whig. On the other side, whoever asserted the queen's hereditary right, that the persons of princes were sacred, their lawful authority not to be resisted on any pretence, nor even their usurpations without the most extreme necessity, that breaches in the succession were highly dangerous, that schism was a great evil, both in itself and its consequences, that the ruin of the church would probably be attended with that of the state, that no power should be trusted with those who are not of the established religion; such a man was usually called a Tory. Now, although the opinions of both these are very consistent, and, I really think, are maintained at present by a great majority of the kingdom, yet, according as men apprehend the danger greater, either from the pretender and his party, or from the violence and cunning of other enemies to the constitution, so their common discourses and reasonings turn either to the first or second set of these opinions I have mentioned; and they are consequently styled either Whigs or Tories. Which is as if two brothers apprehended their house would be set upon, but disagreed about the place whence they thought the robbers would come, and therefore would go on different sides to defend it; they must needs weaken and expose themselves by such a separation; and so did we, only our case was worse, for in order to keep off a weak remote enemy, from whom we could not suddenly apprehend any danger, we took a nearer and a stronger one into the house. I make no comparison at all between the two enemies; popery and slavery are, without doubt, the greatest and most dreadful of any; but I may venture to affirm that the fears of these have not, at least since the revolution, been so close and pressing upon us as that from another faction, excepting only one short period, when the leaders of that very faction invited the abdicating king to return, of which I have formerly taken notice.

Having thus declared what sort of persons I have always meant under the denomination of Whigs, it will be easy to show whom I understand by Tories. Such whose principles in church and state are what I have above related; whose actions are derived thence, and who have no attachment to any set of ministers further than as they are friends to the constitution in all its parts; but who will do their utmost to save their prince and country, whoever be at the helm.

By these descriptions of Whig and Tory, I am sensible those names are given to several persons very undeservedly; and that many a man is called by one or the other who has not the least title to the blame or praise I have bestowed on each of them throughout my papers.

No. 45.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1711.

Magna vis est, magnum nomen, unum et idem sentientis senatus.

Great is the name and authority of a senate in which unanimity prevails.

WHOEVER calls to mind the clamour and the calumny, the artificial fears and jealousies, the shameful misrepresentation of persons and of things, that were raised and spread by the leaders and instruments of a certain party upon the change of the last ministry and dissolution of the parliament, if he be a true lover of his country, must feel a mighty pleasure, although mixed with some indignation, to see the wishes, the conjectures, the endeavours of an inveterate faction entirely disappointed, and this important period wholly spent in restoring the prerogative of the prince, and liberty to the subject; in reforming past abuses, and preventing future; supplying old deficiencies, providing for debts, restoring the clergy to their rights, and taking care of the necessities of the church; and all this unattended with any of those misfortunes which some men hoped for, while they pretended to fear.

For my own part, I must confess the difficulties appeared so great to me, from such a noise and show of opposition, that I thought nothing but the absolute necessity of affairs could ever justify so daring an attempt. But a wise and good prince, at the head of an able ministry and of a senate freely chosen, all united to pursue the true interest of their country, is a power against which the little inferior politics of any faction will be able to make no long resistance. To this we may add one additional strength, which, in the opinion of our adversaries, is the greatest and justest of any; I mean the *vox populi*, so indisputably declarative on the same side. I am apt to believe, when these discarded politicians begin seriously to consider all this, they will think it proper to give out, and reserve their wisdom for some more convenient juncture.

It is pleasant enough to observe that those who were the chief instruments of raising the noise, who started fears, bespoke dangers, and formed ominous prognostics, in order to scare the allies, to spirit the French, and fright ignorant people at home, made use of those very opinions themselves had broached for arguments to prove that the change of ministers was dangerous and unseasonable. But if a house be swept, the more occasion there is for such a work, the more dust it will raise; if it be going to ruin, the repairs, however necessary, will make a noise and disturb the neighbourhood a while. And as to the rejoicings made in France, if it be true that they had any, upon the news of those alterations among us, their joy was grounded upon the same hopes with that of the Whigs, who comforted themselves that the change of ministry and parliament would infallibly put us all into confusion, increase our divisions, and destroy our credit, wherein I suppose by this time they are equally undeceived.

But this long session being in a manner ended, which several circumstances, and one accident altogether unforeseen, have drawn out beyond the usual time, it may be some small piece of justice to so excellent an assembly barely to mention a few of those great things they have done for the service of their queen and country, which I shall take notice of just as they come to my memory.

The credit of the nation began mightily to suffer by a discount upon exchequer-bills, which have been generally reckoned the surest and most sacred of all securities. The present lord-treasurer, then a member of the house of commons, proposed a method, which was immediately complied with, of raising them to a par with species; and so they have ever since continued.

The British colonies of Nevis and St. Christopher's had been miserably plundered by the French, their houses burnt, their plantations destroyed, and many of the inhabitants carried away prisoners; they had often, for some years past, applied in vain for relief from hence, until the present parliament, considering their condition as a case of justice and mercy, voted them one hundred thousand pounds by way of recompence in some manner for their sufferings.

Some persons whom the voice of the nation authorises me to call her enemies, taking advantage of the general naturalization act, had invited over a great number of foreigners of all religions, under the name of Palatines, who understood no trade or handicraft, yet rather chose to beg than labour, who, beside infesting our streets, bred contagious diseases, by which we lost in natives thrice the number of what we gained in foreigners. The house of commons, as a remedy against this evil, brought in a bill for repealing that act of general naturalization, which, to the surprise of most people, was rejected by the lords. And upon this occasion I must allow myself to have been justly rebuked by one of my weekly monitors, for pretending in a former paper to hope that law would be repealed, wherein the commons being disappointed, took care however to send many of the Palatines away, and to represent their being invited over as a pernicious counsel.

The qualification-bill, incapacitating all men to serve in parliament who have not some estate in land either in possession or certain reversion, is perhaps the greatest security that ever was contrived for preserving the constitution, which otherwise might in a little time lie wholly at the mercy of the moneyed interest. And since much the greatest part of the taxes is paid either immediately from land or from its productions, it is but common justice that those who are the proprietors should appoint what portion of it ought to go to the support of the public; otherwise the engrossers of money would be apt to lay heavy loads on others, which themselves never touch with one of their fingers.

The public debts were so prodigiously increased by the negligence and corruption of those who had been managers of the revenue, that the late ministers, like careless men who run out their fortunes, were so far from any thoughts of payment that they had not the courage to state or compute them. The parliament found that thirty-five millions had never been accounted for; and that the debt on the navy, wholly unprovided for, amounted to nine millions. The late chancellor of the exchequer [earl of Oxford], suitable to his transcendent genius for public affairs, proposed a fund to be security for that immense debt, which is now confirmed by a law, and is likely to prove the greatest restoration and establishment of the kingdom's credit. Not content with this, the legislature has appointed commissioners of accompts to inspect into past mismanagements of the public money, and prevent them for the future.

I have in a former paper mentioned the act for building fifty new churches in London and Westminster, with a fund appropriated for that pious and noble work. But while I am mentioning acts of piety, it would be unjust to conceal my lord high-treasurer's concern for religion, which has extended even to another kingdom; his lordship having some months ago obtained of her majesty the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy of Ireland, as he is known to have before done to that reverend body here.

The act for carrying on a trade to the South Sea, proposed by the same great person, whose thoughts are perpetually employed, and ever with success, on the good of his country, will, in all probability, if duly executed, be of mighty advantage to the kingdom, and an everlasting honour to the present parliament.

I might go on further and mention that seasonable law against excessive gaming, and putting a stop to that scandalous fraud of false musters in the guards; the diligent and effectual inquiry made by the commons into several gross abuses. I might produce many instances of their impartial justice in deciding controverted elections, against former example and great provocations to retaliate. I might show their cheerful readiness in granting such vast supplies; their great unanimity, not to be broken by all the arts of a malicious and cunning faction; their unfeigned duty to the queen; and lastly, that representation made to her majesty from the house of commons, discovering such a spirit and disposition in that noble assembly to redress all those evils which a long maladministration had brought upon us.

It is probable that, trusting only to my memory, I may have omitted many things of great importance; neither do I pretend farther in the compass of this paper than to give the world some general, however imperfect, idea, how worthily this great assembly has discharged the trust of those who so freely chose them; and what we may reasonably hope and expect from the piety, courage, wisdom, and loyalty of such excellent patriots, in a time so fruitful of occasions to exert the greatest abilities.

And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers is fully executed. A great majority of the nation is at length thoroughly convinced that the queen proceeded with the highest wisdom in changing her ministry and parliament; that under a former administration the greatest abuses of all kinds were committed, and the most dangerous attempts against the constitution for some time intended. The whole kingdom finds the present persons in power directly and openly pursuing the true service of their queen and country; and to be such whom their most bitter enemies cannot tax with bribery, covetousness, ambition, pride, insolence, or any pernicious principles in religion or government.

For my own particular, those little barking curs which have so constantly pursued me, I take to be of no further consequence to what I have written than the scoffing slaves of old, placed behind the chariot to put the general in mind of his mortality; which was but a thing of form, and made no stop or disturbance in the show. However, if those perpetual snarlers against me had the same design, I must own they have effectually compassed it; since nothing can well be more mortifying than to reflect that I am of the same species with creatures capable of uttering so much scurrility, dulness, falsehood, and impertinence, to the scandal and disgrace of human nature.

No. 46.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1711.

Melius non tangere clamo.

When a general has conquered an army, and reduced a country to obedience, he often finds it necessary to send out small bodies, in order to take in petty castles and forts, and beat little straggling parties which are otherwise apt to make head and infest the neighbourhood. This case exactly resembles mine. I count the main body of the Whigs entirely subdued; at least, till they appear with new reinforcements I shall reckon them as such; and therefore do now find myself at leisure to examine inferior abuses. The business I have left is, to fall on those wretches that will be still keeping the war on foot, when they have no country to defend, no forces to bring into the field, nor anything remaining but their bare good will toward faction and mischief: I mean the present set of writers, whom I have suffered, without molestation, so long to infest the town. Were there not a concurrence from prejudice, party, weak understanding, and misrepresentation, I should think them too inconsiderable in themselves to deserve correction. But as my endeavour has been to expose the gross impositions of the fallen party, I will give a taste in the following petition of the sincerity of these their factors, to show how little those writers for the Whigs were guided by conscience or honour, their business being only to gratify a prevailing interest.

"To the Right Honourable the present Ministry: the humble Petition of the Party-writers to the late Ministry—

"Humbly Sheweth,

"That your petitioners have served their time to the trade of writing pamphlets and weekly papers in defence of the Whigs, against the church of England, and the christian religion, and her majesty's prerogative, and her title to the crown: That, since the late change of ministry and meeting of this parliament, the said trade is mightily fallen off, and the call for the said pamphlets and papers much less than formerly; and it is feared to our further prejudice that the Examiner may discontinue writing, whereby some of your petitioners will be brought to utter distress, forasmuch as, through false quotations, noted absurdities, and other legal abuses, many of your petitioners, to their great comfort and support, were enabled to pick up a weekly subsistence out of the said Examiner.

"That your said poor petitioners did humbly offer your honours to write in defence of the late change of ministry and parliament, much cheaper than they did for your predecessors; which your honours were pleased to refuse.

"Notwithstanding which offer, your petitioners are under daily apprehension that your honours will forbid them to follow the said trade any longer, by which your petitioners, to the number of fourscore, with their wives and families, will inevitably starve, having been bound to no other calling.

"Your petitioners desire your honours will tenderly consider the premises, and suffer your said petitioners to continue their trade (those who set them at work being still willing to employ them, though at lower rates), and your said petitioners will give security to make use of the same stuff, and dress in the same manner, as they always did, and no other. And your petitioners," &c.

TRACTS POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL.

A SHORT CHARACTER OF HIS EXCELLENCY

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRRLAND,

With an account of some smaller facts during his government, which will not be put into the articles of impeachment.

In a confidential letter to Stella, dated Nov. 25, 1710, Dr. Swift says, "Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them; but nobody knows the author or printer." This is a proof how cautious the dean was in acknowledging his political productions even to his nearest friends. In a subsequent letter, dated Dec. 23, he adds, "The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days; who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence! how durst you think so?" See archbishop King's remarks on this character, in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated Jan. 9, 1710. It would be no unprofitable employment to compare this character of the earl with the deservedly celebrated delineation of Pope.

A SHORT CHARACTER, &c.

London, Aug. 30, 1710.

The kingdom of Ireland being governed by deputation from hence, its annals, since the English establishment, are usually digested under the heads of the several governors: but the affairs and events of that island, for some years past, have been either so insignificant, or so annexed to those of England, that they have not furnished matter of any great importance to history. The share of honour which gentlemen from thence have had by their conduct and employments in the army turns all to the article of this kingdom; the rest, which relates to politics or the art of government, is inconsiderable to the last degree, however it may be represented at court by those who preside there, and would value themselves upon every step they make towards finishing the slavery of that people, as if it were gaining a mighty point to the advantage of England.

Generally speaking, the times which afford most plentiful matter for story are those wherein a man would least choose to live; such as, the various events and revolutions of war, the intrigues of a ruined faction, or the violence of a prevailing one; and lastly, the arbitrary and unlawful acts of oppressing governors. In the war Ireland has no share but in subordination to us; the same may be said of their factions, which at present are but imperfect transcripts of ours; but the third subject for history, which is arbitrary power and oppression, as it is that by which the people of Ireland have for some time been distinguished from all her majesty's subjects, so, being now at its greatest height under his excellency Thomas earl of Wharton, a short account of his government may be of some use or entertainment to the present age, though I hope it will be incredible to the next.

And because the relation I am going to make may be judged rather a history of his excellency than of his government, I must here declare that I have not the least view to his person in any part of it. I have had the honour of much conversation with his lordship, and am thoroughly convinced how indifferent he is to applause, and how insensible of reproach; which is not an humour put on to serve a turn, or keep a countenance, nor arising from the consciousness of innocence or any grandeur of mind, but the mere unaffected bent of his nature. He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling; and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these. Whoever, for the sake of others, were to describe the nature of a serpent, a wolf, a crocodile, or a fox, must be understood to do it without any personal love or hatred for the animals themselves.

In the same manner his excellency is one whom I neither personally love nor hate. I see him at court, at his own house, and sometimes at mine, for I have the honour of his visits: and when these papers are public, it is odds but he will tell me, as he once did upon a like occasion, "that he is damnably mauled;" and then, with the easiest transition in the world, ask about the weather or time of the day; so that I enter on the work with more cheerfulness, because I am sure neither to make him angry nor any way hurt his reputation; a pitch of happiness and security to which his excellency has arrived, and which no philosopher before him could reach.

I intend to execute this performance by first giving a character of his excellency, and then relating some facts during his government in Ireland which will serve to confirm it.

I know very well that men's characters are best learned from their actions, but these being confined to his administration in that kingdom, his character may perhaps take in something more, which the narrowness of the time or the scene has not given him opportunity to exert.

Thomas earl of Wharton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution has some years passed his grand climacteric without any visible effects of old age either on his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five-and-twenty. Whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a templar of three years' standing. With the same grace, and in the same style, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is governor of the kingdom; and all this is without consequence, because it is in his character and what everybody expects. He seems to be but an ill dissembler and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying appear to be more owing to the frequency than the art of them: his lies being sometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week. He tells them freely in mixed companies, although he knows half of those that hear him to be his enemies, and is sure they will discover them the moment they leave him. He swears solemnly he loves and will serve you; and your back is no sooner turned but he tells those about him you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel door. He is a presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; but he chooses at present to whore with a papist. In his commerce with mankind, his general rule is to endeavour to impose on their understandings, for which he has but one receipt—a composition of lies and oaths: and this he applies indifferently to a freeholder of forty shillings, and a privy-councillor; by which the easy and the honest are often either deceived or amused, and either way he gains his point. He will openly take away your employment to-day, because you are not of his party; to-morrow he will meet or send for you, as if nothing at all had passed, lay his hands with much friendliness on your shoulders, and, with the greatest ease and familiarity, tell you that the faction are driving at something in the house; that you must be sure to attend, and to speak to all your friends to be there, although he knows at the same time that you and your friends are against him in the very point he mentions: and however absurd, ridiculous, and gross this may appear, he has often found it successful; some men having such an awkward bashfulness, they know not how to refuse on a sudden; and every man having something to fear, which often hinders them from driving things to extremes with persons of power, whatever provocations they may have received. He has sunk his fortune by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom [England], and has raised it by going far in the ruin of another [Ireland]. With a good natural understanding, a great fluency in speaking, and no ill taste of wit, he is generally the worst companion in the world; his thoughts being wholly taken up between vice and politics, so that bawdy, profaneness, and business, fill up his whole conversation. To gratify himself in the two first he makes use of suitable favourites, whose talents reach no higher than to entertain him with all the lewdness that passes in town. As for business, he is said to be very dexterous at that part of it which turns upon intrigue; and he seems to have transferred those talents of his youth for intriguing with women into public affairs For, as some vain young fellows, to make a gallantry appear of consequence, will choose to venture their necks by climbing up a wall or window at midnight to a common wench, where they might as freely have gone in at the door, and at noonday; so his excellency, either to keep himself in practice or advance the fame of his politics, affects the most obscure, troublesome, and winding paths, even in the most common affairs, those which would be brought about as well in the ordinary forms, or would follow of course whether he intervened or not.

He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a Stoic; and thinks them well recompensed by a return of children to support his family without the fatigues of being a father.

He has three predominant passions which you will seldom find united in the same man, as arising from different dispositions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other: these are, love of power, love of money, and love of pleasure; they ride him sometimes by turns, sometimes all together. Since he went into Ireland he seems most disposed to the second, and has met with great success; having gained by his government, of under two years, five-and-forty thousand pounds by the most favourable computation, half in the regular way and half in the prudential.

He was never yet known to refuse or keep a promise, as I remember he told a lady, but with an exception to the promise he then made (which was to get her a pension); yet he broke even that, and, I confess, deceived us both. But here I desire to distinguish between a promise and a bargain; for he will be sure to keep the latter when he has the fairest offer.

Thus much for his excellency's character: I shall now proceed to his actions, only during the time he was governor of Ireland, which were transmitted to me by an eminent person in business there, who had all opportunities of being well informed, and whose employment did not lie at his excellency's mercy.

This intelligence being made up of several facts independent of each other, I shall hardly be able to relate them in due order of time, my correspondent omitting that circumstance, and transmitting them to me as they came into his memory; so that the gentlemen of that kingdom now in town, I hope, will pardon me any slips I shall make in that or any other kind, while I keep exactly to the truth.

Thomas Proby, esq., chirurgeon-general of Ireland, a person universally esteemed, and whom I have formerly seen here, had built a country-house half a mile from Dublin, adjoining to the park In a corner of the park, just under his house, he was much annoyed with a dog-kennel, which belonged to the government; upon which he applied to Thomas earl of Pembroke, then lord-lieutenant, and to the commissioners of the revenue, for a lease of about five acres of that part of the park. His petition was referred to the lord-treasurer here, and sent back for a report, which was in his favour, and the bargain so hard that the lord-treasurer struck off some part of the rent. He had a lease granted him, for which he was to build another kennel, provide ice yearly for the government, and pay a certain rent: the land might be worth about thirty shillings an acre. His excellency, soon after his arrival in Ireland, was told of this lease, and by his absolute authority commanded Mr. Proby to surrender up the land, which he was forced to do, after all the expense he had been at, or else must have expected to lose his employment; at the same time he is under an obligation to pay his rent, and I think he does it to this day. There are several circumstances in this story which I have forgot, having not been sent to me with the rest; but I had it from a gentleman of that kingdom, who some time ago was here.

Upon his excellency's being declared lord-lieutenant, there came over, to make his court, one Dr. Lloyd, fellow of Trinity-college, Dublin, noted in that kingdom for being the only clergyman that declared for taking off the sacramental test, as he did openly in their convocation, of which he was a member. The merit of this, and some other principles suitable to it recommended by Tom Broderick, so far ingratiated him with his excellency, that, being provided of a proper chaplain already, he took him, however, into a great degree of favour: the doctor attended his excellency to Ireland; and observing a cast wench in the family to be in much confidence with my lady, he thought, by addressing there, to have a short open passage to preferment. He met with great success in his amour; and walking one day with his mistress after my lord and lady in the castle garden, my lady said to his excellency, "What do you think? we are going to lose poor Foydy," a name of fondness they usually gave her. "How do you mean?" said my lord. "Why the doctor behind us is resolved to take her from us."—"Is he by G—? Why then (G—d d—mn me!) he shall have the first bishopric that falls."[a]

The doctor, thus encouraged, grew a most violent lover, returned with his excellency for England, and soon after, the bishopric of Cork falling void, to show he meant fair, he married his damsel publicly here in London, and his excellency as honourably engaged his credit to get him the bishopric; but the matter was reckoned so infamous that both the archbishops here, especially his grace of York, interposed with the queen to hinder so great a scandal to the church; and Dr. Brown, provost of Dublin-college, being then in town, her majesty was pleased to nominate him; so that Dr. Lloyd was forced to sit down with a moderate deanery in the northern parts of that kingdom, and the additional comfort of a sweet lady, who brought this her first husband no other portion than a couple of olive-branches for his table, though she herself hardly knows by what hand they were planted.

The queen reserves all the great employments of Ireland to be given by herself, though often by the recommendation of the chief governor, according to his credit at court. The provostship of Dublin college is of this number, which was now vacant, upon the promotion of Dr. Brown. Dr. Benjamin Pratt, a fellow of that college, and chaplain to the house of commons of that kingdom, as well as domestic chaplain to the duke of Ormond, was at that time here, in attendance upon the duke. He is a gentleman of good birth and fortune in Ireland, and lived here in a very decent figure: he is a person of wit and learning, has travelled and conversed in the best company, and was very much esteemed among us here when I had the pleasure of his acquaintance; but he had the original sin of being a reputed Tory, and a dependant on the duke of Ormond; however, he had many friends among the bishops and other nobility to recommend him to the queen. At the same time there was another fellow of that college, one Dr. Hall, who had the advantage of Pratt in point of seniority. This gentleman had very little introduced himself into the world, but lived retired, though otherwise said to be an excellent person, and very deserving for his learning and sense. He had been recommended from Ireland by several persons; and his excellency, who had never before seen nor thought of him, after having tried to injure the college by recommending persons from this side, at last set up Hall, with all imaginable zeal, against Pratt. I tell this story the more circumstantially because it is affirmed by his excellency's friends that he never made more use of his court skill than at this time, to hinder Dr. Pratt from the provostship; not only from the personal hatred he had to the man on account of his patron and principles, but that he might return to Ireland with some little opinion of his credit at court, which had mightily suffered by many disappointments, especially the last, of his chaplain Dr. Lloyd. It would be incredible to relate the many artifices he used to this end, of which the doctor had daily intelligence, and would fairly tell his excellency so at his levees; who sometimes could not conceal his surprise, and then would promise, with half a dozen oaths, never to concern himself one way or other: these were broke every day, and every day detected. One morning, after some expostulation between the doctor and his excellency, and a few additional oaths that he would never oppose him more, his excellency went immediately to the bishop of Ely, and prevailed on him to go to the queen from him, and let her majesty know that he never could consent, as long as he lived, that Dr. Pratt should be provost; which the bishop barely complied with, and delivered his message, though at the same time he did the doctor all the good offices he could. The next day the doctor was again with his excellency, and gave him thanks for so open a proceeding: the affair was now past dissembling, and his excellency owned he did not oppose him directly, but confessed he did it collaterally. The doctor, a little warmed, said, "No, my lord, you mean *directly* you did not, but *indirectly* you did." The conclusion was, that the queen named the doctor to the place; and, as a further mortification, just upon the day of his excellency's departure for Ireland.

But here I must desire the reader's pardon if I cannot digest the following facts in so good a manner as I intended; because it is thought expedient, for some reasons, that the world should be informed of his excellency's merits as soon as possible. I will therefore only transcribe the several passages as they were sent me from Dublin, without either correcting the style or adding any remarks of my own. As they are, they may serve for hints to any person who may hereafter have a mind to write memoirs of his excellency's life.

A RELATION OF SEVERAL FACTS, EXACTLY AS THEY WERE TRANSMITTED TO ME FROM IRELAND ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO, AND AT SEVERAL TIMES, FROM A PERSON OF QUALITY, AND IN EMPLOYMENT THERE.

THE earl of Rochfort's regiment of dragoons was embarked for her majesty's service abroad, on the 27th of August, 1709, and left their horses behind them, which were subsisted in order to mount another regiment to fill up their room; as the horses of lieutenant-general Harvey's regiment had formerly mounted a regiment raised, and still commanded, by the duke of Ormond; on which occasion the duke had her majesty's order only for as much money as would supply the charge of the horses till the regiment was raised, which was soon after, and then it was put on the establishment as other regiments. But that which was to supply the earl of Rochfort's had not a commission granted till the 29th of April, 1710, and all the pay from the 27th of August to that time (being above 5700*l.*) was taken under pretence of keeping the horses, buying new ones in the room of such as should be wanting or unserviceable, and for providing accoutrements for the men and horses. As for the last use, those are always provided out of the funds for providing clothing, and the duke of Ormond did so: as for horses wanting, they are very few and the captains have orders to provide them another way; and the keeping the horses did not amount to 700*l.* by the accounts laid before the committee of parliament: so there was at least 5000*l.* charged to the nation more than the actual charge could amount to.

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[a] It was confidently reported, as a conceit of his excellency, that, talking upon this subject, he once said, with great pleasure, that he hoped to make his mistress a bishop.

Mrs. Lloyd, at first coming over, expected the benefit of the box-money; and accordingly talked of selling it for about 200*l.*; but at last was told she must expect but part of it, and that the grooms of the chamber and other servants would deserve a consideration for their attendance. Accordingly his excellency had it brought to him every night, and to make it worth his receiving my lady gave great encouragement to play; so that by a moderate computation it amounted to 1000*l.*, of which a small share was given to the grooms of the chamber, and the rest made a perquisite to his excellency: for Mrs. Lloyd having a husband, and a bishopric promised her, the other pretensions were cut off.

He met lieutenant-general Langston in the court of requests, and presented a gentleman to him, saying, "This is a particular friend of mine; he tells me he is a lieutenant in your regiment; I must desire you will take the first opportunity to give him a troop, and you will oblige me mightily." The lieutenant-general answered, "He had served very well, and had very good pretensions to a troop, and that he would give him the first that fell." With this the gentleman was mighty well satisfied, returned thanks, and withdrew. Upon which his excellency said immediately, "I was forced to speak for him, as a great many of his friends have votes at elections; but, d—n him, he is a rogue, therefore take no care for him."

He brought one May to the duke of Ormond, and recommended him as a very honest gentleman, and desired his grace would provide for him; which his grace promised him. So May withdrew. As soon as he was gone his lordship immediately said to the duke, "That fellow is the greatest rogue in Christendom."

Colonel Coward having received pay for some time in two or three regiments as captain, but never done any other service to the crown than eating and drinking in the expedition to Cadiz under the duke of Ormond, finding he had not pretensions enough to rise, after he had sold the last employment he had, applied to his excellency, who represented him in such a light that he got above 900*l.* as an arrear of half pay, which he had no title to, and a pension of 10*s.* a-day; but he reckoned this as much too little for his wants as everybody else did too much for his pretensions, gave in a second petition to the queen for a further addition of 10*s.* a-day, which being referred to his excellency, he gave him a favourable report, by means whereof, it is hoped, his merit will be still further rewarded.

He turned out the poor gatekeeper of Chapelizod-gate, though he and his wife were each above sixty years old, without assigning any cause, and they are now starving.

As for the business of the arsenal, it was the product of chance, and never so much as thought of by the persons who of late have given so many good reasons for the building of it, till upon inquiring into the funds they were found to hold out so well that there was a necessity of destroying sixty or seventy thousand pounds, otherwise his excellency for that time, could hardly have had the credit of taxing the kingdom. Upon this occasion many projects were proposed, all which at last gave way to the proposal of a worthy person who had often persuaded the nation to do itself a great deal of harm by attempting to do itself a little good; which was, that forty thousand arms should be provided for the militia, and ammunition in proportion, to be kept in four arsenals, to be built for that purpose: this was accordingly put into the heads of a bill, and then this worthy patriot, with his usual sincerity, declared he would not consent to the giving of money for any other use, as everybody thought by the words he spoke; though afterward he showed them that his meaning was not to be known by the vulgar acceptation of words; for he not only gave his consent to the bill, but used all the art and industry he was master of to have it pass; though the money was applied in it to the building of one arsenal only, and ammunition and other stores proportionable, without one word of the militia. So the arsenal was conceived and afterward formed in a proper manner; but when it came to be brought forth his excellency took it out of the hands that had formed it, as far as he could, and, contrary to all precedents, put it out of the care of the ordnance board, who were properly to have taken care of the receipt and payment of the money without any further charge to the public, and appointed his second secretary, Mr. Denton, to be paymaster, whose salary was a charge of above five hundred pounds in the whole: then, thinking this was too small a charge to put the public to for nothing, he made an establishment for that work, consisting of one superintendent at three pounds per week, eight overseers at seven pounds four shillings a-week, and sixteen assistants at seven pounds four shillings a-week, making in all seventeen pounds eight shillings a-week; and these were, for the greatest part, persons who had no knowledge of such business; and their honesty was equal to their knowledge, as it has since appeared by the notorious cheats and neglects that have been made out against them; insomuch that the work they have overseen, which, with their salaries, has cost near three thousand pounds, might have been done for less than eighteen hundred pounds, if it had been agreed for by the yard, which is the usual method, and was so proposed in the estimate: and this is all a certainty, because all that has been done is only removing earth, which has been exactly computed by the yard, and might have been so agreed for.

Philip Savage, esq., as chancellor of the exchequer, demanded fees of the commissioners of the revenue for sealing writs in the queen's business, and showed them for it some sort of precedents; but they, not being well satisfied with them, wrote to Mr. South, one of the commissioners (then in London), to inquire the practice there. He sent them word, upon inquiry, that fees were paid there upon the like cases; so they adjudged it for him, and constantly paid him fees. If therefore there was a fault, it must lie at their door, for he never offered to stop the business; yet his excellency knew so well how to choose an attorney and solicitor-general, that when the case was referred to them they gave it against the chancellor, and said he had forfeited his place by it, and ought to refund the money (being about two hundred pounds per annum), but never found any fault in the commissioners, who adjudged the case for him, and might have refused him the money if they had thought fit.

Captain Robert Fitzgerald, father to the present earl of Kildare, had a grant from king Charles the Second of the office of comptroller of the musters, during the lives of captain Chambre Brabazon, now earl of Meath, and George Fitzgerald, elder brother to the present earl of Kildare; which the said Robert Fitzgerald enjoyed with a salary of three hundred pounds per annum; and after his death his son George enjoyed it, till my lord Galway did, by threats, compel him to surrender the said patent for a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, which he enjoyed during his life. Some time ago the present earl of Kildare, as heir to his father and brother, looked upon himself to be injured by the surrender of the said patent, which should have come to him, the earl of Meath being still living; therefore, in order to right himself, did petition her majesty; which petition, as usual, was referred to the earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, who, being at that time in London, referred it, according to the common method on such occasions, to the lord chancellor and lieutenant-general Ingoldsby, the then lords-justices of this kingdom: who for their information ordered the attorney-general to inquire whether the earl of Kildare had any legal title to the said patent, which he, in a full report, said he had: and they referred it to the deputy vice-treasurer to inquire into the nature of the office, and to give them his opinion whether he thought it was useful or necessary for her majesty's service. He gave in his report, and said he thought it both useful and necessary, and, with more honesty than wit, gave the following reasons: first, that the muster-master-general computed the pay of the whole military list, which is above 200,000*l.* per annum; so, having no check on him, might commit mistakes, to the great prejudice of the crown: and, secondly, because he had himself found out several of those mistakes, which a comptroller might prevent. The lords-justices approved of these reasons, and so sent over their report to my lord-lieutenant, that they thought the office useful and necessary: but colonel P——r, the muster-master-general, being then in London, and having given my lord-lieutenant one thousand pounds for his consent to enjoy that office, after he had got her majesty's orders for a patent, thought a check upon his office would be a troublesome spy upon him; so he pleaded the merit of his thousand pounds, and desired, in consideration thereof, that his excellency would free him from an office that would put it out of his power to wrong the crown; and, to strengthen his pretensions, put my lady in mind of what money he had lost to her at play; who immediately, out of a grateful sense of benefits received, railed as much against the lords-justices' report as ever she had done against the Tories; and my lord-lieutenant, prompted by the same virtue, made his report that there needed no comptroller to that office, because he controlled it himself; which (now having given his word for it) he will, beyond all doubt, effectually do for the future; although since it has been plainly made appear that, for want of some control on that office, her majesty has been wronged of many hundred pounds by the roguery of a clerk, and that during the time of his excellency's government; of which there has been but a small part refunded, and the rest has not been inquired after, lest it should make it plainly appear that a comptroller in that office is absolutely necessary.

His excellency being desirous, for a private reason, to provide for the worthless son of a worthless father, who had lately sold his company, and of course all pretension to preferment in the army, took this opportunity: a captain in the oldest regiment in the kingdom, being worn out with service, desired leave to sell, which was granted him; and, accordingly, for a consideration agreed upon, he gave a resignation of his company to a person approved of by the commander of the regiment, who at the same time applied to his excellency for leave for another captain of his regiment, who is an engineer in her majesty's service in Spain, and absent by her majesty's licence: his excellency, hearing that, said they might give him a company in Spain, for he would dispose of his here; and so, notwithstanding all the commanders of the regiment could urge, he gave the company, which was regularly surrendered, to his worthy favourite; and the other company, which was a disputable title, to the gentleman who had paid his money for that which was surrendered.

Talking one morning, as he was dressing (at least a dozen people present), of the debates in council about the affair of Trim, he said the lord chief-justice Dolben[a] had laid down as law a thing for which a man ought to have his gown stripped off and be whipped at the cart's a—e; and in less than a quarter of an hour repeated the expression again: yet, some days after, sent Dr. Lambert [his principal chaplain] to assure his lordship he said no such thing. Some time after, while he was in England, he used his utmost efforts with the queen to turn him out, but could not: so when he came once again he took an opportunity (when the judges were to wait on him) to say to them, particularly to lord chief-justice Dolben, that perhaps some officious persons would spread stories that he had endeavoured to do some of them a prejudice in England, which he assured them he never had; but, on the contrary, would always without distinction show his regard according to merit; which the lord chief-justice Broderick was pleased to approve of, by saying, "that was very honourable, that was very gracious;" though he knew the contrary himself.

In England he bid Mr. Deering assure all his friends and acquaintance here that they, and everybody without distinction, might depend upon his favour as they behaved themselves; with which Mr. Deering was much pleased, and wrote over to his friends accordingly; and as soon as his back was turned, he jeeringly said, "D—n me, how easily he is bit!"

When the duke of Ormond was in the government, he gave to Mr. Anderson Saunders the government of Wicklow castle, which has no salary, but a perquisite of some land worth about 12*l.* per annum, which Mr. Saunders gave to the free-school of the town; but his excellency, not liking either the person or the use, without any ceremonies or reason given superseded him, by giving a commission for it to Jennings the horse-courser, who lies under several odious and scandalous reflections, particularly of very narrowly escaping the gallows for coining.

Some time after his excellency's landing the second time, he sent for Mr. Saunders among others, desiring their good offices in the ensuing session, and that Mr. Saunders would not take amiss his giving that place to Jennings, for he assured him he did not know it belonged to him; which is highly probable, because men of his knowledge usually give away things without inquiring how they are in their disposal. Mr. Saunders answered, "He was very glad to find what was done was not out of any particular displeasure to him; because Mr. Whitshed had said at

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[a] Lord chief-justice of the common pleas, 1714—1720.

Wicklow (by way of apology for what his excellency had done) that it was occasioned by Mr. Saunders's having it; and seeing his excellency had no ill intention against him, was glad he could tell his excellency it was not legally given away (for he had a *custodiam* for the land out of the court of exchequer); so his excellency's commission to Jennings could do him no prejudice."

Lieutenant-general Echlin had pay on this establishment as brigadier till the middle of October, 1708, when he was removed from it by his excellency, because his regiment went away at that time, and lieutenant-general Gorges was put in his room. Some time after major-general Rooke, considering the reason why Echlin was removed, concluded that Gorges could not come on till some time in February after, because his regiment also was out of the kingdom till that time; and that therefore he, being the eldest general officer that had no pay as such, was entitled to the brigadier's pay from the time Echlin was removed till Gorges was qualified to receive it, he having done the duty. His excellency, upon hearing the reason, owned it to be a very good one, and told him, if the money were not paid to Gorges, he should have it, so bid him go see; which he did, and found it was; then his excellency told him he would refer his case to a court of general officers to give their opinion in it, which he said must needs be in his favour, and upon that ground he would find a way to do him right; yet, when the general officers sat, he sent for several of them, and made them give the case against Rooke.

When the prosecution against the dissenting minister at Drogheda was depending, one Stevens, a lawyer in this town (Dublin), sent his excellency, then in London, a petition, in the name of the said dissenting minister, in behalf of himself and others, who lay under any such prosecution; and in about a fortnight's time his excellency sent over a letter to the then lords-justices, to give the attorney and solicitor-general orders to enter a *noli prosequi* to all such suits; which was done accordingly, though he never so much as inquired into the merits of the cause, or referred the petition to anybody, which is a justice done to all men, let the case be ever so light. He said he had her majesty's orders for it; but they did not appear under her hand, and it is generally affirmed he never had any.

That his excellency can descend to small gains take this instance: there were 850*l.* ordered by her majesty to buy new liveries for the state trumpets, messengers, &c.; but with great industry he got them made cheaper by 200*l.*, which he saved out of that sum; and it is reported that his steward got a handsome consideration besides from the undertaker.

The agent to his regiment, being so also to others, bought a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of foot, for which he never was to do any duty; which service pleased his excellency so well, that he gave him leave to buy a company, and would have had him keep both; but before his pleasure was known the former was disposed of.

The lord-lieutenant has no power to remove or put in a solicitor-general without the queen's letter, it being one of those employments excepted out of his commission; yet, because sir Richard Levinge disobliged him by voting according to his opinion, he removed him, and put in Mr. Forster,[a] although he had no queen's letter for so doing; only a letter from Mr. secretary Boyle that her majesty designed to remove him.

The privy-council in Ireland have a great share of the administration; all things being carried by the consent of the majority, and they sign all orders and proclamations there, as well as the chief governor. But his excellency disliked so great a share of power in any but himself; and when matters were debated in council otherwise than he approved, he would stop them, and say, "Come, my lords, I see how your opinions are, and therefore I will not take your votes;" and so would put an end to the dispute.

One of his chief favourites was a scandalous clergyman, a constant companion of his pleasures, who appeared publicly with his excellency, but never in his habit, and who was a hearer and sharer of all the lewd and blasphemous discourses of his excellency and his cabal. His excellency presented this worthy divine to one of the bishops, with the following recommendation: "My lord, Mr. —— is a very honest fellow, and has no fault, but that he is a little too immoral." He made this man chaplain to his regiment, though he had been so infamous, that a bishop in England refused to admit him to a living he had been presented to, till the patron forced him to it by law.

His excellency recommended the earl of Inchiquin to be one of the lords-justices in his absence, and was much mortified when he found lieutenant-general Ingoldsby appointed without any regard to his recommendation; particularly because the usual salary of a lord-justice, in the lord-lieutenant's absence, is 100*l.* per month, and he had bargained with the earl for 40*l.*

I will send you in a packet or two some particulars of his excellency's usage of the convocation; of his infamous intrigues with Mrs. Coningsby; an account of his arbitrary proceedings about the election of a magistrate in Trim; his selling the place of a privy-councillor and commissioner of the revenue to Mr. Conolly; his barbarous injustice to dean Jephson and poor Will Crow; his deciding a case at hazard to get my lady twenty guineas, but in so scandalous and unfair a manner, that the arrantest sharper would be ashamed of; the common custom of playing on Sunday in my lady's closet; the *partie quarrée* between her ladyship and Mrs. Fl——d, and two young fellows dining privately and frequently at Clontarf, where they used to go in a hackney coach; and his excellency's making no scruple of dining in a hedge tavern whenever he was invited; with some other passages which I hope you will put into some method, and correct the style, and publish as speedily as you can.

Note: Mr. Savage, beside the prosecution about his fees, was turned out of the council for giving his vote in parliament, in a case where his excellency's own friends were of the same opinion, till they were wheedled or threatened out of it by his excellency.

The particulars before mentioned I have not yet received. Whenever they come, I shall publish them in a Second Part.

SOME REMARKS UPON A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED, A LETTER TO THE SEVEN LORDS OF THE COMMITTEE[a] APPOINTED TO EXAMINE GREGG.

The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined Gregg. The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written.—*Journal to Stella*, Aug 24, 1711.—

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[a] Recorder of the city of Dublin, and lord chief-justice of the common pleas

[a] The committee consisted of the dukes of Devonshire, Somerset, and Bolton; the earl of Wharton; lord viscount Townshend; lord Somers, and lord Halifax. Gregg was tried at the Old Bailey, Jan. 19, 1707-8, and condemned for high treason; but was not executed till April 28, 1708.

Even to this lady; to whom he usually writes with unreserved confidence, Dr. Swift had not yet acknowledged himself to be the author of the Examiner.

A volume of tracts in the library of Isaac Reed, esq., which formerly belonged to Charles Ford, esq., the confidential friend of Swift, contains the following articles, which Mr. Ford attests to be "all writ by Dr. Swift, now Dean of St. Patrick's:"—

1. Conduct of the Allies, 4th edition—2. Remarks on the Barrier Treaty—3. Letter to the Lord Treasurer—4. Advice to the Members of the October Club—5. Prior's Journey to Paris—6. Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee—7. Letter to a Whig Lord (lord Ashburnham)—8. Importance of the Guardian—9. Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction, &c.—10. Abstract of Collins.

Only four of the above tracts were published in Dr. Hawkesworth's collection. The other six were, from internal evidence, first added to the dean's works by the present editor.

THOSE who have given themselves the trouble to write against me, either in single papers or pamphlets (and they are pretty numerous), do all agree in discovering a violent rage, and at the same time affecting an air of contempt, toward their adversary, which in my humble opinion are not very consistent: and therefore it is plain that their fury is real and hearty, their contempt only personated. I have pretty well studied this matter, and would caution writers of their standard never to engage in that difficult attempt of despising, which is a work to be done in cold blood, and only by a superior genius to one at some distance beneath him. I can truly affirm I have had a very sincere contempt for many of those who have drawn their pens against me; yet I rather chose the cheap way of discovering it by silence and neglect, than be at the pains of new terms to express it: I have known a lady value herself upon a haughty disdainful look, which very few understood, and nobody alive regarded. Those commonplace terms of infamous scribbler, prostitute libeller, and the like, thrown abroad without propriety or provocation, do ill personate the true spirit of contempt, because they are such as the meanest writer, whenever he pleases, may use toward the best. I remember indeed a parish fool, who, with a great deal of deformity, carried the most disdainful look I ever observed in any countenance: and it was the most prominent part of his folly; but he was thoroughly in earnest, which these writers are not: for there is another thing I would observe, that my antagonists are most of them so in a literal sense; breathe real vengeance and extend their threats to my person, if they knew where to find it; wherein they are so far from despising, that I am sensible they do me too much honour. The author of the "Letter to the Seven Lords" takes upon him the three characters of a despiser, a threatener, and a railer; and succeeds so well in the two last, that it has made him miscarry in the first. It is no unwise proceeding which the writers of that side have taken up, to scatter their menaces in every paper they publish; it may perhaps look absurd, ridiculous, and impudent in people at mercy to assume such a style; but the design is right, to endeavour persuading the world that it is they who are the injured party, that they are the sufferers, and have a right to be angry.

However, there is one point wherein these gentlemen seem to stretch this wise expedient a little further than it will allow. I, who for several months undertook to examine into the late management of persons and things, was content sometimes to give only a few hints of certain matters which I had charity enough to wish might be buried for ever in oblivion, if the confidence of these people had not forced them from me. One instance whereof, among many, is the business of Gregg, the subject of a letter I am now considering. If this piece has been written by direction, as I should be apt to suspect, yet I am confident they would not have us think so, because it is a sort of challenge to let the world into the whole secret of Gregg's affair. But I suppose they are confident it is what I am not master of, wherein it is odds but they may be mistaken; for I believe the memorials of that transaction are better preserved than they seem to be aware of, as perhaps may one day appear.

This writer is offended because I have said so many severe things with application to particular persons. The Medley has been often in the same story; if they condemn it as a crime in general, I shall not much object; at least I will allow it should be done with truth and caution; but by what argument will they undertake to prove that it is pardonable on one side and not on the other? Since the late change of ministry I have observed many of that party take up a new style, and tell us "That this way of personal reflection ought not to be endured; they could not approve of it; it was against charity and good manners." When the Whigs were in power they took special care to keep their adversaries silent; then all kind of falsehood and scurrility was doing good service to the cause, and detecting evil principles. Now, that the face of things is changed, and we have liberty to retort upon them, they are for calling down fire from heaven upon us; though, by a sort of indulgence which they were strangers to, we allow them equal liberty of the press with ourselves; and they even now make greater use of it, against persons in the highest power and credit, than we do against those who have been discarded for the most infamous abuse of both.

Who encouraged and rewarded the Observator and Review, for many years together, in charging the whole body of the clergy with the most odious crimes and opinions; in declaring all who took oaths to the government, and called themselves Tories, to be worse than papists and nonjurors; in exposing the universities as seminaries of the most pernicious principles in church and state; in defending the Rebellion and the murder of king Charles I., which they asserted to be altogether as justifiable as the late Revolution? Is there a great man now in power, or in any credit with the queen, whom those worthy undertakers have not treated by name in the most ignominious manner? Even since this great change of affairs, with what amazing licentiousness has the writer of the Medley attacked every person of the present ministry, the speaker of the house of commons, and the whole senate! He has turned into ridicule the results of the council and the parliament, as well as the just and generous endeavours of the latter to pay the debts and restore the credit of the nation, almost ruined by the corruption and management of his own party.

And are these the people who complain of personal reflections; who so confidently invoke the men in power (whom they have so highly obliged) to punish or silence me for reflecting on their exploded heroes? Is there no difference between men chosen by the prince, reverenced by the people for their virtue, and others rejected by both for the highest demerits? Shall the Medley and his brothers fly out with impunity against those who preside at the helm? and am I to be torn in pieces because I censure others who, for endeavouring to split the vessel against a rock, are put under the hatches?

I now proceed to the pamphlet which I intend to consider. It is a letter written to seven great men, who were appointed to examine Gregg in Newgate. The writer tells their lordships that the Examiner has charged them with endeavouring, by bribery and subornation of that criminal, to take away Mr. Harley's life. If there be anything among the papers I have writ which may be applied to these persons, it would have become this author to have cleared them fully from the accusation, and then he might at leisure have fallen upon me as a liar and misrepresenter; but of that he has not offered a syllable; the weight of his charge lies here,—that such an author as the Examiner should presume, by certain innuendoes, to accuse any great persons of such a crime. My business in those papers was to represent facts, and I was as sparing as possible of reflecting upon particular persons; but the mischief is, that the readers have always found names to tally with those facts; and I know no remedy for this. As, for instance, in the case here before us. An under-clerk in the secretary's office, of fifty pounds a-year, is discovered to hold correspondence with France, and apprehended by his master's order, before he could have opportunity to make his escape by the private warning of a certain person, a professed enemy to the secretary. The criminal is condemned to die. It is found upon his trial that he was a poor profligate fellow; the secretary at that time was under the mortal hatred of a violent prevailing party, who dreaded him for his great abilities and his avowed design to break their destructive measures.

It was very well known that a secretary of state has little or no intercourse with the lower clerks, but with the under-secretaries, who are the more immediate masters of those clerks, and are, and ought to be, as they then were, gentlemen of worth; however, it would pass well enough in the world that Gregg was employed in Mr. secretary Harley's office, and was consequently one of his clerks, which would be ground enough to build upon it what suggestons they pleased. Then for the criminal, he was needy and vicious; he owed his death to the secretary's watchful pursuit of him, and would therefore probably incline to hearken to any offers that would save his life, gratify his revenge, and make him easy in his fortune; so that, if a work of darkness were to be done, it must be confessed here were proper motives and a proper instrument. But ought we to suspect any persons of such a diabolical practice? Can all faith, and honour, and justice, be thus violated by men?—questions proper for a pulpit, or well becoming a philosopher: but what if it were *regnandi causa*, and that perhaps in a literal sense? Is this an age of the world to think crimes improbable because they are great? Perhaps it is; but what shall we say to some of those circumstances which attended this fact? Who gave rise to this report against Mr. Harley? Will any of his enemies confess in cold blood that they did either believe, suspect, or imagine, the secretary and one of his under clerks to be joined in corresponding with France? Some of them, I should think, knew better what belonged to such a correspondence, and how it ought to be managed. The nature of Gregg's crime was such as to be best performed without any accomplices at all; it was, to be a spy here for the French, and to tell them all he knew; and it appears, by his letters, that he never had it in his power to let them into anything of importance. The copy of the queen's letter to the emperor, which he sent to the enemy, and has made such a noise, was only to desire that prince Eugene might be employed to command in Spain; which, for six weeks before, had been mentioned in all the Gazettes of Europe. It was evident from the matter of his letters that no man of consequence could have any share in them. The whole affair had been examined in the cabinet two months before, and there found and reported as only affecting the person of Gregg, who, to supply his vices and his wants, was tempted to engage in that correspondence; it is therefore hard to conceive how that examination should be resumed, after such a distance of time, with any fair or honourable intention. Why were not Gregg's examinations published, which were signed by his own hand, and had been taken in the cabinet two months before the committee of the house was appointed to re-examine him? Why was he pressed so close, to cry out with horror, "Good God! would you have me accuse Mr. Harley, when he is wholly innocent?" Why were all the answers returned to the queries sent him immediately burned? I cannot in my conscience but think that the party was bound in honour to procure Gregg a pardon, which was openly promised him, upon condition of making an ingenuous confession, unless they had some other notions of what is ingenuous than is commonly meant by that word. A confession may be nevertheless ingenuous for not answering the hopes or designs of those who take it; but, though the word was publicly used, the definition of it was reserved to private interpretation, and by a capricious humour of fortune, a most flagitious, though repenting villain was hanged for his virtue. It could not, indeed, consist with any kind of prudence then in fashion to spare his life, and thereby leave it in his power, at any time, to detect their practices, which he might afterwards do at any time with so much honour to himself.

But I have the luck to be accused by this author in very good company; the two houses of parliament in general, and the speaker of the house of commons in particular, whom he taxes with falsehood and absurdity as well as myself, though in a more respectful manner, and by a sort of irony. The whole kingdom had given the same interpretation that I had done to some certain passages in the address from both houses upon the attempt of Guiscard; friends and enemies agreed in applying the word faction. But the speaker is much clearer; talks (as I have mentioned in another place) of some unparalleled attempts, and uses other terms that come pretty home to the point. As to what the parliament affirms, this author makes it first as absurd and impracticable as he can, and then pretends to yield, as pressed by so great an authority; and explains their meaning into nonsense, in order to bring them off from reflecting upon his party. Then for the speaker, this writer says he is but a single man; and because his speech was in words too direct to avoid, he advises him to save his honour and virtue by owning a solecism in his speech, and to write less correctly, rather than mean maliciously. What an expedient this advocate has found to remove the load of an accusation! He answers, "The crime is horrible; that great men ought not to be thus insolently charged." I reply, "That the parliament and speaker appear, in many points, to be of the same opinion."—He rejoins, "That he is pressed by too great an authority; that, perhaps, those wise assemblies, and that honourable gentleman (who besides is but a single man), may probably speak nonsense; they must either deliver a solecism or be malicious; and, in good manners, he rather thinks it may be the former."

The writer of the letter, having thus despatched the Examiner, falls next upon a paper called Secret Transactions, &c., written, as he tells us, by one Francis Hoffman and the ordinary of Newgate; persons whom I have not the honour to be known to (whatever my betters may be), nor have yet seen their productions; but, by what is cited from them in the letter, it should seem they have made some untoward observations. However, the same answer still serves; not a word to control what they say; only they are a couple of daring insolent wretches, to reflect upon the greatest and best men in England, and there is an end. I have no sort of regard for that same Hoffman, to whose character I am a perfect stranger; but methinks the ordinary of Newgate should be treated with more respect, considering what company he has kept, and what visitors he may have had. However, I shall not enter into a point of controversy whether the lords were acquainted with the ordinary, or the ordinary with the lords, since this author leaves it undecided. Only one thing I take to be a little hard. It is now confessed on all hands that Mr. Harley was most unjustly suspected of joining with an under-clerk in corresponding with France. The suspicion being in itself unreasonable and without the least probable grounds, wise men began to consider what violent enemies that gentleman had; they found the report most industriously spread; the Whigs, in common discourse, discovering their wishes that he might be found guilty; the management of the whole affair was put into the hands of such as, it is supposed, would at least not be sorry to find more than they expected. The criminal's dying speech is unfortunately published, wherein he thanks God he was not tempted to save his life by falsely accusing his master, with more to the same purpose: from all this put together, it was no very unnatural conjecture that there might have been some tampering. Now, I say that it is a little hard that Mr. Harley's friends must not be allowed to have their suspicions as well as his enemies; and this author, if he intended to deal fairly, should have spent one paragraph in railing at those who had the impudence and villany to suspect Mr. Harley, and then proceeded in due method to defend his committee of examiners; but that gentleman being, as this author says of the speaker, but a single man, I suppose his reputation and life were esteemed but of little consequence.

There is one state of the case in this letter which I cannot well omit, because the author, I suppose, conceives it to be extremely cunning and malicious; that it cuts to the quick, and is wonderfully severe upon Mr. Harley, without exposing the writer to any danger. I say this to gratify him, to let him know I take his meaning and discover his inclinations. His parallel case is this: "Supposing Guiscard had been intimate with some great officer of state, and had been suspected to communicate his most secret affairs with that minister; then he asks, 'Whether it would have been subornation, or seeking the life and blood of that officer, in these great lords of the council, if they had narrowly examined this affair, inquired with all exactness what he knew of this great officer, what secrets he had imparted to him, and whether he were privy to his corresponding?'" &c. In this parallel, Guiscard's case is supposed to be the same with Gregg's; and that of the great officer with Mr. Harley's; so that here he lays down as a thing granted that Gregg was intimate with Mr. Harley, and suspected to communicate his most secret affairs to him. Now, did ever any rational man suspect that Mr. Harley, first principal secretary of state, was intimate with an under-clerk, or upon the foot of having most secret affairs communicated to him from such a counsellor, from one in so inferior a station, whom perhaps he hardly knew by sight? why was that report raised, but for the uses which were afterward made of it? or why should we wonder that they who were so wicked as to be authors of it would be scrupulous in applying it to the only purpose for which it could be raised?

Having thus considered the main design of this letter, I shall make a few remarks upon some particular passages in it.

First, Though it be of no consequence to this dispute, I cannot but observe a most evident falsehood, which he repeats three or four times in his letter, that I make the world believe I am set on work by great people. I remember myself to have several times affirmed the direct contrary, and so I do still; and if I durst tell him my name, which he is so desirous to know, he would be convinced that I am of a temper to think no man great enough to set me on work; nay, I am content to own all the scurrilous titles he gives me, if he be able to find one innuendo through all those papers that can any way favour this calumny; the malice of which is not intended against me, but the present ministry; to make the world believe that what I have published is the utmost effort of all they can say or think against the last; whereas it is nothing more than the common observations of a private man, deducing consequences and effects from very natural and visible causes.

He tells us, with great propriety of speech, that the seven lords and their friends are treated as subverters of the constitution, and such as have been long endeavouring to destroy both church and state. This puts me in mind of one who first murdered a man, and afterward endeavoured to kill him; and therefore I here solemnly deny them to have been subverters of the constitution; but that some people did their best endeavours I confidently believe.

He tells me particularly, that I acquit Guiscard, by a blunder, of a design against Mr. Harley's life. I declare he injures me; for I look upon Guiscard to be full as guilty of the design as even those were who tampered with the business of Gregg; and both (to avoid all cavilling) as guilty as any man ever was that suffered death by law.

He calls the stabbing of Mr. Harley a sore blow, but I suppose he means his recovery; that indeed was a sore blow to the interests of his party; but I take the business of Gregg to have been a much sorer blow to their reputation.

This writer wonders how I should know their lordships' hearts, because he hardly knows his own. I do not well see the consequence of this: perhaps he never examines into his own heart; perhaps it keeps no correspondence with his tongue or his pen: I hope, at least, it is a stranger to those foul terms he has strewed throughout his letter; otherwise I fear I know it too well; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But, however, actions are pretty good discoverers of the heart, though words are not; and whoever has once endeavoured to take away my life, if he has still the same, or rather much greater cause, whether it be a just one or not, and has never shown the least sign of remorse, I may venture, without being a conjurer, to know so much of his heart as to believe he would repeat his attempt if it were in his power. I must needs quote some following lines in the same page, which are of an extraordinary kind, and seem to describe the blessed age we should live in under the return of the late administration. "It is very well," says he, "that people's heads are to stand on their shoulders as long as the laws will let them; if it depended upon anything besides, it may be your lordships' seven heads might be as soon cut off as that one gentleman's, were you in power.' Then he concludes the paragraph with this charitable prayer, in the true moderation style, and in Italic letter: "May the head that has done the kingdom the greatest mischief fall first, let it be whose it will!" The plain meaning of which is this: If the late ministry were in power, they would act just as the present ministry would if there were no law, which perhaps may be true; but I know not any ministry upon earth that I durst confide in without law; and if, at their coming in again, they design to make their power the law, they may as easily cut off seven heads as one. As for the head that has done the greatest mischief to the kingdom, I cannot consent it should fall till he and I have settled the meaning of the word mischief. Neither do I much approve this renewing an old fashion of whipping off heads by a prayer; it began from what some of us think an ill precedent. Then that unlimited clause, "let it be whose it will," perplexes me not a little: I wish, in compliance with an old form, he had excepted my lord mayor: otherwise, if it were to be determined by their vote whose head it was that had done the greatest mischief, which way can we tell how far their predecessors' principles may have influenced them? God preserve the queen and her ministers from such undistinguishing disposers of heads!

His remarks upon what the ordinary told Hoffman are singular enough. The ordinary's words are, "That so many endeavours were used to corrupt Gregg's conscience, &c., that he felt as much uneasiness lest Gregg should betray his master as if it had been his own case." The author of the letter says to this, "That, for aught the ordinary knew, he might confess what was exactly true of his master, and that therefore an indifferent person might as well be uneasy for fear Gregg should discover something of his master that would touch his life, and yet might have been true." But if these were really the ordinary's thoughts at that time, they were honest and reasonable. He knew it was highly improbable that a person of Mr. Harley's character and station should make use of such a confederate in treason; if he had suspected his loyalty, he could not have suspected his understanding. And knowing how much Mr. Harley was feared and hated by the men in power, and observing that resort to Gregg at unseasonable hours, and that strange promises were often made him by men of note; all this put together might naturally incline the ordinary to think the design could be nothing else but that Mr. Harley should be accused in spite of his innocence.

This charge of subornation is, it seems, so extraordinary a crime, that the author challenges all the books in the new lord's library [Harley, newly created earl of Oxford] (because he hears it is the largest), to furnish us with an instance like it. What if this charge should be true? Then I in my turn would challenge all the books in another lord's library, which is ten times larger (though perhaps not so often disturbed), to furnish us with an instance like this. If it be so monstrous a thing to accuse others of subornation, what epithet is left to bestow upon those who were really guilty of the crime itself? I think it beyond controversy that subornation was practised in the business of Gregg. This manifestly appears from those few facts I have mentioned: let the Whigs agree among them where to fix it. Nay, it is plain, by the great endeavours made to stifle his last speech, that they would have suborned the poor man even after he was dead: And is this a matter now to be called in question, much less to be denied?

He compares the examination of Guiscard with that of Gregg; talks of several great persons who examined the former in prison, and promised him the queen's pardon if he would make a full discovery. Then the author puts the case, "How wicked it would be to charge these honourable counsellors with suborning Guiscard, by promises of life, &c., to accuse the innocent and betray his friend!" Does it anywhere appear that those noble persons who examined Guiscard put leading questions to him, or pointed out where they would have him fix an accusation? Did they name some mortal enemy of their own, and then drop words of pardon and reward if he would accuse him? Did Guiscard leave any paper behind him to justify the innocence of some great person whom he was tempted to accuse? yet perhaps I could think of certain people who were much more likely to act in concert with Guiscard than ever Mr. Harley was to be confederate with Gregg. I can imagine several who wished the penknife in Mr. Harley's heart, though Guiscard alone was desperate enough to attempt it. Who were those that, by their discourses as well as countenances, discovered their joy when the blow was struck? Who were those that went out or stood silent when the address and congratulation were voted? and who were those that refined so far as to make Mr. Harley confederate with his own assassin?

There is one point which this author affirms more than once or twice in a transient way, as if he would have us suppose it a thing granted, but is of such a weight, that it wants nothing but truth to make the late change of ministry a very useless and dangerous proceeding; for so it must be allowed, if, as he affirms, "Affairs are still under the like management, and must be so, because there is no better; that this set of men must take the same courses in their ministration with their predecessors, or ten times worse; that the new servants go on in the old methods, and give the same counsel and advice on the like occasions with the old ones:" with more to the same purpose. A man may affirm, without being of the cabinet, that every syllable of this is absolutely false, unless he means that money is still raised by parliament, and borrowed upon new funds; that the duke of Marlborough still commands the army; that we have a treasurer, keeper, president, and secretaries, as we had before; and that, because the council meets much about the same times and places as formerly, therefore they give the same advice and pursue the same measures. What does he think of finding funds to pay the old unprovided-for debt of the navy, and erecting a company for the South Sea trade? What does he think of Mr. Hill's expedition to preserve our trade in the West Indies? What of the methods taken to make our allies pay their quotas to the war, which was a thing so scandalously either neglected, connived at, or encouraged? What of the care to retrench the exorbitant expenses of the Spanish war? What of those many abuses and corruptions at home which have been so narrowly inquired into, and in a good part redressed? Evils so deeply radicated must require some time to remedy them, and cannot be all set right in a few months. Besides, there are some circumstances, known by the names of honour, probity, good sense, great capacity for business, as likewise certain principles of religion and loyalty, the want, or possession of all which will make a mighty difference even in the pursuit of the same measures. There is also one characteristic which will ever distinguish the late ministry from the present: that the former, sacrificing all other regards to the increase of their wealth and power, found those were no otherwise to be preserved but by continuance of the war; whereas the interests as well as inclinations of the present dispose them to make use of the first opportunities for a safe and honourable peace.

The writer goes on upon another parallel case, which is the modern way of reflecting upon a prince and ministry. He tells us, "That the queen was brought to discard her old officers through the multitude of complaints, secret teasings, and importunate clamours of a rout of people, led by their priests, and spirited underhand by crafty emissaries." Would not any one who reads this imagine that the whole rabble, with the clergy at their head, were whispering in the queen's ear, or came in disguise to desire a word with her majesty, like the army of the two kings of Brentford? The unbiassed majority of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom are called, by this son of obscurity, a rout of people, and the clergy their leaders. We have often accused that party for their evil talent of railing perpetually against the clergy, which they discovered at first without any visible reason or provocation, as conscious of the designs they had in view, and therefore wisely began by vilifying those whom they intended to destroy. I have observed formerly that the party malice against the clergy has been so blind and furious as to charge them with crimes wholly inconsistent. I find they are still in the same disposition, and that this writer has received direction from his superiors to pursue the old style upon that article. Accordingly, in the paragraph I am now upon he represents that reverend body as leaders, cullies, and tools. First, he says "That rout of secret teasers (meaning the nobility and gentry of the kingdom) were led by the priests." Then he assures us "That the queen will, in a year or two, begin to consider who it was that cheated those poor priests." And in case her majesty should have a mind to bring in the old ministry again, he comforts his party "That the priests are seldom wanting to become the tools of cunning managers." I desire to know in what sense he would have us to understand that these poor priests have been cheated. Are they cheated by a fund established for building fifty churches? or by the queen's letter empowering them to proceed on the business proper for a convocation? What one single advantage could they possibly lose by this change? They are still indeed abused every day in print, but it is by those who are without the power to hurt them; the serpent has lost his sting, is trodden under foot, and its hissing is contemned. But he confidently affirms "That, when it shall be thought fit to restore the old ministry, the priests will not be wanting to become the tools of their cunning managers." This I cannot by any means allow, unless they have some hidden reserve of cunning which has never yet been produced. The cunningest managers I ever knew among them are, of all others, most detested by the clergy; neither do I remember they have been ever able to make any of them tools, except by making them bishops: even those few they were able to seduce would not be their tools at a lower rate.

But because this author, and others of his standard, affect to make use of that word tool when they have a mind to be shrewd and satirical, I desire once for all to set them right. A tool, and an instrument, in the metaphorical sense, differ thus: the former is an engine in the hands of knaves; the latter in those of wise and honest men. The greatest ministers are instruments in the hands of princes, and so are princes themselves in the hands of God; and in this sense the clergy are ready to be instruments of any good to the prince or people. But that the clergy of England, since the Reformation, have at any time been the tools of a party is a calumny which history and constant experience will immediately confute. Schismatic and fanatic preachers have indeed been perpetually employed that way, with good success, by the faction against king Charles I., to murder their prince and ruin the monarchy,—by king James II., to bring in popery, and ever since the revolution to advance the unmeasurable appetite of power and wealth among a set of profligate upstarts. But in all these three instances the established clergy (except a very few, like tares among wheat, and those generally sown by the enemy) were so far from being tools, that in the first they were persecuted, imprisoned, and deprived; and in the two others they were great instruments, under God, for preserving our religion and liberty.

In the same paragraph which contains a project for turning out the present ministry and restoring the last, he owns that the queen is now served with more obsequious words, more humble adorations, and a more seeming resignation to her will and pleasure, than she was before. And indeed, if this be not true, her majesty has the worst luck of any prince in Christendom. The reverse of these phrases I take to be rude expressions, insolent behaviour, and a real opposition to her majesty's most just and reasonable commands, which are the mildest terms that the demeanour of some late persons toward their prince can deserve in return of the highest favours that subjects ever received, whereof a hundred particulars might be produced. So that, according to our author's way of reasoning, I will put a parallel case in my turn. I have a servant to whom I am exceedingly kind; I reward him infinitely above his merit; beside which, he and his family snap everything they can lay their hands on; they will let none come near me but themselves and dependants; they misrepresent my best friends as my greatest enemies; besides, they are so saucy and malapert, there is no speaking to them; so far from any respect, that they treat me as an inferior. At last I pluck up spirit, turn them all out of doors, and take in new ones, who are content with what I allow them, though I have less to spare than formerly; give me their best advice when I ask it, are constantly in the way, do what I bid them, make a bow when they come in and go out, and always give me a respectful answer. I suppose the writer of the letter would tell me that my present domestics were indeed a little more civil, but the former were better servants.

There are two things wherewith this author is peculiarly angry; first, at the licentious way of the scum of mankind treating the greatest peers in the nation; secondly, that these hedge-writers (a phrase I unwillingly lend him, because it cost me some pains to invent) seldom speak a word against any of the late ministry, but they presently fall to compliment my lord-treasurer and others in great places. On the first he brings but one instance, but I could produce a good many hundred. What does he think of the Observator, the Review, and the Medley? In his own impartial judgment, may not they as fairly bid for being the scum of mankind as the Examiner? and have they not treated at least as many, and almost as great peers, in as infamous a manner? I grant, indeed, that through the great defect of truth, genius, learning, and common sense, among the libellers of that party, they being of no entertainment to the world, after serving the present turn, were immediately forgotten. But this we can remember in gross, that there was not a great man in England, distinguished for his love to the monarchy or the church, who, under the appellations of tory, jacobite, highflier, and other cant words, was not represented as a public enemy and laden by name with all manner of obloquy. Nay, have they not even disturbed the ashes, and endeavoured to blast the memories of the dead, and chiefly of those who lost their lives in the service of the monarchy and the church? His other quarrel is at our flattering my lord-treasurer and other great persons in power. To which I shall only say, for every line written in praise of the present ministry, I will engage to furnish the author with three pages of the most fulsome panegyrics on the least deserving members of the last; which is somewhat more than by the proportion of time, while they were in power, could fall to their share. Indeed, I am apt to think that the men of wit, at least, will be more sparing in their incense of this kind for the future, and say no more of any great man now at the helm than they believe he deserves. Poems, dedications, and other public encomiums, might be of use to those who were obliged to keep up an unnatural spirit in the nation, by supplying it with art; and consequently the authors deserved, and sometimes met, encouragement and reward. But those great patriots now at the head of affairs are sufficiently supported by the uncompelled favour of the queen and the natural disposition of the people. We can do them no srevice by our applauses, and therefore expect no payment; so that I look upon this kind of stock to have fallen at least ninety per cent. since the great changes at court.

He puts a few questions, which I am in some pain to answer. "Cannot," says he, "the successors be excellent men unless the predecessors be villains? Cannot the queen change her ministers, but they must presently be such as neither God nor man can endure? Do noblemen fall from all honour, virtue, and religion, because they are so unhappy as to fall from their prince's favour?" I desire to say something, in the first place, to this last question; which I answer in the negative. However, he will own that "men should fall from their prince's favour when they are so unhappy as to fall from all honour, virtue, and religion;" though I must confess my belief at the same time that some certain persons have lately fallen from favour who could not for a very manifest reason be said, properly speaking, to fall from any of the other three. To his other questions I can only say that the constant language of the Whig pamphleteers has been, this twelvemonth past, to tell us how dangerous a step it was to change the ministry at so nice a juncture; to shake our credit, disoblige our allies, and encourage the French. Then this author tells us that those discarded politicians were the greatest ministers we ever had; his brethren have said the same thing a hundred times. On the other side the queen, upon long deliberation, was resolved to part with them; the universal voice of the people was against them: her majesty is the most mild and gracious prince that ever reigned; we have been constantly victorious, and are ruined; the enemy flourishes under his perpetual losses. If these be the consequences of an able, faithful, diligent, and dutiful administration, of that astonishing success he says Providence has crowned us with, what can be those of one directly contrary? But, not to enter into a wide field at present, I faithfully promise the author of the letter, his correspondents, his patrons, and his brethren, that this mystery of iniquity shall be very shortly laid open to the view of the world; when the most ignorant and prejudiced reader will, I hope, be convinced, by facts not to be controlled, how miserably this poor kingdom had been deluded to the very brink of destruction.

He would have it that the people of England have lost their senses; are bewitched and cheated, mad and without understanding: but all this will go off by degrees, and then his great men will recover their esteem and credit. I did in one of my papers overthrow this idle affected opinion, which has been a thousand times urged by those who most wished and least believed it; I there showed the difference between a short madness of the people and their natural bent or genius. I remember, when king James II. went from England, he left a paper behind him with expressions much to the same purpose; hoping among other things that God would open the eyes of the nation. Too much zeal for his religion brought us then in danger of popery and arbitrary power; too much infidelity, avarice, and ambition, brought us lately into equal danger of atheism and anarchy. The people have not yet opened their eyes to see any advantage in the two former; nor, I hope, will ever find their senses enough to discover the blessings of the two latter. Cannot I see things in another light than this author and his party do without being blind? is my understanding lost when it differs from theirs? am I cheated, bewitched, and out of my senses, because I think those to have been betrayers of our country whom they call patriots?

He hopes his seven correspondents will never want their places, but is in pain for the poor kingdom lest their places should want them. Now, I have examined this matter, and am not at all discouraged. Two of them[a] hold their places still, and are likely to continue in them: two more were governors of islands;[b] I believe the author does not imagine those to be among the places which will want men to fill them. God be thanked, a man may command the beef-eaters without being a soldier; I will at any time undertake to do it myself. Then it would be a little hard if the queen should be at a loss for a steward to her family. So that, upon the whole, I see but one great employment which is in any danger of wanting a sufficient person to execute it. We must do as well as we can; yet I have been told that the bare business of presiding in council does not require such very transcendent abilities; and I am mistaken if, till within these late years, we have not been some ages without that office. So that I hope things may go well enough provided the keeper, treasurer, and both the secretaries, will do their duties; and it is happy for the nation that none of their seven lordships left any of those places to want them.

The writer of the letter concludes it with "an appeal to all the princes and states of Europe, friends and enemies by name, to give their judgment, whether they think the late ministry were wanting in faithfulness, abilities, or diligence, to serve their prince and country?" Now, if he speaks by order of his party, I am humbly of opinion they have incurred a *præmunire* for appealing to a foreign jurisdiction; and her majesty may seize their goods and chattels whenever she pleases. In the mean time, I will not accept his appeal, which has been rejected by the queen and both houses of parliament. But, let a fair jury be empanelled in any county of England, and I will be determined by their verdict. First, he names the king of France and all his counsellors, with the pretender and all his favourers and abettors. These I except against; I know they will readily judge the late ministry to be faithful, able, and diligent in serving their prince and country. The counsels of some people have, in their way, served very much to promote the service of the pretender, and to enable the French king to assist him; and is not he, in that monarch's opinion as well as his own, their lawful prince? I except against the emperor and the states; because it can be proved upon them that the plaintiffs and they have an understanding together. I except against any prince who makes unreasonable demands, and threatens to recall his troops if they be not complied with: because they have been forced of late to change their language, and may perhaps be shortly obliged to observe their articles more strictly. I should be sorry for the appealers' sakes to have their case referred to the kings of Sweden and Denmark, who infallibly would decree them to be all hanged up for their insolence to their sovereign. But, above all, the king of Spain would certainly be against them, when he considers with how scandalous a neglect his interests have been managed; and that the full possession of his kingdom was made a sacrifice to those whose private or party interest swayed them to the continuance of the war. The author had reason to omit the grand seignior and czar in the list of his judges; the decrees of those princes are too sudden and sanguinary; and their lessons to instruct subjects in behaviour to their princes, by strangling them with a bowstring or flinging them to be devoured alive by hogs, were enough to deter them from submitting to their jurisdiction.

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[a] The duke of Somerset and the earl of Halifax.

[b] The earl of Wharton and the duke of Bolton.

A NEW JOURNEY TO PARIS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME SECRET TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN THE FRENCH KING AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

BY THE SIEUR DU BAUDRIER.

Translated from the French.

> "I had rather be thought a good Englishman than the best poet or the greatest scholar that ever wrote."
>
> PRIOR, Preface to "SOLOMON."

I HAVE just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day; and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.—*Journal to Stella*, Aug. 31, 1711.

This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's journey; it makes a twopenny pamphlet: I suppose you will see it, for I dare say it will run. It is a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I wrote all but the last page; that I dictated, and the printer wrote. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's. When I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, "Here is our English liberty!" I read some of it; said "I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head I should have certainly done it myself." Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying. It seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass.—*Ibid.*, Sept. 11.

The printer told me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite.—*Ibid.*, Sept. 12.

Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty.—*Ibid.*, Sept. 24.

There came out some time ago an account of Mr. Prior's Journey to France, pretended to be a translation; it is a pure invention from the beginning to the end. I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamours of a party against any peace without Spain, and railing at the ministry as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools with something to talk of; and it has had a very great effect.—*Letter to Abp. King*, Oct. 1, 1711.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

THE original of the following discourse was transmitted to me three days ago from the Hague, to which town it was sent from France; but in the title-page there was no mention of the place where it was printed, only the author's name at length and the year of our Lord. That the tract is genuine I believe no person will doubt. You see all along the vanity of that nation, in a mean man giving himself the airs of a secretary, when it appears by several circumstances that he was received only as a menial servant. It were to be wished the author had been one of more importance and further trusted in the secrets of his master's negotiation; but to make amends he informs us of several particulars which one of more consequence would not have given himself the trouble about; and the particulars are such as we at home will perhaps be curious to know; not to mention that he gives us much light into some things that are of great moment; and by his not pretending to know more we cannot doubt the truth of what he relates.

It is plain he waited at table, carried his master's *valise*, and attended in his bedchamber; though he takes care to tell us that Monsieur Prior made many excuses and apologies, because these mean offices appear very inconsistent with the character of secretary, which he would seem to set up for.

I shall make no reflections on this important affair, nor upon the consequences we may expect from it. To reason upon secrets of state, without knowing all the springs and motions of them, is too common a talent among us, and the foundation of a thousand errors. Here is room enough for speculations; but I advise the reader to let them serve for his own entertainment, without troubling the world with his remarks.

TO MONSIEUR MONSIEUR ——, AT ESTAPLE.[a]

SIR,—I doubt not but you are curious, as many others are, to know the secret of Monsieur Prior's (an English gentleman) late journey from London to Paris. Perhaps, living retired as you do, you may not have heard of this person, though some years ago he was very much distinguished at Paris, and in good esteem even with our august monarch. I must let you so far into his character as to tell you that Monsieur Prior has signalised himself both as an eminent poet and a man of business; was very much valued by the late king William, who employed him in important affairs, both in England and Holland. He was secretary to the English embassy at the treaty of Ryswick, and afterward to my lords the counts of Portland and Jersey; and in the absence of the latter managed for some time the affairs of England at our court by himself. Since the reign of queen Anne he was employed as commissioner of trade; but the ministry changing soon after queen Anne's coming to the crown, Monsieur Prior, who was thought too much attached to the *rigides* [Tories], was laid aside, and lived privately at Cambridge,[b] where he is a professor, till he was recalled by the present ministry.

About two months ago our king [Lewis XIV.], resolving once more to give peace to Europe, notwithstanding the flourishing condition of his fleets and armies, the good posture of his finances, that his grandson was almost entirely settled in the quiet possession of Spain, and that the affairs of the north were changing every day to his advantage, offered the court of England to send a minister as far as Boulogne, who should be there met by some person from England, to treat the overtures of a peace. Upon the first notice that this was agreed to, the king immediately despatched Monsieur de Torcy, in whom he very much confides, to Boulogne, where he took lodging in a private house in the Fauxbourg, at one Mr. de Marais, a marchand de soy, who is married to an Englishwoman, that formerly had been a *suivante* to one[a] of the forementioned English ambassadors' ladies, over against the Hostellerie de St. Jean. Monsieur stayed six days with much impatience; when, late at evening on Wednesday the 14th of July (new style), a person, whom we afterward knew to be Monsieur Prior, came directly to the door and inquired for Monsieur de la Bastide, the name and place, I suppose, having been before concerted. He was immediately shown unto Monsieur Torcy, where, as I am informed, they were shut up for three hours together, without any refreshment, though Monsieur Prior had rid post from Calais that day in a great deal of rain. The next morning I was sent for in all haste by Monsieur de Marais, who told me "That a person of quality, as he suspected, lately come from England, had some occasion for a secretary; and, because he knew I understood the languages, wrote a tolerable hand, had been conversant with persons of quality, and formerly trusted with secrets of importance, had been so kind to recommend me to the said gentleman, to serve him in that quality." I was immediately called up and presented to Mr. Prior; who accosted me with great civility, and after some conversation was pleased to tell me, "I had fully answered the character Monsieur de Marais had given me." From this time to the day Monsieur Prior left Calais in order to return to England, I may pretend to give you a faithful account of all his motions, and some probable conjectures of his whole negotiation between Boulogne and Versailles.

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[a] A seaport town in the Boulonnois.—*Swift.*

[b] A mistake of the author: for Monsieur Prior did not retire to Cambridge, nor is a professor, but a fellow.—*Swift.*

But perhaps, sir, you may be further curious to know the particulars of Monsieur Prior's journey to Boulogne. It is reported that, some time before the peace of Ryswick, king William did despatch this very gentleman to Paris upon the same account for which he now came. This possibly might be the motive (beside the known abilities of Monsieur Prior) to send him a second time. The following particulars I heard in discourse between Mademoiselle de Marais and her husband; which, being no great secrets on our side the water, I suppose were told without consequence.

Monsieur Prior, having received his instructions from the English court, under pretence of taking a short journey of pleasure and visiting the chevalier de H—— [Sir Thomas Hanmer], in the province of Suffolk, left his house on Sunday night, the 11th of July, N.S., taking none of his servants with him. Monsieur M——, who had already prepared a bark, with all necessaries, on the coast of Dover, took Monsieur Prior disguised in his chariot. They lay on Monday night, the 12th of July, at the count de Jersey's house in Kent, arrived in good time the next day at Dover, drove directly to the shore, made the sign by waving their hats, which was answered by the vessel, and the boat was immediately sent to take him in; which he entered, wrapped in his cloak, and soon got aboard. He was six hours at sea, and arrived at Calais about eleven at night; went immediately to the governor, who received him with great respect, where he lay all night; and set out pretty late the next morning, being somewhat incommoded with his voyage; and then took post for Boulogne, as I have before related.

In the first conversation I had the honour to have with Monsieur Prior he was pleased to talk as if he would have occasion for my service but a very few days; and seemed resolved, by his discourse, that after he had despatched his commission with Monsieur de la Bastide (for so we shall from henceforward call that minister) he would return to England. By this I found I should have but little employment in quality of secretary; however, having heard so great a character of him, I was willing to attend him in any capacity he pleased. Four days we continued at Boulogne, where Monsieur de la Bastide and Monsieur Prior had two long conferences every day from ten to one at noon and from six till nine in the evening. Monsieur Prior did me the honour to send me some meat and wine constantly from his own table. Upon the third morning I was ordered to attend early, and observed Monsieur Prior to have a pleasant countenance. He asked me "What I thought of a journey to England?" and commanded me to be ready at an hour's warning. But upon the fourth evening all this was changed, and I was directed to hire the best horse I could find for myself.

We set out early the next day, Sunday the 18th, for Paris, in Monsieur de la Bastide's chaise, whose two attendants and myself made up the equipage; but a small *valise*, which I suppose contained Monsieur Prior's instructions, he was pleased to trust to my care to carry on horseback; which trust I discharged with the utmost faithfulness.

Somewhat above two leagues from Boulogne, at a small village called Neile, the axletree broke, which took us two hours to mend; we baited at Montreuil, and lay that night at Abbeville. But I shall not give you any detail of our journey, which passed without any considerable accident till we arrived within four leagues of Paris; when about three in the afternoon two cavaliers, well mounted and armed with pistols, crossed the road, then turned short, and rode up briskly to the chaise, commanding the coachman to stop. Monsieur de la Bastide's two attendants were immediately up with them; but I, who guessed at the importance of the charge that Monsieur Prior had intrusted me with, though I was in no fear for my own person, thought it most prudent to advance with what speed I could to a small village, about a quarter of a league forward, to wait the event. I soon observed the chaise to come on without any disturbance, and I ventured to meet it; when I found that it was only a frolic of two young cadets of quality, who had been making a debauch at a friend's house hard by, and were returning to Paris; one of them was not unknown to Monsieur de la Bastide. The two cavaliers began to rally me; said "I knew how to make a retreat;" with some other pleasantries: but Monsieur Prior (who knew the cause) highly commended my discretion. We continued our journey very merrily; and arrived at Paris on Tuesday the 20th, in the cool of the evening.

At the entrance of the town our two cavaliers left us; and Monsieur de la Bastide conducted Monsieur Prior to a private lodging in the Rue St. Louis, which, by all circumstances, I concluded to be prepared for his reception. Here I first had orders to say, that the gentleman to whom I had the honour to belong was called Monsieur Matthews; I then knew no otherwise. Afterward, at Versailles, I overheard, in conversation with Monsieur de la Bastide, that his real name was Prior.

Monsieur de la Bastide would have had Monsieur Matthews to have gone with him next morning to Versailles, but could not prevail with him to comply; of which I could never be able to learn the reason. Our minister was very importunate; and Monsieur Prior seemed to have no fatigue remaining from his journey: perhaps he might conceive it more suitable to his dignity that Monsieur de la Bastide should go before to prepare the king, by giving notice of his arrival. However it were, Monsieur de la Bastide made all haste to Versailles, and returned the same night. During his absence Monsieur Prior never stirred out of his chamber; and after dinner did me the honour to send for me up, "that I might bear him company," as he was pleased to express it. I was surprised to hear him wondering at the misery he had observed in our country in his journey from Calais; at the scarcity and poverty of the inhabitants, "which," he said, "did much exceed even what he had seen in his former journey;" for he owned that he had been in France before. He seemed to value himself very much upon the happiness of his own island, which, as he pretended, had felt no effects like these upon trade or agriculture.

I made bold to return for answer, "That in our nation, we only consulted the magnificence and power of our prince; but that in England, as I was informed, the wealth of the kingdom was so divided among the people, that little or nothing was left to their sovereign; and that it was confidently told (though hardly believed in France) that some subjects had palaces more magnificent than queen Anne herself: that I hoped, when he went to Versailles, he would allow the grandeur of our potent monarch to exceed, not only that of England, but any other in Europe; by which he would find that what he called the poverty of our nation was rather the effect of policy in our court than any real want or necessity."

Monsieur Prior had no better answer to make me than "That he was no stranger to our court, the splendour of our prince, and the maxims by which he governed; but, for his part, he thought those countries were happier where the productions of it were more equally divided." Such unaccountable notions is the prejudice of education apt to give! In these and the like discourses we wore away the time till Monsieur de la Bastide's return; who, after an hour's private conference with Monsieur Prior, which I found by their countenances had been warmly pursued on both sides, a chariot and six horses (to my great surprise) were instantly ordered, wherein the two ministers entered, and drove away with all expedition; myself only attending on horseback with my important *valise*.

We got to Versailles on Wednesday the 21st about eleven at night; but, instead of entering the town, the coachman drove us a back way into the fields, till we stopped at a certain vineyard, that I afterward understood joined to the gardens of Madame Maintenon's lodgings. Here the two gentlemen alighted: Monsieur Prior, calling to me, bade me search in the *valise* for a small box of writings; after which, the coachman was ordered to attend in that place; and we proceeded on some paces, till we stopped at a little postern, which opened into the vineyard, whereof Monsieur de la Bastide had the key. He opened it very readily, and shut it after them; desiring me to stay till their return.

I waited with some impatience for three hours: the great clock struck two before they came out. The coachman, who I suppose had his instructions before, as soon as they were got into the chariot, drove away to a small house at the end of the town, where Monsieur de la Bastide left us to ourselves. I observed Monsieur Prior was very thoughtful; and, without entering into any conversation, desired my assistance to put him to bed. Next morning, Thursday the 22nd, I had positive orders not to stir abroad. About ten o'clock Monsieur de la Bastide came. The house being small, my apartment was divided from Monsieur Prior's by a thin wainscot; so that I could easily hear what they said when they raised their voice, as they often did. After some time I could hear Monsieur de la Bastide say with great warmth, *Bon Dieu, &c.* "Good God! were ever such demands made to a great monarch, unless you were at the gates of his metropolis? For the love of God! Monsieur Prior, relax something if your instructions will permit you; else I shall despair of any good success in our negotiation. Is it not enough that our king will abandon his grandson, but he must lend his own arm to pull him out of the throne? Why did you not open yourself to me at Boulogne? Why are you more inexorable here at Versailles? you have risen in your demands, by seeing Madame Maintenon's desire for a peace! As able as you are to continue the war, consider which is to be most preferred, the good of your country or the particular advantage of your general; for he will be the only gainer among your subjects." Monsieur Prior, who has a low voice, and had not that occasion for passion, answered so softly that I could not well understand him; but upon parting I heard him say, "If you insist still on these difficulties, my next audience will be that of leave."

Three hours after, Monsieur de la Bastide returned again, with a countenance more composed. He asked Mr. Prior if he would give him leave to dine with him? Having no attendants, I readily offered my service at table;[a] which Monsieur Prior was pleased to accept with abundance of apologies. I found they were come to a better understanding. Mr. Prior has a great deal of wit and vivacity; he entertained Monsieur de la Bastide with much pleasantry, notwithstanding their being upon the reserve before me. "That Monsieur," says Mr. Matthews, "if he were *un particulier* [a private man], would be the most agreeable person in the world." I imagined they spoke of the king; but, going often in and out, I could not preserve the connexion of their discourse. "Did you mind how obligingly he inquired whether our famous Chevalier Newton was still living? He told me my good friend poor Despreaux [Boileau] was dead since I was in France, and asked me after queen Anne's health." These are some of the particulars I overheard while at dinner; which confirmed my opinion that Monsieur Prior last night had an audience of his majesty.

About ten that evening Monsieur de la Bastide came to take Monsieur Matthews to go to the same place where they were at before. I was permitted to enter the vineyard, but not the gardens, being left at the gate to wait their return; which was in about two hours' time. The moon shone bright; and by Monsieur Matthews' manner I thought he appeared somewhat dissatisfied. When he came into his chamber he threw off his hat in some passion, folded his arms, and walked up and down the room for above an hour, extremely pensive: at length he called to be put to bed, and ordered me to set a candle by his bed-side, and to fetch him some papers out of his *valise* to read.

On Friday the 23rd, in the morning, Monsieur Matthews was so obliging to call me to him, with the assurance that he was extremely pleased with my discretion and manner of address; as a proof of which satisfaction, he would give me leave to satisfy my curiosity with seeing so fine a place as Versailles; telling me "he should return next day toward Boulogne;" and therefore advised me to go immediately to view the palace; with this caution (though he did not suppose I needed it), not to say anything of the occasion that brought me to Versailles.

Monsieur de la Bastide having stayed the afternoon with Monsieur Matthews, about eight o'clock they went to the rendezvous. My curiosity had led me in the morning to take a stricter view of the vineyard and gardens. I remained at the gate as before. In an hour and a half's time Monsieur Matthews, with Monsieur de la Bastide, another gentleman, and a lady, came into the walk. De la Bastide opened the gate, and held it some time in his hand. While Monsieur Matthews was taking his leave of those persons, I heard the lady say, at parting, *Monsieur, songez-vous*, &c. "Consider this night on what we have said to you." The gentleman seconded her, saying *Oui, oui, monsieur, songez-vous en pour la dernière fois*. "Ay, ay, sir, consider of it for the last time." To which Monsieur Matthews answered briskly in going out, *Sire, tout ou rien*, &c. "Sir, all or none, as I have had the honour to tell your majesty before." Which puts it beyond dispute what the quality of those persons were by whom Monsieur Matthews had the honour to be entertained.

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[a] By this and some other preceding particulars we may discover what sort of secretary the author was.—*Swift.*

On Saturday the 24th Monsieur Matthews kept close as before; telling me "a post-chaise was ordered to carry him to Calais; and he would do me the grace to take me with him to keep him company in the journey, for he should leave Monsieur de la Bastide at Versailles." While we were discoursing that gentleman came in, with an open air and a smiling countenance. He embraced Monsieur Matthews, and seemed to feel so much joy that he could not easily conceal it. I left the chamber, and retired to my own; whence I could hear him say, "Courage, Monsieur: no travelling to-day. Madame Maintenon will have me once more conduct you to her." After which I was called, and received orders about dinner, &c. Monsieur de la Bastide told me "We should set out about midnight." He stayed the rest of the day with Monsieur Matthews. About ten o'clock they went forth, but dispensed with my attendance; it was one in the morning before they returned, though the chaise was at the gate soon after eleven. Monsieur Matthews took a morsel of bread and a large glass of Hermitage wine; after which they embraced with much kindness, and so parted.

Our journey to Calais passed without any accident worth informing you. Mr. Prior, who is of a constitution somewhat tender, was troubled with a rheum, which made speaking uneasy to him: but it was not so at all to me; and therefore I entertained him as well as I could, chiefly with the praises of our great monarch, the magnificence of his court, the number of his attendants, the awe and veneration paid him by his generals and ministers, and the immense riches of the kingdom. One afternoon, in a small village between Chaumont and Beauvais, as I was discoursing on this subject, several poor people followed the chaise to beg our charity: one louder than the rest, a comely person about fifty, all in rags, but with a mien that showed him to be of a good house, cried out, *Monsieur, pour l'amour de Dieu*, &c. "Sir, for the love of God, give something to the Marquis de Sourdis!"[*] Mr. Prior, half asleep, roused himself up at the name of Marquis, called the poor gentleman to him, and, observing something in his behaviour like a man of quality, very generously threw him a pistole. As the coach went on, Monsieur Prior asked me with much surprise "Whether I thought it possible that unhappy creature could be *un veritable marquis*; for, if it were so, surely the miseries of our country must be much greater than even our very enemies could hope or believe?" I made bold to tell him "That I thought we could not well judge from particulars to generals: and that I was sure there were great numbers of marquises in France who had ten thousand livres a-year." I tell you this passage to let you see that the wisest men have some prejudices of their country about them. We got to Calais on Wednesday the 28th, in the evening; and the next morning (the 29th) I took my leave of Monsieur Prior; who, thanking me in the civilest manner in the world for the service I had done him, very nobly made me a present of twenty pistoles; and so we parted. He put to sea with a fair wind, and I suppose in a few hours landed in England.

This, sir, is the utmost I am able to inform you about Monsieur Prior's journey and negotiation. Time alone will let us know the events of it, which are yet in the dark.—I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, DU BAUDRIER.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE author of this tract, having left his master on shipboard at Calais, had, it seems, no further intelligence when he published it: neither am I able to supply it, but by what passes in common report; which, being in everybody's mouth, but with no certainty, I think it needless to repeat.

SOME ADVICE HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OCTOBER CLUB.

IN A LETTER FROM A PERSON OF HONOUR.[a]

I HAVE made Ford copy a small pamphlet, and send to the press, that I might not be known for its author; 'tis *A Letter to the October Club*, if you ever heard of such a thing.—*Journal to Stella*, Jan. 18, 1711-12.

I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called *Advice to the October Club*, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand. I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 21.

I was to-night at lord Masham's. Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet: and the secretary read a great deal to lord-treasurer. They all commended it to the skies, and so did I; and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord-treasurer suspected; for he said, "This is Dr. Davenant's style;" which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord-treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 23.

The little twopenny *Letter of Advice to the October Club* does not sell. I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell. You know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world. If I had hinted it to be mine everybody would have bought it, but it is a great secret.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 23.

The pamphlet of *Advice to the October Club* begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you.—*Ibid.*, Feb. 1.

THE PUBLISHERS PREFACE.

ABOUT the year when her late majesty, of blessed memory, thought proper to change her ministry, and brought in Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, sir Simon Harcourt, and some others; the first of these being made an earl and lord-treasurer, he was soon after blamed by the friends for not making a general sweep of all the Whigs, as the latter did of their adversaries upon her majesty's death, when they came into power. At that time a great number of parliament-men, amounting to above two hundred, grew so warm upon the slowness of the treasurer in this part, that they formed themselves into a body under the name of the October Club, and had many meetings to consult upon some methods that might spur on those in power, so that they might make a quicker despatch in removing all of the Whig leaven from the employments they still possessed. To prevent the ill consequences of this discontent among so many worthy members, the rest of the ministry joined with the treasurer, partly to pacify and partly divide those who were in greater haste than moderate men thought convenient. It was well known that the supposed author met a considerable number of this club in a public-house, where he convinced them very plainly of the treasurer's sincerity, with many of those very reasons which are urged in the following discourse, beside some others which were not so proper to appear at that time in print.

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[a] Supposed at the time to have been lord Harcourt.

The treasurer alleged in his defence, that such a treatment would not consist with prudence, because there were many employments to be bestowed which required skill and practice; that several gentlemen who possessed them had been long versed, very loyal to her majesty, had never been violent party-men, and were ready to fall into all honest measures for the service of their queen and country. But, however, as offices became vacant, he would humbly recommend to her majesty such gentlemen whose principles, with regard both to church and state, his friends would approve of, and he would be ready to accept their recommendations. Thus the earl proceeded in procuring employments for those who deserved them by their honesty, and abilities to execute them; which, I confess, to have been a singularity not very likely to be imitated. However, the gentlemen of this club still continued uneasy that no quicker progress was made in removals, until those who were least violent began to soften a little, or, by dividing them, the whole affair dropped. During this difficulty we have been assured that the following discourse was very seasonably published with great success; showing the difficulties that the earl of Oxford lay under, and his real desire that all persons in employment should be true loyal churchmen, zealous for her majesty's honour and safety, as well as for the succession in the house of Hanover, if the queen should happen to die without issue. This discourse, having been published about the year 1711, and many of the facts forgotten, would not have been generally understood without some explanation, which we have now endeavoured to give, because it seems a point of history too material to be lost. We owe this piece of intelligence to an intimate of the supposed author.

SOME ADVICE, &c.

Gentlemen,—Since the first institution of your society I have always thought you capable of the greatest things. Such a number of persons, members of parliament, true lovers of our constitution in church and state, meeting at certain times, and mixing business and conversation together, without the forms and constraint necessary to be observed in public assemblies, must very much improve each other's understanding, correct and fix your judgment, and prepare yourselves against any designs of the opposite party. Upon the opening of this session an incident has happened, to provide against the consequences whereof will require your utmost vigilance and application. All this last summer the enemy was working underground, and laying their train; they gradually became more frequent and bold in their pamphlets and papers, while those on our side were dropped, as if we had no further occasion for them. Some time before, an opportunity fell into their hands which they have cultivated ever since; and thereby have endeavoured, in some sort, to turn those arts against us which had been so effectually employed to their ruin: a plain demonstration of their superior skill at intrigue, to make a stratagem succeed a second time, and this even against those who first tried it upon them.[a] I know not whether this opportunity I have mentioned could have been prevented by any care without straining a very tender point; which those chiefly concerned avoided by all means, because it might seem a counterpart of what they had so much condemned in their predecessors; although it is certain the two cases were widely different; and if policy had once got the better of good nature, all had been safe, for there was no danger in view; but the consequences of this were foreseen from the beginning; and those who kept the watch had early warning of it. It would have been a masterpiece of prudence in this case to have made a friend of an enemy. But whether that were possible to be compassed, or whether it were ever attempted, is now too late to inquire. All accommodation was rendered desperate by an unlucky proceeding some months ago at Windsor,[b] which was a declaration of war too frank and generous for that situation of affairs, and I am told was not approved of by a certain great minister [the lord-treasurer]. It was obvious to suppose that, in a particular where the honour and interest of a husband were so closely united with those of a wife, he might be sure of her utmost endeavours for his protection, although she neither loved nor esteemed him. The danger of losing power, favour, profit, and shelter from domestic tyranny, were strong incitements to stir up a working brain, early practised in all the arts of intriguing. Neither is it safe to count upon the weakness of any man's understanding who is thoroughly possessed with the spirit of revenge to sharpen his invention: nothing else is required beside obsequiousness and assiduity; which, as they are often the talents of those who have no better, so they are apt to make impressions upon the best and greatest minds.

It was no small advantage to the designing party that, since the adventure at Windsor, the person on whom we so much depend [the lord-treasurer] was long absent by sickness, which hindered him from pursuing those measures that ministers are in prudence forced to take to defend their country and themselves against an irritated faction. The negotiators on the other side improved this favourable conjuncture to the utmost, and, by an unparalleled boldness, accompanied with many falsehoods, persuaded certain lords (who were already in the same principle, but were afraid of making a wrong step, lest it should lead them out of their coaches into the dirt) that voting in appearance against the court would be the safest course to avoid the danger they most apprehended, which was that of losing their pensions; and their opinions, when produced, by seemingly contradicting their interest, have an appearance of virtue into the bargain. This, with some arguments of more immediate power, went far in producing that strange unexpected turn we have so lately seen, and from which our adversaries reckoned upon such wonderful effects, and some of them, particularly my lord chief-justice, began to act as if all were already in their power.

But although the more immediate causes of this desertion were what I have above related, yet I am apt to think it would hardly have been attempted, or at least not have succeeded, but for a prevailing opinion that the church-party and the ministers had different views, or at least were not so firmly united as they ought to have been. It was commonly said, and I suppose not without some ground of truth, that many gentlemen of your club were discontented to find so little done; that they thought it looked as if the people were not in earnest; that they expected to see a thorough change with respect to employments; and although every man could not be provided for, yet, when all places were filled with persons of good principles, there would be fewer complaints and less danger from the other party; that this change was hoped for all last summer, and even to the opening of the session, yet nothing done. On the other hand, it was urged by some in favour of the ministry that it was impossible to find employments for one pretender in twenty, and therefore, in gratifying one, nineteen would be disobliged; but while all had leave to hope, they would all endeavour to deserve: but this again was esteemed a very shallow policy, which was too easily seen through, must soon come to an end, and would cause a general discontent, with twenty other objections to which it was liable; and indeed, considering the short life of ministers in our climate, it was with some reason thought a little hard that those for whom any employment was intended should by such a delay be probably deprived of half their benefit, not to mention that a ministry is best confirmed when all inferior officers are in its interest.

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[a] The queen's favour for the duchess of Somerset, groom of the stole.

[b] A severe quarrel between Mrs. Masham and the duchess.

I have set this cause of complaint in the strongest light, although my design is to endeavour that it should have no manner of weight with you, as I am confident our adversaries counted upon, and do still expect to find mighty advantages by it.

But it is necessary to say something to this objection, which, in all appearance, lies so hard upon the present ministry. What shall I offer upon so tender a point? How shall I convey an answer that none will apprehend except those for whom I intend it? I have often pitied the condition of great ministers upon several accounts, but never so much upon any as when their duty obliges them to bear the blame and envy of actions for which they will not be answerable in the next world, though they dare not convince the present till it is too late. This letter is sent you, gentlemen, from no mean hand, nor from a person uninformed, though, for the rest, as little concerned in point of interest for any change of ministry as most others of his fellow-subjects. I may therefore assume so much to myself as to desire you will depend upon it that a short time will make manifest how little the defect you complain of ought to lie at that door where your enemies would be glad to see you place it. The wisest man, who is not very near the spring of affairs, but views them only in their issues and events, will be apt to fix applauses and reproaches in the wrong place, which is the true cause of a weakness that I never yet knew great ministers without; I mean their being deaf to all advice; for if a person of the best understanding offers his opinion in a point where he is not master of all the circumstances (which, perhaps, are not to be told), 'tis a hundred to one but he runs into an absurdity, whence it is that ministers falsely conclude themselves to be equally wiser than others in general things, where the common reason of mankind ought to be the judge, and is probably less biassed than theirs. I have known a great man [lord Godolphin] of excellent parts blindly pursue a point of no importance, against the advice of every friend he had, till it ended in his ruin. I have seen great abilities rendered utterly useless by unaccountable and unnecessary delay and by difficulty of access, by which a thousand opportunities are suffered to escape. I have observed the strongest shoulders sink under too great a load of business for want of dividing a due proportion among others. These, and more that might be named, are very obvious failings, which every rational man may be allowed to discern as well as lament, and wherein the wisest minister may receive advice from others of inferior understanding. But in those actions where we are not thoroughly informed of all the motives and circumstances, it is hardly possible that our judgment should not be mistaken. I have often been one of the company where we have all blamed a measure taken which has afterward proved the only one that could possibly have succeeded. Nay, I have known those very men who have formerly been in the secret of affairs, when a new set of people hath come in, offering their refinements and conjectures in a very plausible manner upon what was passing, and widely err in all they advanced.

Whatever occasions may have been given for complaints that enough has not been done, those complaints should not be carried so far as to make us forget what hath been done, which, at first, was a great deal more than we hoped or thought practicable; and you may be assured that so much courage and address were not employed in the beginning of so great a work without a resolution of carrying it through as fast as opportunities would offer. Any of the most sanguine gentlemen in your club would gladly have compounded, two years ago, to have been assured of seeing affairs in the present situation: it is principally to the abilities of one great person that you gentlemen owe the happiness of meeting together, to cultivate the good principles and form yourselves into a body for defending your country against a restless and dangerous faction. It is to the same we all owe that mighty change in the most important posts of the kingdom; that we see the sacred person of our prince encompassed by those whom we ourselves would have chosen if it had been left to our power; and if everything besides that you could wish has not been hitherto done, you will be but just to impute it to some powerful though unknown impediments, wherein the ministry is more to be lamented than blamed. But there is good reason to hope, from the vigorous proceedings of the court, that these impediments will in a short time effectually be removed, and one great motive to hasten the removal of them will doubtless be the reflection upon those dangerous consequences which had like to have ensued upon not removing them before. Besides, after so plain and formidable a conviction that mild and moderate methods meet with no other reception or return than to serve as opportunities to the insatiable malice of an enemy, power will awake to vindicate itself, and disarm its opposers, at least of all offensive weapons.

Consider if you please how hard beset the present ministry has been on every side; by the impossibility of carrying on the war any longer without taking the most desperate courses; or of recovering Spain from the house of Bourbon, although we could continue it many years longer; by the clamours of a faction against any peace without that condition which the most knowing among themselves allowed to be impracticable; by the secret cabals of foreign ministers, who endeavoured to inflame our people, and spirited up a sinking faction to blast our endeavours for peace, with those popular reproaches of France and the pretender; not to mention the danger they have been in from private insinuations of such a nature as it was almost impossible to fence against. These clouds now begin to blow over, and those who are at the helm will have leisure to look about them, and complete what yet remains to be done.

That confederate body which now makes up the adverse party consists of a union so monstrous and unnatural, that in a little time it must of necessity fall to pieces. The dissenters, with reason, think themselves betrayed and sold by their brethren. What they have been told, that the present bill against occasional conformity was to prevent a greater evil, is an excuse too gross to pass; and if any other profound refinement was meant, it is now come to nothing. The remaining sections of the party have no other tie but that of an inveterate hatred and rancour against those in power, without agreeing in any other common interest, nor cemented by principle or personal friendship: I speak particularly of their leaders; and although I know that court enmities are as inconstant as its friendships, yet, from the difference of temper and principle, as well as the scars remaining of former animosities, I am persuaded their league will not be of long continuance: I know several of them who will never pardon those with whom they are now in confederacy; and when once they see the present ministry thoroughly fixed, they will grow weary of hunting upon a cold scent or playing a desperate game, and crumble away.

On the other side, while the malice of that party continues in vigour, while they yet feel the bruises of their fall, which pain them afresh since their late disappointment, they will leave no arts untried to recover themselves; and it behoves all who have any regard for the safety of the queen or her kingdom to join unanimously against an adversary who will return full fraught with vengeance upon the first opportunity that shall offer; and this perhaps is more to be regarded, because that party seem yet to have a reserve of hope in the same quarter whence their last reinforcement came. Neither can anything cultivate this hope of theirs so much as a disagreement among ourselves, founded upon a jealousy of the ministry, who, I think, need no better a testimony of their good intentions than the incessant rage of the party-leaders against them.

There is one fault which both sides are apt to charge upon themselves, and very generously commend their adversaries for the contrary virtue. The Tories acknowledge that the Whigs outdid them in rewarding their friends and adhering to each other; the Whigs allow the same to the Tories. I am apt to think that the former may a little excel the latter in this point, for, doubtless, the Tories are less vindictive of the two; and whoever is remiss in punishing will probably be so in rewarding; although, at the same time, I well remember the clamours often raised during the reign of that party against the leaders by those who thought their merits were not rewarded; and they had reason on their side, because it is no doubt a misfortune to forfeit honour and conscience for nothing: but surely the case is very different at this time, when whoever adheres to the administration does service to God, his prince, and his country, as well as contributes to his own private interest and safety.

But if the Whig leaders were more grateful in rewarding their friends, it must be avowed likewise that the bulk of them were in general more zealous for the service of their party, even when abstracted from any private advantage, as might be observed in a thousand instances; for which I would likewise commend them if it were not unnatural for mankind to be more violent in an ill cause than a good one.

The perpetual discord of factions, with several changes of late years in the very nature of our government, have controlled many maxims among us. The court and country party, which used to be the old division, seems now to be ceased, or suspended for better times and worse princes. The queen and ministry are at this time fully in the true interest of the kingdom; and therefore the court and country are of a side; and the Whigs, who originally were of the latter, are now of neither, but an independent faction, nursed up by the necessities or mistakes of a late good although unexperienced prince. Court and country ought therefore to join their forces against these common enemies until they are entirely dispersed and disabled. It is enough to arm ourselves against them when we consider that the greatest misfortunes which can befal the nation are what would most answer their interest and their wishes; a perpetual war increases their money, and breaks and beggars their landed enemies. The ruin of the church would please the dissenters, deists, and socinians, whereof the body of their party consists. A commonwealth, or a protector, would gratify the republican principles of some, and the ambition of others among them.

Hence I would infer that no discontents of an inferior nature, such I mean as I have already mentioned, should be carried so far as to give any ill impression of the present ministry. If all things have not been hitherto done as you, gentlemen, could reasonably wish, it can be imputed only to the secret instruments of that faction. The truth of this has appeared from some late incidents more visibly than formerly. Neither do I believe that any one will now make a doubt whether a certain person [the lord-treasurer] be in earnest, after the united and avowed endeavours of a whole party to strike directly at his head.

When it happens, by some private cross intrigues, that a great man has not that power which is thought due to his station, he will however probably desire the reputation of it, without which he neither can preserve the dignity, nor hardly go through the common business, of his place; yet is it that reputation to which he owes all the envy and hatred of others, as well as his own disquiets. Meantime, his expecting friends impute all their disappointments to some deep design, or to his defect of good will; and his enemies are sure to cry up his excess of power, especially in those points where they are confident it is most shortened. A minister, in this difficult case, is sometimes forced to preserve his credit by forbearing what is in his power, for fear of discovering how far the limits extend of what is not; or, perhaps, for fear of showing an inclination contrary to that of his master. Yet all this while he lies under the reproach of delay, unsteadiness, or want of sincerity. So that there are many inconveniences and dangers either in discovering or concealing the want of power. Neither is it hard to conceive that ministers may happen to suffer for the sins of their predecessors, who, by their great abuses and monopolies of power and favour, have taught princes to be more thrifty for the future in the distribution of both. And as in common life, whoever has been long confined is very fond of his liberty, and will not easily endure the very appearance of restraint, even from those who have been the instruments of setting him free; so it is with the recovery of power, which is usually attended with an undistinguished jealousy, lest it should be again invaded. In such a juncture I cannot discover why a wise and honest man should venture to place himself at the head of affairs upon any other regard than the safety of his country, and the advice of Socrates, to prevent an ill man from coming in.

Upon the whole, I do not see any one ground of suspicion or dislike which you, gentlemen, or others who wish well to their country, may have entertained about persons or proceedings but what may probably be misapprehended, even by those who think they have the best information. Nay, I will venture to go one step further, by adding that, although it may not be prudent to speak out upon this occasion, yet whoever will reason impartially upon the whole state of affairs must entirely acquit the ministry of that delay and neutrality which have been laid to their charge. Or, suppose some small part of this accusation were true (which I positively know to be otherwise, whereof the world will soon be convinced), yet the consequences of any resentment at this time must either be none at all, or the most fatal that can be imagined; for, if the present ministry be made so uneasy that a change be thought necessary, things will return of course into the old hands of those whose little fingers will be found heavier than their predecessors' loins. The Whig faction is so dexterous at corrupting, and the people so susceptible of it, that you cannot be ignorant how easy it will be after such a turn of affairs, upon a new election, to procure a majority against you. They will resume their power, with a spirit like that of Marius or Sylla, or the last triumvirate; and those ministers who have been most censured for too much hesitation will fall the first sacrifices to their vengeance; but these are the smallest mischiefs to be apprehended from such returning exiles. What security can a prince hope for his person, or his crown, or even for the monarchy itself? He must expect to see his best friends brought to the scaffold for asserting his rights; to see his prerogative trampled on, and his treasure applied to feed the avarice of those who make themselves his keepers; to hear himself treated with insolence and contempt; to have his family purged at pleasure by their humour and malice; and to retain even the name and shadow of a king no longer than his ephori shall think fit.

These are the inevitable consequences of such a change of affairs as that envenomed party is now projecting, which will best be prevented by your firmly adhering to the present ministry until this domestic enemy is out of all possibility of making head any more.

SOME REASONS

TO PROVE THAT NO ONE IS OBLIGED, BY HIS PRINCIPLES AS A WHIG, TO OPPOSE THE QUEEN: IN A LETTER TO A WHIG LORD.[a]

To which is annexed,

A SUPPOSED LETTER

FROM THE PRETENDER TO ANOTHER WHIG LORD.

I WAS with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief.—*Journal to Stella*, May 28, 1712.

Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill: I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage; and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six; and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health! Read the letter to a Whig Lord.[b]—*Ibid.*, June 17.

To-day there will be another Grub: A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord. Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a halfpenny.—*Ibid.*, July 19.

SOME REASONS, &c.

MY LORD,—The dispute between your lordship and me has, I think, no manner of relation to what, in the common style of these times, are called principles; wherein both parties seem well enough to agree if we will but allow their professions. I can truly affirm that none of the reasonable sober Whigs I have conversed with did ever avow any opinion concerning religion or government which I was not willing to subscribe; so that, according to my judgment, those terms of distinction ought to be dropped, and others introduced in their stead to denominate men as they are inclined to peace or war, to the last or the present ministry; for whoever thoroughly considers the matter will find these to be the only differences that divide the nation at present. I am apt to think your lordship would readily allow this if you were not aware of the consequence I intend to draw; for it is plain that the making peace and war, as well as the choice of ministers, is wholly in the crown; and therefore the dispute at present lies altogether between those who would support and those who would violate the royal prerogative. This decision may seem, perhaps, too sudden and severe; but I do not see how it can be contested. Give me leave to ask your lordship whether you are not resolved to oppose the present ministry to the utmost? And whether it was not chiefly with this design that, upon the opening of the present session, you gave your vote against any peace till Spain and the West Indies were recovered from the Bourbon family? I am confident your lordship then believed, what several of your house and party have acknowledged, that the recovery of Spain was grown impracticable by several incidents, as well as by our utter inability to continue the war upon the former foot. But you reasoned right, that such a vote, in such a juncture, was the present way of ruining the present ministry. For as her majesty would certainly lay much weight upon a vote of either house, so it was judged that her ministers would hardly venture to act directly against it; the natural consequence of which must be a dissolution of the parliament, and a return of all your friends into a full possession of power. This advantage the lords have over the commons, by being a fixed body of men, where a majority is not to be obtained but by time and mortality, or new creations, or other methods which I will suppose the present age too virtuous to admit. Several noble lords who joined with you in that vote were but little inclined to disoblige the court, because it suited ill with their circumstances; but the poor gentlemen were told that it was the safest part they could act; for it was boldly alleged that the queen herself was at the bottom of this affair; and one of your neighbours,[a] whom the dread of losing a great employment often puts into agonies, was growing fast into a very good courtier, began to cultivate the chief minister, and often expressed his approbation of present proceedings, till that unfortunate day of trial came, when the mighty hopes of a change revived his constancy and encouraged him to adhere to his old friends. But the event, as your lordship saw, was directly contrary to what your great undertaker had flattered you with. The queen was so far from approving what you had done, that, to show she was in earnest, and to remove all future apprehensions from that quarter, she took a resolute necessary step,[b] which is like to make her easy for the rest of her reign; and which, I am confident, your lordship would not have been one of those to have put her upon, if you had not been most shamefully misinformed. After this, your party had nothing to do but sit down and murmur at so extraordinary an exertion of the prerogative, and quarrel at a necessity which their own violence, inflamed by the treachery of others, had created. Now, my lord, if an action so indisputably in her majesty's power requires any excuse, we have a very good one at hand. We alleged that the majority you hardly acquired with so much art and management, partly made up from a certain transitory bench, and partly of those whose nobility began with themselves, was wholly formed during the long power of your friends; so that it became necessary to turn the balance by new creations, wherein, however, great care was taken to increase the peerage as little as possible,[a] and to make a choice against which no objection could be raised with relation to birth or fortune, or other qualifications requisite for so high an honour.

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[a] The lord Ashburnham.

[b] Dr. Birch, in a note on this passage, supposes it to allude to the Letter from the Pretender, which however is not dated till July 8.—It evidently relates to the larger letter. A MS. note of Charles Ford, esq., the confidential friend of Swift, not only confirms the fact of this letter being the production of the dean, but supplies the name of lord Ashburnham, the peer to whom it was addressed

[a] Charles Seymour, duke of Somerset, master of the horse.

[b] By creating twelve new peers.

There is no man hath a greater veneration than I for that noble part of our legislature whereof your lordship is a member; and I will venture to assert, that, supposing it possible for corruptions to go far in either assembly, yours is less liable to them than a house of commons. A standing senate of persons nobly born, of great patrimonial estates, and of pious learned prelates, is not easily perverted from intending the true interest of their prince and country; whereas we have found by experience that a corrupt ministry, at the head of a moneyed faction, is able to procure a majority of whom they please to represent the people. But then, my lord, on the other side, if it has been so contrived by time and management that the majority of a standing senate is made up of those who wilfully or otherwise mistake the public good, the cure by common remedies is as slow as the disease: whereas a good prince, in the hearts of his people, and at the head of a ministry who leaves them to their own free choice, cannot miss a good assembly of commons. Now, my lord, we do assert that this majority of yours has been the workmanship of about twenty years; during which time, considering the choice of persons in the several creations; considering the many arts used in making proselytes among the young nobility who have since grown up, and the wise methods to prevent their being tainted by university principles; lastly, considering the age of those who fill up a certain bench [the bishops], and with what views their successions have been supplied; I am surprised to find your majority so bare and weak, that it is not possible for you to keep it much longer, unless old men be immortal; neither, perhaps, would there be any necessity to wait so long if certain methods were put in practice which your friends have often tried with success. Your lordship plainly sees by the event that neither threats nor promises are made use of, where it is pretty well agreed that they would not be ineffectual. Voting against the court, and indeed against the kingdom, in the most important cases, has not been followed by the loss of places or pensions, unless in very few particulars, where the circumstances have been so extremely aggravating, that to have been passive would have argued the lowest weakness or fear. To instance only in the duke of Marlborough, who against the wholesome advice of those who consulted his true interest much better than his flatterers, would needs put all upon that desperate issue, of destroying the present ministry or falling himself.

I believe, my lord, you are now fully convinced that the queen is altogether averse from the thoughts of ever employing your party in her councils or her court. You see a prodigious majority in the house of commons of the same sentiments; and the only quarrel against the treasurer is an opinion of more mildness toward your friends than it is thought they deserve; neither can you hope for better success in the next election, while her majesty continues her present servants, although the bulk of the people were better disposed to you than it is manifest they are. With all the advantages I lately mentioned, which a house of lords has over the commons, it is agreed that the pulse of the nation is much better felt by the latter than the former, because those represent the whole people; but your lordships (whatever some may pretend) do represent only your own persons. Now, it has been the old complaint of your party, that the body of country gentlemen always leaned too much (since the Revolution) to the Tory side: and as your numbers were much lessened about two years ago, by a very unpopular quarrel [the impeachment of Sacheverel], wherein the church thought itself deeply concerned, so you daily diminish by your zeal against peace, which the landed men, half ruined by the war, do so extremely want and desire.

It is probable that some persons may upon occasion have endeavoured to bring you over to the present measures. If so, I desire to know whether such persons required of you to change any principles relating to government, either in church or state, in which you have been educated? or did you ever hear that such a thing was offered to any other of your party? I am sure neither can be affirmed; and then it is plain that principles are not concerned in the dispute. The two chief, or indeed the only, topics of quarrel are, whether the queen shall choose her own servants, and whether she shall keep her prerogative of making peace. And I believe there is no Whig in England that will openly deny her power in either. As to the latter, which is the more avowed, her majesty has promised that the treaty shall be laid before her parliament; after which, if it be made without their approbation, and proves to be against the interest of the kingdom, the ministers must answer for it at their extremest peril. What is there in all this that can possibly affect your principles as a Whig? or rather, my lord, are you not, by all sorts of principles lawful to own, obliged to acquiesce and submit to her majesty upon this article? But I suppose, my lord, you will not make a difficulty of confessing the true genuine cause of animosity to be, that those who are out of place would fain be in; and that the bulk of your party are the dupes of half a dozen, who are impatient at their loss of power. It is true, they would fain infuse into your lordship such strange opinions of the present ministry and their intentions as none of themselves at all believe. Has your lordship observed the least step made toward giving any suspicion of a design to alter the succession, to introduce arbitrary power, or to hurt the toleration, unless you will reckon the last to have been damaged by the bill lately obtained against occasional conformity, which was your own act and deed,[a] by a strain of such profound policy, and the contrivance of so profound a politician, that I cannot unravel it to the bottom.

Pray, my lord, give yourself leave to consider whence this indefatigable zeal is derived, that makes the heads of your party send you a hundred messages, accost you in all places, and move heaven and earth to procure your vote upon a pinch, whenever they think it lies in their way to distress the queen and ministry. Those who have already rendered themselves desperate have no other resource than in an utter change. But this is by no means your lordship's case. While others were at the head of affairs, you served the queen with no more share in them than what belonged to you as a peer; although, perhaps, you were inclined to their persons or proceedings more than to those of the present set. Those who are now in power cannot justly blame you for doing so; neither can your friends out of place reproach you if you go on to serve her majesty and make her easy in her government, unless they can prove that unlawful or unreasonable things are demanded of you. I cannot see how your conscience or honour are here concerned; or why people who have cast off all hope should desire you to embark with them against your prince, whom you have never directly offended. It is just as if a man who had committed a murder, and was flying his country, should desire all his friends and acquaintance to bear him company in his flight and banishment. Neither do I see how this will anyway answer your interest; for though it should possibly happen that your friends would be again taken into power your lordship cannot expect they will admit you to the head of affairs or even in the secret. Everything of consequence is already bespoke. I can tell you who is to be treasurer, who chamberlain, and who to be secretaries. These offices and many others have been some time fixed; and all your lordship can hope for is only the lieutenancy of a county, or some other honorary employment, or an addition to your title: or, if you were poor, perhaps a pension. And is not the way to any of these as fully open at present? and will you declare you cannot serve your queen unless you choose her ministry? Is this forsaking your principles? But that phrase has dropped of late, and they call it forsaking your friends. To serve your queen and country, while any but they are at the helm, is to forsake your friends. This is a new party figure of speech, which I cannot comprehend. I grant, my lord, that this way of reasoning is very just while it extends no further than to the several members of their juntos and cabals; and I could point out half a score persons, for each of whom I should have the utmost contempt if I saw them making any overtures to be received into trust. Wise men will never be persuaded that such violent turns can proceed from virtue or conviction; and I believe you and your friends do in your own thoughts most heartily despise that ignominious example of apostacy [lord Nottingham] whom you outwardly so much caress. But you, my lord, who have shared no further in the favour and confidence of your leaders than barely to be listed of the party, cannot honourably refuse serving her majesty, and contributing what is in your power to make her government easy, though her weighty affairs be not trusted to the hands where you would be glad to see them. One advantage your lordship may count upon by acting with the present ministry is, that you shall not undergo a state inquisition into your principles; but may believe as you please in those points of government wherein so many writers perplex the world with their explanation. Provided you heartily renounce the pretender, you may suppose what you please of his birth; and if you allow her majesty's undoubted right, you may call it hereditary or parliamentary, as you think fit. The ministers will second your utmost zeal for securing the indulgence to protestant dissenters. They abhor arbitrary power as much as you. In short, there is no opinion properly belonging to you as a Whig wherein you may not still continue and yet deserve the favour and countenance of the court, provided you offer nothing in violation of the royal prerogative, nor take the advantage in critical junctures to bring difficulties upon the administration, with no other view but that of putting the queen under the necessity of changing it. But your own party, my lord, whenever they return into play, will not receive you upon such easy terms, although they will have much more need of your assistance; they will vary their political catechism as often as they please; and you must answer directly to every article, as it serves the present turn. This is a truth too visible for you to call in doubt. How unanimous are you to a man in every point, whether of moment or no! Whereas, upon our side, many stragglers have appeared in all divisions, even among those who believed the consequence of their dissent would be the worst we could fear; for which the courage, integrity, and moderation of those at the helm cannot be sufficiently admired; though I question whether, in good politics, the last ought always to be imitated.

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[a] This promotion was so ordered that a third part were of those on whom, or their posterity, the peerage would naturally devolve: and the rest were such whose merit, birth, and fortune could admit of no exception.—*Swift.*

[a] By a compromise with the Whigs and [illegible] the earl of Nottingham.

If your lordship will please to consider the behaviour of the Tories during the long period of this reign while their adversaries were in power, you will find it very different from that of your party at present. We opposed the grant to the duke of Marlborough till he had done something to deserve so great a reward; and then it was granted *nemine contradicente*. We opposed repealing the test; which would level the church established with every snivelling sect in the nation. We opposed the bill of general naturalization, by which we were in danger to be overrun by schismatics and beggars. The scheme of breaking into the statutes of colleges, which obliged the fellows to take holy orders; the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverel; the hopeful project of limiting clergymen what to preach; with several others of the same stamp, were strenuously opposed, as manifestly tending to the ruin of the church. But you cannot give a single instance where the least violation hath been offered to her majesty's undoubted prerogative, in either house, by the lords or commons of our side. We should have been glad indeed to have seen affairs in other management; yet we never attempted to bring it about by stirring up the city, or inviting foreign ministers to direct the queen in the choice of her servants, much less by infusing jealousies into the next heir. Endeavours were not publicly used to blast the credit of the nation, and discourage foreigners from trusting their money in our funds; nor were writers suffered openly, and in weekly papers, to revile persons in the highest employments. In short, if you can prove where the course of affairs, under the late ministry, was anyway clogged by the church party, I will freely own the latter to have so far acted against reason and duty. Your lordship finds I would argue from hence, that even the warmest heads on your side, and those who are deepest engaged, have no tolerable excuse for thwarting the queen upon all occasions; much less you, my lord, who are not involved in their guilt or misfortunes, nor ought to involve yourself in their resentments.

I have often wondered with what countenance those gentlemen who have so long engrossed the greatest employments, have shared among them the bounties of the crown and the spoils of the nation, and are now thrown aside with universal odium, can accost others, who either never received the favours of the court, or who must depend upon it for their daily support; with what countenance, I say, these gentlemen can accost such persons in their usual style; "My lord, you were always with us; you will not forsake your friends; you have been still right in your principles; let us join to a man, and the court will not be able to carry it!" and this frequently in points where Whig and Tory are no more concerned than in the length or colour of your periwigs. Why all this industry to ply you with letters, messages, and visits, for carrying some peevish vote, which only serves to display inveterate pride, ill-nature, and disobedience, without effect? Though you are flattered, it must possibly make the crown and ministry so uneasy as to bring on the necessity of a change; which, however, is at best a design but ill becoming a good subject or a man of honour. I shall say nothing of those who are fallen from their heights of power and profit, who then think all claim of gratitude for past favours cancelled. But you, my lord, upon whom the crown has never cast any peculiar marks of favour or displeasure, ought better to consider the duty you owe your sovereign, not only as a subject in general, but as a member of the peerage, who have been always the strenuous asserters of just prerogative against popular encroachments, as well as of liberty against arbitrary power. So that it is something unnatural, as well as unjust, for one of your order to oppose the most mild and gracious prince that ever reigned upon a party pique, and in points where prerogative was never disputed.

But after all, if there were any probable hopes of bringing things to another turn by these violent methods of your friends, it might then perhaps be granted that you acted at least a politic part; but surely the most sanguine among them could hardly have the confidence to insinuate to your lordship the probability of such an event during her majesty's life. Will any man of common understanding, when he has recovered his liberty after being kept long in the strictest bondage, return of his own accord to gaol, where he is sure of being confined for ever? This her majesty and millions of her subjects firmly believe to be exactly the case; and whether it be so or no, it is enough that it is so believed; and this belief is attended with as great an aversion for those keepers as a good christian can be allowed to entertain, as well as with a dread of ever being again in their power; so that, whenever the ministry may be changed, it will certainly not be to the advantage of your party, except under the next successor, which I hope is too remote a view for your lordship to proceed by; though I know some of your chiefs who build all their expectations upon it.

For indeed, my lord, your party is much deceived when they think to distress a ministry for any long time, or to any great purpose, while those ministers act under a queen who is so firmly convinced of their zeal and ability for her service, and who is, at the same time, so thoroughly possessed of her people's hearts. Such a weight will infallibly at length bear down the balance; and according to the nature of our constitution, it ought to be so; because, when any one of the three powers whereof our government is composed proves too strong for the other two, there is an end of our monarchy. So little are you to regard the crude politics of those who cried out, "The constitution was in danger," when her majesty lately increased the peerage; without which it was impossible the two houses could have proceeded, with any concert, upon the most weighty affairs of the kingdom.

I know not any quarrels your lordship, as a member of the Whig party, can have against the court, except those which I have already mentioned; I mean the removal of the late ministry, the dismission of the duke of Marlborough, and the present negotiations of peace. I shall not say anything further upon these heads; only as to the second, which concerns the duke of Marlborough, give me leave to observe, that there is no kingdom or state in Christendom where a person in such circumstances would have been so gently treated. But it is the misfortune of princes that the effects of their displeasure are frequently much more public than the cause: the punishments are in the face of the world, when the crimes are in the dark; and posterity, without knowing the truth of things, may perhaps number us among the ungrateful populace of Greece and Rome, for discarding a general under whose conduct our troops have been so many years victorious; whereas it is most certain that this great lord's resolution against peace, upon any terms whatsoever, did reach the ministry at home as much as the enemy abroad; nay, his rage against the former was so much the more violent of the two, that, as it is affirmed by skilful computers, he spent more money here upon secret-service in a few months than he did for many years in Flanders. But whether that be true or false, your lordship knows very well that he resolved to give no quarter, whatever he might be content to take when he should find himself at mercy. And the question was brought to this issue, whether the queen should dissolve the present parliament, procure a new one of the Whig stamp, turn out those who had ventured so far to rescue her from insolence and ill usage, and invite her old controllers to resume their tyranny with a recruited spirit of vengeance; or, whether she should save all this trouble, danger, and vexation, by only changing one general for another.

Whatever good opinion I may have of the present ministry, I do not pretend, by anything I have said, to make your lordship believe that they are persons of sublime abstracted Roman virtue: but, where two parties divide a nation, it usually happens that, although the virtues and vices may be pretty equal on both sides, yet the public good of the country may suit better with the private interest of one side than of the other. Perhaps there may be nothing in it but chance; and it might so have happened, if things were to begin again, that the junto and their adherents would have found it their advantage to be obedient subjects, faithful servants, and good churchmen. However, since these parts happen to be acted by another set of men, I am not very speculative to inquire into the motives; but, having no ambition at heart to mislead me, I naturally side with those who proceed most by the maxims wherein I was educated. There was something like this in the quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey: Cato and Brutus were the two most virtuous men in Rome; the former did not much approve the intentions of the heads on either side; and the latter, by inclination, was more a friend to Cæsar: but, because the senate and people generally followed Pompey, and as Cæsar's party was only made up of the troops with which he conquered Gaul, with the addition of some profligate deserters from Rome, those two excellent men, who thought it base to stand neuter where the liberties of their country were at stake, joined heartily on that side which undertook to preserve the laws and constitution, against the usurpations of a victorious general, whose ambition was bent to overthrow them.

I cannot dismiss your lordship without a remark or two upon the bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the grants since 1688, which was lately thrown out of your house for no other reason than the hopes of putting the ministry to a plunge. It was universally known that the lord-treasurer had prevailed to waive the tack in the house of commons, and promised his endeavours to make the bill pass by itself in the house of lords. I could name at least five or six of your noble friends, who, if left to the guidance of their own opinion, would heartily concur to an entire resumption of those grants;

others assure me they could name a dozen: yet, upon the hope of weakening the court, perplexing the ministry, and shaking the lord-treasurer's credit in the house of commons, you went on so unanimously that I do not hear there was one single negative in your whole list, nor above one Whig lord guilty of a suspicious absence [earl of Sunderland], who, being much in your lordship's circumstances, of a great patrimonial estate, and under no obligation to either side, did not think himself bound to forward a point driven on merely to make the crown uneasy at this juncture, while it no way affected his principles as a Whig, and which, I am told, was directly against his private judgment. How he has since been treated as an apostate and betrayer of his friends, by some of the leaders and their deputies among you, I hope your lordship is ashamed to reflect on; nor do I take such open and sudden declarations to be very wise, unless you already despair of his return, which I think after such usage you justly may. For the rest, I doubt your lordship's friends have missed every end they proposed to themselves in rejecting that bill. My lord-treasurer's credit is not anyway lessened in the house of commons. In your own house you have been very far from making a division among the queen's friends, as appeared manifestly a few days ago when you lost your vote by so great a majority, and disappointed those who had been encouraged to hire places upon certain expectations of seeing a parade to the Tower.[a] Lastly, it may probably happen that those who opposed an inquisition into the grants will be found to have hardly done any very great service to the present possessors. To charge those grants with six years' purchase to the public, and then to confirm the title by parliament, would in effect be no real loss to the owners, because, by such a confirmation, they would rise in value proportionably, and differ as much as the best title can from the worst. The adverse party knew very well that nothing beyond this was intended; but they cannot be sure what may be the event of a second inspection, which the resentment of the house of commons will probably render more severe, and which you will never be able to avert when your number lessens, as it certainly must; and when the expedient is put in practice without a tack of making those grants part of a supply. From whence it is plain that the zeal against that bill arose in a great measure from some other cause than a tenderness to those who were to suffer by it.

I shall conclude, my lord, with putting you in mind that you are a subject of the queen, a peer of the realm, and a servant of your country; and, in any of these capacities, you are not to consider what you dislike in the persons of those who are in the administration, but the manner of conducting themselves while they are in: and then I do not despair but your own good sense will fully convince you that the prerogative of your prince, without which her government cannot subsist; the honour of your house, which has been always the great assertor of that prerogative; and the welfare of your country, are too precious to be made a sacrifice to the malice, the interest, and the ambition of a few party leaders.

A SUPPOSED LETTER.

FROM THE PRETENDER TO ANOTHER WHIG LORD.

St. Germains, July 8, 1712.

My Lord Wharton,—I thank you heartily for your letter; and you may be firmly assured of my friendship. In answer to what you hint that some of our friends suspect, I protest to you upon the word of a king, and my lord Middleton[a] will be my witness, that I never held the least correspondence with any one person of the Tory party. I observe, as near as I can, the instructions of the king my father; among whose papers there is not one letter, as I remember, from any Tory except two lords and a lady, who, as you know, have been for some years past devoted to me and the Whigs. I approve of the scheme you sent me, signed by our friends. I do not find 24's name to it: perhaps he may be sick or in the country. Middleton will be satisfied to be groom of the stole; and if you have Ireland, 11 may have the staff, provided 15 resigns his pretensions; in which case he shall have 6000*l.* a-year for life and a dukedom. I am content 13 should be secretary and a lord, and I will pay his debts when I am able.

I confess I am sorry your general pardon has so many exceptions; but you and my other friends are judges of that. It was with great difficulty I prevailed on the queen to let me sign the commission for life, though her majesty is entirely reconciled. If 2 will accept the privy seal, which you tell me is what would please him, the salary should be doubled: I am obliged to his good intentions, how ill soever they may have succeeded. All other parts of your plan I entirely agree with; only as to the party that opposes us, your proposal about Z may bring an odium upon my government: he stands the first excepted; and we shall have enough against him in a legal way. I wish you would allow me twelve more domestics of my own religion; and I will give you what security you please not to hinder any designs you have of altering the present established worship. Since I have so few employments left me to dispose of, and that most of our friends are to hold theirs for life, I hope you will all be satisfied with so great a share of power. I bid you heartily farewell, and am your assured friend.

A PRETENDED LETTER OF THANKS

FROM LORD WHARTON TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ASAPH,[b] IN THE NAME OF THE KITCAT CLUB

To which are added,

REMARKS ON THE BISHOP'S PREFACE.

Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers[c] of my own, beside some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price: I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny.—*Journal to Stella*, Aug. 7, 1712.

My Lord,—It was with no little satisfaction I undertook the pleasing task assigned me by the gentlemen of the Kitcat Club,[d] of addressing your lordship with thanks for your late service so seasonably done to our sinking cause, in reprinting those most excellent discourses which you had formerly preached with so great applause, though they were never heard of by us till they were recommended to our perusal by the Spectator, who, some time since, in one of his papers, entertained the town with a paragraph out of the Postboy, and your lordship's extraordinary preface.

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[a] "We got a great victory last Wednesday [May 28] in the house of lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to take places to see lord-treasurer carried to the Tower."—*Journal to Stella*, May 31, 1712.

[a] The second earl, secretary of state for Scotland.

[b] Dr. William Fleetwood.

[c] One of these was probably the pamphlet here reprinted.

[d] This club, which consisted of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the Whigs, was remarkable for the strictest zeal toward the house of Hanover. They met at a little house in Shire-lane, and took their title from the real name of a pastrycook who excelled in making mutton-pies, which were regularly a part of their entertainment. The portraits of this society, drawn by sir Godfrey Kneller, were all at Barnes, in the possession of the late Mr. Jacob Tonson, whose father was their secretary; and are now in the possession of William Baker, esq., late M.P. for the county of Hertford, at his house in Hill-street.

The world will perhaps be surprised that gentlemen of our complexion, who have so long been piously employed in overturning the foundations of religion and government, should now stoop to the puny amusement of reading and commending sermons. But your lordship can work miracles as well as write on them; and I dare assure your lordship and the world that there is not an atheist in the whole kingdom (and we are no inconsiderable party) but will readily subscribe to the principles so zealously advanced and so learnedly maintained in those discourses.

I cannot but observe, with infinite delight, that the reasons your lordship gives for reprinting those immortal pieces are urged with that strength and force which is peculiar to your lordship's writings, and is such as all who have any regard for truth or relish for good writing must admire, though none can sufficiently commend.

In a word, the preface is equal to the sermons: less than that ought not, and more cannot, be said of it. In this you play the part of a prophet, with the same address as that of a preacher in those; and, in a strain no ways inferior to Jeremiah, or any of those old pretenders to inspiration, sagely foretel those impending miseries which seem to threaten these nations by the introduction of popery and arbitrary power. This a man of less penetration than your lordship, without a spirit of divination or going to the devil for the discovery, may justly "fear and presage, from the natural tendency of several principles and practices which have of late been so studiously revived." I know your lordship means those long-since-exploded doctrines of obedience and submission to princes, which were only calculated to make "a free and happy people slaves and miserable." Who but asses, and packhorses, and beasts of burden, can entertain such servile notions? What! shall the lives and liberties of a freeborn nation be sacrificed to the pride and ambition, the humour and caprice of any one single person? Kings and princes are the creatures of the people, mere state pageants, more for show than use; and shall we fall down and worship those idols, those golden calves of our own setting up? No, never, as long as I can hold a sword or your lordship a pen.

It was suitable to that admirable foresight which is so conspicuous in every part of your lordship's conduct, to take this effectual method of delivering yourself "from the reproaches and curses of posterity, by publicly declaring to all the world that, though in the constant course of your ministry you have never failed, on proper occasions, to recommend the loving, honouring, and reverencing the prince's persons" so as never to break his royal shins nor tread upon his heels; yet you never intended men should pay any submission or obedience to him any longer than he acted according to the will and pleasure of his people. This, you say, is the opinion of Christ, St. Peter, and St. Paul: and, faith, I am glad to hear it, for I never thought that they had been Whigs before. But, since your lordship has thus taught them to declare for rebellion, you may easily persuade them to do as much for profaneness and immorality; and then they, together with your lordship, shall be enrolled members of our club. Your lordship a little after (I suppose to strengthen the testimony of the aforementioned authors) takes care to tell us that "this always was, and still is, your own judgment in these matters." You need not fear we should suspect your constancy and perseverance; for my lord Somers, that great genius, who is the life and soul, the head and heart of our party, has long since observed that we have never been disappointed in any of our Whig bishops; but they have always unalterably acted up, or, to speak properly, down, to their principles.

It is impossible for me, my lord, in this short address, to do justice to every part of your incomparable preface: nor need I run riot in encomium and panegyric, since you can perform that part so much better for yourself; for you only give those praises which you only can deserve, as you have formerly proved in the dedication of your "Essay upon Miracles" to Dr. Godolphin,[a] where you declare your work to be the most perfect of any upon that subject, in order to pay a very uncommon compliment to your patron, by telling him you had prevailed with your modesty to say so much of your performance because you would not be thought to make so ill a compliment to him as to present him with what you had not a great esteem for yourself.

Though I cannot go through the whole preface, yet I think myself obliged in gratitude to thank your lordship in a more particular manner for the last part of it, where you display the glories of the Whig ministry in such strong and lasting colours as must needs cheer and refresh the sight of all Whig spectators and dazzle the eyes of the Tories. Here your lordship rises, if possible, above yourself. Never was such strength of thought, such beauty of expression, so happily joined together. Heavens! such force, such energy, in each pregnant word! such fire, such fervour, in each glowing line! One would think your lordship was animated with the same spirit with which our hero fought. Who can read unmoved these following strokes of oratory?—"Such was the fame, such was the reputation, such was the faithfulness and zeal, to such a height of military glory, such was the harmony and consent, such was the blessing of God," &c. O! the irresistible charm of the word such! Well, since Erasmus wrote a treatise in praise of Folly, and my lord Rochester an excellent poem upon Nothing, I am resolved to employ the Spectator or some of his fraternity (dealers in words) to write an encomium upon Such. But whatever changes our language may undergo (and everything that is English is given to change), this happy word is sure to live in your immortal preface. Your lordship does not end yet; but, to crown all, has another *such* in reserve, where you tell the world, "We were just entering on the ways that lead to such a peace as would have answered all our prayers," &c. Now, perhaps, some snarling Tory might impertinently inquire when we might have expected such a peace? I answer, when the Dutch could get nothing by the war, nor we Whigs lose anything by a peace; or, to speak in plain terms (for every one knows I am a freespeaker as well as a freethinker), when we had exhausted all the nation's treasure (which everybody knows could not have been long first), and so far enriched ourselves

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Sir Godfrey's own portrait is among them, of a smaller size than the others. From these portraits, "Kitcat" became a technical term in painting.—Dr. King, who was undoubtedly a first-rate writer *de re culinaria*, has pointed out the merits of their proveditor, in his admirable Art of Cookery.

"Immortal made as Kitcat by his pies!"

[a] Vice-provost of Eton, an early patron of Fleetwood, and a residentiary of St. Paul's.

and beggared our fellow-subjects as to bring them under a necessity of submitting to what conditions we should think fit to impose; and this too we should have effected if we had continued in power. But, alas! just in that critical juncture, when (as we thought) our designs were ripe for execution, the scene changed: "God for our sins," as your lordship wisely observes, "permitted the spirit of discord" (that is, the doctrine of obedience and submission to princes) "to go forth, and by troubling the camp, the city, and the country (and O that it had spared the places sacred to his worship!), to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead I know not what . . . ." O exquisite! how pathetically does your lordship complain of the downfall of Whiggism and Daniel Burgess's meeting-house![a] The generous compassion your lordship has shown upon this tragical occasion makes me believe your lordship will not be unaffected with an accident that had like to have befallen a poor whore of my acquaintance about that time, who, being big with Whig, was so alarmed at the rising of the mob that she had like to have miscarried upon it; for the logical jade presently concluded (and the inference was natural enough) that, if they began with pulling down meeting-houses, it might end in demolishing those houses of pleasure where she constantly paid her devotion; and indeed there seems a close connexion between extempore prayer and extempore love. I doubt not, if this disaster had reached your lordship before, you would have found some room in that moving parenthesis to have expressed your concern for it.

I come now to that last stroke of your lordship's almighty pen; I mean that expressive dash . . . . which you give when you come to the new ministry, where you break off with an artful aposiopesis, and, by refusing to say anything of them yourself, leave your readers to think the worst they possibly can. Here your lordship shows yourself a most consummate orator, when even your very silence is thus eloquent.

Before I take my leave I cannot but congratulate your lordship upon that distinguishing mark of honour which the house of commons has done your preface by ordering it to be burnt. This will add a never-failing lustre to your character, when future ages shall read how a few pages of your lordship's could alarm the representative body of the nation. I know your lordship had rather live in a blaze than lie buried in obscurity; and would at any rate purchase immortality, though it be in flames. Fire, being a mounting element, is a proper emblem of your lordship's aspiring genius.

I shall detain your lordship no longer; but, according to your example, conclude with a short prayer (though praying, I confess, is not my talent)—May you never want opportunities of thus signalising yourself; but be "transmitted to posterity," under the character of one who dares sacrifice everything that is most dear to you (even your own darling labours) to promote the interest of our party; and stand sainted in the Whig calendar as a martyr for the cause! This is the sincere wish of the greatest (next yourself) of your lordship's admirers.

WHARTON.

REMARKS ON

BISHOP FLEETWOOD'S PREFACE.

[Originally Printed in the Examiner.]

"Ecce iterum Crispinus!"

THE bishop of St. Asaph's famous Preface having been so much buffeted of late between advocates and opposers, I had a curiosity to inspect some of his other works. I sent to the booksellers in Duck-lane and Little Britain, who returned me several of the sermons which belonged to that Preface; among others I took notice of that upon the death of the duke of Gloucester, which had a little preface of its own, and was omitted, upon mature deliberation, when those sermons were gathered up into a volume; though, considering the bulk, it could hardly be spared. It was a great masterpiece of art in this admirable author to write such a sermon as, by help of a preface, would pass for a Tory discourse in one reign, and, by omitting that preface, would denominate him a Whig in another: thus, by changing that position, the picture represents either the pope or the devil, the cardinal or the fool. I confess it was malicious in me, and what few others would have done, to rescue those sermons out of their dust and oblivion; without which, if the author had so pleased, they might have passed for new preached, as well as new printed: neither would the former preface have risen up in judgment to confound the latter. But, upon second thoughts, I cannot tell why this wilfully-forgotten preface may not do the reverend author some service. It is to be presumed that the Spectator published the last with that intent; why therefore should not my publishing the first be for the same end? And I dare be confident that the part I have chosen will do his lordship much more service; for here it will be found that this prelate did, once in his life, think and write as became him; and that, while he was a private clergyman, he could print a preface without fear of the hangman. I have chosen to see it at length to prevent what might be objected against me as an unfair representer, should I reserve any part of this admirable discourse, as well as to imitate the judicious Spectator; though I fear I shall not have so good contributions from our party as that author is said to have from another upon the like occasion, or, if I chance to give offence, be promised to have my losses made up to me for my zeal in circulating prefaces. Without any such deep and politic designs I give it to the world out of mere good nature, that they may find what conceptions the worthy author has formerly had of things when his business was yet undone; so to silence a clamorous party, who from the late Preface are too apt, how unjustly soever, to conclude his lordship's principles are not agreeable to his preferments.

In this excellent Preface the worthy author thought fit to charge the fanatics and Whigs, upon the duke of Gloucester's death, as people that would "try to make it a judgment of God upon us for our sins by turning the kingdom into a commonwealth." The satire must certainly be determined to them; for neither the Tories nor nonjurors were ever charged with such principles, but rather as carrying the regal authority too high in asserting the divine right of kings. This species of government, which the learned prelate says is "as ill fitted for our nature as popery is for our religion," was, by some people it seems, endeavoured to be brought in, whom he terms "an impudent and clamorous faction." Whether that impudent and clamorous faction would really do all those things he charges them with is by the Whigs denied, and charitable men may in part make a question; but that by this he did and could then only mean the Whigs, could be no question at all, since none else were ever charged with those crimes in these kingdoms; and they have always been so, though seldom indeed so heavily, unless by highflying Tories or Jacobites. It seems his lordship had dreadful apprehensions of what they would "certainly do," and begs of God "evermore to preserve us from this species." And surely he was in the right; for that would be indeed "giving us we know not what"—his lordship's enemies "will tell the rest with pleasure!"

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[a] Destroyed by Sacheverel's riotous partisans in 1709-10.

A COMPLETE REFUTATION

OF THE FALSEHOODS ALLEGED AGAINST ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

> "Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad."
> Dr. Staffold's Quack Bill.
>
> "Quin, quæ dixisti modo,
> Omnia ementitus equidem Sosia Amphitryonis sum."—Plaut.
>
> "Parva motu primo, mox sese attollit in auras."—Virg.

My friend Lewis has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from lord Perth and lord Melfort (lords now with the pretender) for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give an account of it.—*Journal to Stella*, Jan. 27, 1712-13.

I was in the city with my printer, to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 31.

I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner; but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said; and then Mr. Lewis came, and corrected it as he would have it; so that I was neither at church nor court.—*Ibid.*, Feb. 1.

This account by Dr. Swift was published Feb. 2, 1712-13; and was confirmed in the Gazette of the following day by three advertisements, containing the respective affidavits of Erasmus Lewis, esq., Charles Ford, esq., and brigadier Skelton. The two first of these gentlemen deposed, "That, having called at Mr. Henry Lewis's house, he told them he was much surprised at the reports which had been raised on this occasion; and that he would go to all the chocolate-houses and coffee-houses in town, to do justice to Mr. Erasmus Lewis." And the testimony of Mr. Skelton himself seems sufficiently to have cleared up the whole. Yet there remained some who were obstinately incredulous; as appears by the Flying Post of Feb. 3.

The dean's great regard for Mr. Lewis appears from the following memorandum, written by him on the back of one of that gentleman's letters: "Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was; the best of husbands; I am sure I can say, from my own experience, that he is the best of friends; he was so to me, when I had little hopes I should ever live to thank him." Mr. Lewis was also distinguished by the friendship of Mr. Pope, who left him a legacy for a ring.

Feb. 2, 1712-13.

I INTEND this paper for the service of a particular person; but herein I hope, at the same time, to do some good to the public. A monstrous story has been for a while most industriously handed about, reflecting upon a gentleman in great trust under the principal secretary of state, who has conducted himself with so much prudence that, before this incident, neither the most virulent pens nor tongues have been so bold as to attack him. The reader easily understands that the person here meant is Mr. Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth, concerning whom a story has run, for about ten days past, which makes a mighty noise in this town, is no doubt, with very ample additions, transmitted to every part of the kingdom, and probably will be returned to us by the Dutch Gazetteer, with the judicious comments peculiar to that political author: wherefore, having received the fact and the circumstances from the best hands, I shall here set them down before the reader, who will easily pardon the style, which is made up of extracts from the depositions and assertions of the several persons concerned.

On Sunday last was month, Mr. Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. Skelton, met by accident at Mr. Scarborough's lodgings in St. James's, among seven other persons, viz., the earls of Sussex and Finlater, the lady Barbara Skelton, lady Walter, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Scarborough, and Miss Scarborough her daughter, who all declared "that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were half an hour in company together." There Mrs. Scarborough made Mr. Skelton and Mr. Lewis known to each other, and told the former "that he ought to thank Mr Lewis for the trouble he had given himself in the despatch of a licence under the privy-seal, by which Mr. Skelton was permitted to come from France to England." Hereupon Mr. Skelton saluted Mr. Lewis, and told him "he would wait on him at his house, to return him his thanks." Two or three days after, Mr. Skelton, in company with the earl of Sussex, his lady's father, went to a house in Marlborough-street, where he was informed Mr. Lewis lived; and as soon as the supposed Mr. Lewis[a] appeared, Mr. Skelton expressed himself in these words: "Sir, I beg your pardon; I find I am mistaken; I came to visit Mr. Lewis of my lord Dartmouth's office, to thank him for the service he did me in passing my privy-seal." Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, answered, "Sir, there is no harm done." Upon which Mr. Skelton immediately withdrew to my lord Sussex, who stayed for him in the coach, and drove away. Mr. Skelton, who was a stranger to the town, ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Lewis's without more particular directions, and this was the occasion of the mistake.

For above a fortnight nothing was said of this matter; but on Saturday, the 24th of January last, a report began to spread that Mr. Skelton, going by mistake to Mr. Henry Levi, *alias* Lewis, instead of Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, had told him "that he had services for him from the earls of Perth, Middleton, Melfort, and about twelve persons more of the court of St. Germain. When Mr. Lewis heard of this, he wrote to the above-mentioned Henry Levi, *alias* Lewis, desiring to be informed what ground there was for this report; and received for answer "that his friend Skelton could best inform him." Mr. Lewis wrote a second letter, insisting on an account of this matter, and that he would come and demand it in person. Accordingly, he and Charles Ford, esq., went the next morning, and found the said Levi in a great surprise at the report, who declared "he had never given the least occasion for it, and that he would go to all the coffeehouses in town to do Mr. Lewis justice." He was asked by Mr. Lewis "whether Mr. Skelton had named from what places and persons he had brought those services? Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, answered, "he was positive Mr. Skelton had neither named person nor place." Here Mr. Skelton was called in; and Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, confirmed what he had said in his hearing. Mr. Lewis then desired he would give him in writing what he had declared before the company; but Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, excused it as unnecessary, "because he had already said he would do him justice in all the coffeehouses in town." On the other hand, Mr. Lewis insisted to have it in writing, as being less troublesome; and to this Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, replied, "that he would give his answer by three o'clock in the afternoon." Accordingly, Mr. Ford went to his house at the time appointed, but did not find him at home; and, in the mean time, the said Levi went to White's chocolate-house, where, notwithstanding all he had before denied, he spread the above-mentioned report afresh, with several additional circumstances, as, "that when Mr. Skelton and the earl of Sussex came to his house, they stayed with him a considerable time, and drank tea."

[a] Mr. Henry Lewis, a Hamburgh merchant.

The earl of Peterborough, uncle to the said Mr. Skelton, thought himself obliged to inquire into the truth of this matter; and, after some search, found Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, at the Thatched house tavern, where he denied everything again to his lordship, as he had done in the morning to Mr. Ford, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Skelton.

This affair coming to the knowledge of the queen, her majesty was pleased to order an examination of it by some lords of the council. Their lordships appointed Wednesday the 28th of January last for this inquiry; and gave notice for attendance to the said Levi, *alias* Lewis, and several other persons who had knowledge of the matter. When Mr. Levi, *alias* Lewis, was called in, he declared "that Mr. Skelton told him he had services for him from France, but did not name any persons." William Pulteney, esq., who was summoned, affirmed "that he had told him Mr. Skelton named the earls of Perth and Melfort." Here Levi, *alias* Lewis, appeared in confusion, for he had entreated Mr. Pulteney not to say he had named any names, "for he would not stand it;" but Mr. Pulteney answered, "you may give yourself the lie; I will not." The earl of Sussex declared "he did not go out of his coach, and that his son-in-law, Mr. Skelton, had not been gone half a minute before he returned to the coach." Mr. Skelton declared "that he knew Mr. Lewis by sight perfectly well; that he immediately saw his mistake; that he said nothing to him but the words first mentioned; and that he had not brought Mr. Lewis any service from any person whatsoever." The earl of Finlater, and other persons summoned, declared "that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were personally known to each other," which rendered it wholly improbable that Mr. Skelton should mistake him; so that the whole matter appeared to be only a foolish and malicious invention of the said Levi, *alias* Lewis, who, when called to an account, utterly disowned it.

If Mr. Levi's view, in broaching this incoherent slander, was to make his court to any particular persons, he has been extremely disappointed; since all men of principle, laying aside the distinction of opinions in politics, have entirely agreed in abandoning him, which I observe with a great deal of pleasure, as it is for the honour of humankind. But as neither virtue nor vice are wholly engrossed by either party, the good qualities of the mind, whatever bias they may receive by mistaken principles or mistaken politics, will not be extinguished. When I reflect on this, I cannot, without being a very partial writer, forbear doing justice to William Pulteney, esq., who, being desired by this same Mr. Levi to drop one part of what he knew, refused it with disdain. Men of honour will always side with the truth; of which the behaviour of Mr. Pulteney, and of a great number of gentlemen of worth and quality, are undeniable instances.

I am only sorry that the unhappy author of this report seems left so entirely desolate of all his acquaintance, that he has nothing but his own conduct to direct him, and consequently is so far from acknowledging his iniquity and repentance to the world, that in the Daily Courant of Saturday last he has published a Narrative, as he calls it, of what passed between him and Mr. Skelton, wherein he recedes from some part of his former confession. This Narrative is drawn up by way of answer to an advertisement in the same paper two days before, which advertisement was couched in very moderate terms, and such as Mr. Levi ought in all prudence to have acquiesced in. I freely acquit everybody but himself from any share in this miserable proceeding; and can foretel him that, as his prevaricating manner of adhering to some part of his story will not convince one rational person of his veracity, so neither will anybody interpret it otherwise than as a blunder of a helpless creature left to itself, who endeavours to get out of one difficulty by plunging into a greater. It is therefore for the sake of this poor young man that I shall set before him, in the plainest manner I am able, some few inconsistencies in that Narrative of his, the truth of which he says he is ready to attest upon oath, which whether he would avoid by an oath only upon the Gospels, himself can best determine.

Mr. Levi says, in the aforesaid Narrative in the Daily Courant, "That Mr. Skelton, mistaking him for Mr. Lewis, told him he had several services to him from France, and named the names of several persons, which he (Levi) will not be positive to." Is it possible that among several names he cannot be positive so much as to *one*, after having named the earls of Perth, Middleton, and Melfort so often at White's and the coffeehouses? Again, he declared "That my lord Sussex came in with Mr. Skelton; that both drank tea with him;" and therefore whatever words passed my lord Sussex must be a witness to. But his lordship declares before the council "That he never stirred out of the coach, and that Mr. Skelton, in going, returning, and talking with Levi, was not absent half a minute." Therefore now, in his printed Narrative, he contradicts that essential circumstance of my lord Sussex coming in along with Mr. Skelton, so that we are here to suppose that this discourse passed only between him and Mr. Skelton, without any third person for a witness, and therefore he thought he might safely affirm what he pleased. Besides, the nature of their discourse, as Mr. Levi reports it, makes this part of his Narrative impossible and absurd, because the truth of it turns upon Mr. Skelton's mistaking him for the real Mr. Lewis; and it happens that seven persons of quality were by in a room where Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were half an hour in company, and saw them talk together. It happens likewise that the real and counterfeit Lewis have no more resemblance to each other in their persons than they have in their understandings, their truth, their reputation, or their principles. Besides, in this Narrative Mr. Levi directly affirms what he directly denied to the earl of Peterborough, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Lewis himself; to whom he twice or thrice expressly affirmed that Mr. Skelton had not named either place or person.

There is one circumstance in Levi's Narrative which may deceive the reader. He says "Mr. Skelton was taken into the dining-room;" this dining-room is a ground-room next the street, and Mr. Skelton never went further than the door of it. His many prevarications in this whole affair, and the many thousand various ways of telling his story, are too tedious to be related. I shall therefore conclude with one remark. By the true account given in this paper it appears that Mr. Skelton, finding his mistake before he spoke a word, begged Mr. Levi's pardon, and, by way of apology, told him "his visit was intended to Mr. Lewis of my lord Dartmouth's office, to thank him for the *service* he had done him in passing the privy seal." It is probable that Mr. Levi's low intellectuals were deluded by the word *service*, which he took as compliments from some persons, and then it was easy to find names. Thus, what his ignorance and simplicity misled him to begin, his malice taught him to propagate.

I have been the more solicitous to set this matter in a clear light, because, Mr. Lewis being employed and trusted in public affairs, if this report had prevailed persons of the first rank might possibly have been wounded through his sides.

A PREFACE TO THE

BISHOP OF SARUM'S INTRODUCTION

TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY GREGORY MISOSARUM.

Spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas, et quærere conscius arma.

The Bishop of Sarum's "Introduction" was a pamphlet which he published as an alarm to warn the nation of the approach of popery. Swift, who seems to have disliked the bishop with something more than political aversion, treats him like one whom he is glad of an opportunity to insult.—Johnson.

This preface may seem to us, at this distance, wholly personal. But the reader must consider Dr. Burnet, not as a bishop, but a ministerial writer. It was observed by another of his answerers [*Speculum Sarisburianum*], "that the frequent and hasty repetitions of such prefaces and introductions—no less than three new ones in about one year's time, beside an old serviceable one republished concerning persecution—are preludes to other practical things besides pastoral cares, sermons, and histories."

TO THE BOOKSELLER.

Mr. Morphew,—Your care in putting an advertisement in the Examiner has been of very great use to me. I now send you my Preface to the bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his third volume, which I desire you to print in such a form as in the bookseller's phrase will make a sixpenny touch, hoping it will give such a public notice of my design, that it may come into the hands of those who perhaps look not into the bishop's Introduction.[a] I desire you will prefix to this a passage out of Virgil, which does so perfectly agree with my present thoughts of his lordship, that I cannot express them better nor more truly than those words do.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,
G. Misosarum.

A PREFACE, &c.

This way of publishing introductions to books that are God knows when to come out, is either wholly new, or so long unpractised that my small reading cannot trace it. However, we are to suppose that a person of his lordship's great age and experience would hardly act such a piece of singularity without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called the Englishman [Steele], seems in some of his late performances to have almost transcribed the notions of the bishop: these notions I take to have been dictated by the same masters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself which the poverty of our language forces me to call their style. When the Guardian changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given; that grand preparations were making against next session; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the Guardian would soon be seconded by some other piqueerers from the same camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*,[b] armed only with a pocket-pistol before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked headpiece mended.

I was debating with myself whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet to give notice of a large folio was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a dwarf is sent out upon the battlements to signify to all passengers what a mighty giant there is in the castle, or whether the bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfarronade* of Monsieur Boufflers when the earl of Portland and that general had an interview. Several men were appointed, at certain periods, to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient;* then small parties advancing with the same speed and the same cry; and this foppery held for many hours, until the mareschal himself arrived. So here the bishop (as we find by his dedication to Mr. Churchill the bookseller) has for a long time sent warning of his arrival by advertisements in Gazettes; and now his introduction advances to tell us again *Monseigneur vient;* in the mean time we must gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our spirits in some reasonable agitation, until his lordship's real self shall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have seen the same sort of management at a puppet-show. Some puppets of little or no consequence appeared several times at the window to allure the boys and the rabble; the trumpeter sounded often, and the door-keeper cried a hundred times, until he was hoarse, that they were just going to begin, yet, after all, we were forced sometimes to wait an hour before Punch himself in person made his entry.

But why this ceremony among old acquaintance? The world and he have long known one another: let him appoint his hour, and make his visit without troubling us all day with a succession of messages from his lackeys and pages.

With submission, these little arts of getting off an edition do ill become any author above the size of Marten the surgeon. My lord tells us that "many thousands of the two former parts of his History are in the kingdom; and now he perpetually advertises in the Gazette that he intends to publish the third. This is exactly in the method and style of Marten; "the seventh edition (many thousands of the former editions having been sold off in a small time) of Mr. Marten's book concerning secret diseases," &c.

Does his lordship intend to publish his great volume by subscription, and is this introduction only by way of specimen? I was inclined to think so, because, in the prefixed letter to Mr. Churchill, which introduces this introduction, there are some dubious expressions: he says "the advertisements he published were in order to move people to furnish him with materials which might help him to finish his work with great advantage." If he means half a guinea upon the subscription, and the other half at the delivery, why does he not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass that this diminutive letter to Mr. Churchill should understand the business of introducing better than the introduction itself; or why the bishop did not take it into his head to send the former into the world some months before the latter, which would have been a greater improvement upon the solemnity of the procession.

Since I writ these last lines I have perused the whole pamphlet (which I had only dipped in before), and found I had been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the author has in several parts of his piece discovered the true motives which put him upon sending it abroad at this juncture; I shall therefore consider them as they come in my way.

My lord begins his introduction with an account of the reasons why he was guilty of so many mistakes in the first volume of his History of the Reformation: his excuses are just, rational, and extremely consistent. He says, "he wrote in haste," which he confirms by adding "that it lay a year after he wrote it before it was put into the press." At the same time he mentioned a passage extremely to the honour of that pious and excellent prelate archbishop Sancroft, which demonstrates his grace to have been a person of great sagacity and almost a prophet. Dr. Burnet, then a private divine, "desired admittance to the Cotton library, but was prevented by the archbishop, who told sir John Cotton that the said doctor was no friend to the prerogative of the crown or to the constitution of the kingdom. This judgment was the more extraordinary, because the doctor had not long before published a book in Scotland, with his name prefixed, which carries the regal prerogative higher than any writer of the age:[a] however, the good archbishop lived to see his opinion become universal in the kingdom.

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[a] The Bishop's Introduction is prefaced with a letter to his bookseller, of which this is a burlesque.

[b] One of the forlorn hope.

The bishop goes on for many pages with an account of certain facts relating to the publishing of his two former volumes of the Reformation; the great success of that work, and the adversaries who appeared against it. These are matters out of the way of my reading; only I observe that poor Mr. Henry Wharton, who has deserved so well of the commonwealth of learning, and who gave himself the trouble of detecting some hundreds of the bishop's mistakes, meets with very ill quarter from his lordship; upon which, I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar method which this prelate takes to revenge himself upon those who presume to differ from him in print. The bishop of Rochester happened some years ago to be of this number. My lord of Sarum, in his reply, ventured to tell the world that the gentleman who had writ against him, meaning Dr. Atterbury, was one upon whom he had conferred great obligations, which was a very generous christian contrivance of charging his adversary with ingratitude. But it seems the truth happened to be on the other side, which the doctor made appear in such a manner as would have silenced his lordship for ever if he had not been writing-proof. Poor Mr. Wharton, in his grave, is charged with the same accusation, but with circumstances the most aggravating that malice and something else could invent; and which I will no more believe than five hundred passages in a certain book of travels [Burnet's Travels]. See the character he gives of a divine and a scholar who shortened his life in the service of God and the church. "Mr. Wharton desired me to intercede with Tillotson for a prebend of Canterbury. I did so, but Wharton would not believe it; said he would be revenged, and so writ against me. Soon after, he was convinced I had spoke for him; said he was set on to do what he did, and if I would procure anything for him he would discover everything to me." What a spirit of candour, charity, and good nature, generosity, and truth, shines through this story, told of a most excellent and pious divine twenty years after his death, without one single voucher!

Come we now to the reasons which moved his lordship to set about this work at this time. "He could delay it no longer, because the reasons of his engaging in it at first seem to return upon him." He was then frightened with "the danger of a popish successor in view, and the dreadful apprehensions of the power of France. England has forgot these dangers," and yet is "nearer to them than ever," and therefore he is resolved to "awaken them" with his third volume; but in the mean time sends this introduction to let them know they are asleep. He then goes on in describing the condition of the kingdom, after such a manner as if destruction hung over us by a single hair; as if the pope, the devil, the pretender, and France, were just at our doors.

When the bishop published his History, there was a popish plot on foot: the duke of York, a known papist, was presumptive heir to the crown; the house of commons would not hear of any expedient for securing their religion under a popish prince, nor would the king or lords consent to a bill of exclusion; the French king was in the height of his grandeur and the vigour of his age. At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole illustrious family, are protestants; the popish pretender excluded for ever by several acts of parliament; and every person in the smallest employment, as well as the members of both houses, obliged to abjure him. The French king is at the lowest ebb of life; his armies have been conquered, and his towns won from him for ten years together; and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by divisions during a long minority. Are these cases parallel? or are we now in more danger of France and popery than we were thirty years ago? What can be the motive for advancing such false, such detestable assertions? what conclusions would his lordship draw from such premises as these? If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cause (as the style of our adversaries would make us believe), what appellations would those deserve who thus endeavour to sow the seeds of sedition, and are impatient to see the fruits? "But," saith he, "the deaf adder stoppeth her ears, let the charmer charm never so wisely." True, my lord, there are indeed too many adders in this nation's bosom; adders in all shapes and in all habits, whom neither the queen nor parliament can charm to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

Among other instances produced by him of the dismal condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this, "That the little factious pamphlets written about the end of king Charles II.'s reign lie dead in shops, are looked on as waste paper, and turned to pasteboard." How many are there of his lordship's writings which could otherwise never have been of any real service to the public? Has he indeed so mean an opinion of our taste, to send us at this time of day into all the corners of Holborn, Duck-lane, and Moorfields, in quest after the factious trash published in those days by Julian Johnson, Hickeringil, Dr. Oates, and himself?

His lordship, taking it for a *postulatum* that the queen and ministry, both houses of parliament, and a vast majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England, are running headlong into popery, lays hold on the occasion to describe "the cruelties in queen Mary's reign; an inquisition setting up fagots in Smithfield, and executions all over the kingdom. Here is that," says he, "which those that look toward a popish successor must look for." And he insinuates through his whole pamphlet, that all who are not of his party "look toward a popish successor." These he divides into two parts; the Tory laity, and the Tory clergy. He tells the former, "Although they have no religion at all, but resolve to change with every wind and tide, yet they ought to have compassion on their countrymen and kindred." Then he applies himself to the Tory clergy, assures them that "the fires revived in Smithfield and all over the nation will have no amiable view, but least of all to them, who, if they have any principles at all, must be turned out of their livings, leave their families, be hunted from place to place into parts beyond the seas, and meet with that contempt with which they treated foreigners who took sanctuary among us."

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[a] "Vindication of the Authority, Constitution, and Laws of the Church and State of Scotland," dedicated to the duke of Lauderdale, and published in 1672.

This requires a recapitulation, with some remarks. First, I do affirm that in every hundred of professed atheists, deists, and socinians in the kingdom, ninety-nine at least are stanch thorough-paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his lordship in politics and discipline; and therefore will venture all the fires of hell, rather than singe one hair of their beards in Smithfield. Secondly, I do likewise affirm that those whom we usually understand by the appellation of Tory or high-church clergy were the greatest sticklers against the exorbitant proceedings of king James II., the best writers against popery, and the most exemplary sufferers for the established religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it to be a most false and infamous scandal upon the nation in general, and on the clergy in particular, to reproach them for "treating foreigners with haughtiness and contempt." The French huguenots are many thousand witnesses to the contrary; and I wish they deserved the thousandth part of the good treatment they have received.

Lastly, I observe that the author of a paper called "The Englishman" has run into the same cant, gravely advising the whole body of the clergy not to bring in popery; because that will put them under a necessity of parting with their wives, or losing their livings.

The bulk of the kingdom, both clergy and laity, happen to differ extremely from this prelate in many principles both of politics and religion. Now I ask whether, if any man of them had signed his name to a system of atheism or popery, he could have argued with them otherwise than he does? or, if I should write a grave letter to his lordship with the same advice, taking it for granted that he was half an atheist and half a papist, and conjuring him by all he held dear to have compassion upon all those who believed a God, "not to revive the fires in Smithfield; that he must either forfeit his bishopric, or not marry a fourth wife,"—I ask whether he would not think I intended him the highest injury and affront?

But as to the Tory laity, he gives them up in a lump for abandoned atheists; they are a set of men so "impiously corrupted in the point of religion that no scene of cruelty can fright them from leaping into it (popery), and perhaps acting such a part in it as may be assigned them." He therefore despairs of influencing them by any topics drawn from religion or compassion, and advances the consideration of interest as the only powerful argument to persuade them against popery.

What he offers upon this head is so very amazing from a christian, a clergyman, and a prelate of the church of England, that I must in my own imagination strip him of those three capacities, and put him among the number of that set of men he mentions in the paragraph before; or else it will be impossible to shape out an answer.

His lordship, in order to dissuade the Tories from their design of bringing in popery, tells them, "how valuable a part of the whole soil of England, the abbey-lands, the estates of the bishops, of the cathedrals, and the tithes are;" how difficult such a resumption would be to many families; "yet all these must be thrown up; for sacrilege in the church of Rome is a mortal sin." I desire it may be observed what a jumble here is made of ecclesiastical revenues, as if they were all upon the same foot, were alienated with equal justice, and the clergy had no more reason to complain of the one than the other; whereas the four branches mentioned by him are of very different consideration. If I might venture to guess the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they could wish that some small part of the abbey-lands had been applied to the augmentation of poor bishoprics; and a very few acres to serve for glebes in those parishes where there are none; after which I think they would not repine that the laity should possess the rest. If the estates of some bishops and cathedrals were exorbitant before the Reformation, I believe the present clergy's wishes reach no further than that some reasonable temper had been used instead of paring them to the quick. But as to the tithes, without examining whether they be of divine institution, I conceive there is hardly one of that sacred order in England, and very few even among the laity who love the church, who will not allow the misapplying of those revenues to secular persons to have been at first a most flagrant act of injustice and oppression; although, at the same time, God forbid they should be restored any other way than by gradual purchase, by the consent of those who are now the lawful possessors, or by the piety and generosity of such worthy spirits as this nation sometimes produces. The bishop knows very well that the application of tithes to the maintenance of monasteries was a scandalous usurpation, even in popish times; that the monks usually sent out some of their fraternity to supply the cures; and that when the monasteries were granted away by Henry VIII. the parishes were left destitute, or very meanly provided, of any maintenance for a pastor. So that in many places the whole ecclesiastical dues, even to mortuaries, Easter-offerings, and the like, are in lay hands, and the incumbent lies wholly at the mercy of his patron for his daily bread. By these means there are several hundred parishes in England under twenty pounds a-year, and many under ten. I take his lordship's bishopric to be worth near 2500*l.* annual income: and I will engage, at half a year's warning, to find him above a hundred beneficed clergymen who have not so much among them all to support themselves and their families; most of them orthodox, of good life and conversation, as loth to see the fires kindled in Smithfield as his lordship, and at least as ready to face them under a popish persecution. But nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger while my lord is seated by a good fire in the warmest room of his palace with a dozen dishes before him? I remember one other prelate much of the same stamp, who, when his clergy would mention their wishes that some act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would say, "Gentlemen, we are very well as we are; if they would let us alone, we should ask no more."

"Sacrilege," says my lord, "in the church of Rome is a mortal sin;" and is it only so in the church of Rome? or is it but a venial sin in the church of England? Our litany calls fornication a deadly sin; and I would appeal to his lordship for fifty years past, whether he thought that or sacrilege the deadliest? To make light of such a sin, at the same moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous religion, should seem not very consistent. "Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?"

To smooth the way for the return of popery in queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the pope in the possession of the abbey-lands. But the bishop tells us that "this confirmation was fraudulent and invalid." I shall believe it to be so, although I happen to read it in his lordship's History. But he adds "that, although the confirmation had been good, the priests would have got their land again by these two methods; first, the statute of mortmain was repealed for twenty years; in which time, no doubt, they reckoned they would recover the best part of what they had lost; beside that engaging the clergy to renew no leases was a thing entirely in their own power; and this in forty years' time would raise their revenues to be about ten times their present value." These two expedients for increasing the revenues of the church he represents as pernicious designs, fit only to be practised in times of popery, and such as the laity ought never to consent to; whence, and from what he said before about tithes, his lordship has freely declared his opinion that the clergy are rich enough, and that the least addition to their subsistence would be a step toward popery. Now it happens that the two only methods which could be thought on, with any probability of success, toward some reasonable augmentation of ecclesiastical revenues, are here rejected by a bishop as a means for introducing popery, and the nation publicly warned against them; whereas the continuance of the statute of mortmain in full force, after the church had been so terribly stripped, appeared to her majesty and the kingdom a very unnecessary hardship; upon which account it was at several times relaxed by the legislature. Now, as the relaxation of that statute is manifestly one of the reasons which gives the bishop those terrible apprehensions of popery coming on us; so I conceive another ground of his fears is the remission of the first-fruits and tenths. But where the inclination to popery lay, whether in her majesty who proposed this benefaction, the parliament which confirmed, or the clergy who accepted it, his lordship has not thought fit to determine.

The other popish expedient for augmenting church revenues is, "engaging the clergy to renew no leases." Several of the most eminent clergymen have assured me that nothing has been more wished for by good men than a law to prevent bishops, at least, from setting leases for lives. I could name ten bishoprics in England whose revenues one with another do not amount to 600*l.* a-year for each; and if his lordship's, for instance, would be above ten times the value when the lives are expired, I should think the overplus would not be ill disposed toward an augmentation of such as are now shamefully poor. But I do assert that such an expedient was not always thought popish and dangerous by this right reverend historian. I have had the honour formerly to converse with him; and he has told me several years ago that he lamented extremely the power which bishops had of letting leases for lives; whereby, as he said, they were utterly deprived of raising their revenues, whatever alterations might happen in the value of money by length of time. I think the reproach of betraying private conversation will not upon this account be laid to my charge. Neither do I believe he would have changed his opinion upon any score, but to take up another more agreeable to the maxims of his party, "that the least addition of property to the church is one step toward popery."

The bishop goes on with much earnestness and prolixity to prove that the pope's confirmation of the church-lands to those who held them by king Henry's donation was null and fraudulent: which is a point that I believe no protestant in England would give threepence to have his choice whether it should be true or false: it might indeed serve as a passage in his history, among a thousand other instances, to detect the knavery of the court of Rome; but I ask, where could be the use of it in this introduction? or why all this haste in publishing it at this juncture, and so out of all method apart, and before the work itself? He gives his reasons in very plain terms; we are now, it seems, "in more danger of popery than toward the end of king Charles II.'s reign. That set of men (the Tories) is so impiously corrupted in the point of religion, that no scene of cruelty can frighten them from leaping into it, and perhaps from acting such a part in it as may be assigned them." He doubts whether the high-church clergy have any principles, and therefore will be ready to turn off their wives, and look on the fires kindled in Smithfield as an amiable view. These are the facts he all along takes for granted, and argues accordingly. Therefore, in despair of dissuading the nobility and gentry of the land from introducing popery, by any motives of honour, religion, alliance, or mercy, he assures them "That the pope has not duly confirmed their titles to the church-lands in their possession;" which therefore must be infallibly restored as soon as that religion is established among us.

Thus, in his lordship's opinion, there is nothing wanting to make the majority of the kingdom, both for number, quality, and possession, immediately embrace popery, except a "firm bull from the pope," to secure the abbey and other church lands and tithes to the present proprietors and their heirs; if this only difficulty could now be adjusted the pretender would be restored next session, the two houses reconciled to the church of Rome against Easter term, and the fires lighted in Smithfield by Midsummer. Such horrible calumnies against a nation are not the less injurious to decency, good-nature, truth, honour, and religion, because they may be vented with safety; and I will appeal to any reader of common understanding whether this be not the most natural and necessary deduction from the passages I have cited and referred to.

Yet all this is but friendly dealing in comparison with what he affords the clergy upon the same article. He supposes that whole reverend body who differ from him in principles of church or state, so far from disliking popery upon the above-mentioned motives of perjury, "quitting their wives or burning their relations," that the hopes of "enjoying the abbey-lands" would soon bear down all such considerations and be an effectual incitement to their perversion; and so he goes gravely on, as with the only argument which he thinks can have any force, to assure them that the "parochial priests in Roman catholic countries are much poorer than in ours; the several orders of regulars and the magnificence of their church devouring all their treasure;" and by consequence "their hopes are vain of expecting to be richer after the introduction of popery."

But, after all, his lordship despairs that even this argument will have any force with our abominable clergy; because, to use his own words, "They are an insensible and degenerate race, who are thinking of nothing but their present advantages; and so that they may now support a luxurious and brutal course of irregular and voluptuous practices, they are easily hired to betray their religion, to sell their country, and give up that liberty and those properties which are the present felicities and glories of this nation."

He seems to reckon all these evils as matters fully determined on, and therefore falls into the last usual form of despair, by threatening the authors of these miseries with "lasting infamy, and the curses of posterity upon perfidious betrayers of their trust."

Let me turn this paragraph into vulgar language, for the use of the poor; and strictly adhere to the sense of the words. I believe it may be faithfully translated in the following manner: "The bulk of the clergy and one-third of the bishops are stupid sons of whores, who think of nothing but getting money as soon as they can; if they may but procure enough to supply them in gluttony, drunkenness, and whoring, they are ready to turn traitors to God and their country, and make their fellow-subjects slaves." The rest of the period, about threatening infamy and the curses of posterity upon such dogs and villains, may stand as it does in the bishop's own phrase; and so make the paragraph all of a piece.

I will engage, on the other side, to paraphrase all the rogues and rascals in the Englishman, so as to bring them up exactly to his lordship's style; but, for my own part, I much prefer the plain Billingsgate way of calling names, because it expresses our meaning full as well, and would save abundance of time which is lost by circumlocution; so, for instance, John Dunton, who is retained on the same side with the bishop, calls my lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke traitors, whoremongers, and Jacobites; which three words cost our right reverend author thrice as many lines to define them; and I hope his lordship does not think there is any difference in point of morality, whether a man calls me traitor in one word or says I am one "hired to betray my religion and sell my country."

I am not surprised to see the bishop mention with contempt all convocations of the clergy; for Toland, Asgill, Monmouth, Collins, Tindal, and others of the fraternity, talk the very same language. His lordship confesses he is not inclined "to expect much from the assemblies of clergymen." There lies the misfortune; for if he, and some more of his order, would correct their inclinations, a great deal of good might be expected from such assemblies; as much as they are now cramped by that submission which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent successors. He will not deny that his copiousness in these matters is, in his own opinion, one of the meanest parts of his new work. I will agree with him, unless he happens to be more copious in anything else. However, it is not easy to conceive why he should be so copious upon a subject he so much despises, unless it were to gratify his talent of railing at the clergy, in the number of whom he disdains to be reckoned, because he is a bishop; for it is a style I observed some prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themselves were not of the number. You will read, in many of their speeches at Dr. Sacheverel's trial, expressions to this or the like effect: "My lords, if clergymen be suffered," &c., wherein they seem to have reason; and I am pretty confident that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to disown any relation they had to the managers in lawn. However, it was a confounding argument against presbytery, that those prelates who are most suspected to lean that way treated their inferior brethren with haughtiness, rigour, and contempt; although, to say the truth, nothing better could be hoped for; because I believe it may pass for a universal rule, that, in every diocese governed by bishops of the Whig species, the clergy (especially the poorer sort) are under double discipline, and the laity left to themselves. The opinion of sir Thomas More, which he produces to prove the ill consequences or insignificancy of convocations, advances no such thing; but says, "If the clergy assembled often, and might act as other assemblies of clergy in Christendom, much good might have come; but the misfortune lay in their long disuse, and that in his own and a good part of his father's time they never came together, except at the command of the prince."

I suppose his lordship thinks there is some original impediment in the study of divinity, or secret incapacity in a gown and cassoc without lawn, which disqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon subjects of doctrine or discipline in the church. It is a famous saying of his, "that he looks upon every layman to be an honest man until he is by experience convinced to the contrary; and on every clergyman as a knave until he finds him to be an honest man." What opinion then must we have of a lower house of convocation; where, I am confident, he will hardly find three persons that ever convinced him of their honesty, or will ever be at the pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would think such a conviction might be no very advantageous bargain, to gain the character of an honest man with his lordship, and lose it with the rest of the world.

In the famous concordate that was made between Francis I. of France and pope Leo X., the bishop tells us that "the king and pope came to a bargain, by which they divided the liberties of the Gallican church between them, and indeed quite enslaved it." He intends in the third part of his History, which he is going to publish, "to open this whole matter to the world." In the mean time he mentions some ill consequences to the Gallican church from that concordate, which are worthy to be observed: "The church of France became a slave, and this change in their constitution put an end not only to national but even to provincial synods in that kingdom. The assemblies of the clergy there meet now only to give subsidies," &c.; and he says, "our nation may see by that proceeding what it is to deliver up the essential liberties of a free constitution to a court."

All I can gather from this matter is, that our king Henry made a better bargain than his contemporary Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between himself and the pope, while the king of England seized them all to himself. But how comes he to number the want of synods in the Gallican church among the grievances of that concordate, and as a mark of their slavery, since he reckons all convocations of the clergy in England to be useless and dangerous? Or what difference in point of liberty was there between the Gallican church under Francis and the English under Harry? For the latter was as much a papist as the former, unless in the point of obedience to the see of Rome; and in every quality of a good man, or a good prince (except personal courage, wherein both were equal), the French monarch had the advantage by as many degrees as is possible for one man to have over another.

Henry VIII. had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom; he continued to persecute and burn protestants after he had cast off the pope's supremacy; and I suppose this seizure of ecclesiastical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the church's liberty. By the quotation the bishop sets down to show the slavery of the French church, he represents it as a grievance that "bishops are not now elected there as formerly, but wholly appointed by the prince; and that those made by the court have been ordinarily the chief advancers of schisms, heresies, and oppressions of the church." He cites another passage from a Greek writer, and plainly insinuates that it is justly applicable to her majesty's reign: "Princes choose such men to that charge (of a bishop) who may be their slaves, and in all things obsequious to what they prescribe, and may lie at their feet, and have not so much as a thought contrary to their commands."

These are very singular passages for his lordship to set down, in order to show the dismal consequences of the French concordate, by the slavery of the Gallican church compared with the freedom of ours. I shall not enter into a long dispute whether it were better for religion that bishops should be chosen by the clergy or people, or both together: I believe our author would give his vote for the second (which, however, would not have been of much advantage to himself and some others that I could name); but I ask whether bishops are any more elected in England than in France? And the want of synods are, in his own opinion, rather a blessing than a grievance, unless he will affirm that more good can be expected from a popish synod than an English convocation. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties than the submission made to Henry VIII.; or so great a one as the seizure of their lands? The Reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of king Henry; he was only an instrument of it (as the logicians speak) by accident; nor does he appear, throughout his whole reign, to have had any other views than those of gratifying his insatiable love of power, cruelty, oppression, and other irregular appetites. But this kingdom, as well as many other parts of Europe, was, at that time, generally weary of the corruptions and impositions of the Roman court and church; and disposed to receive those doctrines which Luther and his followers had universally spread. Cranmer the archbishop, Cromwell, and others of the court, did secretly embrace the Reformation; and the king's abrogating the pope's supremacy made the people in general run into the new doctrine with greater freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it by the authority and example of their prince; who disappointed them so far that he made no other step than rejecting the pope's supremacy, as a clog upon his own power and passions, but retained every corruption besides, and became a cruel persecutor, as well of those who denied his own supremacy as of all others who professed any protestant doctrine. Neither has anything disgusted me more in reading the histories of those times than to see one of the worst princes of any age or country celebrated as an instrument in that glorious work of the Reformation.

The bishop, having gone over all the matters that properly fall within his introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several sorts of people: first, with protestants who are no christians—such as atheists, deists, freethinkers, and the like enemies to christianity: but these he treats with the tenderness of a friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig principles in church and state. However, to do him justice, he lightly touches some old topics for the truth of the gospel; and concludes by "wishing that the freethinkers would consider well if (*Anglice*, whether) they think it possible to bring a nation to be without any religion at all; and what the consequences of that may prove;" and in case they allow the negative, he gives it clearly for christianity.

Secondly, he applies himself (if I take his meaning right) to christian papists, "who have a taste of liberty;" and desires them to "compare the absurdity of their own religion with the reasonableness of the reformed:" against which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

Thirdly, he is somewhat rough against his own party, "who, having tasted the sweets of protestant liberty, can look back so tamely on popery coming on them;" it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be so negligent. "It is not enough that they resolve not to turn papists themselves; they ought to awaken all about them, even the most ignorant and stupid, to apprehend their danger, and to exert themselves with their utmost industry to guard against it and to resist it. If, after all their endeavours to prevent it, the corruption of the age, and the art and power of our enemies, prove too hard for us, then, and not until then, we must submit to the will of God, and be silent; and prepare ourselves for all the extremity of suffering and of misery," with a great deal more of the same strain.

With due submission to the profound sagacity of this prelate, who can smell popery at five hundred miles' distance, better than fanaticism just under his nose, I take leave to tell him that this reproof to his friends for want of zeal, and clamour against popery, slavery, and the pretender, is what they have not deserved. Are the pamphlets and papers daily published by the sublime authors of his party full of anything else? Are not the queen, the ministers, the majority of lords and commons, loudly taxed in print, with this charge against them at full length? Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffeehouse and club? Have they not quartered popery and the pretender upon the peace and treaty of commerce; upon the possessing, and quieting, and keeping, and demolishing of Dunkirk? Have they not clamoured because the pretender continued in France, and because he left it? Have they not reported that the town swarmed with many thousand papists; when upon search there were never found so few of that religion in it before? If a clergyman preaches obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a papist? Can mortal man do more? To deal plainly, my lord, your friends are not strong enough yet to make an insurrection, and it is unreasonable to expect one from them until their neighbours be ready.

My lord, I have a little seriousness at heart upon this point, where your lordship affects to show so much. When you can prove that one single word has ever dropped from any minister of state, in public or private, in favour of the pretender or his cause; when you can make it appear that in the course of this administration, since the queen thought fit to change her servants, there has one step been made toward weakening the Hanover title, or giving the least countenance to any other whatsoever; then, and not until then, go dry your chaff and stubble, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmness.

Fourthly, the bishop applies himself to the Tories in general; taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce popery. He puts an excuse into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to justify their change of religion: "Popery is not what it was before the Reformation: things are now much mended, and further corrections might be expected if we would enter into a treaty with them: in particular, they see the error of proceeding severely with heretics; so that there is no reason to apprehend the returns of such cruelties as were practised an age and a half ago."

This, he assures us, is a plea offered by the Tories in defence of themselves for going about at this juncture to establish the popish religion among us: What argument does he bring to prove the fact itself?

> Quibus indiciis, quo teste, probavit?
> Nil horum: verbosa et grandis epistola venit.
> JUVENAL, Sat. x. 70.

Nothing but this tedious Introduction, wherein he supposes it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole christian church is a blessing which every good man wishes, but no reasonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman catholics have, in several places, given up some of their superstitious fopperies, particularly concerning legends, relics, and the like, is what nobody denies. But the material points in difference between us and them are universally retained and asserted in all their controversial writings. And if his lordship really thinks that every man who differs from him, under the name of a Tory, in some church and state opinions, is ready to believe transubstantiation, purgatory, the infallibility of pope or councils, to worship saints and angels, and the like, I can only pray God to enlighten his understanding, or graft in his heart the first principles of charity; a virtue which some people ought not by any means wholly to renounce, because it covers a multitude of sins.

Fifthly, the bishop applies himself to his own party in both houses of parliament, whom he exhorts to "guard their religion and liberty against all danger, at what distance soever it may appear. If they are absent and remiss on critical occasions;" that is to say, if they do not attend close next sessions, to vote upon all occasions whatever against the proceedings of the queen and her ministry; "or if any views of advantage to themselves prevail on them:" in other words, if any of them vote for the bill of commerce, in hopes of a place or a pension, a title or a garter; "God may work a deliverance for us another way" (that is to say, by inviting the Dutch); "but they and their families," *i. e.* those who are negligent or revolters, "shall perish;" by which is meant they shall be hanged, as well as the present ministry and their abettors, as soon as we recover our power; "because they let in idolatry, superstition, and tyranny;" because they stood by and suffered the peace to be made, the bill of commerce to pass, and Dunkirk to lie undemolished longer than we expected, without raising a rebellion.

His last application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of "blind, ignorant, dumb, sleeping, greedy, drunken dogs." A pretty artful episcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleases. It is but quoting a text of Scripture, where the characters of evil men are described, and the thing is done: and at the same time the appearances of piety and devotion preserved. I would engage, with the help of a good Concordance and the liberty of perverting holy writ, to find out as many injurious appellations as the Englishman throws out in any of his politic papers, and apply them to those persons "who call good evil, and evil good; to those who cry without cause, 'Every man to his tent, O Israel!' and to those who curse the queen in their hearts!"

These decent words, he tells us, make up a "lively description of such pastors as will not study controversy, nor know the depths of Satan." He means, I suppose, the controversy between us and the papists; for as to the freethinkers and dissenters of every denomination, they are some of the best friends to the cause. Now I have been told there is a body of that kind of controversy published by the London divines, which is not to be matched in the world. I believe likewise there is a good number of the clergy at present thoroughly versed in that study; after which, I cannot but give my judgment, that it would be a very idle thing for pastors in general to busy themselves much in disputes against popery; it being a dry heavy employment of the mind at best, especially when (God be thanked) there is so little occasion for it in the generality of parishes throughout the kingdom, and must be daily less and less, by the just severity of the laws, and the utter aversion of our people from that idolatrous superstition.

If I might be so bold as to name those who have the honour to be of his lordship's party, I would venture to tell him that pastors have much more occasion to study controversies against the several classes of freethinkers and dissenters: the former (I beg his lordship's pardon for saying so) being a little worse than papists, and both of them more dangerous at present to our constitution both in church and state. Not that I think presbytery so corrupt a system of christian religion as popery; I believe it is not above one-third as bad: but I think the presbyterians, and their clans of other fanatics, or freethinkers and atheists, that dangle after them are as well inclined to pull down the present establishment of monarchy and religion as any set of papists in Christendom; and therefore that our danger, as things now stand, is infinitely greater from our protestant enemies; because they are much more able to ruin us, and full as willing. There is no doubt but that presbytery and a commonwealth are less formidable evils than popery, slavery, and the pretender; for if the fanatics were in power, I should be in more apprehension of being starved than burned. But there are probably in England forty dissenters of all kinds, including their brethren the freethinkers, for one papist; and allowing one papist to be as terrible as three dissenters, it will appear by arithmetic that we are thirteen times and one-third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

The other qualification necessary for all pastors, if they will not be "blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs," &c., is "to know the depth of Satan." This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be a parson, vicar, or curate of a parish, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect, for one manifest reason, because whoever had only half the cunning of the devil would never take up with a vicarage of ten pounds a-year, "to live on at his ease," as my lord expresses it, but seek out for some better livelihood. His lordship is of a nation very much distinguished for that quality of cunning (although they have a great many better), and I think he was never accused for wanting his share. However, upon a trial of skill, I would venture to lay six to four on the devil's side, who must be allowed to be at least the older practitioner. Telling truth shames him, and resistance makes him fly: but to attempt outwitting him is to fight him at his own weapon, and consequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would observe is, that a man may be "in the depths of Satan" without knowing them all; and such a man may be so far in Satan's depths as to be out of his own. One of the depths of Satan is to counterfeit an angel of light. Another, I believe, is to stir up the people against their governors by false suggestions of danger. A third is, to be a prompter to false brethren, and to send wolves about in sheep's clothing. Sometimes he sends jesuits about England in the habit and cant of fanatics; at other times, he has fanatic missionaries in the habits of ————. I shall mention but one more of Satan's depths—for I confess I know not the hundredth part of them—and that is, to employ his emissaries in crying out against remote imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourselves against those which are really just at our elbows.

But his lordship draws toward a conclusion, and bids us "look about to consider the danger we are in before it is too late;" for he assures us we are already "going into some of the worst parts of popery;" like the man who was so much in haste for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong side out. "Auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the sacrifice of the mass," have made great progress in England, and nobody has observed it; several other "popish points are carried higher with us than by the priests themselves;" and somebody it seems had the "impudence to propose a union with the Gallican church." I have indeed heard that Mr. Lesley published a discourse to that purpose, which I have never seen; nor do I perceive the evil in proposing a union between any two churches in Christendom. Without doubt, Mr. Lesley is most unhappily misled in his politics; but if he be the author of the late tract against popery, he has given the world such a proof of his soundness in religion as many a bishop ought to be proud of. I never saw the gentleman in my life: I know he is the son of a great and excellent prelate, who, upon several accounts, was one of the most extraordinary men of his age. Mr. Lesley has written many useful discourses upon several subjects, and has so well deserved of the christian religion, and the church of England in particular, that to accuse him of "impudence for proposing a union" in two very different faiths, is a style which I hope few will imitate. I detest Mr. Lesley's political principles as much as his lordship can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a mistaken conscience, and therefore I distinguish between the principles and the person. However, it is some mortification to me, when I see an avowed nonjuror contribute more to the confounding of popery than could ever be done by a hundred thousand such introductions as this.

His lordship ends with discovering a small ray of comfort. "God be thanked, there are many among us that stand upon the watch-tower, and that give faithful warning; that stand in the breach, and make themselves a wall for their church and country; that cry to God day and night, and lie in the dust mourning before him, to avert those judgments that seem to hasten toward us. They search into the mystery of iniquity that is working among us, and acquaint themselves with that mass of corruption that is in popery." He prays "that the number of these may increase, and that he may be of that number, ready either to die in peace, or to seal that doctrine he has been preaching above fifty years with his blood." This being his last paragraph, I have made bold to transcribe the most important parts of it. His design is to end, after the manner of orators, with leaving the strongest impression possible upon the minds of his hearers. A great breach is made; "the mystery of popish iniquity is working among us; may God avert those judgments that are hastening toward us! I am an old man, a preacher above fifty years, and I now expect and am ready to die a martyr for the doctrines I have preached." What an amiable idea does he here leave upon our minds of her majesty and her government! He has been poring so long upon Fox's Book of Martyrs, that he imagines himself living in the reign of queen Mary, and is resolved to set up for a knight-errant against popery. Upon the supposition of his being in earnest (which I am sure he is not), it would require but a very little more heat of imagination to make a history of such a knight's adventures. What would he say to behold the fires kindled in Smithfield and all over the town on the 17th of November; to behold the pope borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people, with a cardinal on the one side and the pretender on the other? He would never believe it was queen Elizabeth's day, but that of her persecuting sister: in short, how easily might a windmill be taken for the whore of Babylon, and a puppet-show for a popish procession!

But enthusiasm is none of his lordship's faculty. I am inclined to believe he might be melancholy enough when he writ this Introduction. The despair at his age of seeing a faction restored to which he had sacrificed so great a part of his life; the little success he can hope for in case he should resume those high-church principles in defence of which he first employed his pen; no visible expectation of removing to Farnham or Lambeth; and, lastly, the misfortune of being hated by every one who either wears the habit or values the profession of a clergyman;—no wonder such a spirit, in such a situation, is provoked beyond the regards of truth, decency, religion, or self-conviction. To do him justice, he seems to have nothing else left but to cry out, halters, gibbets, fagots, inquisition, popery, slavery, and the pretender. But in the mean time he little considers what a world of mischief he does to his cause. It is very convenient for the present designs of that faction to spread the opinion of our immediate danger from popery and the pretender. His directors therefore ought, in my humble opinion, to have employed his lordship in publishing a book, wherein he should have affirmed, by the most solemn asseverations, that all things were safe and well; for the world has contracted so strong a habit of believing him backward, that I am confident nine parts in ten of those who have read or heard of his Introduction have slept in greater security ever since. It is like the melancholy tone of a watchman at midnight, who thumps with his pole as if some thief were breaking in; but you know by the noise that the door is fast.

However, he "thanks God there are many among us who stand in the breach." I believe they may; it is a breach of their own making, and they design to come forward, and storm, and plunder, if they be not driven back. "They make themselves a wall for their church and country." A south wall, I suppose, for all the best fruit of the church and country to be nailed on. Let us examine this metaphor. The wall of our church and country is built of those who love the constitution in both: our domestic enemies undermine some parts of the wall, and place themselves in the breach, and then they cry, "We are the wall!" We do not like such patchwork; they build with untempered mortar; nor can they ever cement with us till they get better materials and better workmen. God keep us from having our breaches made up with such rubbish! "They stand upon the watch-tower!" they are indeed pragmatical enough to do so; but who assigned them that post, to give us false intelligence, to alarm us with false dangers, and send us to defend one gate while their accomplices are breaking in at another? "They cry to God, day and night, to avert the judgment of popery which seems to hasten toward us." Then I affirm they are hypocrites by day, and filthy dreamers by night: when they cry unto Him, He will not hear them; for they cry against the plainest dictates of their own conscience, reason, and belief.

But, lastly, "They lie in the dust mourning before him." Hang me if I believe that, unless it be figuratively spoken. But, suppose it to be true, why do "they lie in the dust?" Because they love to raise it. For what do "they mourn?"

Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the queen, and monarchy, and the church, lie and mourn, and lick the dust like serpents, till they are truly sensible of their ingratitude, falsehood, disobedience, slander, blasphemy, sedition, and every evil work.

I cannot find in my heart to conclude without offering his lordship a little humble advice upon some certain points.

First, I would advise him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his style, which is mighty defective in the circumstances of grammar, propriety, politeness, and smoothness. I fancied at first it might be owing to the prevalence of his passion, as people sputter out nonsense for haste when they are in a rage. And, indeed, I believe this piece before me has received some additional imperfections from that occasion. But whoever has heard his sermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in the choice and disposition of his words, and, for want of variety, repeating them, especially the particles, in a manner very grating to an English ear. But I confine myself to this Introduction as his last work, where, endeavouring at rhetorical flowers, he gives us only bunches of thistles: of which I could present the reader with a plentiful crop; but I refer him to every page and line of the pamphlet itself.

Secondly, I would most humbly advise his lordship to examine a little into the nature of truth, and sometimes to hear what she says. I shall produce two instances among a hundred. When he asserts that we are "now in more danger of popery than toward the end of king Charles II.'s reign," and gives the broadest hints that the queen, the ministry, the parliament, and the clergy, are just going to introduce it, I desire to know whether he really thinks Truth is of his side, or whether he be not sure she is against him? If the latter, then Truth and he will be found in two different stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the Tories not to "light the fires in Smithfield," and goes on in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for popery and slavery to enter, I ask again whether he has rightly considered the nature of truth? I desire to put a parallel case. Suppose his lordship should take it into his fancy to write and publish a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals, and there advise him with great earnestness not to rob or fire churches, ravish his daughter, or murder his father; show him the sin and the danger of these enormities; that, if he flattered himself he could escape in disguise, or bribe his jury, he was grievously mistaken; that he must, in all probability, forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be cursed by posterity;—would not such a gentleman justly think himself highly injured, although his lordship did not affirm that the said gentleman had picklocks or combustibles ready; that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his sword against his father in order to stab him; whereas, in the other case, this writer affirms over and over that all attempts for introducing popery and slavery are already made, the whole business concerted, and that little less than a miracle can prevent our ruin.

Thirdly, I could heartily wish his lordship would not undertake to charge the opinions of one or two, and those probably nonjurors, upon the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr. Lesley writ a "Proposal for a Union with the Gallican Church:" somebody else has "carried the necessity of priesthood in the point of baptism further than popery:" a third has "asserted the independency of the church on the state, and in many things arraigned the supremacy of the crown;" then he speaks in a dubious insinuating way, as if some other popish tenets had been already advanced; and at last concludes in this affected strain of despondency; "What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!" It is as clear as the sun that these authors are encouraged by the ministry with a design to bring in popery; and in popery all these things will end.

I never was so uncharitable as to believe that the whole party, of which his lordship professes himself a member, had a real formed design of establishing atheism among us. The reason why the Whigs have taken the atheists or freethinkers into their body is, because they wholly agree in their political scheme, and differ very little in church power and discipline. However, I could turn the argument against his lordship with very great advantage, by quoting passages from fifty pamphlets, wholly made up of whiggism and atheism, and then conclude, "What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!"

Lastly, I would beg his lordship not to be so exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead; because it is highly probable that in a very short time he will be one of the number. He has, in plain words, given Mr. Wharton the character of a most malicious, revengeful, treacherous, lying, mercenary villain. To which I shall only say, that the direct reverse of this amiable description is what appears from the works of that most learned divine, and from the accounts given me by those who knew him much better than the bishop seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of his treatment. God Almighty forgive his lordship this manner of revenging himself! and then there will be but little consequence from an accusation which the dead cannot feel, and which none of the living will believe.

THE

IMPORTANCE OF THE GUARDIAN

CONSIDERED,

IN A SECOND LETTER TO THE BAILIFF OF STOCKBRIDGE.

BY A FRIEND OF MR. STEELE.

THE original edition of this tract was become so exceedingly scarce that the present editor in vain advertised for a copy of it in most of the public papers for many months, and obtained it at last by an unexpected accident.—Though we have no positive evidence to ascribe it to Swift, yet there are circumstances equal to decisive testimony. It is enumerated in the Examiner among other pieces which were certainly written by him, and which are separated from those of other writers in a manner which appears intended to prevent their being confounded with the works of inferior authors. But here we must lament the interruption of the Journal to Stella, which in several instances has so decisively ascertained those pieces which we at first only conjectured to be Swift's from their being classed in the above-described manner. Not one tract, however, has been thus admitted, that bears not the internal marks of its author; the few which appeared suspicious being still consigned to obscurity. Our author went to Ireland in June 1713, to take possession of his deanery, but returned to London in September: and it is certain that the following winter produced some of the most excellent pieces, both in prose and verse, which are to be found in his whole works.—Since the preceding note was written, the volume of the dean's Tracts, noticed at p. 357, under "Remarks on a Letter to the Seven Lords, &c.," confirms the conjecture of this letter being the genuine production of the dean

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Mr. Steele, in his "Letter of the Bailiff of Stockbridge," has given us leave "to treat him as we think fit, as he is our brother scribbler; but not to attack him as an honest man," p. 40. That is to say, he allows us to be his critics, but not his answerers; and he is altogether in the right, for there is in his letter much to be criticised and little to be answered. The situation and importance of Dunkirk are pretty well known. Mons. Tugghe's memorial, published and handed about by the Whigs, is allowed to be a very trifling paper; and as to the immediate demolishment of that town, Mr. Steele pretends to offer no other argument but the expectations of the people, which is a figurative speech, naming the tenth part for the whole, as Bradshaw told king Charles I. that the people of England expected justice against him. I have therefore entered very little into the subject he pretends to treat, but have considered his pamphlet partly as a critic and partly as a commentator, which I think is "to treat him only as my brother scribbler," according to the permission he has graciously allowed me.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL MR. JOHN SNOW,

BAILIFF OF STOCKBRIDGE.

Sir,—I have just been reading a twelvepenny pamphlet about Dunkirk, addressed to your worship from one of your intended representatives, and I find several passages in it which want explanation, especially to you in the country, for we in town have a way of talking and writing which is very little understood beyond the bills of mortality. I have therefore made bold to send you here a second letter, by way of comment upon the former.

In order to this, "you, Mr. Bailiff, and at the same time the whole borough," may please to take notice that London writers often put titles to their papers and pamphlets which have little or no reference to the main design of the work; so, for instance, you will observe in reading that the letter called "The Importance of Dunkirk" is wholly taken up in showing you the importance of Mr. Steele, wherein it was indeed reasonable your borough should be informed, which had chosen him to represent them.

I would therefore place the importance of this gentleman before you in a clearer light than he has given himself the trouble to do, without running into his early history, because I owe him no malice.

Mr. Steele is author of two tolerable plays, or at least of the greatest part of them, which, added to the company he kept, and to the continual conversation and friendship of Mr. Addison, has given him the character of a wit. To take the height of his learning, you are to suppose a lad just fit for the university, and sent early from thence into the wide world, where he followed every way of life that might least improve or preserve the rudiments he had got. He has no invention, nor is master of a tolerable style; his chief talent is humour, which he sometimes discovers both in writing and discourse, for after the first bottle he is no disagreeable companion. I never knew him taxed with ill-nature, which has made me wonder how ingratitude came to be his prevailing vice; and I am apt to think it proceeds more from some unaccountable sort of instinct than premeditation. Being the most imprudent man alive, he never follows the advice of his friends, but is wholly at the mercy of fools or knaves, or hurried away by his own caprice, by which he has committed more absurdities in economy, friendship, love, duty, good manners, politics, religion, and writing, than ever fell to one man's share. He was appointed gazetteer by Mr. Harley (then secretary of state), at the recommendation of Mr Maynwaring, with a salary of three hundred pounds; was a commissioner of stamped paper, of equal profit; and had a pension of a hundred pounds per annum as a servant to the late prince George.

This gentleman whom I have now described to you began, between four and five years ago, to publish a paper thrice a-week, called the Tatler. It came out under the borrowed name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and by contribution of his ingenious friends grew to have a great reputation, and was equally esteemed by both parties, because it meddled with neither. But some time after Sacheverel's trial, when things began to change their aspect, Mr. Steele, whether by the command of his superiors, his own inconstancy, or the absence of his assistants, would needs corrupt his paper with politics, published one or two of the most virulent libels, and chose for his subject even that individual, Mr. Harley, who had made him gazetteer. But his finger and thumb not proving strong enough to stop the general torrent, there was a universal change made in the ministry, and the two new secretaries not thinking it decent to employ a man in their office who had acted so infamous a part, Mr. Steele, to avoid being discarded, thought fit to resign his place of gazetteer. Upon which occasion, I cannot forbear relating a passage "to you, Mr. Bailiff, and the rest of the borough," which discovers a very peculiar turn of thought in this gentleman you have chosen to represent you. When Mr. Maynwaring recommended him to the employment of gazetteer, Mr. Harley, out of an inclination to encourage men of parts, raised that office from fifty pounds to three hundred pounds a-year. Mr. Steele, according to form, came to give his new patron thanks, but the secretary, who would rather confer a hundred favours than receive acknowledgments for one, said to him in a most obliging manner, "Pray, sir, do not thank me, but thank Mr. Maynwaring." Soon after Mr. Steele's quitting that employment he complained to a gentleman in office of the hardship put upon him in being forced to quit his place; that he knew Mr. Harley was the cause; that he never had done Mr. Harley an injury, nor received any obligation from him. The gentleman, amazed at this discourse, put him in mind of those libels published in his Tatlers. Mr. Steele said he was only the publisher, for they had been sent him by other hands. The gentleman, thinking this a very monstrous kind of excuse, and not allowing it, Mr. Steele then said, "Well, I have libelled him, and he has turned me out; and so we are equal." But neither would this be granted; and he was asked whether the place of gazetteer were not an obligation? "No," said he, "not from Mr. Harley; for when I went to thank him he forbade me, and said I must only thank Mr. Maynwaring."

But I return, Mr. Bailiff, to give you a further account of this gentleman's importance. In less I think than two years the town and he grew weary of the Tatler: he was silent for some months, and then a daily paper came from him and his friends, under the name of Spectator, with good success: this being likewise dropped after a certain period, he has of late appeared under the style of Guardian, which he has now likewise quitted for that of Englishman; but having chosen other assistance, or trusting more to himself, his papers have been very coldly received, which has made him fly for relief to the never-failing source of faction.

In the beginning of August last Mr. Steele writes a letter to Nestor Ironside, esq., and subscribes it with the name of "English Tory." On the 7th the said Ironside publishes this letter in the Guardian. How shall I explain this matter to you, Mr. Bailiff, and your brethren of the borough? You must know then that Mr. Steele and Mr. Ironside are the same persons, because there is a great relation between Iron and Steel; and English Tory and Mr. Steele are the same persons, because there is no relation at all between Mr. Steele and an English Tory; so that to render this matter clear to the very meanest capacities, Mr. English Tory, the very same person with Mr. Steele, writes a letter to Nestor Ironside, esq., who is the same person with English Tory, who is the same person with Mr. Steele; and Mr. Ironside, who is the same person with English Tory, publishes the letter written by English Tory, who is the same person with Mr. Steele, who is the same person with Mr. Ironside. This letter, written and published by these three gentlemen, who are one of your representatives, complains of a printed paper in French and English lately handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noonday; the title whereof is "A most humble Address, or Memorial, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain by the Deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk." This deputy it seems is called the sieur Tugghe. Now the remarks made upon this memorial by Mr. English Tory in his letter to Mr. Ironside happening to provoke the Examiner and another pamphleteer, they both fell hard upon Mr. Steele, charging him with insolence and ingratitude toward the queen. But Mr. Steele, nothing daunted, writes a long letter "to you, Mr. Bailiff, and at the same time to the whole borough," in his own vindication. But there being several difficult passages in this letter which may want clearing up, I here send you and the borough my annotation upon it.

Mr. Steele, in order to display his importance to your borough, begins his letter by letting you know "he is no small man," p. 1, because in the pamphlets he has sent you down you will "find him spoken of more than once in print." It is indeed a great thing to be "spoken of in print," and must needs make a mighty sound at Stockbridge among the electors. However, if Mr. Steele has really sent you down all the pamphlets and papers printed since the dissolution, you will find he is not the only person of importance; I could instance Abel Roper, Mr. Marten the surgeon, Mr. John Moore the apothecary at the Pestle and Mortar, sir William Read her majesty's oculist, and, of later name and fame, Mr. John Smith the corn-cutter, with several others who are "spoken of more than once in print." Then he recommends to your perusal, and sends you a copy of a printed paper given *gratis* about the streets, which is the memorial of Monsieur Tugghe, above mentioned, "deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk," to desire her majesty not to demolish the said town. He tells you how insolent a thing it is that such a paper should be publicly distributed, and he tells you true; but these insolences are very frequent among the Whigs. One of their present topics for clamour is Dunkirk: here is a memorial said to be presented to the queen by an obscure Frenchman; one of your party gets a copy and immediately prints it by contribution, and delivers it gratis to the people, which answers several ends. First, it is meant to lay an odium on the ministry. Secondly, if the town be soon demolished, Mr. Steele and his faction have the merit; their arguments and threatenings have frightened my lord-treasurer. Thirdly, if the demolishing should be further deferred, the nation will be fully convinced of his lordship's intention to bring over the pretender.

Let us turn over fourteen pages, which contain the memorial itself, and which is indeed as idle a one as ever I read; we come now to Mr. Steele's letter, under the name of English Tory, to Mr. Ironside. In the preface to this letter, p. 15, he has these words: "It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease," &c. This preface is in the words of Mr. Ironside, a professed Whig; and perhaps you in the country will wonder to hear a zealot of your own party celebrating the French king for his piety and his religious performance of treaties. For this, I can assure you, is not spoken in jest, or to be understood by contrary. There is a wonderful resemblance between that prince and the party of Whigs among us. Is he for arbitrary government? So are they. Has he persecuted protestants? So have the Whigs. Did he attempt to restore king James and his pretended son? They did the same. Would he have Dunkirk surrendered to him? This is what they desire. Does he call himself the Most Christian? The Whigs assume the same title, though their leaders deny christianity. Does he break his promises? Did they ever keep theirs?

From the 16th to the 38th page, Mr. Steele's pamphlet is taken up with a copy of his letter to Mr. Ironside; the remarks of the Examiner and another author upon that letter; the hydrography of some French and English ports, and his answer to Mr. Tugghe's memorial. The bent of his discourse is, in appearance, to show of what prodigious consequence to the welfare of England the surrender of Dunkirk was. But here, Mr. Bailiff, you must be careful, for all this is said in raillery; for you may easily remember that, when the town was first yielded to the queen, the Whigs declared it was of no consequence at all, that the French could easily repair it after the demolition, or fortify another a few miles off, which would be of more advantage to them. So that what Mr. Steele tells you of the prodigious benefit that will accrue to England by destroying this port is only suited to present junctures and circumstances. For if Dunkirk should now be represented as insignificant as when it was first put into her majesty's hands, it would signify nothing whether it were demolished or not, and consequently one principal topic of clamour would fall to the ground.

In Mr. Steele's answer to Monsieur Tugghe's arguments against the demolishing of Dunkirk, I have not observed anything that so much deserves your peculiar notice as the great eloquence of your new member, and his wonderful faculty of varying his style, which he calls "proceeding like a man of great gravity and business," p. 31. He has ten arguments of Tugghe's to answer; and because he will not go in the old beaten road, like a parson of a parish, first, secondly, thirdly, &c., his manner is this;

> In answer to the sieur's first.
> As to the sieur's second.
> As to his third.
> As to the sieur's fourth.
> As to Mr. Deputy's fifth.
> As to the sieur's sixth.
> As to this agent's seventh.
> As to the sieur's eighth.
> As to his ninth.
> As to the memorialist's tenth.

You see every second expression is more or less diversified, to avoid the repetition of, "As to the sieur's," &c., and there is the tenth into the bargain. I could heartily wish Monsieur Tugghe had been able to find ten arguments more, and thereby given Mr. Steele an opportunity of showing the utmost variations our language would bear in so momentous a trial.

Mr. Steele tells you, "That, having now done with his foreign enemy, Monsieur Tugghe, he must face about to his domestic foes, who accuse him of ingratitude, and insulting his prince while he is eating her bread."

To do him justice, he acquits himself pretty tolerably of this last charge; for he assures you he gave up his stamped-paper office, and pension as gentleman-usher, before he wrote that letter to himself in the Guardian: so that he had already received his salary, and spent his money, and consequently the bread was eaten at least a week before he would offer to insult his prince; so that the folly of the Examiner's objecting ingratitude to him upon this article is manifest to all the world.

But he tells you he has quitted those employments to render him more useful to his queen and country in the station you have honoured him with. That no doubt was the principal motive: however, I shall venture to add some others. First, the Guardian apprehended it impossible that the ministry would let him keep his place much longer after the part he had acted for above two years past. Secondly, Mr. Ironside said publicly that he was ashamed to be obliged any longer to a person (meaning the lord-treasurer) whom he had used so ill; for it seems a man ought not to use his benefactors ill above two years and a half. Thirdly, the sieur Steele appeals to protection from you, Mr. Bailiff, from others of your denomination, who would have carried him somewhere else if you had not relieved him by your *habeas corpus* to St. Stephen's chapel. Fourthly, Mr. English Tory found, by calculating the life of a ministry, that it has lasted above three years, and is near expiring; he resolved, therefore, to "strip off the very garments spotted with the flesh," and be wholly regenerate against the return of his old masters.

In order to serve all these ends, your borough has honoured him (as he expresses it) with choosing him to represent you in parliament; and it must be owned he has equally honoured you. Never was borough more happy in suitable representatives than you are in Mr. Steele and his colleague [Thomas Broderick, esq.]; nor were ever representatives more happy in a suitable borough.

When Mr. Steele talked of "laying before her majesty's ministry that the nation has a strict eye upon their behaviour with relation to Dunkirk," p. 39, did not you, Mr. Bailiff and your brethren of the borough, presently imagine he had drawn up a sort of counter-memorial to that of Monsieur Tugghe, and presented it in form to my lord-treasurer, or a secretary of state? I am confident you did; but this comes by not understanding the town. You are to know, then, that Mr. Steele publishes every day a penny paper to be read in coffeehouses and get him a little money. This by a figure of speech he calls "laying things before the ministry," who seem at present a little too busy to regard such memorials; and I dare say never saw his paper unless he sent it by the penny post.

Well, but he tells you "he cannot offer against the Examiner, and his other adversary, reason and argument, without appearing void of both." *Ibid.* What a singular situation of the mind is this! How glad should I be to hear a man "offer reasons and arguments, and yet at the same time appear void of both!" But this whole paragraph is of a peculiar strain; the consequences so just and natural, and such a propriety in thinking, as few authors ever arrive at. "Since it has been the fashion to run down men of much greater consequence than I am, I will not bear the accusation." *Ibid.* This, I suppose, is "to offer reasons and arguments, and yet appear void of both." And in the next lines, "These writers shall treat me as they think fit, as I am their brother-scribbler; but I shall not be so unconcerned when they attack me as an honest man," p. 40. And how does he defend himself? "I shall therefore inform them that it is not in the power of a private man to hurt the prerogative," &c. Well; I shall treat him only as a brother-scribbler; and I guess he will hardly be attacked as an honest man; but if his meaning be that his honesty ought not to be attacked, because he "has no power to hurt the honour and prerogative of the crown without being punished," he will make an admirable reasoner in the house of commons.

But all this wise argumentation was introduced only to close the paragraph by hauling in a fact which he relates to you and your borough, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and express his duty and gratitude to the queen. The fact is this: "That her majesty's honour is in danger of being lost by her ministers' tolerating villains without conscience to abuse the greatest instruments of honour and glory to our country, the most wise and faithful managers, and the most pious, disinterested, generous, and self-denying patriots;" and the instances he produces are, the duke of Marlborough, the late earl of Godolphin, and about two-thirds of the bishops.

Mr. Bailiff, I cannot debate this matter at length without putting you, and the rest of my countrymen who will be at the expense, to sixpence charge extraordinary. The duke and earl were both removed from their employments; and I hope you have too great a respect for the queen to think it was done for nothing. The former was at the head of many great actions, and he has received plentiful oblations of praise and profit; yet, having read all that ever was objected against him by the Examiner, I will undertake to prove every syllable of it true, particularly that famous attempt to be general for life. The earl of Godolphin is dead, and his faults may sojourn with him in the grave, till some historian shall think fit to revive part of them for instruction and warning to posterity. But it grieved me to the soul to see so many good epithets bestowed by Mr. Steele upon the bishops: nothing has done more hurt to that sacred order for some years past than to hear some prelates extolled by Whigs, dissenters, republicans, socinians, and, in short, by all who are enemies to episcopacy. God in his mercy for ever keep our prelates from deserving the praises of such panegyrists!

Mr. Steele is discontented that the ministry have not "called the Examiner to account as well as the Flying-Post." I will inform you, Mr. Bailiff, how that matter stands. The author of the Flying-Post has, thrice a-week for above two years together, published the most impudent reflections upon all the present ministry, upon all their proceedings, and upon the whole body of Tories. The Examiner, on the other side, writing in defence of those whom her majesty employs in her greatest affairs, and of the cause they are engaged in, has always borne hard upon the Whigs, and now and then upon some of their leaders. Now, sir, we reckon here, that, supposing the persons on both sides to be of equal intrinsic worth, it is more impudent, immoral, and criminal, to reflect on a majority in power than a minority out of power. Put the case that an odd rascally Tory in your borough should presume to abuse your worship, who, in the language of Mr. Steele, are first minister, and the majority of your brethren, for sending two such Whig representatives up to parliament; and, on the other side, that an honest Whig should stand in your defence, and fall foul on the Tories; would you equally resent the proceedings of both, and let your friend and enemy sit in the stocks together? Hearken to another case, Mr. Bailiff: suppose your worship, during your annual administration, should happen to be kicked and cuffed by a parcel of Tories; would not the circumstance of your being a magistrate make the crime the greater than if the like insults were committed on an ordinary Tory shopkeeper by a company of honest Whigs? What bailiff would venture to arrest Mr. Steele now he has the honour to be your representative? and what bailiff ever scrupled it before?

You must know, sir, that we have several ways here of abusing one another without incurring the danger of the law. First, we are careful never to print a man's name out at length, but as I do that of Mr. St—le; so that, although everybody alive knows whom I mean, the plaintiff can have no redress in any court of justice. Secondly, by putting cases; thirdly, by insinuations; fourthly, by celebrating the actions of others, who acted directly contrary to the persons we would reflect on; fifthly, by nicknames, either commonly known or stamped for the purpose, which everybody can tell how to apply. Without going on further, it will be enough to inform you that, by some of the ways I have already mentioned, Mr. Steele gives you to understand that the queen's honour is blasted by the actions of her present ministers; that "her prerogative is disgraced by creating a dozen peers, who, by their votes, turned a point upon which your all depended; that these ministers made the queen lay down her conquering arms, and deliver herself up to be vanquished; that they made her majesty betray her allies by ordering her army to face about and leave them in the moment of distress; that the present ministers are men of poor and narrow conceptions, self-interested, and without benevolence to mankind, and were brought into her majesty's favour for the sins of the nation, and only think what they may do, not what they ought to do," p. 43. This is the character given by Mr. Steele of those persons whom her majesty has thought fit to place in the highest stations of the kingdom, and to trust with the management of her most weighty affairs; and this is the gentleman who cries out, "Where is honour? where is government? where is prerogative?" p. 40, because the Examiner has sometimes dealt freely with those whom the queen has thought fit to discard, and the parliament to censure.

But Mr. Steele thinks it highly dangerous to the prince that any man should be hindered from "offering his thoughts upon public affairs;" and resolves to do it, "though with the loss of her majesty's favour," p. 45. If a clergyman offers to preach obedience to the higher powers, and proves it by scripture, Mr. Steele and his fraternity immediately cry out, "What have parsons to do with politics?" I ask, what shadow of pretence has he to offer his crude thoughts in matters of state? to print and publish them? "to lay them before the queen and ministry?" and to reprove both for maladministration? How did he acquire these abilities of directing in the councils of princes? Was it from *publishing* Tatlers and Spectators, and writing now and then a Guardian? was it from his being a soldier, alchemist,[a] gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, or gentleman-usher? No; but he insists it is every man's right to find fault with the administration in print whenever they please; and therefore you, Mr. Bailiff, and as many of your brethren in the borough as can write and read, may publish pamphlets, and "lay them before the queen and ministry," to show your utter dislike of all their proceedings; and for this reason, because you "can certainly see and apprehend, with your own eyes and understanding, those dangers which the ministers do not."

One thing I am extremely concerned about, that Mr. Steele resolves, as he tells you, p. 46, when he comes into the house, "to follow no leaders, but vote according to the dictates of his conscience." He must, at that rate, be a very useless member to his party, unless his conscience be already cut out and shaped for their service, which I am ready to believe it is, if I may have leave to judge from the whole tenor of his life. I would only have his friends be cautious not to reward him too liberally; for, as it was said of Cranmer, "do the archbishop an ill turn, and he is your friend for ever;" so I do affirm of your member, "do Mr. Steele a good turn, and he is your enemy for ever."

I had like to let slip a very trivial matter, which I should be sorry to have done. In reading this pamphlet I observed several mistakes, but knew not whether to impute them to the author or printer; till, turning to the end, I found there was only one erratum, thus set down: "page 45, line 28, for *admonition* read *advertisement*." This (to imitate Mr. Steele's propriety of speech) is a very old practice among new writers to make a wilful mistake, and then put it down as an erratum. The word is brought in upon this occasion to convince all the world that he was not guilty of ingratitude, by reflecting on the queen when he was actually under salary, as the Examiner affirms; he assures you he "had resigned and divested himself of all before he would presume to write anything which was so apparently an admonition to those employed in her majesty's service." In case the Examiner should find fault with this word, he might appeal to the erratum; and, having formerly been gazetteer, he conceived he might very safely venture to advertise.

You are to understand, Mr. Bailiff, that in the great rebellion against king Charles I. there was a distinction found out between the personal and political capacity of the prince; by the help of which those rebels professed to fight for the king, while the great guns were discharging against Charles Stuart. After the same manner, Mr. Steele distinguishes between the personal and political prerogative. He does not care to trust this jewel "to the will, and pleasure, and passion of her majesty," p. 48. If I am not mistaken, the crown jewels cannot be alienated by the prince; but I always thought the prince could wear them during his reign, else they had as good be in the hands of the subject; so I conceive her majesty may and ought to wear the prerogative; that it is hers during life, and she ought to be so much the more careful neither to soil nor diminish it, for that very reason, because it is by law unalienable. But what must we do with this prerogative, according to the notion of Mr. Steele? It must not be trusted with the queen, because Providence has given her will, pleasure, and passion. Her ministers must not act by the authority of it; for then Mr. Steele will cry out, "What! are majesty and ministry consolidated? and must there be no distinction between the one and the other?" p. 46. He tells you, p. 48, "the prerogative attends the crown;" and, therefore I

[a] Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. His laboratory (as I have been assured by the late George Stevens, esq.) was at Poplar, near London.

suppose, must lie in the Tower, to be shown for twelvepence, but never produced, except at a coronation, or passing an act. "Well, but," says he, "a whole ministry may be impeached and condemned by the house of commons, without the prince's suffering by it." And what follows? why, therefore, a single burgess of Stockbridge, before he gets into the house, may at any time revile a whole ministry in print, before he knows whether they are guilty of any one neglect of duty or breach of trust.

I am willing to join issue with Mr. Steele in one particular, which perhaps may give you some diversion. He is taxed by the Examiner and others for an insolent expression, that the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk. He says, the word EXPECT was meant to the ministry, and not to the queen; "but that, however, for argument sake, he will suppose those words were addressed immediately to the queen." Let me then likewise, for argument sake, suppose a very ridiculous thing, that Mr. Steele were admitted to her majesty's sacred person, to tell his own story, with his letter to you, Mr. Bailiff, in his hand to have recourse to upon occasion. I think his speech must be in these terms:—

"MADAM,—I, Richard Steele, publisher of the Tatler and Spectator, late gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, and pensioner to your majesty, now burgess elect of Stockbridge, do see and apprehend with my own eyes and understanding the imminent danger that attends the delay of the demolition of Dunkirk, which I believe your ministers, whose greater concern it is, do not: for, madam, the thing is not done; my lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, my fellow-subjects, under whose immediate direction it is, are careless, and overlook it, or something worse; I mean, they design to sell it to France, or make use of it to bring in the pretender. This is clear from their suffering Mr. Tugghe's memorial to be published without punishing the printer. Your majesty has told us that the equivalent for Dunkirk is already in the French king's hands; therefore all obstacles are removed on the part of France; and I, though a mean fellow, give your majesty to understand, in the best method I can take, and from the sincerity of my grateful heart, that the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk; as you hope to preseve your person, crown, and dignity, and the safety and welfare of the people committed to your charge."

I have contracted such a habit of treating princes familiarly, by reading the pamphlets of Mr. Steele and his fellows, that I am tempted to suppose her majesty's answer to this speech might be as follows:—

"MR. RICHARD STEELE, late gazetteer, &c.

"I do not conceive that any of your titles empower you to be my director, or to report to me the expectations of my people. I know their expectations better than you; they love me and will trust me. My ministers were of my own free choice; I have found them wise and faithful; and whoever calls them fools or knaves designs indirectly an affront to myself. I am under no obligations to demolish Dunkirk, but to the most christian king; if you come here as an orator from that prince to demand it in his name, where are your powers? If not, let it suffice you to know that I have my reasons for deferring it; and that the clamours of a faction shall not be a rule by which I or my servants are to proceed."

Mr. Steele tells you "his adversaries are so unjust, they will not take the least notice of what led him into the necessity of writing his letter to the Guardian." And how is it possible any mortal should know all his necessities? Who can guess whether this necessity were imposed on him by his superiors, or by the itch of party, or by the mere want of other matter to furnish out a Guardian?

But Mr. Steele "has had a liberal education, and knows the world as well as the ministry does, and will therefore speak on, whether he offends them or no, and though their clothes be ever so new, when he thinks his queen and country is" (or, as a grammarian would express it, are) "ill treated," p. 50.

It would be good to hear Mr. Steele explain himself upon this phrase of "knowing the world;" because it is a science which maintains abundance of pretenders. Every idle young rake who understands how to pick up a wench, or bilk a hackney coachman, or can call the players by their names, and is acquainted with five or six faces in the chocolate-house, will needs pass for a man that "knows the world." In the like manner Mr. Steele, who, from some few sprinklings of rudimental literature, proceeded a gentleman of the horse-guards, thence by several degrees to be an ensign and an alchemist, where he was wholly conversant with the lower part of mankind, thinks he "knows the world" as well as the prime minister; and upon the strength of that knowledge will needs direct her majesty in the weightiest matters of government.

And now, Mr. Bailiff, give me leave to inform you that this long letter of Mr. Steele, filled with quotations and a clutter about Dunkirk, was wholly written for the sake of the six last pages, taken up in vindicating himself directly, and vilifying the queen and ministry by innuendoes. He apprehends that "some representations have been given of him in your town, as, that a man of so small a fortune as he must have secret views or supports, which could move him to leave his employments," &c. p. 56. He answers by owning "he has indeed very particular views; for he is animated in his conduct by justice and truth, and benevolence to mankind," p. 57. He has given up his employments, because "he values no advantages above the conveniences of life, but as they tend to the service of the public." It seems he could not "serve the public" as a pensioner, or commissioner of stamped paper; and therefore gave them up to sit in parliament, "out of charity to his country, and to contend for liberty," p. 58. He has transcribed the common places of some canting moralist *de contemptu mundi, et fuga seculi;* and would put them upon you as rules derived from his own practice.

Here is a most miraculous and sudden reformation, which I believe can hardly be matched in history or legend. And Mr. Steele, not unaware how slow the world was of belief, has thought fit to anticipate all objection; he foresees that "prostituted pens will entertain a pretender to such reformations with a recital of his own faults and infirmities; but he is prepared for such usage, and gives himself up to all nameless authors, to be treated as they please," p. 59.

It is certain, Mr. Bailiff, that no man breathing can pretend to have arrived at such a sublime pitch of virtue as Mr. Steele, without some tendency in the world to suspend at least their belief of the fact, till time and observation shall determine. But I hope few writers will be so prostitute as to trouble themselves with "the faults and infirmities" of Mr. Steele's past life, with what he somewhere else calls "the sins of his youth," and in one of his late papers confesses to have been numerous enough. A shifting scambling scene of youth, attended with poverty and ill company, may put a man of no ill inclinations upon many extravagancies, which, as soon as they are left off, are easily pardoned and forgotten. Besides, I think, popish writers tell us that the greatest sinners make the greatest saints; but so very quick a sanctification, and carried to so prodigious a height, will be apt to rouse the suspicion of infidels, especially when they consider that this pretence of his to so romantic a virtue is only advanced by way of solution to that difficult problem, "why he has given up his employments?" And according to the new philosophy, they will endeavour to solve it by some easier and shorter way. For example, the question is put, why Mr. Steele gives up his employment and pension at this juncture? I must here repeat, with some enlargement, what I said before on this head. These unbelieving gentlemen will answer,—

First, That a new commission was every day expected for the stamped paper, and he knew his name would be left out; and therefore his resignation would be an appearance of virtue cheaply bought.

Secondly, He dreaded the violence of creditors, against which his employments were no manner of security.

Thirdly, Being a person of great sagacity, he has some foresight of a change from the usual age of a ministry, which is now almost expired; from the little misunderstandings that have been reported sometimes to happen among the men in power; from the bill of commerce being rejected, and from some horrible expectations wherewith his party have been deceiving themselves and their friends abroad for about two years past.

Fourthly, He hopes to come into all the perquisites of his predecessor Ridpath, and be the principal writer of his faction, where everything is printed by subscription, which will amply make up the loss of his place.

But it may be still demanded why he affects those exalted strains of piety and resignation? To this I answer with great probability, that he has resumed his old pursuits after the philosopher's stone, toward which it is held by all adepts for a most essential ingredient, that a man must seek it merely for the glory of God, and without the least desire of being rich.

Mr. Steele is angry, p. 60, that some of our friends have been reflected on in a pamphlet, because they left us in a point of the greatest consequence; and upon that account he runs into their panegyric, against his conscience and the interest of his cause, without considering that those gentlemen have reverted to us again. The case is thus: he never would have praised them if they had remained firm, nor should we have railed at them. The one is full as honest and as natural as the other. However, Mr. Steele hopes (I beg you, Mr. Bailiff, to observe the consequence) that, notwithstanding this pamphlet's reflecting on some Tories who opposed the treaty of commerce, "the ministry will see Dunkirk effectually demolished."

Mr. Steele says something in commendation of the queen; but stops short, and tells you (if I take his meaning right) "that he shall leave what he has to say on this topic till he and her majesty are both dead," p. 61. Thus, he defers his praises as he does his debts, after the manner of the Druids, to be paid in another world. If I have ill interpreted him, it is his own fault, for studying cadence instead of propriety, and filling up niches with words before he has adjusted his conceptions to them. One part of the queen's character is this: "that all the hours of her life are divided between the exercises of devotion, and taking minutes of the sublime affairs of her government." Now, if the business of Dunkirk be one of the "sublime affairs of her majesty's government," I think we ought to be at ease; or else she "takes her minutes" to little purpose. No, says Mr. Steele, the queen is a lady; and, unless a prince will now and then get drunk with his ministers, "he cannot learn their interests or humours," p. 61; but this being by no means proper for a lady she can know nothing but what they think fit to tell her when they are sober. And therefore "all the fellow-subjects" of these ministers must watch their motions, and "be very solicitous for what passes beyond the ordinary rules of government."—*Ibid* For while we are foolishly "relying upon her majesty's virtues," these ministers are "taking the advantage of increasing the power of France."

There is a very good maxim—I think it is neither Whig nor Tory—"that the prince can do no wrong:" which I doubt is often applied to very ill purposes. A monarch of Britain is pleased to create a dozen peers, and to make a peace; both these actions are (for instance) within the undisputed prerogative of the crown, and are to be reputed and submitted to as the actions of the prince; but, as a king of England is supposed to be guided in matters of such importance by the advice of those he employs in his councils, whenever a parliament thinks fit to complain of such proceedings as a public grievance, then this maxim takes place that the prince can do no wrong, and the advisers are called to account. But shall this empower such an individual as Mr. Steele in his tatling or pamphleteering capacity to fix "the ordinary rules of government," or to affirm that "her ministers, upon the security of her majesty's goodness, are labouring for the grandeur of France?" What ordinary rule of government is transgressed by the queen's delaying the demolition of Dunkirk? or what addition is thereby made to the grandeur of France? Every tailor in your corporation is as much a fellow-subject as Mr. Steele; and do you think in your conscience that every tailor of Stockbridge is fit to direct her majesty and her ministers in "the sublime affairs of her government?"

But he persists in it "that it is no manner of diminution of the wisdom of a prince that he is obliged to act by the information of others." The sense is admirable, and the interpretation is this, that what a man is forced to "is no diminution of his wisdom." But if he would conclude from this sage maxim, that, because a prince "acts by the information of others," therefore those actions may lawfully be traduced in print by every fellow-subject, I hope there is no man in England so much a Whig as to be of his opinion.

Mr. Steele concludes his letter to you with a story about king William and his French dog-keeper, "who gave that prince a gun loaden only with powder, and then pretended to wonder how his majesty could miss his aim: which was no argument against the king's reputation for shooting very finely." This he would have you apply, by allowing her majesty to be a wise prince, but deceived by wicked counsellors who are in the interest of France. Her majesty's aim was peace, which I think she has not missed; and God be thanked, she has got it without any more expense either of shot or powder. Her dog-keepers for some years past had directed her gun against her friends, and at last loaded it so deep that it was in danger to burst in her hands.

You may please to observe that Mr. Steele calls this dog-keeper a minister; which, with humble submission, is a gross impropriety of speech. The word is derived from the Latin, where it properly signifies a servant; but in England is never made use of otherwise than to denominate those who are employed in the service of church or state; so that the appellation, as he directs it, is no less absurd than it would be for you, Mr. Bailiff, to send your apprentice for a pot of ale, and give him the title of your envoy; to call a petty constable a magistrate, or the common hangman a minister of justice. I confess when I was choqued [shocked] at this word in reading the paragraph, a gentleman offered his conjecture that it might possibly be intended for a reflection or jest: but if there be anything further in it than a want of understanding our language, I take it to be only a refinement upon the old levelling principle of the Whigs. Thus in their opinion a dog-keeper is as much a minister as any secretary of state; and thus Mr. Steele and my lord-treasurer are both fellow-subjects. I confess I have known some ministers whose birth, or qualities, or both, were such, that nothing but the capriciousness of fortune and the iniquity of the times could ever have raised them above the station of dog-keepers, and to whose administration I should be loth to intrust a dog I had any value for: because, by the rule of proportion, they who treated their prince like a slave would have used their fellow-subjects like dogs; and yet how they would treat a dog I can find no similitude to express; yet I well remember they maintained a large number, whom they taught to fawn upon themselves and bark at their mistress. However, while they were in service, I wish they had only kept her majesty's dogs, and not been trusted with her guns. And thus much by way of comment upon this worthy story of king William and his dog-keeper.

I have now, Mr. Bailiff, explained to you all the difficult parts in Mr. Steele's letter. As for the importance of Dunkirk, and when it shall be demolished, or whether it shall be demolished or not, neither he, nor you, nor I, have anything to do in the matter. Let us all say what we please, her majesty will think herself the best judge, and her ministers the best advisers: neither has Mr. Steele pretended to prove that any law, ecclesiastical or civil, statute or common, is broken by keeping Dunkirk undemolished so long as the queen shall think it best for the service of herself and her kingdoms; and it is not altogether impossible that there may be some few reasons of state which have not been yet communicated to Mr. Steele.

I am, with respect to the borough and yourself, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, &c.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE WHIGS,

SET FORTH IN THEIR GENEROUS ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE AUTHOR OF THE CRISIS.

With some Observations on the Seasonableness, Candour, Erudition, and Style of that Treatise.

On the first publication of this pamphlet, all the Scotch lords then in London went in a body, and complained to queen Anne of the affront put on them and their nation by the author of this treatise. Whereupon a proclamation was published by her majesty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds for discovering him.—Orrery.

I cannot, without some envy, and a just resentment against the opposite conduct of others, reflect upon that generosity and tenderness wherewith the heads and principal members of a struggling faction treat those who will undertake to hold a pen in their defence. And the behaviour of these patrons is yet the more laudable, because the benefits they confer are almost gratis. If any of their labourers can scratch out a pamphlet, they desire no more; there is no question offered about the wit, the style, the argument. Let a pamphlet come out upon demand in a proper juncture, you shall be well and certainly paid: you shall be paid beforehand; every one of the party who is able to read and can spare a shilling shall be a subscriber; several thousands of each production shall be sent among their friends through the kingdom: the work shall be reported admirable, sublime, unanswerable; shall serve to raise the sinking clamours, and confirm the scandal of introducing popery and the pretender upon the queen and her ministers.

Among the present writers on that side I can recollect but three of any great distinction, which are, the Flying Post, Mr. Dunton, and the author of the Crisis.[a] The first of these seems to have been much sunk in reputation since the sudden retreat of the only true, genuine, original author, Mr. Ridpath, who is celebrated by the Dutch Gazetteer as "one of the best pens in England." Mr. Dunton has been longer and more conversant in books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his productions; however, having employed his studies in so great a variety of other subjects, he has I think but lately turned his genius to politics. His famous tract entitled "Neck or Nothing" must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most spirit, of any which has appeared from that side since the change of the ministry: it is indeed a most cutting satire upon the lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; and I wonder none of our friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess I was at first of the same opinion with several good judges, who, from the style and manner, suppose it to have issued from the sharp pen of the earl of Nottingham; and I am still apt to think it might receive his lordship's last hand. The third and principal of this triumvirate is the author of the Crisis, who, although he must yield to the Flying Post in knowledge of the world and skill in politics, and to Mr. Dunton in keenness of satire and variety of reading, has yet other qualities enough to denominate him a writer of a superior class to either; provided he would a little regard the propriety and disposition of his words, consult the grammatical part, and get some information in the subject he intends to handle.

Omitting the generous countenance and encouragement that have been shown to the persons and productions of the two former authors, I shall here only consider the great favour conferred upon the last. It has been advertised for several months in the Englishman,[b] and other papers, that a pamphlet called the Crisis should be published at a proper time, in order to open the eyes of the nation. It was proposed to be printed by subscription, price a shilling. This was a little out of form, because subscriptions are usually begged only for books of great price, and such as are not likely to have a general sale. Notice was likewise given of what this pamphlet should contain; only an extract from certain acts of parliament relating to the succession, which at least must sink ninepence in the shilling, and leave but threepence for the author's political reflections; so that nothing very wonderful or decisive could be reasonably expected from this performance. But a work was to be done, a hearty writer to be encouraged, and accordingly many thousand copies were bespoke. Neither could this be sufficient; for when we expected to have our bundles delivered us, all was stopped; the friends to the cause sprang a new project; and it was advertised that the Crisis could not appear till the ladies had shown their zeal against the pretender as well as the men; against the pretender, in the bloom of his youth, reported to be handsome and endued with an understanding exactly of a size to please the sex. I should be glad to have seen a printed list of the fair subscribers prefixed to this pamphlet, by which the chevalier might know he was so far from pretending to a monarchy here that he could not so much as pretend to a mistress.

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[a] Mr. Steele was expelled the house of commons for this pamphlet at the very same time that the house of lords was moved against the dean for the reply.

[b] A paper written by Steele in favour of the Whig administration.

At the destined period the first news we hear is of a huge train of dukes, earls, viscounts, barons, knights, esquires, gentlemen, and others, going to Sam Buckley's, the publisher of the Crisis, to fetch home their cargoes, in order to transmit them by dozens, scores, and hundreds, into the several counties, and thereby to prepare the wills and understandings of their friends against the approaching sessions. Ask any of them whether they have read it, they will answer no; but they have sent it everywhere, and it will do a world of good. It is a pamphlet, they hear, against the ministry; talks of slavery, France, and the pretender; they desire no more; it will settle the wavering, confirm the doubtful, instruct the ignorant, inflame the clamorous, although it never be once looked into. I am told, by those who are expert in the trade, that the author and bookseller of this twelvepenny treatise will be greater gainers than from one edition of any folio that has been published these twenty years. What needy writer would not solicit to work under such masters, who will pay us beforehand, take off as much of our ware as we please at our own rates, and trouble not themselves to examine, either before or after they have bought it, whether it be staple or not?

But, in order to illustrate the implicit munificence of these noble patrons, I cannot take a more effectual method than by examining the production itself; by which we shall easily find that it was never intended further than from the noise, the bulk, and the title of Crisis, to do any service to the factious cause. The entire piece consists of a title-page, a dedication to the clergy, a preface, an extract from certain acts of parliament, and about ten pages of dry reflections on the proceedings of the queen and her servants; which his coadjutors, the earl of Nottingham, Mr. Dunton, and the Flying Post, had long ago set before us in a much clearer light.

In popish countries, when some impostor cries out, A miracle! a miracle! it is not done with a hope or intention of converting heretics, but confirming the deluded vulgar in their errors: and so the cry goes round without examining into the cheat. Thus the Whigs among us give about the cry, A pamphlet! a pamphlet! the Crisis! the Crisis! not with a view of convincing their adversaries, but to raise the spirits of their friends, recal their stragglers, and unite their numbers by sound and impudence, as bees assemble and cling together by the noise of brass.

That no other effect could be imagined or hoped for, by the publication of this timely treatise, will be manifest from some obvious reflections upon the several parts of it, wherein the follies, the falsehoods, or the absurdities appear so frequent that they may boldly contend for number with the lines.

When the hawker holds this pamphlet toward you, the first words you perceive are, "The Crisis; or, A Discourse" &c. The interpreter of Suidas gives four translations of the word Crisis, any of which may be as properly applied to this author's Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge. Next, what he calls a discourse consists only of two pages prefixed to twenty-two more, which contain extracts from acts of parliament; for, as to the twelve last pages, they are provided for themselves in the title under the name of "some seasonable remarks on the danger of a popish successor." Another circumstance worthy our information in the title-page is, that the crown has been settled by previous acts. I never heard of any act of parliament that was not previous to what it enacted, unless those two by which the earl of Strafford and sir John Fenwick lost their heads may pass for exceptions. "A Discourse, representing from the most Authentic Records," &c. He has borrowed this expression from some writer who probably understood the words; but this gentleman has altogether misapplied them, and, under favour, he is wholly mistaken; for a heap of extracts from several acts of parliament cannot be called a discourse, neither do I believe he copied them from the most authentic records, which, as I take it, are lodged in the Tower, but out of some common printed copy. I grant there is nothing material in all this, further than to show the generosity of our adversaries in encouraging a writer who cannot furnish out so much as a title-page with propriety or common sense.

Next follows the dedication to the clergy of the church of England, wherein the modesty and the meaning of the first paragraphs are hardly to be matched. He tells them he has made a comment upon the acts of settlement, which he lays before them, and conjures them to recommend, in their writings and discourses, to their fellow-subjects: and he does all this out of a just deference to their great power and influence. This is the right Whig scheme of directing the clergy what to preach. The archbishop of Canterbury's jurisdiction extends no further than over his own province; but the author of the Crisis constitutes himself vicar-general over the whole clergy of the church of England. The bishops, in their letters or speeches to their own clergy, proceed no further than to exhortation; but this writer conjures the whole clergy of the church to recommend his comment upon the laws of the land in their writings and discourses. I would fain know who made him a commentator upon the laws of the land; after which it will be time enough to ask him by what authority he directs the clergy to recommend his comments from the pulpit or the press?

He tells the clergy there are two circumstances which place the minds of the people under their direction; the first circumstance is their education; the second circumstance is the tenths of our lands. This last, according to the Latin phrase, is spoken *ad invidiam;* for he knows well enough they have not the twentieth: but if you take it in his own way, the landlord has nine parts in ten of the people's minds under his direction. Upon this rock the author before us is perpetually splitting, as often as he ventures out beyond the narrow bounds of his literature. He has a confused remembrance of words since he left the university, but has lost half their meaning, and puts them together with no regard except to their cadence; as I remember a fellow nailed up maps in a gentleman's closet, some sidelong, others upside down, the better to adjust them to the pannels.

I am sensible it is of little consequence to their cause, whether this defender of it understands grammar or not; and if what he would fain say discovered him to be a well-wisher to reason or truth, I would be ready to make large allowances. But when with great difficulty I descry a composition of rancour and falsehood intermixed with plausible nonsense, I feel a struggle between contempt and indignation at seeing the character of a Censor, a Guardian, an Englishman, a commentator on the laws, an instructor of the clergy, assumed by a child of obscurity, without one single qualification to support them.

This writer, who either affects or is commanded of late to copy from the Bishop of Sarum, has, out of the pregnancy of his invention, found out an old way of insinuating the grossest reflections, under the appearance of admonitions; and is so judicious a follower of the prelate that he taxes the clergy for inflaming their people with apprehensions of danger to them and their constitution from men who are innocent of such designs; when we must needs confess the whole design of his pamphlet is, to inflame the people with apprehensions of danger from the present ministry, whom we believe to be at least as innocent men as the last.

What shall I say to the pamphlet where the malice and falsehood of every line would require an answer, and where the dulness and absurdities will not deserve one?

By his pretending to have always maintained an inviolable respect to the clergy, he would insinuate that those papers among the Tatlers and Spectators where the whole order is abused were not his own. I will appeal to all who know the flatness of his style and the barrenness of his invention, whether he does not grossly prevaricate? Was he ever able to walk without leading-strings, or swim without bladders, without being discovered by his hobbling and his sinking? Has he adhered to his character in his paper called the Englishman, whereof he is allowed to be the sole author, without any competition? What does he think of the letter signed by himself which relates to Molesworth,[a] in whose defence he affronts the whole convocation of Ireland?

It is a wise maxim, that because the clergy are no civil lawyers they ought not to preach obedience to governors; and therefore they ought not to preach temperance because they are no physicians. Examine all this author's writings, and then point me out a divine who knows less of the constitution of England than he: witness those many egregious blunders in his late papers where he pretended to dabble in the subject.

But the clergy have, it seems, imbibed their notions of power and obedience, abhorrent from our laws, from the pompous ideas of imperial greatness and the submission to absolute emperors. This is gross ignorance, below a schoolboy in his Lucius Florus. The Roman history, wherein lads are instructed, reached little above eight hundred years, and the authors do everywhere instil republican principles; and from the account of nine in twelve of the first emperors we learn to have a detestation against tyranny. The Greeks carry this point yet a great deal higher, which none can be ignorant of who has read or heard them quoted. This gave Hobbes the occasion of advancing a position directly contrary; that the youth of England were corrupted in their political principles by reading the histories of Rome and Greece; which, having been written under republics, taught the readers to have ill notions of monarchy. In this assertion there was something specious; but that advanced by the Crisis could only issue from the profoundest ignorance.

But would you know his scheme of education for young gentlemen at the university? It is, that they should spend their time in perusing those acts of parliament, whereof his pamphlet is an extract, which, if it had been done, the kingdom would not be in its present condition, but every member sent into the world thus instructed since the Revolution would have been an advocate for our rights and liberties.

Here now is a project for getting more money by the Crisis! to have it read by tutors in the universities. I thoroughly agree with him, that if our students had been thus employed for twenty years past the kingdom had not been in its present condition; but we have too many of such proficients already among the young nobility and gentry, who have gathered up their politics from chocolate-houses and factious clubs; and who, if they had spent their time in hard study at Oxford or Cambridge, we might indeed have said that the factious part of this kingdom had not been in its present condition, or have suffered themselves to be taught that a few acts of parliament relating to the succession are preferable to all other civil institutions whatsoever. Neither did I ever before hear that an act of parliamen, relating to one particular point could be called a civil institution.

He spends almost a quarto page in telling the clergy that they will be certainly perjured if they bring in the pretender, whom they have abjured; and he wisely reminds them that they have sworn without equivocation or mental reservation, otherwise the clergy might think that as soon as they received the pretender and turned papists they would be free from their oath.

This honest, civil, ingenious gentleman knows in his conscience that there are not ten clergymen in England (except nonjurors) who do not abhor the thoughts of the pretender reigning over us much more than himself. But this is the spittle of the bishop of Sarum, which our author licks up and swallows, and then coughs out again with an addition of his own phlegm. I would fain suppose the body of the clergy were to return an answer by one of their members to these worthy counsellors. I conceive it might be in the following terms:—

"MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN,—The clergy command me to give you thanks for your advice; and if they knew any crimes from which either of you were as free as they are from those which you so earnestly exhort them to avoid, they would return your favour as near as possible in the same style and manner. However, that your advice may not be wholly lost, particularly that part of it which relates to the pretender, they desire you would apply it to more proper persons. Look among your own leaders; examine which of them engaged in a plot to restore the late king James, and received pardons under his seal; examine which of them have been since tampering with his pretended son, and to gratify their ambition, their avarice, their malice, and revenge, are now willing to restore him, at the expense of the religion and liberty of their country. Retire, good my lord, with your pupil, and let us hear no more of these hypocritical insinuations, lest the queen and ministers, who have been hitherto content with only disappointing the lurking villanies of your faction, may be at last provoked to expose them."

But his respect for the clergy is such that he does not insinuate as if they really had these evil dispositions; he only insinuates that they give too much cause for such insinuations.

I will upon occasion strip some of his insinuations from their generality and solecisms, and drag them into the light. His dedication to the clergy is full of them, because here he endeavours to mould up his rancour and civility together, by which constraint he is obliged to shorten his paragraphs and to place them in such a light that they obscure one another. Supposing therefore that I have scraped off his good manners in order to come at his meaning, which lies under; he tells the clergy that the favour of the queen and her ministers is but a colour of zeal toward them; that the people were deluded by a groundless cry of the church's danger at Sacheverel's trial; that the clergy, as they are men of sense and honour, ought to preach this truth to their several congregations, and let them know that the true design of the present men in power, in that and all their proceedings since in favour of the church, was to bring in popery, France, and the pretender, and to enslave all Europe, contrary to the laws of our country, the power of the legislature, the faith of nations, and the honour of God.

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[a] Mr. (afterwards lord viscount) Molesworth.

I cannot see why the clergy, as men of sense and men of honour (for he appeals not to them as men of religion), should not be allowed to know when they are in danger, and be able to guess whence it comes, and who are their protectors. The design of their destruction indeed may have been projected in the dark, but when all was ripe their enemies proceeded to so many overt acts in the face of the nation, that it was obvious to the meanest people, who wanted no other motives to rouse them. On the other side, can this author, or the wisest of his faction, assign one single act of the present ministry any way tending toward bringing in the pretender, or to weaken the succession of the house of Hanover? Observe then the reasonableness of this gentleman's advice: the clergy, the gentry, and the common people had the utmost apprehensions of danger to the church under the late ministry; yet then it was the greatest impiety to inflame the people with any such apprehensions. His danger of a popish successor from any steps of the present ministry is an artificial calumny, raised and spread against the conviction of the inventors, pretended to be believed only by those who abhor the constitution in church and state; an obdurate faction who compass heaven and earth to restore themselves upon the ruin of their country; yet here our author exhorts the clergy to preach up this imaginary danger to their people, and disturb the public peace with his strained seditious comments.

But how comes this gracious licence to the clergy from the Whigs, to concern themselves with politics of any sort, although it be only the glosses and comments of Mr. Steele? The speeches of the managers at Sacheverel's trial, particularly those of Stanhope, Lechmere, King, Parker,[a] and some others, seemed to deliver a different doctrine. Nay, this very dedication complains of some in holy orders who have made the constitution of their country (in which and the Coptic Mr. Steele is equally skilled) a very little part of their study, and yet made obedience and government the frequent subjects of their discourses. This difficulty is easily solved, for by politics they mean obedience. Mr. Hoadly,[b] who is a champion for resistance, was never charged with meddling out of his function: Hugh Peters and his brethren, in the times of usurpation, had full liberty to preach up sedition and rebellion; and so here Mr. Steele issues out his licence to the clergy to preach up the danger of a popish pretender, in defiance of the queen and her administration.

Every whiffler in a laced coat who frequents the chocolate-house and is able to spell the title of a pamphlet shall talk of the constitution with as much plausibility as this very solemn writer, and with as good a grace blame the clergy for meddling with politics, which they do not understand. I have known many of these able politicians furnished before they were of age with all the necessary topics of their faction, and by the help of about twenty polysyllables capable of maintaining an argument that would shine in the Crisis; whose author gathered up his little stock from the same schools, and has written from no other fund.

But after all it is not clear to me whether this gentleman addresses himself to the clergy of England in general, or only to those very few (hardly enough, in case of a change, to supply the mortality of those self-denying prelates he celebrates) who are in his principles, and among these, only such as live in and about London, which probably will reduce the number to about half-a-dozen at most. I should incline to guess the latter, because he tells them they are surrounded by a learned, wealthy, knowing gentry, who know with what firmness, self-denial, and charity, the bishops adhered to the public cause, and what contumelies those clergymen have undergone, &c., who adhered to the cause of truth. By those terms, the public cause, and the cause of truth, he understands the cause of the Whigs, in opposition to the queen and her servants; therefore by the learned, wealthy, and knowing gentry, he must understand the Bank and East India company and those other merchants or citizens within the bills of mortality who have been strenuous against the church and crown, and whose spirit of faction has lately got the better of their interest. For let him search all the rest of the kingdom, he will find the surrounded clergy and the surrounding gentry wholly strangers to the merits of those prelates, and adhering to a very different cause of truth, as will soon I hope be manifest by a fair appeal to the representatives of both.

It was very unnecessary in this writer to bespeak the treatment of contempt and derision which the clergy are to expect from his faction, whenever they come into power. I believe that venerable body is in very little concern after what manner their most mortal enemies intend to treat them, whenever it shall please God for our sins to visit us with so fatal an event, which I hope it will be the united endeavours both of clergy and laity to hinder. It would be some support to this hope if I could have any opinion of his predicting talent (which some have ascribed to people of this author's character), where he tells us that noise and wrath will not always pass for zeal. What other instances of zeal has this gentleman or the rest of his party been able to produce? If clamour be noise, it is but opening our ears to know from what side it comes; and if sedition, scurrility, slander, and calumny be the fruit of wrath, read the pamphlets and papers issuing from the zealots of that faction, or visit their clubs and coffeehouses, in order to form a judgment of the tree.

When Mr. Steele tells us we have a religion that wants no support from the enlargement of secular power, but is well supported by the wisdom and piety of its preachers and its own native truth, it would be good to know what religion he professes; for the clergy to whom he speaks will never allow him to be a member of the church of England. They cannot agree that the truth of the gospel, and the piety and wisdom of its preachers, are a sufficient support, in an evil age, against infidelity, faction, and vice, without the assistance of secular power, unless God would please to confer the gift of miracles on those who wait at the altar. I believe they venture to go a little further, and think that upon some occasions they want a little enlargement of assistance from the secular power against atheists, deists, socinians, and other heretics. Every first day in Lent a part of the liturgy is read to the people, in the preface to which the church declares her wishes for the restoring of that discipline she formerly had, and which for some years past has been more wanted than ever. But of this no more, lest it might insinuate jealousies between the clergy and laity, which the author tells us is the policy of vain ambitious men among the former, in hopes to derive from their order a veneration they cannot deserve from their virtue. If this be their method for procuring veneration, it is the most singular that ever was thought on, and the clergy would then indeed have no more to do with politics of any sort than Mr. Steele or his faction will allow them.

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[a] Created peers by king George I.

[b] Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester.

Having thus toiled through his dedication, I proceed to consider his preface, which, half consisting of quotation, will be so much the sooner got through.

It is a very unfair thing in any writer to employ his ignorance and malice together, because it gives his answerer double work; it is like the sort of sophistry that the logicians call two mediums, which are never allowed in the same syllogism. A writer with a weak head and a corrupt heart is an over-match for any single pen; like a hireling jade, dull and vicious, hardly able to stir, yet offering at every turn to kick.

He begins his preface with such an account of the original of power and the nature of civil institutions as I am confident was never once imagined by any writer upon government, from Plato to Mr. Locke. Give me leave to transcribe his first paragraph: "I never saw an unruly crowd of people cool by degrees into temper, but it gave me an idea of the original of power and the nature of civil institutions. One particular man has usually in those cases, from the dignity of his appearance or other qualities known or imagined by the multitude, been received into sudden favour and authority; the occasion of their difference has been represented to him, and the matter referred to his decision."

I have known a poet, who never was out of England, introduce a fact by way of simile, which could probably nowhere happen nearer than in the plains of Libya, and begin with "So have I seen." Such a fiction I suppose may be justified by poetical licence; yet Virgil is much more modest. This paragraph of Mr. Steele's, which he sets down as an observation of his own, is a miserable mangled translation of six verses out of that famous poet, who speaks after this manner: "As when a sedition arises in a great multitude, &c., then if they see a wise great man," &c. Virgil, who lived but a little after the ruin of the Roman republic, where seditions often happened, and the force of oratory was great among the people, made use of a simile which Mr. Steele turns into a fact, after such a manner as if he had seen it a hundred times, and builds upon it a system of the origin of government. When the vulgar here in England assemble in a riotous manner (which is not very frequent of late years), the prince takes a much more effectual way than that of sending orators to appease them; but Mr. Steele imagines such a crowd of people as this where there is no government at all; their unruliness quelled, and their passions cooled by a particular man, whose great qualities they had known before. Such an assembly must have risen suddenly from the earth, and the man of authority dropped from the clouds, for without some previous form of government no such crowd did ever yet assemble, or could possibly be acquainted with the merits and dignity of any particular man among them. But to pursue his scheme: this man of authority, who cools the crowd by degrees, and to whom they all appeal, must of necessity prove either an open or clandestine tyrant. A clandestine tyrant I take to be a king of Brentford, who keeps his army in disguise, and whenever he happens either to die naturally, be knocked on the head, or deposed, the people calmly take further measures and improve upon what was begun under his unlimited power. All this, our author tells us with extreme propriety, is what seems reasonable to common sense; that is, in other words, it seems reasonable to reason. This is what he calls giving an idea of the original of power and the nature of civil institutions. To which I answer, with great phlegm, that I defy any man alive to show me in double the number of lines, although writ by the same author, such a complicated ignorance in history, human nature, or politics, as well as in the ordinary properties of thought or of style.

But it seems these profound speculations were only premised to introduce some quotations in favour of resistance. What has resistance to do with the succession of the house of Hanover, that the Whig writers should perpetually affect to tack them together? I can conceive nothing else but that their hatred to the queen and ministry puts them upon thoughts of introducing the successor by another revolution. Are cases of extreme necessity to be introduced as common maxims by which we are always to proceed? Should not these gentlemen sometimes inculcate the general rule of obedience, and not always the exception of resistance? since the former has been the perpetual dictate of all laws, both divine and civil, and the latter is still in dispute.

I shall meddle with none of the passages he cites to prove the lawfulness of resisting princes, except that from the present lord-chancellor's[a] speech in defence of Mr. Sacheverel; "that there are extraordinary cases, cases of necessity, which are implied, although not expressed, in the general rule" (of obedience). These words, very clear in themselves, Mr. Steele explains into nonsense; which in any other author I should suspect to have been intended as a reflection upon as great a person as ever filled or adorned that high station; but I am so well acquainted with his pen, that I much more wonder how it can trace out a true quotation than a false comment. To see him treat my lord Harcourt with so much civility looks indeed a little suspicious, and as if he had malice in his heart. He calls his lordship a very great man, and a great living authority; places himself in company with general Stanhope and Mr. Hoadly; and in short takes the most effectual method in his power of ruining his lordship in the opinion of every man who is wise or good. I can only tell my lord Harcourt, for his comfort, that these praises are encumbered with the doctrine of resistance and the true revolution principles; and provided he will not allow Mr. Steele for his commentator, he may hope to recover the honour of being libelled again, as well as his sovereign and fellow-servants.

We now come to the Crisis; where we meet with two pages, by way of introduction to those extracts from acts of parliament that constitute the body of his pamphlet. This introduction begins with a definition of liberty, and then proceeds in a panegyric upon that great blessing. His panegyric is made up of half-a-dozen shreds, like a schoolboy's theme, beaten general topics, where any other man alive might wander securely; but this politician, by venturing to vary the good old phrases, and give them a new turn, commits a hundred solecisms and absurdities. The weighty truths which he endeavours to press upon his reader are such as these: That liberty is a very good thing; that without liberty we cannot be free; that health is good, and strength is good, but liberty is better than either; that no man can be happy without the liberty of doing whatever his own mind tells him is best; that men of quality love liberty, and common people love liberty; even women and children love liberty; and you cannot please them better than by letting them do what they please. Had Mr. Steele contented himself to deliver these and the like maxims in such intelligible terms, I could have found where we agreed and where we differed. But let us hear some of these axioms, as he has involved them. "We cannot possess our souls with pleasure and satisfaction, except we preserve in ourselves that inestimable blessing which we call liberty. By liberty I desire to be understood to mean the happiness of men's living," &c. ——The true "life of man consists in conducting it according to his own just sentiments and innocent inclinations;—man's being is degraded below that of a free agent, when his affections and passions are no longer governed by the dictates of his own mind." —"Without liberty our health (among other things) may be at the will of a tyrant, employed to our own ruin and that of our fellow-creatures." If there be any of these maxims which are not grossly defective in truth, in sense, or in grammar, I will allow them to pass for uncontrollable. By the first, omitting the pedantry of the whole expression, there are not above one or two nations in the world where any one man can possess his soul with pleasure and satisfaction. In the second, he desires to be understood to mean; that is he desires to be meant to mean, or to be understood to understand. In the third, the life of man consists in conducting his life. In the fourth he affirms that men's beings are degraded when their passions are no longer governed by the dictates of their own minds; directly contrary to lessons of all moralists and legislators, who agree unanimously that the passions of men must be under the government of reason and law; neither are the laws of any other use than to correct the irregularity of our affections. By the last, our health is ruinous to ourselves and other men when a tyrant pleases; which I leave to him to make out.

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[a] Sir Simon, first lord Harcourt

I cannot sufficiently commend our ancestors for transmitting to us the blessing of liberty; yet, having laid out their blood and treasure upon the purchase, I do not see how they acted parsimoniously, because I can conceive nothing more generous than that of employing our blood and treasure for the service of others. But I am suddenly struck with the thought that I have found his meaning; our ancestors acted parsimoniously because they spent only their own treasure for the good of their posterity; whereas we squander away the treasures of our posterity too; but whether they will be thankful, and think it was done for the preservation of their liberty, must be left to themselves for a decision.

I verily believe, although I could not prove it in Westminster-hall before a lord-chief-justice, that by enemies to our present establishment Mr. Steele would desire to be understood to mean my lord-treasurer and the rest of the ministry; by those who are grown supine, in proportion to the danger to which our liberty is every day more exposed, I should guess he means the Tories; and by honest men, who ought to look up with a spirit that becomes honesty, he understands the Whigs: I likewise believe he would take it ill or think me stupid if I did not thus expound him. I say then, that, according to this exposition, the four great officers of state, together with the rest of the cabinet council (except the archbishop of Canterbury [Dr. Tenison]), are "enemies to our establishment, making artful and open attacks upon our constitution, and are now practising indirect arts and mean subtleties to weaken the security of those acts of parliament for settling the succession in the house of Hanover." The first and most notorious of these criminals is Robert Harley, earl of Oxford, lord-high-treasurer, who is reputed to be chief minister; the second is James Butler, duke of Ormond, who commands the army, and designs to employ it in bringing over the pretender; the third is Henry St. John, lord viscount Bolingbroke, secretary of state, who must be supposed to hold a constant correspondence at the court of *Bar le Duc*, as the late earl of Godolphin did with that at St. Germain: and, to avoid tediousness, Mr. Bromley [the speaker] and the rest are employed in their several districts to the same end. These are the opinions which Mr. Steele and his faction, under the direction of their leaders, are endeavouring with all their might to propagate among the people of England concerning the present ministry; with what reservation to the honour, wisdom, or justice of the queen, I cannot determine; who by her own free choice, after long experience of their abilities and integrity, and in compliance with the general wishes of her people, called them to her service. Such an accusation against persons in so high trust should require, I think, at least one single overt act to make it good. If there be no other choice of persons fit to serve the crown, without danger from the pretender, except among those who are called the Whig party, the Hanover succession is then indeed in a very desperate state; that illustrious family will have almost nine in ten of the kingdom against it, and those principally of the landed interest; which is most to be depended upon in such a nation as ours.

I have now got as far as his extracts, which I shall not be at the pains of comparing with the originals, but suppose he has gotten them fairly transcribed; I only think that whoever is patentee for printing acts of parliament may have a very fair action against him for invasion of property; but this is none of my business to inquire into.

After two-and-twenty pages spent in reciting acts of parliament, he desires leave to repeat the history and progress of the Union; upon which I have some few things to observe.

This work, he tells us, was unsuccessfully attempted by several of her majesty's predecessors; although I do not remember it was ever thought on by any except king James I. and the late king William. I have read indeed that some small overtures were made by the former of these princes toward a union between the two kingdoms, but rejected with indignation and contempt by the English; and the historian tells us that, how degenerate and corrupt soever the court and parliament then were, they would not give ear to so infamous a proposal. I do not find that any of the succeeding princes before the Revolution ever resumed the design; because it was a project for which there could not possibly be assigned the least reason or necessity; for I defy any mortal to name one single advantage that England could ever expect from such a union.

But toward the end of the late king's reign, upon apprehensions of the want of issue from him or the princess Anne, a proposition for uniting both kingdoms was begun; because Scotland had not settled their crown upon the house of Hanover, but left themselves at large, in hopes to make their advantage; and it was thought highly dangerous to leave that part of the island, inhabited by a poor fierce northern people, at liberty to put themselves under a different king. However, the opposition to this work was so great that it could not be overcome until some time after her present majesty came to the crown; when by the weakness or corruption of a certain minister, since dead, an act of parliament was obtained for the Scots, which gave them leave to arm themselves; and so the Union became necessary, not for any actual good it could possibly do us, but to avoid a probable evil, and at the same time save an obnoxious minister's head; who was so wise as to take the first opportunity of procuring a general pardon by act of parliament, because he could not, with so much decency and safety, desire a particular one for himself. These facts are well enough known to the whole kingdom. And I remember discoursing, above six years ago, with the most considerable person [lord Somers] of the adverse party, and a great promoter of the Union: he frankly owned to me that this necessity, brought upon us by the wrong management of the earl of Godolphin, was the only cause of the Union.

Therefore I am ready to grant two points to the author of the Crisis; first, that the Union became necessary for the cause above related; because it prevented this island from being governed by two kings, which England would never have suffered; and it might probably have cost us a war of a year or two to reduce the Scots. Secondly, that it would be dangerous to break this union, at least in this juncture, while there is a pretender abroad, who might probably lay hold of such an opportunity. And this made me wonder a little at the spirit of faction last summer among some people, who, having been the great promoters of the Union, and several of them the principal gainers by it, could yet proceed so far as to propose in the house of lords that it should be dissolved; while, at the same time, those peers who had ever opposed it in the beginning were then for preserving it, upon the reason I have just assigned, and which the author of the Crisis has likewise taken notice of.

But when he tells us, "the Englishmen ought, in generosity, to be more particularly careful in preserving this union," he argues like himself. "The late kingdom of Scotland," says he, "had as numerous a nobility as England," &c. They had indeed, and to that we owe one of the great and necessary evils of the Union, upon the foot it now stands. Their nobility is indeed so numerous that the whole revenues of their country would be hardly able to maintain them according to the dignity of their titles; and, what is infinitely worse, they are never likely to be extinct until the last period of all things; because the greatest part of them descend to heirs general. I imagine a person of quality prevailed on to marry a woman much his inferior, and without a groat to her fortune, and her friends arguing she was as good as her husband, because she brought him as numerous a family of relations and servants as she found in his house. Scotland, in the taxes, is obliged to contribute one penny for every forty-pence laid upon England; and the representatives they send to parliament are about a thirteenth. Every other Scotch peer has all the privileges of an English one, except that of sitting in parliament, and even precedence before all of the same title that shall be created for the time to come. The pensions and employments possessed by the natives of that country now among us do amount to more than the whole body of their nobility ever spent at home: and all the money they raise upon the public is hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists. I could point out some, with great titles, who affected to appear very vigorous for dissolving the Union, although their whole revenues, before that period, would have ill maintained a Welsh justice of peace; and have since gathered more money than ever any Scotchman who had not travelled could form an idea of.

I have only one thing more to say upon occasion of the Union act; which is, that the author of the Crisis may be fairly proved, from his own citations, to be guilty of high-treason. In a paper of his, called the Englishman, of October 29, there is an advertisement about taking in subscriptions for printing the Crisis, where the title is published at length with the following clause, which the author thought fit to drop in the publication [" and that no power on earth can bar, alter, or make void, the present settlement of the crown, &c. By Richard Steele"]. In his extract of an act of parliament made since the Union, it appears to be high-treason for any person, by writing or printing, to maintain and affirm that the kings or queens of this realm, with and by the authority of parliament, are not able to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to limit and bind the crown, and the descent, limitation, inheritance, and the government thereof. This act being subsequent to the settlement of the crown confirmed at the Union, it is probable some friend of the author advised him to leave out those treasonable words in the printed title-page, which he had before published in the advertisement; and accordingly we find that in the treatise itself he only offers it to every good subject's consideration whether this article of the settlement of the crown is not as firm as the Union itself, and as the settlement of episcopacy in England, &c. And he thinks the Scots understood it so, that the succession to the crown was never to be controverted.

These I take to be only treasonable insinuations; but the advertisement beforementioned is actually high-treason; for which the author ought to be prosecuted, if that would avail anything under a jurisdiction where cursing the queen is not above the penalty of twenty marks.

Nothing is more notorious than that the Whigs of late years, both in their writings and discourses, have affected upon all occasions to allow the legitimacy of the pretender. This makes me a little wonder to see our author labouring to prove the contrary, by producing all the popular chat of those times, and other solid arguments from Fuller's Narrative: but it must be supposed that this gentleman acts by the commands of his superiors, who have thought fit at this juncture to issue out new orders, for reasons best known to themselves. I wish they had been more clear in their directions to him upon that weighty point, whether the settlement of the succession in the house of Hanover be alterable or not. I have observed where, in his former pages, he gives it in the negative; but in the turning of a leaf he has wholly changed his mind. He tells us he wonders there can be found any Briton weak enough to contend against a power in their own nation which is practised in a much greater degree in other states; and how hard it is that Britain should be debarred the privilege of establishing its own security by relinquishing only those branches of the royal line which threaten it with destruction; while other nations never scruple, upon less occasions, to go to much greater lengths;

of which he produces instances in France, Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia; and then adds, can Great Britain help to advance men to other thrones and have no power in limiting its own? How can a senator, capable of doing honour to sir Thomas Hanmer, be guilty of such ridiculous inconsistencies? "The author of the Conduct of the Allies," says he, "has dared to drop insinuations about altering the succession." The author of the Conduct of the Allies writes sense and English; neither of which the author of the Crisis understands. The former thinks "it wrong, in point of policy, to call in a foreign power to be guarantee of our succession, because it puts it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession without the consent of that prince or state who is guarantee, whatever necessity may happen in future times." Now, if it be high-treason to affirm by writing that the legislature has no such power, and if Mr. Steele thinks it strange that Britain should be debarred this privilege, what could be the crime of putting such a case, that, in future ages, a necessity might happen of limiting the succession, as well as it has happened already?

When Mr. Steele "reflects upon the many solemn strong barriers (to our succession) of laws and oaths, &c., he thinks all fear vanishes before them." I think so too, provided the epithet *solemn* goes for nothing; because, although I have often heard of a solemn day, a solemn feast, and a solemn coxcomb, yet I can conceive no idea to myself of a solemn barrier. However, be that as it will, his thoughts, it seems, will not let him rest, but before he is aware he asks himself several questions; and, since he cannot resolve them, I will endeavour to give him what satisfaction I am able. The first is, "What are the marks of a lasting security?" To which I answer, that the signs of it in a kingdom or state are, first, good laws; and, secondly, those laws well executed: we are pretty well provided with the former, but extremely defective in the latter.—Secondly, "What are our tempers and our hearts at home?" If by ours he means those of himself and his abettors, they are most damnably wicked; impatient for the death of the queen; ready to gratify their ambition and revenge by all desperate methods; wholly alienate from truth, law, religion, mercy, conscience, or honour.—Thirdly, "In what hands is power lodged abroad?" To answer the question naturally, Lewis XIV. is king of France, Philip V. (by the counsels and acknowledgments of the Whigs) is king of Spain, and so on. If by power he means money, the duke of Marlborough is thought to have more ready money than all the kings of Christendom together; but, by the peculiar disposition of Providence, it is locked up in a trunk, to which his ambition has no key; and that is our security.—Fourthly, "Are our unnatural divisions our strength?" I think not; but they are the sign of it, for, being unnatural, they cannot last; and this shows that union, the foundation of all strength, is more agreeable to our nature. Fifthly, "Is it nothing to us which of the princes of Europe has the longest sword?" Not much, if we can tie up his hands, or put a strong shield into those of his neighbours; or if our sword be as sharp as his is long; or if it be necessary for him to turn his own sword into a ploughshare; or if such a sword happens to be in the hands of an infant, or struggled for by two competitors.—Sixthly, "The powerful hand that deals out crowns and kingdoms all around us, may it not in time reach a king out to us too?" If the powerful hand he means be that of France, it may reach out as many kings as it pleases, but we will not accept them. Whence does this man get his intelligence? I should think even his brother Ridpath might furnish him with better. What crowns or kingdoms has France dealt about? Spain was given by the will of the former king, in consequence of that infamous treaty of partition, the adviser of which will, I hope, never be forgot in England. Sicily was disposed of by her majesty of Great Britain; so, in effect, was Sardinia. France, indeed, once reached out a king to Poland, but the people would not receive him. This question of Mr. Steele's was therefore only put *in terrorem*, without any regard to truth.—Seventhly, "Are there no pretensions to our crown that can ever be revived?" There may, for aught I know, be about a dozen; and those in time may possibly beget a hundred; but we must do as well as we can. Captain Bessus, when he had fifty challenges to answer, protested he could not fight above three duels a-day. If the pretender should fail, says the writer, the French king has in his quiver a succession of them; the duchess of Savoy, or her sons, or the dauphin her grandson. Let me suppose the chevalier de St. George to be dead; the duchess of Savoy will then be a pretender, and consequently must leave her husband, because his royal highness (for Mr. Steele has not yet acknowledged him for a king) is in alliance with her British majesty; her sons, when they grow pretenders, must undergo the same fate. But I am at a loss how to dispose of the dauphin, if he happen to be king of France before the pretendership to Britain falls to his share; for I doubt he will never be persuaded to remove out of his own kingdom, only because it is too near England.

But "the duke of Savoy did, some years ago, put in his claim to the crown of England in right of his wife; and he is a prince of great capacity, in strict alliance with France, and may therefore very well add to our fears of a popish successor." Is it the fault of the present, or of any ministry, that this prince put in his claim? Must we give him opium to destroy his capacity? or can we prevent his alliance with any prince who is in peace with her majesty? Must we send to stab or poison all the popish princes who have any pretended title to our crown by the proximity of blood? What, in the name of God, can these people drive at? what is it they demand? Suppose the present dauphin were now a man, and the king of France, and next popish heir to the crown of England; is he not excluded by the laws of the land? But what regard will he have to our laws? I answer, has not the queen as good a title to the crown of France? and how is she excluded, but by their law against the succession of females, which we are not bound to acknowledge: and is it not in our power to exclude female successors as well as in theirs? If such a pretence shall prove the cause of a war, what human power can prevent it? But our cause must necessarily be good and righteous; for either the kings of England have been unjustly kept out of the possession of France, or the dauphin, although nearest of kin, can have no legal title to England. And he must be an ill prince indeed, who will not have the hearts and hands of ninety-nine in a hundred among his subjects against such a popish pretender.

I have been the longer in answering the seventh question, because it led me to consider all he had afterward to say upon the subject of the pretender. Eighthly, and lastly, he asks himself, "Whether Popery and Ambition are become tame and quiet neighbours?" In this I can give him no satisfaction, because I never was in that street where they live; nor do I converse with any of their friends, only I find they are persons of a very evil reputation, But I am told for certain that Ambition had removed her lodging, and lives the very next door to Faction, where they keep such a racket that the whole parish is disturbed and every night in an uproar.

This much in answer to those eight uneasy questions put by the author to himself, in order to satisfy every Briton, and give him an occasion of "taking an impartial view of the affairs of Europe in general, as well as of Great Britain in particular."

After enumerating the great actions of the confederate armies under the command of prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough, Mr. Steele observes, in the bitterness of his soul, that the British "general, however unaccountable it may be to posterity, was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his glorious labour." Ten years' fruits, it seems, were not sufficient, and yet they were the fruitfullest campaigns that ever any general cropped. However, I cannot but hope that posterity will not be left in the dark, but some care taken both of her majesty's glory and the reputation of those she employs. An impartial historian may tell the world (and the next age will easily believe what it continues to feel) that the avarice and ambition of a few factious insolent subjects had almost destroyed their country by continuing a ruinous war in conjunction with allies for whose sake principally we fought, who refused to bear their just proportion of their charge, and were connived at in their refusal for private ends; that these factious people treated the best and kindest of sovereigns with insolence, cruelty, and ingratitude, of which he will be able to produce several instances; that they encouraged persons and principles alien from our religion and government, in order to strengthen their faction; he will tell the reasons why the general and first minister were seduced to be heads of this faction, contrary to the opinions they had always professed. Such an historian will show many reasons which made it necessary to remove the general and his friends, who, knowing the bent of the nation was against them, expected to lose their power when the war was at an end. Particularly the historian will discover the whole intrigue of the duke of Marlborough's endeavouring to procure a commission to be general for life; wherein justice will be done to a person at that time of high station in the law, who (I mention it to his honour) advised the duke, when he was consulted upon it, not to accept of such a commission. By these and many other instances which time will bring to light, it may perhaps appear not very unaccountable to posterity why this great man was dismissed at last, but rather why he was dismissed no sooner.

But this is entering into a wide field. I shall therefore leave posterity to the information of better historians than the author of the Crisis or myself, and go on to inform the present age in some facts which the great orator and politician thinks fit to misrepresent, with the utmost degree either of natural or wilful ignorance. He asserts that in the duke of Ormond's campaign, "after a suspension of arms between Great Britain and France, proclaimed at the head of the armies, the British troops, in the midst of the enemy's garrisons, withdrew themselves from their confederates." The fact is directly otherwise; for the British troops were most infamously deserted by the confederates, after all that could be urged by the duke of Ormond and the earl of Strafford to press the confederate generals not to forsake them. The duke was directed to avoid engaging in any action until he had further orders, because an account of the king of Spain's renunciation was every day expected; this the Imperialists and the Dutch knew well enough, and therefore proposed to the duke, in that very juncture, to engage the French, for no other reason but to render desperate all the queen's measures toward a peace. Was not the certain possession of Dunkirk of equal advantage to the uncertainty of a battle? A whole campaign under the duke of Marlborough, with such an acquisition, although at the cost of many thousand lives and several millions of money, would have been thought very gloriously ended.

Neither after all was it a new thing, either in the British general or the Dutch deputies, to refuse fighting when they did not approve of it. When the duke of Marlborough was going to invest Bouchain, the deputies of the States pressed him in vain to engage the enemy; and one of them was so far discontented upon his grace's refusal that he presently became a partisan of the peace; yet I do not remember any clamour then raised here against the duke upon that account. Again, when the French invaded Douay, after the confederates had deserted the duke of Ormond, prince Eugene was violently bent upon a battle, and said they should never have another so good an opportunity; but Monsieur ——, a private deputy, rose up, and opposed it so far that the prince was forced to desist. Was it then more criminal in the duke of Ormond to refuse fighting by express command of the queen, and in order to get possession of Dunkirk, than for the duke of Marlborough to give the same refusal without any such orders or any such advantage? or shall a Dutch deputy assume more power than the queen of Great Britain's general, acting by the immediate commands of his sovereign?

The emperor and the empire (says Mr. Steele by way of admiration) continue the war! Is his imperial majesty able to continue it or not? If he be, then Great Britain has been strangely used for ten years past; then how came it to pass that of about ten thousand men in his service in Italy at the time of the battle of Turin, there were not above four thousand paid by himself? If he be not able to continue it, why does he go on? The reasons are clear; because the war only affects the princes of the empire, whom he is willing enough to expose, but not his own dominions. Besides, his imperial ministers are in daily expectation of the queen's death, which they hope will give a new turn to affairs, and rekindle the war in Europe upon the old foot; and we know how the ministers of that court publicly assign it for a reason of their obstinacy against peace that they hope for a sudden revolution in England. In the mean time, this appearance of the emperor's being forsaken by his ally will serve to increase the clamour, both here and in Holland, against her majesty and those she employs.

Mr. Steele says there can be no crime in affirming (if it be truth) that the house of Bourbon is at this juncture become more formidable, and bids fairer for a universal monarchy, and to engross the whole trade of Europe, than it did before the war.

No crime in affirming it if it be truth. I will for once allow his proposition. But if it be false, then I affirm that whoever advances so seditious a falsehood deserves to be hanged. Does he mean, by the house of Bourbon, the two kings of France and Spain? If so, I reject his meaning, which would insinuate that the interests and designs of both those princes will be the same; whereas they are more opposite than those of any two other monarchs in Christendom. This is the whole foolish slander so frequently flung upon the peace, and as frequently refuted. These factious undertakers of the press write with great advantage; they strenuously affirm a thousand falsehoods, without fear, wit, conscience, or knowledge; and we who answer them must be at the expense of an argument for each; after which, in the very next pamphlet, we see the same assertions produced again, without the least notice of what has been said to disprove them. By the house of Bourbon does he mean only the French king for the time being? If so, and his assertion be true, then that prince must deal with the devil, or else the money and blood spent in our ten years' victories against him might as well have continued in the purses and veins of her majesty's subjects.

But the particular assertions of this author are easier detected than his general ones; I shall therefore proceed upon examining the former. For instance: I desire him to ask the Dutch, who can best inform him, why they delivered up Traerbach to the Imperialists? for as to the queen, her majesty was never once consulted in it, whatever his preceptors, the politicians of Button's coffeehouse, may have informed him to the contrary.

Mr. Steele affirms that the French have begun the demolition of Dunkirk contemptuously and arbitrarily their own way. The governor of the town, and those gentlemen intrusted with the inspection of this work, do assure me that the fact is altogether otherwise; that the method prescribed by those whom her majesty employs has been exactly followed, and that the works are already demolished. I will venture to tell him further that the demolition was so long deferred in order to remove those difficulties which the barrier treaty has put us under; and the event has shown that it was prudent to proceed no faster until those difficulties were got over. The mole and harbour could not be destroyed until the ships were got out; which, by reason of some profound secrets of state, did not happen until the other day. Who gave him those just suspicions, that the mole and harbour will never be destroyed? What is it he would now insinuate? that the ministry is bribed to leave the most important part of the work undone; or that the pretender is to invade us from thence; or that the queen has entered into a conspiracy with her servants to prevent the good effects of the peace, for no other end but to lose the affections of her people, and endanger herself?

Instead of any further information, which I could easily give, but which no honest man can want, I venture to affirm that the mole and harbour of Dunkirk will in a short time be most effectually destroyed; and at the same time I venture to prophesy that neither Mr. Steele nor his faction will ever confess they believe it.

After all, it is a little hard that the queen cannot be allowed to demolish this town in whatever manner she pleases to fancy. Mr. Steele must have it done in his own way, and is angry the French have pretended to do it in theirs; and yet he wrongs them into the bargain. For my own part, I do seriously think the most christian king to be a much better friend of her majesty's than Mr. Steele or any of his faction. Besides, it is to be considered that he is a monarch and a relation; and therefore, if I were a privy counsellor, and my advice to be asked which of those two gentlemen born should have the direction in the demolition of Dunkirk, I will give it for the former; because I look upon Mr. Steele, in quality of a member of his party, to be much more skilful in demolishing at home than abroad.

There is a prospect of more danger to the balance of Europe, and to the trade of Britain, from the emperor overrunning Italy than from France overrunning the empire. That his imperial majesty entertains such thoughts is visible to the world; and although little can be said to justify many actions of the French king, yet the worst of them have never equalled the emperor's arbitrary keeping the possession of Milan, directly contrary to his oath, and to the express words of the golden bull, which oblige him to deliver up every fief that falls, or else they must all, in the course of time, lapse into his own hands.

I was at a loss who it was that Mr. Steele hinted at some time ago by "the powerful hand that deals out crowns and kingdoms all around us." I now plainly find he meant no other hand but his own. He has dealt out the crown of Spain to France; to France he has given leave to invade the empire next spring, with two hundred thousand men; and now at last he deals to France the imperial dignity; and so farewell liberty; Europe will be French. But in order to bring all this about, the capital of Austria, the residence of his imperial majesty, must continue to be visited by the plague, of which the emperor must die, and so the thing is done.

Why should not I venture to deal out one sceptre in my turn as well as Mr. Steele? I therefore deal out the empire to the elector of Saxony, upon failure of issue to this emperor at his death, provided the Whigs will prevail on the son to turn papist to get an empire, as they did upon the father to get a kingdom. Or, if this prince be not approved of, I deal it out in his stead to the elector of Bavaria; and in one or the other of these I dare engage to have all Christendom to second me, whatever the spleen, in the shape of politics, may dictate to the author of the Crisis.

The design of Mr. Steele in representing the circumstances of the affairs of Europe is to signify to the world that all Europe is put in the high road to slavery by the corruption of her majesty's present ministers; and so he goes on to Portugal, which, having during the war supplied us with gold in exchange for our woollen manufacture, has only at present a suspension of arms for its protection, to last no longer than till the Catalonians are reduced, and then the old pretensions of Spain to Portugal will be revived; and Portugal, when once enslaved by Spain, falls naturally, with the rest of Europe, into the gulf of France. In the mean time, let us see what relief a little truth can give this unhappy kingdom. That Portugal has yet no more than a suspension of arms, they may thank themselves, because they came so late into the treaty; and that they came so late they may thank the Whigs, whose false representations they were so weak as to believe. However, the queen has voluntarily given them a guarantee to defend them against Spain until the peace shall be made; and such terms after the peace are stipulated for them as the Portuguese themselves are contented with.

Having mentioned the Catalonians, he puts the question, "Who can name the Catalonians without a tear?" That can I; for he has told so many melancholy stories without one syllable of truth, that he has blunted the edge of my fears, and I shall not be startled at the worst he can say. What he affirms concerning the Catalonians is included in the following particulars: First, that they were drawn into the war by the encouragement of the maritime powers; by which are understood England and Holland: but he is too good a friend of the Dutch to give them any part of the blame. Secondly, that they are now abandoned, and exposed to the resentment of an enraged prince. Thirdly, that they always opposed the person and interest of that prince, who is their present king. Lastly, that the doom is dreadful of those who shall in the sight of God be esteemed their destroyers. And if we interpret the insinuation he makes according to his own mind, the destruction of those people must be imputed to the present ministry.

I am sometimes in charity disposed to hope that this writer is not always sensible of the flagrant falsehoods he utters, but is either biassed by an inclination to believe the worst, or a want of judgment to choose his informers. That the Catalonians were drawn into the war by the encouragement of her majesty should not in decency have been affirmed until about fifty years hence, when it might be supposed there would be no living witness left to disprove it. It was only upon the assurances of a revolt given by the prince of Hesse and others, and their invitation, that the queen was prevailed with to send her forces upon that expedition. When Barcelona was taken by a most unexpected accident of a bomb lighting on the magazine, then indeed the Catalonians revolted, having before submitted and sworn allegiance to Philip as much as any other province of Spain. Upon the peace between that crown and Britain, the queen, in order to ease the emperor and save his troops, stipulated with king Philip for a neutrality in Italy, and that his imperial majesty should have liberty to evacuate Catalonia, upon condition of absolute indemnity of the Catalans, with an entire restitution to their honours, dignities, and estates. As this neutrality was never observed by the emperor, so he never effectually evacuated Catalonia; for although he sent away the main body, he left behind many officers and private men, who now spirit up and assist those obstinate people to continue in their rebellion. It is true, indeed, that king Philip did not absolutely restore the Catalans to all their old privileges, of which they never made other use than as an encouragement to rebel; but admitted them to the same privileges with his subjects of Castile, particularly to the liberty of trading, and having employments in the West Indies, which they never enjoyed before. Besides, the queen reserved to herself the power of procuring further immunities for them, wherein the most christian king was obliged to second her; for his catholic majesty intended no more than to retrench those privileges under the pretext of which they now rebel, as they had formerly done in favour of France. How dreadful then must be the doom of those who hindered these people from submitting to the gentle terms offered them by their prince! and who, although they be conscious of their own inability to furnish one single ship for the support of the Catalans, are at this instant spurring them on to their ruin by promises of aid and protection!

Thus much in answer to Mr. Steele's account of the affairs of Europe, from which he deduces the universal monarchy of France, and the danger of I know not how many popish successors to Britain. His political reflections are as good as his facts. "We must observe," says he, "that the person who seems to be the most favoured by the French king in the late treaties is the duke of Savoy." Extremely right: for whatever that prince got by the peace he owes entirely to her majesty, as a just reward for his having been so firm and useful an ally; neither was France brought with more difficulty to yield any one point than that of allowing the duke such a barrier as the queen insisted on.

"He is become the most powerful prince in Italy." I had rather see him so than the emperor. "He is supposed to have entered into a secret and strict alliance with the house of Bourbon." This is one of those facts wherein I am most inclined to believe the author, because it is what he must needs be utterly ignorant of, and therefore may possibly be true.

I thought indeed we should be safe from all popish successors as far as Italy, because of the prodigious clutter about sending the pretender thither. But they will never agree where to fix their longitude. The duke of Savoy is the more dangerous for removing to Sicily: he adds to our fears for being too far off, and the chevalier St. George for being too near. So whether France conquer Germany or be in peace and good understanding with it, either event will put us and Holland at the mercy of France, which has a quiver full of pretenders at its back, whenever the chevalier shall die.

This was just the logic of poor Prince Butler, a splenetic madman whom everybody may remember about the town. Prince Pamphilio in Italy employed emissaries to torment Prince Butler here. But what if prince Pamphilio die? Why then he had left in his will that his heirs and executors torment Prince Butler for ever.

I cannot think it a misfortune what Mr. Steele affirms, "That treasonable books lately dispersed among us, striking apparently at the Hanover succession, have passed almost without observation from the generality of the people;" because it seems a certain sign that the generality of the people are well disposed to that illustrious family; but I look upon it as a great evil to see seditious books dispersed among us, apparently striking at the queen and her administration, at the constitution in church and state, and at all religion; yet passing without observation from the generality of those in power: but whether this remissness may be imputed to Whitehall or Westminster-hall, is other men's business to inquire. Mr. Steele knows in his conscience that the queries concerning the pretender issued from one of his own party. And as for the poor nonjuring clergyman who was trusted with committing to the press a late book on the subject of hereditary right, by a strain of a *summum jus*, he is now, as I am told, with half a score children, starving and rotting among thieves and pickpockets in the common room of a stinking jail. I have never seen either the book or the publisher; however, I would fain ask one single person [Parker, afterward lord-chancellor] in the world a question, —why he has so often drank the abdicated king's health upon his knees?—But the transition is natural and frequent, and I shall not trouble him for an answer.

It is the hardest case in the world that Mr. Steele should take up the artificial reports of his own faction, and then put them off upon the world as additional fears of a popish successor. I can assure him that no good subject of the queen's is under the least concern whether the pretender be converted or not, further than their wishes that all men would embrace the true religion. But reporting backward and forward upon this point helps to keep up the noise, and is a topic for Mr. Steele to enlarge himself upon, by showing how little we can depend upon such conversions, by collecting a list of popish cruelties, and repeating, after himself and the bishop of Sarum, the dismal effects likely to follow upon the return of that superstition among us.

But as this writer is reported by those who know him to be what the French call *journalier*, his fear and courage operating according to the weather in our uncertain climate, I am apt to believe the two last pages of his Crisis were written on a sunshiny day. This I guess from the general tenor of them, and particularly from an unwary assertion, which if he believes as firmly as I do, will at once overthrow all his foreign and domestic fears of a popish successor. "As divided a people as we are, those who stand for the house of Hanover are infinitely superior in number, wealth, courage, and all arts, military and civil, to those in the contrary interest; beside which, we have the laws, I say, the laws on our side. The laws, I say, the laws." This elegant repetition is I think a little out of place; for the stress might better have been laid upon so great a majority of the nation; without which I doubt the laws would be of little weight, although they be very good additional securities. And if what he here asserts be true, as it certainly is although he assert it (for I allow even the majority of his own party to be against the pretender), there can be no danger of a popish successor, except from the unreasonable jealousies of the best among that party, and from the malice, the avarice, or ambition of the worst; without which, Britain would be able to defend her succession against all her enemies both at home and abroad. Most of the dangers from abroad, which he enumerates as the consequences of this very bad peace made by the queen and approved by parliament, must have subsisted under any peace at all; unless, among other projects equally feasible, we could have stipulated to cut the throats of every popish relation to the royal family.

Well, by this author's own confession, a number infinitely superior, and the best circumstantiated imaginable, are for the succession in the house of Hanover. This succession is established, confirmed, and secured by several laws; her majesty's repeated declarations, and the oaths of all her subjects, engage both her and them to preserve what those laws have settled. This is a security indeed, a security adequate at least to the importance of the thing; and yet, according to the Whig scheme, as delivered to us by Mr. Steele and his coadjutors, is altogether insufficient; and the succession will be defeated, the pretender brought in, and popery established among us, without the further assistance of this writer and his faction.

And what securities have our adversaries substituted in the place of these? A club of politicians where Jenny Man presides; a Crisis written by Mr. Steele; a confederacy of knavish stock-jobbers to ruin credit; a report of the queen's death; an effigies of the pretender run twice through the body by a valiant peer; a speech by the author of the Crisis; and, to sum up all, an unlimited freedom of reviling her majesty and those she employs.

I have now finished the most disgustful task that ever I undertook. I could with more ease have written three dull pamphlets than remarked upon the falsehoods and absurdities of one. But I was quite confounded last Wednesday when the printer came with another pamphlet in his hand, written by the same author, and entitled "The Englishman, being the Close of the Paper so called," &c. He desired I would read it over, and consider it in a paper by itself; which last I absolutely refused. Upon perusal, I found it chiefly an invective against Toby, the ministry, the Examiner, the clergy, the queen, and the Postboy; yet, at the same time, with great justice exclaiming against those who presumed to offer the least word against the heads of that faction whom her majesty discarded. The author likewise proposes an equal division of favour and employments between the Whigs and Tories; for if the former "can have no part or portion in David, they desire no longer to be his subjects." He insists that her majesty has exactly followed Monsieur Tugghe's memorial against the demolishing of Dunkirk. He reflects with great satisfaction on the good already done to his country by the Crisis. *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,* &c. He gives us hopes that he will leave off writing, and consult his own quiet and happiness; and concludes with a letter to a friend at court. I suppose, by the style of "old friend," and the like, it must be somebody there of his own level; among whom his party have indeed more friends than I could wish. In this letter he asserts that the present ministers were not educated in the church of England, but are new converts from presbytery. Upon which I can only reflect how blind the malice of that man must be who invents a groundless lie in order to defame his superiors, which would be no disgrace if it had been a truth. And he concludes with making three demands for the satisfaction of himself and other malecontents. First, the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk. Secondly, that Great Britain and France would heartily join against the exorbitant power of the duke of Lorraine, and force the pretender from his asylum at Bar le Duc. Lastly, "that his electoral highness of Hanover would be so grateful to signify to all the world the perfect good understanding he has with the court of England, in as plain terms as her majesty was pleased to declare she had with that house on her part."

As to the first of these demands, I will venture to undertake it shall be granted; but then Mr. Steele and his brother malecontents must promise to believe the thing is done, after those employed have made their report, or else bring vouchers to disprove it. Upon the second; I cannot tell whether her majesty will engage in a war against the duke of Lorraine, to force him to remove the pretender; but I believe, if the parliament should think it necessary to address upon such an occasion, the queen would move that prince to send him away. His last demand, offered under the title of a wish, is of so insolent and seditious a strain, that I care not to touch it. Here he directly charges her majesty with delivering a falsehood to her parliament from the throne; and declares he will not believe her, until the elector of Hanover himself shall vouch for the truth of what she has so solemnly affirmed.

I agree with this writer that it is an idle thing in his antagonists to trouble themselves upon the articles of his birth, education, or fortune; for whoever writes at this rate of his sovereign, to whom he owes so many personal obligations, I should never inquire whether he be a *gentleman born*, but whether he be a human creature.

A LETTER

FROM THE

FACETIOUS DOCTOR ANDREW TRIPE, AT BATH, TO THE VENERABLE NESTOR IRONSIDE.

With an account of the reception Mr. Ironside's late present of a Guardian met with from the Worshipful Mr. Mayor, and other substantial inhabitants of that ancient city.

To which is added,

A PRESCRIPTION FROM THE DOCTOR, BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT, EXACTLY SUITED TO HIS DISTEMPER.

> The adventure of the bear and fiddle
> Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.—Hud.

> Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
> Astra ferar; nomenque erit indelibi nostrum.—Ovid

THIS amusing letter, nows printed from a copy (dated 1714) in the British Museum, is noticed by Scott in his edition as having internal marks of Swift's corrections, though chiefly written by one of those subordinate party authors whom he calls "his under spur-leathers." The style, however, has the closest resemblance to Swift's; the wit and ridicule partake of his best manner; and from the circumstance of the dean's known dislike and contempt of Steele, it is much more probable to have been entirely his own than the production of Arbuthnot, who had not the same reasons for thus exposing Steele, or that of any of Swift's understrappers, unless we suppose them to have had "wit at will" not inferior to their master's.

Right Venerable,—That aggregate philosopher, Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, of most memorable countenance, does, I remember, in several of his moral aphorisms make very honourable mention of himself for such of his essays as were levelled at the general benefit of mankind; and upon this head does fairly give himself the preference to all the learned, his contemporaries, from Dr. Swift himself, even down to Poet Cr—spe of the custom-house.

This, with due respect to his memory, savours somewhat more of self-love than could be well expected from so unbiassed a philosopher: for I can see no reason, nor do I believe he himself could, why the elaborate productions of those who sweat hard to rescue the laudable actions of the town or corporation, where they either were born, or of which they were inhabitants, from the jaws of oblivion, and transmit them with decency to posterity, should not deserve at least an equal encomium.

Upon this consideration I have, with unwearied application, and no small expense in coffee and tobacco, perused all the neotegraphical tracts, as well foreign as domestic, lately published by those painful and accurate penmen, the news-writers, as the vulgar term them, that I might thoroughly inform myself what account they gave the world of the magnificent reception which the inhabitants of this ancient and noble city of Bath gave to the invaluable present which you did them the honour lately to make them; and see whether they handled so important a point with that nicety of truth and majesty of style that the history of so solemn a ceremony required. But, to my great astonishment and much greater concern, I found them all (to their discredit be it spoken) as silent upon the matter as if such a thing had never been *in rerum natura*; or at least had happened in the dark days of popery and ignorance.

'Tis true, it is hard to condemn so numerous and so eminent a body of learned men, in some whereof 'tis possible it might be unpremeditated omission; but in others, especially those of our own island, I cannot forbear thinking it was downright spleen and envy: and (God forgive me) I have a strong suspicion that my very good friend, the indefatigable and judicious Mr. Abel, whom I look upon to be the president of all the hebdomadal writers of this century, has a great deal to answer on this head. In love therefore to the town of Bath, to which I have the honour of being physician in ordinary, and out of my most profound respect, sir, for your venerable person, (whose unparalleled bounty I would gladly see perpetuated to all succeeding ages,) I have diligently consulted our public records, and with utmost fidelity transcribed from them the following copy:—

Regist. Ann. 12 Reginæ Annæ, fol. 36.

"Some time about the end of October, *Anno* 12 *Reginæ Annæ*, as Mr. Mayor, Mr. Recorder, the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe (meaning your most humble servant), Mr. Lenitive the apothecary, and several other worthy citizens, were one afternoon at the coffeehouse, gravely discoursing of politics, and were insensibly fallen into a polemical argument upon this intricate and important question, *whether, in case the pope of Rome should have a fancy to alter his state, and take unto him a wife, an act of parliament would be either a necessary or a sufficient warrant for his so doing*. While the point was discussed with that solidity of learning and maturity of thought that could be expected from a company of such bright men, especially upon so ticklish a subject, who should come in but Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, intelligencer-general of the town, by whose earnest looks and violent panting for breath they soon perceived that he was big with some occurrence of moment, of which he wanted to be immediately delivered."

But, before I proceed any further in this great undertaking, I find myself obliged, most learned sage, by the rules of method to make a small digression in order to give you a cursory description of the person, parts, and profession of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, because I conceive it to be a preliminary absolutely requisite towards the right understanding of this great history, and because, without such digression (according to agreement with my bookseller), this my letter would not make so considerable a figure as to reach the price of sixpence, which however, as it is *inter nos*, I desire may remain a secret between me and my reader.

Mr. Isaac, you must know, sir, is much about your own age and size, and if I may credit those who pretend to know you, not unlike you in the face. He is of a saturnine complexion, not without some visible indications of suffering much by the obstructions in the *hippocondria*, from whence heavy and caliginous fumes, continually ascending to the region of his head, do powerfully invade the territory of his brain, where, meeting with little resistance, through the too much natural imbecility of the part, they make a most sad havoc in the *glandula pinealis*. This renders him anxious all the while he is awake, disturbs him when asleep, and makes him dream of nothing else but chains, galleys, gibbets, rawheads, and bloody-bones, by the terrifying relation of which, he often frightens many of the children of her majesty's good subjects from their bread and butter.

He has naturally a downcast foreboding aspect, which they of the country hereabouts call a hanging look, and an unseemly manner of staring, with his mouth wide open, and under-lip propending, especially when anyways disturbed; which is a vehement diagnosis that there is a great relaxation in the optic nerves, by which their communication with the *pia mater* is become inactive, and the poignancy of the intellects rendered obtuse.

He takes a great deal of pains to persuade his neighbours that he has a very short face, and a little flat nose, like a diminutive wart, in the middle of his visage, because he was told once by a Dutch fortune-teller, that high hooked noses were very ominous, and denoted cowardice, whereas that other symmetry was an infallible indication of choler predominant, which he hopes may occasionally supply his natural want of courage.

His eyes are large and prominent, too big of all conscience for the conceited narrowness of his phiz, and have been for some years very subject to an infirmity which we doctors call the *gutta-serena*; and though he has been often told of the wonderful cures lately performed by the famous ophthalmist Dr. Henrick all over the kingdom, he will not be persuaded to make use of him, but calls him quack, at the same time that he knows full well that the worthy doctor is allowed by the college to practise, after a most rigorous examination.

His back, though not very broad, is well turned, and will bear a great deal; I have seen him myself more than once carry a vast load of timber. His legs also are tolerably substantial, and can stride very wide upon occasion; but the best thing about him is a handsome pair of heels, which he takes especial pride to show, not only to his friends, but even to the very worst of his enemies.

As to his parts, he sets up for a virtuoso, a philosopher, and what not! And does not only believe it himself, but has persuaded others too, that he has a monstrous wit. One day he gave bills about for folks to come and see it, but unadvisedly demanding twopence a-piece he was hissed and hooted at in a most unbecoming manner. This made him afterwards be somewhat cautious how he ventured abroad with it; and it is observed that almost ever since all his discourses have been gravely dull, without the least larding of wit.

Notwithstanding this, men of as profound parts as himself do really allow that he has not only a genius naturally adapted to schemes and projects, but was actually the first inventor of certain surprising paper machines, which by only looking upon them make people almost as wise as they were before, to the great wonder and satisfaction of all the beholders. It was he also that first discovered that the chin of man was a musical instrument, and taught boys how to play upon it; a harmony indeed altogether unknown to antiquity. And I am credibly informed that he has now almost brought to perfection a system for fixing the moveable feasts, after so wonderful a manner, that, from this present year one thousand seven hundred and thirteen, to the year seventeen thousand and twenty-four inclusive, Easter-day may always fall on a Sunday; which must needs be of vast use towards reconciling the ill-natured difference so long maintained betwixt the Julian and Gregorian account.

He has moreover an exquisite faculty in finding out the harmony of monosyllables, by the help of which he can easily muster upon occasion a power of pretty sounding words signifying nothing. This he calls his art of lerology, that is, of saying a great deal to little purpose, and designs it for a perpetual fund to pay his debts with.

It is reported by some that he has attained the menstruum of Hermes, and can make the basest of Dutch coin pass for true sterling. Others will have it that he dreams with his eyes open; can dissolve ice by the help of fire, and tell boys by looking in their faces if their noses stand awry; for which he has been reputed a necromancer. But his master-talent lies in picking up and retailing of threadbare stories; and it is to his wonderful sagacity herein that we of this town owe the first hints of the death of that worshipful knight sir Roger de Coverly. But there is a dreadful misfortune attends him, that, as he seldom speaks truth, so he is seldom or never believed: and as he not only will invent most unmerciful relations of matters here and there transacted, so he has another property, that for the heart's blood of him he cannot tell a story as it is told him, but let it be never so often repeated will be sure to endeavour to adorn it with his own flourishes, and the gentle reader is often disappointed when he thinks himself sure of knowing something; which, whether it proceeds from any lesion or defect in the cerebellum, from a natural dulness of apprehension, or a *deceptio visus* of his memory, will appear one of these days, when his brains come, after a decent execution, to be dissected at Surgeons' Hall.

Although some invidious persons have endeavoured by oblique hints to suggest that he is no scholar, it is a most malicious insinuation; for to my own knowledge he went sometimes to school when he was a boy; and I can solemnly affirm that, besides a curious dissertation which he has lately published upon the liberty and property of the three great contending rivals, WHO, THAT, and WHICH, [Spectator, Nos. 78-80,] and the entertaining dialogues betwixt the Watchman and his Goose, this very individual Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff has actually in the press a most elaborate treatise, which must needs be of inconceivable emolument to such of the inhabitants of this island as can neither read nor write; of which, I am told, the generality of his subscribers consist. In this learned piece 'tis said he has demonstrated almost mathematically with what brightness and vivacity he can abstract acts of parliament; and that to the no little mortification of some nocturnal pains-takers about the Temple he has made as great a proficiency in the law as ever he did in physic or divinity, or any other art or science.

His elocution is not what ought to be least admired; and bating that he is very apt sometimes to mistake one thing for another, I know no man alive will talk more of matters altogether beyond his reach, which I take to proceed from hence, that having had his first education in a coffeehouse, where such bright men as you and I did usually resort, and heard them frequently discourse of the interest of England, balance of Europe, exorbitant growth of France, danger of popery, prerogative of the crown, rights of the people, power of parliament, Magna Charta, religion, liberty, property, commerce, navigation, and the like, he was so charmed with the sound, that, without troubling his head in the least about the true meaning of those terms, he got a reasonable quantity by heart, which he repeats at random in all company; and has in a great measure persuaded himself into a belief that his being so often in the room where these gentlemen used to talk is reason enough for him to understand the matter as well as they did, like Bessus the centurion, of whom a certain author of great antiquity writes that he fancied himself to be immeasurably valiant, because he happened once to march with an army of fifty thousand gallant Lacedæmonians; or that other extraordinary person, I think his name was Rhodomontadoides, mentioned somewhere by Strabo, who having but a bare promise once of seeing the Roman senate in a full house, it so tickled his fancy that he already believed himself wise enough to prescribe laws to the whole empire.

I must not undertake, O wise man, to inform you exactly of what religion he is; for though he will shake the parson of the parish familiarly by the hand, make him a reverend bow as he passes by, and follow him sometimes to the church; yet he declares publicly that he cannot be reconciled to the church-wardens for suffering the pulpit to stand too high, or rather for suffering the pew to stand by the pulpit.

Profaneness and immorality are what he cannot justly be taxed with; for he has a discreet woman to his wife, who keeps a very strict hand over him, and by giving him now and then due and wholesome correction makes him live within decent bounds; for which, though he dares not mutter a syllable within her hearing for fear of the strapado, he rails most bitterly at petticoat government behind her back; and says it is a burning shame that women should be suffered to have so great a sway when there are so many good men in Germany.

One thing I had like to have forgot, and that is, his most profound skill in the rules of motion, especially that branch of it that relates to dancing, which he defines "an epitome of all human learning." And I am told by an acquaintance of his that he has now ready for the press several curious essays upon the different parts of that truly noble and comprehensive science, wherein he proves by arguments, physical, musical, and mathematical, that dancing is not only the *primum mobile* of all arts and sciences, but that the motion of the sun, moon, and other celestial bodies, is but a sort of a Cheshire Round, which they dance to the music of the spheres. And moreover, that the principal seat of human souls, especially those of the fair sex, is in the heels, of which he gives this as an experimental demonstration, that whenever you take a woman fast hold by them it is ten to one but her soul is your own; besides several other new and valuable discoveries, too many to be inserted here, which I pass *euphoniæ gratia* to come to his profession.

This was lately what in some sense might be termed martial, for he was a serjeant in the militia, and in a fair way of mounting in time to the dignity of provost; but, having a natural aversion to that French familiar way of hitting one another most ungentlemanlike blows, too frequent amongst military men, he judiciously laid aside his halberd, and is now saluted by the name of doctor.

I cannot omit inserting here that some have industriously spread a report that he formerly had got his living, as his father had done before him, by subverting and new-modelling the ancient constitution of English beards in church and state; and was what we vulgarly call a barber, from the Latin word *barba*, which, according to some authors of note and antiquity, signifies, you know, that portion of hair that grows upon human faces. But I do *bona fide* look upon this part of the story to be altogether apocryphal.

As to his present circumstances, I can vouch for him that he is above all such calumnies, and in a fair way of soon having the whip-hand of all the malignants that oppose him; for he has not only a prospect of being beadle of his parish, if the church-wardens will but approve of his election, but he has already a magisterial recipe, with which he does not doubt, if you believe his printed bills, to cure all such of our countrymen as are troubled with the heartburn and grumblings in the gizzard, provided they will but religiously abstain from mentioning the two fatal words Nantz and Bourdeaux, which, with immense labour and study, he has lately discovered to be impregnated with an occult quality highly destructive to English commerce.

He extols to the very sky his new method of preparing Steele-pills, with which he proposes in time to open all the obstructed spleens of this nation. This is also a narcotic and a nostrum; but his *arcanum magnum* is his *emplastrum pro nucha*, which, I am fully satisfied, is a specific catholicon for all distempers, if rightly applied, and tied on *secundum artem* under the left ear. This he has studied *ex professo* for the present ease and relief of such of his friends as are not very well in their minds; and I hope they will find the benefit of it. It is a noble preparation of hemp-seed, which he holds to be that true seed of the right female fern so mightily cried up by modern philosophers.

All these great points thus duly premised, it is not improbable but that in the frontispiece of a well-bound book you may one of these days meet with this great man's *vera effigies*, handsomely cut, and underneath it his name, Isaacus Bickerstaffius, printed at full length, with an *anno ætat.*, &c., and the additional title of *Medicus;* which he may very well do if what a modern critic of stupendous erudition observes in his annotations upon Horace be true, that the words *medicus* and *madicus* were anciently usurped by most of the Arabian writers to signify the self-same thing, though of late days they are quite of a different acceptation.

Having thus far, most venerable sage, trespassed upon your patience, and given you succinctly such items as were absolutely necessary, I think myself obliged to acquaint you what opinion some persons have conceived of you and of your late behaviour and correspondence with the inimitable Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff.

There are I can assure you who with confidence have reported that your new acquaintance has debauched your principles, and since his declaring himself of the profession, he has given you some bewitching philter, by which he has gained an absolute ascendant over your will and understanding, and instilled such notions into you as are altogether heterodox, antimonarchical, and unworthy of your character. It has been spread abroad that, like sir Sydrophel of old, he has persuaded you that the clouds were enchanted castles filled with arms, ammunition, magic spells, and sorcerers, and that with squibs and crackers and stink-pots you have attempted to demolish them. I wish I could recount all the stories told concerning you; how many ridiculous pamphlets you have written, what pranks you have played, what goods you have disposed of, how many sorts of strong-waters you are used to drink in twenty-four hours, and who has been forced to pay the reckoning; what deliriums you have run into; how you have asserted that every man in England is accountable to you, and as the representative of the whole nation have drawn up memorials concerning her majesty's maladministration, and in the name of all her subjects demanded justice of her against herself. One thing, sir, I more particularly remember they said of you, and which is scarcely possible to be believed, that you attempted to make an Englishman of Teague. It is strange, says I to some gentlemen who were talking after this manner, how one man may be mistaken in another. I remember this old man; he was one of my patients; but little did I think he was such a dangerous person as you have represented him; he always appeared to me a good-natured, sociable, facetious gentleman; and indeed I took him for one of those old wits who are naturally very costive, such as I have often met with in the course of my practice; for besides his being subject to a fistula and flux of the hemorrhoids, the spincter of the anus was broken with the immoderate use of suppositories. A humorist he was indeed, 'tis true, and somewhat too tenacious of his own opinion, but, setting that aside, I don't know I have met with a man of late years whose conversation seemed to be more entertaining and inoffensive; especially, says I, in the back room at Button's.

I told them how you had seen king Harry, the last of that name, in hanging-sleeves; of your first appearance in the commonwealth of learning about March last; and how at these years you had consecrated your studies to the service of the ladies; in short, sir, I concealed nothing that would tend to your advantage, or take off the calumnies that I was conscious were the inhospitable endeavours of wicked men to blacken you; and I now must beg your leave to proceed regularly, and to knot the thread of my story where I broke it off in the beginning.

"Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff was scarcely seated when, turning himself abruptly to the company, Gentlemen, says he, this is a wonderful age we live in, and a great many most surprising things are daily to be met with in it, which escape the observation of us that are learned, and yet are taken notice of by the illiterate people of low life. Mr. Sly, the attorney, is just arrived from London, and has put me in mind of two most remarkable things, which, though I have rid that way above a dozen times, I never reflected on before. The one is that, by exact calculation, he has found the road from London to Bath to be every whit as long as that from Bath to London. The other that, let the weather be never so uncertain, the weathercock for the most part points to that corner that the wind blows from.

"A third thing he likewise told me, and indeed the most material of all, but I made such haste to come and acquaint you with it, that I vow and profess I have quite forgotten what it was; and yet, if my memory does not fail me, it was of the greatest consequence to this city of Bath of any perhaps that has happened since the Revolution. But, alas! *memoria hominis* is but a leaky vessel; and it was the saying of a very wise statesman, 'that it is but bad walking in slippery weather.' However, it is no small comfort to be able to recollect what is not possible to be remembered. But it is not given to all folks I find to be as wise as some, for this substantial reason, that the longer we live the older we grow. In short, gentlemen, *quod dixi, dixi;* I told you my author, *hisce oculis audivi.* You may ask him; he is of age and an attorney, who would no more tell an untruth than any one of his profession.

"The world, I hope, will allow that I am a learned man and a wise man; and will always I believe lay that stress upon my sayings as not to put any other body's whatsoever in competition with them, without the least detriment to characters or professions. Besides, *dato sed non concesso,* that I have forgot it, the most you can make on't is, that such extraordinary wits as mine are generally attended with the want of memory; for which, however, that of solid judgment does always make ample atonement."

And now perhaps, sir, when this letter comes to be printed it may be expected that I should make good my promise in the title-page concerning the reception of your present, and what answer the company returned to this more than common rhetorician. Pardon me, O courteous reader, for already detaining thee so long; it is better for both you and me to be at rest, after we have travelled lovingly together for so many tedious pages. If I have time and opportunity I may once more perhaps, to the satisfaction of us both, uncase my spectacles to peruse the records, which, according to the late canto, may afford us

"Fit matter for another song."

I am not, I am sensible, the first modern who has fell short of his title-page; divers and sundry examples have I before my eyes of poets, critics, commentators, philosophers, and politicians, who have played the same game in all places and in all ages of the world. Several precedents, most learned sage, could I deduce out of your own works, and the lucubrations of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, of matters begun but never ended, done and undone, to the surprise of all your readers; of acts of parliament proved unalterable by the same power that made them, in an advertisement, and dropped because it was high treason to assert it, upon the publication of The Crisis.

Thus far, O wise man, with much labour and diligence have I brought this great work to the wished-for conclusion, and by carefully comparing the coffee-house oration with the original do find that it is religiously exact. Come I therefore to appeal to your own learned self, whether the great Bickerstaff was not too partial in ascribing such pre-eminence to those speculations which he writ, filed, and polished at his own leisure; whereas, the time which I employed in gathering materials for this valuable performance was stolen from the hours of my natural rest; after having, for the good of my country, spent all the live-long day, as the poets express themselves, *in triviis, et quadriviis,* delivering my salutiferous instructions to all comers and goers, and exposed to the rigour of the seasons under the wide canopy of heaven. But as I have this comfort, that I underwent this great fatigue purely to rescue the city where I generally reside from the imputation of ingratitude, which otherwise it might be liable to; so I may, without vanity, say, that I have, *uno ictu,* purchased to myself by it the veneration of the learned world, my own private satisfaction, and the thanks of my fellow-citizens; whose hearty acknowledgments likewise, as well as my own, I return you, most ancient sage, for your desirable present. And, as I do not question but you will, for the public good and your own credit, be at the charges of reprinting this authentic monument of your liberality, so I desire there may be copies enough to furnish every family in England with one. And because other nations may also reap the benefit of your labours, I have not only prevailed with my learned acquaintance, Mr. Griffith Evans ap Rice, professor of the Cambrian tongue at Oxford, to translate them into Welsh, but have sent also copies of them into Ireland, to the renowned antiquary Cormack O'Cuillinane, and to old Gillaspick Mackentosh, chief chronographer of the Highland clans of Scotland; from whom I have lately received some curious memoirs, with which I may perhaps one of these days oblige the commonwealth of learning. And as I am well satisfied of the place which I have gained in your most wise esteem by this my vast undertaking, so I beg leave to assure you that I shall be ready upon all occasions to let the world know of your great merit, and how much I am, learned, wise, and venerable sir, your most humble and most devoted servant,

A. TRIPE, M.D.

Bath, Nov. 16, 1713.

P.S.—I had no sooner finished my letter, most venerable sage, but, reflecting on the happiness which we that are learned do now enjoy, by living in the same age with you, I could not but be pleased to think that when posterity shall peruse your learned productions and inquire who were your contemporaries, what a handsome mention will be made of myself, upon the account of my correspondence with you. This, as it could not but be a most sensible satisfaction to me, so it naturally led me into the melancholy thought of what an irreparable loss the public would sustain by the death of so valuable a person; and remembering that I heard of your being lately afflicted with a continual dizziness in your head and a sudden dimness in your sight, I immediately writ to my two worthy friends, sir William R—d, and Cornelius a Tilb-rg, who, as they were formerly the ornament of the stage itinerant, so now they are an honour to the profession, and begged of them to send me a full account of the causes, nature, rise, and progress of your malady. They acquitted themselves herein with a great deal of generosity and erudition; and from their learned observations I immediately comprehended that the chief origin of those chronical distempers proceeded from your immoderate feeding upon salads; not only such as were picked and prepared by master-cooks, as Sidney and Locke, but likewise those that were hastily dished up by the unskilful Tutchin and Ridpath, &c., which, creating too many crudities in the stomach, do continually transmit to the upper region a strange chaos of black, heavy, and indigested vapours, that do not only overpower the innate imbecility of the brain, but also obstruct the passages of the optic nerves, from whence those stubborn affections of your head and eyes do naturally follow.

Hereupon I zealously applied myself night and day to consult the most valuable nostrums of all our celebrated oracles, and with joy and satisfaction have excerpted from them a medicine of the greatest virtue, which, in the name of the worshipful Mr. Mayor and the rest of his brethren, I have sent you by the carrier, in three gallipots, as a grateful return for your late present.

This, by the natural antipathy of the ingredients, will work powerfully upon the crudities, correct the peccant humours, and you will soon find the powerful effects of it. It is a sudorific, diuretic, carminative, and a soporific. It immediately puts all the humours in a ferment, separates the good from the bad, attracts to itself, by an occult sympathy, all the rebellious particles, dissolves them in a trice, and scours all before it like a scavenger. Take the quantity of a nutmeg, *horis medicis*.

Outwardly, you must apply to the region of the heart a plaster of the *rubrum henrici*, and wash your eyes twice a-day with the ophthalmic water I prescribed to you when at Bath.

But in case your distemper should prove so obstinate as not to yield to these most sovereign remedies, your last refuge must be a cataplasm of hemp, applied cravat-wise to your neck, which, though in its operation it be somewhat violent, yet it is an infallible one, if rightly used, according to that celebrated observation of one of our learned predecessors:

> "This, with a jirk, will do your work, and cure you o'er and o'er;
> Read, judge, and try, and if you die, never believe me more."

Let your diet be regular, and drink good wines and of the best growth. But by all means you must renounce Holland geneva and Brunswick mum; for one corrupts your lungs and the other stupifies your intellects.

If you observe exactly the method of these prescriptions, as I hope you will, I don't doubt but that in a little time you will be generous enough to acknowledge that our present is a match for your own; and that, whatever advantage you may have over us in years and learning, you have none in the point of liberality. Yours,

UT SUPRA.

THE
CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES;
AND OF THE LATE MINISTRY, IN BEGINNING AND CARRYING ON THE WAR.

Partem tibi Gallia nostri
Eripuit: Partem duris Hispania bellis:
Pars jacet Hesperia, totoque exercitus orbe
Te vincente perit.

Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis
Victrix Provincia plorat.

"THE Conduct of the Allies," "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," the "Examiner," and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," all conspire to lay open the secret springs of affairs, not only in England, but throughout Europe.—The first of them particularly will be the basis for all who write the history of those times to build upon; as it detects the artifices of the ministry, which the nation was at that time diverted from attending to by a course of victories; and exposes the baldness of our general, that ought not to be concealed by his laurels. The author, being admitted to an intimacy with the new prime minister, received, no doubt, assistance from so able a friend; and he tells us he detained the publication of three several editions of this piece, that he might have all the advantage he could from his enemies. This tract (which was written preparatory to the peace which the ministers were then concluding) and the Remarks on the Barrier Treaty contain the principal facts which the author of John Bull has thrown into allegory; and greatly illustrate that piece, of which indeed it is possible they were the groundwork.

The purpose of this pamphlet was, to persuade the nation to a peace; and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with bonfires and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the general and his friends, who, as they thought, had made England the arbitress of nations, were confounded between shame and rage when they found that "mines had been exhausted, and millions destroyed," to secure the Dutch, or aggrandize the emperor, without any advantage to ourselves; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies. That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I suppose, did not yet know what he has since written, that a commission was drawn which would have appointed him general for life, had it not become ineffectual by the resolution of lord Cowper, who refused the seal.—JOHNSON.

The uncommon pains which were taken by Dr. Swift in writing this pamphlet will appear by an attentive perusal of his Journal to Stella, from Oct. 30 to Dec. 13 inclusive.

PREFACE.

I CANNOT sufficiently admire the industry of a sort of men, wholly out of favour with the prince and people, and openly professing a separate interest from the bulk of the landed men, who yet are able to raise at this juncture so great a clamour against a peace, without offering one single reason but what we find in their ballads. I lay it down for a maxim that no reasonable man, whether Whig or Tory (since it is necessary to use those foolish terms), can be of opinion for continuing the war upon the footing it now is, unless he be a gainer by it, or hopes it may occasion some new turn of affairs at home, to the advantage of his party; or, lastly, unless he be very ignorant of the kingdom's condition, and by what means we have been reduced to it. Upon the two first cases, where interest is concerned, I have nothing to say; but as to the last, I think it highly necessary that the public should be freely and impartially told what circumstances they are in, after what manner they have been treated by those whom they trusted so many years with the disposal of their blood and treasure, and what the consequences of this management are likely to be upon themselves and their posterity.

Those who, either by writing or discourse, have undertaken to defend the proceedings of the late ministry in the management of the war, and of the treaty at Gertruydenberg, have spent time in celebrating the conduct and valour of our leaders and their troops, in summing up the victories they have gained and the towns they have taken. Then they tell us what high articles were insisted on by our ministers and those of the confederates, and what pains both were at in persuading France to accept them. But nothing of this can give the least satisfaction to the just complaints of the kingdom. As to the war, our grievances are, that a greater load has been laid on us than was either just or necessary, or than we have been able to bear; that the grossest impositions have been submitted to, for the advancement of private wealth and power, or in order to forward the more dangerous designs of a faction, to both which a peace would have put an end; and that the part of the war which was chiefly our province, which would have been most beneficial to us and destructive to the enemy, was wholly neglected. As to a peace, we complain of being deluded by a mock treaty; in which those who negotiated took care to make such demands as they knew were impossible to be complied with, and therefore might securely press every article as if they were in earnest.

These are some of the points I design to treat of in the following discourse; with several others, which I thought it necessary at this time for the kingdom to be informed of. I think I am not mistaken in those facts I mention; at least not in any circumstance so material as to weaken the consequences I draw from them.

After ten years' war with perpetual success, to tell us it is yet impossible to have a good peace is very surprising, and seems so different from what has ever happened in the world before, that a man of any party may be allowed suspecting that we have been either ill used, or have not made the most of our victories, and might therefore desire to know where the difficulty lay. Then it is natural to inquire into our present condition; how long we shall be able to go on at this rate; what the consequences may be upon the present and future ages; and whether a peace, without that impracticable point which some people do so much insist on, be really ruinous in itself, or equally so with the continuance of the war.

THE CONDUCT, &c.

The motives that may engage a wise prince or state in a war I take to be one or more of these: either to check the overgrown power of some ambitious neighbour; to recover what has been unjustly taken from them; to revenge some injury they have received, which all political casuists allow; to assist some ally in a just quarrel; or, lastly, to defend themselves when they are invaded. In all these cases the writers upon politics admit a war to be justly undertaken. The last is, what has been usually called *pro aris et focis;* where no expense or endeavour can be too great, because all we have is at stake, and consequently our utmost force to be exerted; and the dispute is soon determined, either in safety or utter destruction. But in the other four I believe it will be found that no monarch or commonwealth did ever engage beyond a certain degree: never proceeding so far as to exhaust the strength and substance of their country by anticipations and loans, which in a few years must put them in a worse condition than any they could reasonably apprehend from those evils for the preventing of which they first entered into the war; because this would be to run into real infallible ruin, only in hopes to remove what might perhaps but appear so by a probable speculation.

And as a war should be undertaken upon a just and prudent motive, so it is still more obvious that a prince ought naturally to consider the condition he is in when he enters on it; whether his coffers be full, his revenues clear of debts, his people numerous and rich, by a long peace and free trade, not overpressed with many burdensome taxes; no violent faction ready to dispute his just prerogative, and thereby weaken his authority at home and lessen his reputation abroad. For if the contrary of all this happen to be his case he will hardly be persuaded to disturb the world's quiet and his own, while there is any other way left of preserving the latter with honour and safety.

Supposing the war to have commenced upon a just motive, the next thing to be considered is, when a prince ought in prudence to receive the overtures of a peace; which I take to be, either when the enemy is ready to yield the point originally contended for, or when that point is found impossible to be ever obtained; or when contending any longer, although with probability of gaining that point at last, would put such a prince and his people in a worse condition than the present loss of it. All which considerations are of much greater force where a war is managed by an alliance of many confederates, which, in a variety of interests among the several parties, is liable to so many unforeseen accidents.

In a confederate war it ought to be considered which party has the deepest share in the quarrel: for, although each may have their particular reasons, yet one or two among them will probably be more concerned than the rest, and therefore ought to bear the greatest part of the burden, in proportion to their strength. For example: two princes may be competitors for a kingdom; and it will be your interest to take the part of him who will probably allow you good conditions of trade, rather than of the other who may possibly not. However, that prince whose cause you espouse, although never so vigorously, is the principal in that war, and you, properly speaking, are but a second. Or a commonwealth may lie in danger to be overrun by a powerful neighbour, which in time may produce very bad consequences upon your trade and liberty: it is therefore necessary, as well as prudent, to lend them assistances, and help them to win a strong secure frontier; but, as they must, in course, be the first and greatest sufferers, so, in justice, they ought to bear the greatest weight. If a house be on fire, it behoves all in the neighbourhood to run with buckets to quench it, but the owner is sure to be undone first; and it is not impossible that those at next door may escape by a shower from Heaven, or the stillness of the weather, or some other favourable accident.

But if any ally, who is not so immediately concerned in the good or ill fortune of the war, be so generous as to contribute more than the principal party, and even more in proportion to his abilities, he ought at least to have his share in what is conquered from the enemy; or, if his romantic disposition transport him so far as to expect little or nothing from this, he might however hope that the principals would make it up in dignity and respect; and he would surely think it monstrous to find them intermeddling in his domestic affairs, prescribing what servants he should keep or dismiss, pressing him perpetually with the most unreasonable demands, and at every turn threatening to break the alliance if he will not comply.

From these reflections upon war in general I descend to consider those wars wherein England has been engaged since the Conquest. In the civil wars of the barons, as well as those between the houses of York and Lancaster, great destruction was made of the nobility and gentry; new families raised, and old ones extinguished; but the money spent on both sides was employed and circulated at home; no public debts contracted, and a very few years of peace quickly set all right again.

The like may be affirmed even of that unnatural rebellion against king Charles I. The usurpers maintained great armies in constant pay, had almost continual war with Spain or Holland; but managing it by their fleets, they increased very much the riches of the kingdom, instead of exhausting them.

Our foreign wars were generally against Scotland or France; the first, being in this island, carried no money out of the kingdom, and were seldom of long continuance. During our first wars with France we possessed great dominions in that country, where we preserved some footing till the reign of queen Mary; and although some of our later princes made very chargeable expeditions thither, a subsidy and two or three fifteenths cleared all the debt. Besides, our victories were then of some use as well as glory; for we were so prudent as to fight, and so happy as to conquer, only for ourselves.

The Dutch wars in the reign of king Charles II., although begun and carried on under a very corrupt administration, and much to the dishonour of the crown, did indeed keep the king needy and poor by discontinuing or discontenting his parliament when he most needed their assistance; but neither left any debt upon the nation, nor carried any money out of it.

At the Revolution a general war broke out in Europe, wherein many princes joined in alliance against France, to check the ambitious designs of that monarch; and here the emperor, the Dutch, and England, were principals. About this time the custom first began among us of borrowing millions upon funds of interest. It was pretended that the war could not possibly last above one or two campaigns; and that the debts contracted might be easily paid in a few years by a gentle tax, without burdening the subject. But the true reason for embracing this expedient was the security of a new prince, not firmly settled on the throne. People were tempted to lend by great premiums and large interest; and it concerned them nearly to preserve that government which they had trusted with their money. The person[a] said to have been author of so detestable a project lived to see some of its fatal consequences, whereof his grandchildren will not see an end. And this pernicious counsel closed very well with the posture of affairs at that time: for a set of upstarts, who had little or no part in the Revolution, but valued themselves upon their noise and pretended zeal when the work was over, were got into credit at court, by the merit of becoming undertakers and projectors of loans and funds; these, finding that the gentlemen of estates were not willing to come into their measures, fell upon those new schemes of raising money, in order to create a moneyed interest, that might in time vie with the landed, and of which they hoped to be at the head.

The ground of the first war for ten years after the Revolution, as to the part we had in it, was to make France acknowledge the late king, and to recover Hudson's Bay. But during that whole war the sea was almost entirely neglected, and the greatest part of six millions annually employed to enlarge the frontier of the Dutch; for the king was a general, but not an admiral, and, although king of England, was a native of Holland.

After ten years' fighting to little purpose, after the loss of above a hundred thousand men, and a debt remaining of twenty millions, we at length hearkened to the terms of peace, which was concluded with great advantages to the empire and Holland, but none at all to us, and clogged soon after with the famous treaty of partition, by which Naples, Sicily, and Lorrain were to be added to the French dominions; or, if that crown should think fit to set aside the treaty, upon the Spaniards refusing to accept it, as they declared they would to the several parties at the very time of the transacting it, then the French would have pretensions to the whole monarchy. And so it proved in the event; for the late king of Spain, reckoning it an indignity to have his territories cantoned out into parcels by other princes during his own life, and without his consent, rather chose to bequeath the monarchy entire to a younger son of France; and this prince was acknowledged for king of Spain both by us and Holland.

It must be granted that the counsels of entering into this war were violently opposed by the church party, who first advised the late king to acknowledge the duke of Anjou; and particularly it is affirmed that a certain great person [earl of Godolphin], who was then in the church interest, told the king, in November, 1701, that since his majesty was determined to engage in a war so contrary to his private opinion, he could serve him no longer, and accordingly gave up his employment; although he happened afterwards to change his mind when he was to be at the head of the treasury and have the sole management of affairs at home, while those abroad were to be in the hands of one [duke of Marlborough] whose advantage, by all sorts of ties, he was engaged to promote.

The declarations of war against France and Spain, made by us and Holland, are dated within a few days of each other. In that published by the States they say, very truly, that they are nearest and most exposed to the fire; that they are blocked up on all sides, and actually attacked by the kings of France and Spain; that their declaration is the effect of an urging and pressing necessity; with other expressions to the same purpose. They desire the assistance of all kings and princes, &c. The grounds of their quarrel with France are such as only affect themselves, or at least more immediately than any other prince or state; such as the French refusing to grant the tariff promised by the treaty of Ryswick; the loading of the Dutch inhabitants settled in France with excessive duties, contrary to the said treaty; the violation of the partition treaty by the French accepting the king of Spain's will, and threatening the States if they would not comply; the seizing of the Spanish Netherlands by the French troops, and turning out the Dutch, who, by permission of the late king of Spain, were in garrison there; by which means that republic was deprived of her barrier, contrary to the treaty of partition, where it was particularly stipulated that the Spanish Netherlands should be left to the archduke. They alleged that the French king governed Flanders as his own, although under the name of his grandson, and sent great numbers of troops thither to fright them; that he had seized the city and citadel of Liege; had possessed himself of several places in the archbishopric of Cologne, and maintained troops in the country of Wolfenbuttle, in order to block up the Dutch on all sides; and caused his resident to give in a memorial, wherein he threatened the States to act against them if they refused complying with the contents of that memorial.

The queen's declaration of war is grounded upon the grand alliance, as this was upon the unjust usurpations and encroachments of the French king; whereof the instances produced are, his keeping in possession a great part of the Spanish dominions, seizing Milan and the Spanish Low Countries, making himself master of Cadiz, &c.; and instead of giving satisfaction in these points, his putting an indignity and affront on her majesty and kingdoms, by declaring the pretended prince of Wales king of England, &c. Which last was the only personal quarrel we had in the war; and even this was positively denied by France, that king being willing to acknowledge her majesty.

I think it plainly appears by both declarations that England ought no more to have been a principal in this war than Prussia or any other power who came afterward into that alliance. Holland was first in danger, the French troops being at that time just at the gates of Nimeguen. But the complaints made in our declaration do all, except the last, as much, or more, concern almost every prince in Europe.

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[a] Dr. Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Sarum.

For among the several parties who came first or last into this confederacy there were few but who, in proportion, had more to get or to lose, to hope or to fear, from the good or ill success of this war, than we. The Dutch took up arms to defend themselves from immediate ruin; and by a successful war they proposed to have a large extent of country and a better frontier against France. The emperor hoped to recover the monarchy of Spain, or some part of it, for his younger son, chiefly at the expense of us and Holland. The king of Portugal had received intelligence that Philip designed to renew the old pretensions of Spain upon that kingdom, which is surrounded by the other on all sides, except toward the sea, and could therefore only be defended by maritime powers. This, with the advantageous terms offered by king Charles, as well as by us, prevailed with that prince to enter into the alliance. The duke of Savoy's temptations and fears were yet greater: the main charge of the war on that side was to be supplied by England, and the profit to redound to him. In case Milan should be conquered, it was stipulated that his highness should have the duchy of Montserrat, belonging to the duke of Mantua, the provinces of Alexandria and Valencia, and Lomellino, with other lands between the Po and the Tanaro, together with the Vigevenasco, or in lieu of it an equivalent out of the province of Novara, adjoining to his own state; beside whatever else could be taken from France on that side by the confederate forces. Then he was in terrible apprehension of being surrounded by France, who had so many troops in the Milanese, and might have easily swallowed up his whole duchy.

The rest of the allies came in purely for subsidies, whereof they sunk considerable sums into their own coffers, and refused to send their contingent to the emperor, alleging their troops were already hired by England and Holland.

Some time after, the duke of Anjou succeeding to the monarchy of Spain in breach of the partition treaty, the question here in England was, whether the peace should be continued, or a new war begun? Those who were for the former alleged the debts and difficulties we laboured under; that both we and the Dutch had already acknowledged Philip for king of Spain; that the inclinations of the Spaniards to the house of Austria, and their aversion for that of Bourbon, were not so surely to be reckoned upon as some would pretend; that we thought it a piece of insolence as well as injustice in the French to offer putting a king upon us, and the Spaniards would conceive we had as little reason to force one upon them; that it was true, the nature and genius of those two people differed very much, and so would probably continue to do, as well under a king of French blood as one of Austrian; but that if we would engage in a war for dethroning the duke of Anjou we should certainly effect what, by the progress and operations of it, we endeavoured to prevent, I mean a union of interest and affections between the two nations; for the Spaniards must, of necessity, call in French troops to their assistance; this would introduce French counsellors into king Philip's court, and this by degrees would habituate and reconcile the two nations; that to assist king Charles by English and Dutch forces would render him odious to his new subjects, who have nothing in so great abomination as those whom they hold for heretics; that the French would by this means become masters of the treasures in the Spanish West Indies; that in the last war, when Spain, Cologne, and Bavaria were in our alliance, and by a modest computation brought sixty thousand men into the field against the common enemy; when Flanders, the seat of war, was on our side, and his majesty, a prince of great valour and conduct, at the head of the whole confederate army; yet we had no reason to boast of our success: how then should we be able to oppose France with those powers against us, which would carry sixty thousand men from us to the enemy, and so make us upon the balance weaker by one hundred and twenty thousand men, at the beginning of this war, than of that in 1688?

On the other side, those whose opinion, or some private motives, inclined them to give their advice for entering into a new war, alleged how dangerous it would be for England that Philip should be king of Spain; that we could have no security for our trade while that kingdom was subject to a prince of the Bourbon family, nor any hopes of preserving the balance of Europe, because the grandfather would in effect be king, while his grandson had but the title, and thereby have a better opportunity than ever of pursuing his design for universal monarchy. These and the like arguments prevailed; and so, without taking time to consider the consequences, or to reflect on our own condition, we hastily engaged in a war, which has cost us sixty millions; and after repeated as well as unexpected success in arms, has put us and our posterity in a worse condition, not only than any of our allies, but even our conquered enemies themselves.

The part we have acted in the conduct of this whole war, with reference to our allies abroad and to a prevailing faction at home, is what I shall now particularly examine; where, I presume, it will appear by plain matters of fact, that no nation was ever so long or so scandalously abused, by the folly, the temerity, the corruption, and the ambition of its domestic enemies; or treated with so much insolence, injustice, and ingratitude, by its foreign friends.

This will be manifest by proving the three following points:—

First, That, against all manner of prudence or common reason, we engaged in this war as principals, when we ought to have acted only as auxiliaries.

Secondly, That we spent all our vigour in pursuing that part of the war which could least answer the end we proposed by beginning it; and made no efforts at all where we could have most weakened the common enemy, and at the same time enriched ourselves.

Lastly, That we suffered each of our allies to break every article in those treaties and agreements by which they were bound, and to lay the burden upon us.

Upon the first of these points, that we ought to have entered into this war only as auxiliaries, let any man reflect upon our condition at that time: just come out of the most tedious, expensive, and unsuccessful war that ever England had been engaged in; sinking under heavy debts of a nature and degree never heard of by us or our ancestors; the bulk of the gentry and people heartily tired of the war, and glad of a peace, although it brought no other advantage but itself; no sudden prospect of lessening our taxes, which were grown as necessary to pay our debts as to raise armies; a sort of artificial wealth of funds and stocks in the hands of those who for ten years before had been plundering the public; many corruptions in every branch of our government that needed reformation. Under these difficulties, from which twenty years' peace and the wisest management could hardly recover us, we declare war against France, fortified by the accession and alliance of those powers I mentioned before, and which, in the former war, had been parties in our confederacy. It is very obvious what a change must be made in the balance by such weights taken out of our scale and put into theirs; since it was manifest, by ten years' experience, that France, without those additions of strength, was able to maintain itself against us. So that human probability ran with mighty odds on the other side; and in this case nothing under the most extreme necessity should force any state to engage in a war. We had already acknowledged Philip for king of Spain; neither does the queen's declaration of war take notice of the duke of Anjou's succession to that monarchy as a subject of quarrel, but the French king's governing it as if it were his own; his seizing Cadiz, Milan, and the Spanish Low Countries, with the indignity of proclaiming the pretender. In all which we charge that prince with nothing directly relating to us excepting the last; and this, although indeed a great affront, might easily have been redressed without a war; for the French court declared they did not acknowledge the pretender, but only gave him the title of king, which was allowed to Augustus by his enemy of Sweden, who had driven him out of Poland and forced him to acknowledge Stanislaus.

It is true, indeed, the danger of the Dutch by so ill a neighbourhood in Flanders might affect us very much in the consequences of it; and the loss of Spain to the house of Austria, if it should be governed by French influence and French politics, might in time be very pernicious to our trade. It would therefore have been prudent, as well as generous and charitable, to help our neighbour; and so we might have done without injuring ourselves; for by an old treaty with Holland we were bound to assist that republic with ten thousand men whenever they were attacked by the French, whose troops, upon the king of Spain's death, taking possession of Flanders in right of Philip, and securing the Dutch garrisons till they would acknowledge him, the states-general, by memorials from their envoy here, demanded only the ten thousand men we were obliged to give them by virtue of that treaty. And I make no doubt but the Dutch would have exerted themselves so vigorously as to be able with that assistance alone to defend their frontiers; or if they had been forced to a peace, the Spaniards, who abhor dismembering their monarchy, would never have suffered the French to possess themselves of Flanders. At that time they had none of those endearments to each other which this war has created; and whatever hatred and jealousy were natural between the two nations would then have appeared. So that there was no sort of necessity for us to proceed further, although we had been in a better condition. But our politicians at that time had other views; and a new war must be undertaken upon the advice of those who, with their partisans and adherents, were to be sole gainers by it. A grand alliance was therefore made between the emperor, England, and the states-general; by which, if the injuries complained of from France were not remedied in two months, the parties concerned were obliged mutually to assist each other with their whole strength.

Thus we became principal in a war in conjunction with two allies, whose share in the quarrel was beyond all proportion greater than ours. However, I can see no reason, from the words of the grand alliance, by which we were obliged to make those prodigious expenses we have since been at. By what I have always heard and read, I take the whole strength of the nation, as understood in that treaty, to be the utmost that a prince can raise annually from his subjects. If he be forced to mortgage and borrow, whether at home or abroad, it is not properly speaking his own strength, or that of the nation, but the entire substance of particular persons, which, not being able to raise out of the annual income of his kingdom, he takes upon security, and can only pay the interest. And by this method one part of the nation is pawned to the other, with hardly a possibility left of being ever redeemed.

Surely it would have been enough for us to have suspended the payment of our debts contracted in the former war, and to have continued our land and malt tax, with those others which have since been mortgaged: these, with some additions, would have made up such a sum as, with prudent management, might, I suppose, have maintained a hundred thousand men by sea and land; a reasonable quota, in all conscience, for that ally who apprehended least danger and expected least advantage. Nor can we imagine that either of the confederates, when the war began, would have been so unreasonable as to refuse joining with us upon such a foot, and expect that we should every year go between three and four millions in debt (which hath been our case), because the French could hardly have contrived any offers of a peace so ruinous to us as such a war. Posterity will be at a loss to conceive what kind of spirit could possess their ancestors, who, after ten years' suffering by the unexampled politics of a nation maintaining a war by annually pawning itself, and during a short peace, while they were looking back with horror on the heavy load of debts they had contracted, universally condemning those pernicious counsels which had occasioned them, racking their invention for some remedies or expedients to mend their shattered condition; I say that these very people, without giving themselves time to breathe, should again enter into a more dangerous, chargeable, and extensive war, for the same or perhaps a greater period of time, and without any apparent necessity. It is obvious, in a private fortune, that whoever annually runs out, and continues the same expenses, must every year mortgage a greater quantity of land than he did before; and as the debt doubles and trebles upon him, so does his inability to pay it. By the same proportion we have suffered twice as much by this last ten years' war as we did by the former; and if it were possible to continue it five years longer at the same rate, it would be as great a burden as the whole twenty. This computation being so easy and trivial as it is almost a shame to mention it, posterity will think that those who first advised the war wanted either the sense or the honesty to consider it.

As we have wasted our strength and vital substance in this profuse manner, so we have shamefully misapplied it to ends at least very different from those for which we undertook the war, and often to effect others, which after a peace we may severely repent. This is the second article I proposed to examine.

We have now for ten years together turned the whole force and expense of the war where the enemy was best able to hold us at a bay; where we could propose no manner of advantage to ourselves; where it was highly impolitic to enlarge our conquests; utterly neglecting that part which would have saved and gained us many millions; which the perpetual maxims of our government teach us to pursue; which would have soonest weakened the enemy, and must either have promoted a speedy peace, or enabled us to continue the war.

Those who are fond of continuing the war cry up our constant success at a most prodigious rate, and reckon it infinitely greater than in all human probability we had reason to hope. Ten glorious campaigns are passed; and now at last, like the sick man, we are just expiring with all sorts of good symptoms. Did the advisers of this war suppose it would continue ten years, without expecting the successes we have had; and yet at the same time determine that France must be reduced, and Spain subdued, by employing our whole strength upon Flanders? Did they believe the last war left us in a condition to furnish such vast supplies for so long a period, without involving us and our posterity in inextricable debts? If after such miraculous doings we are not yet in a condition of bringing France to our terms, nor can tell when we shall be so, although we should proceed without any reverse of fortune; what could we look for in the ordinary course of things, but a Flanders war of at least twenty years longer? Do they indeed think a town taken for the Dutch is a sufficient recompense to us for six millions of money; which is of so little consequence to determine the war, that the French may yet hold out a dozen years more, and afford a town every campaign at the same price?

I say not this by any means to detract from the army or its leaders. Getting into the enemy's lines, passing rivers, and taking towns, may be actions attended with many glorious circumstances; but when all this brings no real solid advantage to us, when it has no other end than to enlarge the territories of the Dutch, and to increase the fame and wealth of our general; I conclude, however it comes about, that things are not as they should be; and that surely our forces and money might be better employed, both toward reducing our enemy, and working out some benefit to ourselves. But the case is still much harder; we are destroying many thousand lives, exhausting our substance, not for our own interest, which would be but common prudence; not for a thing indifferent, which would be sufficient folly; but perhaps to our own destruction, which is perfect madness. We may live to feel the effects of our own valour more sensibly than all the consequences we imagine from the dominions of Spain in the duke of Anjou. We have conquered a noble territory for the States, that will maintain sufficient troops to defend itself, and feed many hundred thousand inhabitants; where all encouragement will be given to introduce and improve manufactures, which was the only advantage they wanted; and which, added to their skill, industry, and parsimony, will enable them to undersell us in every market of the world.

Our supply of forty thousand men, according to the first stipulation, added to the quotas of the emperor and Holland, which they were obliged to furnish, would have made an army of near two hundred thousand, exclusive of garrisons: enough to withstand all the power that France could bring against it; and we might have employed the rest much better, both for the common cause and our own advantage.

The war in Spain must be imputed to the credulity of our ministers, who suffered themselves to be persuaded by the imperial court that the Spaniards were so violently affected to the house of Austria, as upon the first appearance there with a few troops under the archduke, the whole kingdom would immediately revolt. This we tried; and found the emperor to have deceived either us or himself. Yet there we drove on the war at a prodigious disadvantage, with great expense; and by a most corrupt management, the only general [earl of Peterborough] who, by a course of conduct and fortune almost miraculous, had nearly put us into possession of the kingdom, was left wholly unsupported, exposed to the envy of his rivals, disappointed by the caprices of a young unexperienced prince, under the guidance of a rapacious German ministry, and at last called home in discontent. By which our armies, both in Spain and Portugal, were made a sacrifice to avarice, ill conduct, or treachery.

In common prudence we should either have pushed that war with the utmost vigour in so fortunate a juncture, especially since the gaining of that kingdom was the great point for which we pretended to continue the war; or at least, when we had found, or made that design impracticable, we should not have gone on in so expensive a management of it, but have kept our troops on the defensive in Catalonia, and pursued some other way more effectual for distressing the common enemy and advantaging ourselves.

And what a noble field of honour and profit had we before us wherein to employ the best of our strength, which, against the maxims of British policy, we suffered to lie wholly neglected! I have sometimes wondered how it came to pass that the style of maritime powers, by which our allies in a sort of contemptuous manner usually couple us with the Dutch, did never put us in mind of the sea; and while some politicians were showing us the way to Spain by Flanders, others to Savoy or Naples, that the West Indies should never come into their heads. With half the charge we have been at we might have maintained our original quota of forty thousand men in Flanders, and at the same time by our fleets and naval forces have so distressed the Spaniards in the north and south seas of America as to prevent any returns of money from thence except in our own bottoms. This is what best became us to do as a maritime power; this with any common degree of success would soon have compelled France to the necessities of a peace, and Spain to acknowledge the archduke. But while we for ten years have been squandering away our money upon the continent, France has been wisely engrossing all the trade of Peru, going directly with their ships to Lima and other ports, and there receiving ingots of gold and silver for French goods of little value; which, beside the mighty advantage to their nation at present, may divert the channel of that trade for the future, so beneficial to us, who used to receive annually such vast sums at Cadiz for our goods sent thence to the Spanish West Indies. All this we tamely saw and suffered without the least attempt to hinder it, except what was performed by some private men at Bristol, who, inflamed by a true spirit of courage and industry, did about three years ago, with a few vessels fitted out at their own charge, make a most successful voyage into those parts; took one of the Acapulco ships, very narrowly missed of the other, and are lately returned laden with unenvied wealth, to show us what might have been done with the like management by a public undertaking. At least we might easily have prevented those great returns of money to France and Spain, although we could not have taken it ourselves. And if it be true, as the advocates for war would have it, that the French are now so impoverished, in what condition must they have been if that issue of wealth had been stopped?

But great events often turn upon very small circumstances. It was the kingdom's misfortune that the sea was not the duke of Marlborough's element; otherwise the whole force of the war would infallibly have been bestowed there, infinitely to the advantage of his country, which would then have gone hand in hand with his own. But it is very truly objected, that if we alone had made such an attempt as this, Holland would have been jealous; or if we had done it in conjunction with Holland, the house of Austria would have been discontented. This has been the style of late years; which, whoever introduced among us, they have taught our allies to speak after them. Otherwise it could hardly enter into any imagination, that while we are confederates in a war with those who are to have the whole profit, and who leave a double share of the burden upon us, we dare not think of any design (although against the common enemy) where there is the least prospect of doing good to our own country, for fear of giving umbrage and offence to our allies, while we are ruining ourselves to conquer provinces and kingdoms for them. I therefore confess with shame that this objection is true: for it is very well known that, while the design of Mr. Hill's expedition[a] remained a secret, it was suspected in Holland and Germany to be intended against Peru; whereupon the Dutch made everywhere their public complaints; and the ministers at Vienna talked of it as an insolence in the queen to attempt such an undertaking; the failure of which (partly by the accidents of a storm, and partly by the stubbornness or treachery of some in that colony for whose relief and at whose entreaty it was in some measure designed) is no objection at all to an enterprise so well concerted and with such fair probability of success.

It was something singular that the States should express their uneasiness when they thought we intended to make some attempt in the Spanish West Indies; because it is agreed between us, whatever is conquered there by us or them shall belong to the conqueror; which is the only article that I can call to mind in all our treaties or stipulations with any view of interest to this kingdom; and for that very reason I suppose among others has been altogether neglected. Let those who think this a severe reflection examine the whole management of the present war by sea and land, with all our alliances, treaties, stipulations, and conventions, and consider whether the whole does not look as if some particular care and industry had been used to prevent any benefit or advantage that might possibly accrue to Britain?

This kind of treatment from our principal allies has taught the same dialect to all the rest; so that there is hardly a petty prince whom we half maintain by subsidies and pensions, who is not ready upon every occasion to threaten us that he will recal his troops (although they must rob or starve at home) if we refuse to comply with him in any demand however unreasonable.

Upon the third head I shall produce some instances to show how tamely we have suffered each of our allies to infringe every article in those treaties and stipulations by which they were bound, and to lay the load upon us.

But before I enter upon this, which is a large subject, I shall take leave to offer a few remarks on certain articles in three of our treaties, which may let us perceive how much those ministers valued or understood the true interest, safety, or honour of their country.

We have made two alliances with Portugal, an offensive and a defensive: the first is to remain in force only during the present war; the second to be perpetual. In the offensive alliance the emperor, England, and Holland are parties with Portugal; in the defensive only we and the States.

Upon the first article of the offensive alliance it is to be observed, that although the grand alliance, as I have already said, allows England and Holland to possess for their own whatever each of them shall conquer in the Spanish West Indies, yet there we are quite cut out by consenting that the archduke shall possess the dominions of Spain in as full a manner as their late king Charles. And what is more remarkable, we broke this very article in favour of Portugal by subsequent stipulations, where we agree that king Charles shall deliver up Estremadura, Vigo, and some other places to the Portuguese as soon as we can conquer them from the enemy. They who are guilty of so much folly and contradiction know best whether it proceeded from corruption or stupidity.

By two other articles (besides the honour of being convoys and guards in ordinary to the Portuguese ships and coasts) we are to guess the enemy's thoughts, and to take the king of Portugal's word, whenever he has a fancy that he shall be invaded. We are also to furnish him with a strength superior to what the enemy intends to invade any of his dominions with, let that be what it will. And until we know what the enemy's forces are his Portuguese majesty is sole judge what strength is superior, and what will be able to prevent an invasion, and may send our fleets whenever he pleases upon his errands to some of the farthest parts of the world, or keep them attending upon his own coasts till he thinks fit to dismiss them. These fleets must likewise be subject in all things, not only to the king, but to his viceroys, admirals, and governors, in any of his foreign dominions, when he is in a humour to apprehend an invasion, which I believe is an indignity that was never offered before, except to a conquered nation.

In the defensive alliance with that crown, which is to remain perpetual, and where only England and Holland are parties with them, the same care, in almost the same words, is taken for our fleet to attend their coasts and foreign dominions, and to be under the same obedience. We and the States are likewise to furnish them with twelve thousand men at our own charge, which we are constantly to recruit, and these are to be subject to the Portuguese generals.

In the offensive alliance, we took no care of having the assistance of Portugal whenever we should be invaded; but in this it seems we are wiser, for that king is obliged to make war on France or Spain whenever we or Holland are invaded by either; but before this, we are to supply them with the same forces, both by sea and land, as if he were invaded himself. And this must needs be a very prudent and safe course for a maritime power to take upon a sudden invasion, by which, instead of making use of our fleets and armies for our own defence, we must send them abroad for the defence of Portugal.

By the thirteenth article we are told what this assistance is which the Portuguese are to give us, and upon what conditions. They are to furnish ten men-of-war; and when England and Holland shall be invaded by France and Spain together, or by Spain alone, in either of these cases, those ten Portuguese men-of-war are to serve only upon their own coasts, where, no doubt, they will be of mighty use to their allies, and terror to the enemy.

How the Dutch were drawn to have a part in either of these two alliances is not very material to inquire, since they have been so wise as never to observe them, nor I suppose ever intended it, but resolved, as they have since done, to shift the load upon us.

Let any man read these two treaties from the beginning to the end, he will imagine that the king of Portugal and his ministers sat down and made them by themselves, and then sent them to their allies to sign; the whole spirit and tenor of them quite through running only upon this single point, what we and Holland are to do for Portugal, without any mention of an equivalent, except those ten ships which, at the time when we have greatest need of their assistance, are obliged to attend upon their own coasts.

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[a] This expedition was designed for the reduction of India and Canada, and regaining the Newfoundland fishery, which the French had taken from us; but was unsuccessful.

The barrier treaty between Great Britain and Holland was concluded at the Hague on the 29th of October, in the year 1709. In this treaty neither her majesty nor her kingdoms have any interest or concern further than what is mentioned in the second and the twentieth articles; by the former, the States are to assist the queen in defending the act of succession; and by the other, not to treat of a peace till France has acknowledged the queen, and the succession of Hanover, and promised to remove the pretender out of that king's dominions.

As to the first of these, it is certainly for the safety and interest of the States-General that the protestant succession should be preserved in England, because such a popish prince as we apprehend would infallibly join with France in the ruin of that republic. And the Dutch are as much bound to support our succession as they are tied to any part of a treaty, or league offensive and defensive against a common enemy, without any separate benefit upon that consideration. Her majesty is in the full peaceable possession of her kingdoms, and of the hearts of her people, among whom hardly one in five thousand is in the pretender's interest. And whether the assistance of the Dutch, to preserve a right so well established, be an equivalent to those many unreasonable exorbitant articles in the rest of the treaty, let the world judge. What an impression of our settlement must it give abroad to see our ministers offering such conditions to the Dutch, to prevail on them to be guarantees of our acts of parliament! Neither perhaps is it right, in point of policy or good sense, that a foreign power should be called in to confirm our succession by way of guarantee, but only to acknowledge it, otherwise we put it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession without the consent of that prince or state who is guarantee,[a] however our posterity may hereafter, by the tyranny and oppression of any succeeding princes, be reduced to the fatal necessity of breaking in upon the excellent happy settlement now in force.

As to the other articles, it is a natural consequence that must attend any treaty of peace we can make with France, being only the acknowledgment of her majesty as queen of her own dominions, and the right of succession by our own laws, which no foreign power has any pretence to dispute.

However, in order to deserve these mighty advantages from the States, the rest of the treaty is wholly taken up in directing what we are to do for them.

By the grand alliance, which was the foundation of the present war, the Spanish Low Countries were to be recovered and delivered to the king of Spain; but by this treaty that prince is to possess nothing in Flanders during the war; and after a peace the States are to have the military command of about twenty towns, with their dependencies, and four hundred thousand crowns a-year from the king of Spain, to maintain their garrisons. By which means they will have the command of all Flanders from Newport-on-the-Sea to Namur-on-the-Maese, and be entirely masters of the Pais de Waas, the richest part of those provinces. Further, they have liberty to garrison any place they shall think fit in the Spanish Low Countries whenever there is an appearance of war, and consequently to put garrisons into Ostend, or where else they please, upon a rupture with England.

By this treaty likewise, the Dutch will in effect be entire masters of all the Low Countries; may impose duties, restrictions in commerce, and prohibitions at their pleasure; and in that fertile country may set up all sorts of manufactures, particularly the woollen, by inviting the disobliged manufacturers in Ireland, and the French refugees who are scattered all over Germany. And as this manufacture increases abroad the clothing-people of England will be necessitated, for want of employment, to follow, and in few years, by the help of the low interest of money in Holland, Flanders may recover that beneficial trade which we got from them. The landed men of England will then be forced to re-establish the staples of wool abroad, and the Dutch, instead of being only the carriers, will become the original possessors of those commodities with which the greatest part of the trade of the world is now carried on. And as they increase their trade it is obvious they will enlarge their strength at sea, and that ours must lessen in proportion.

All the ports in Flanders are to be subject to the like duties that the Dutch shall lay upon the Schelde, which is to be closed on the side of the States; thus all other nations are in effect shut out from trading with Flanders. Yet in the very same article it is said that the States shall be favoured in all the Spanish dominions as much as Great Britain, or as the people most favoured. We have conquered Flanders for them, and are in a worse condition, as to our trade there, than before the war began. We have been the great support of the king of Spain, to whom the Dutch have hardly contributed anything at all, and yet they are to be equally favoured with us in all his dominions. Of all this the queen is under the unreasonable obligation of being guarantee, and that they shall possess their barrier and their four hundred thousand crowns a-year, even before a peace.

It is to be observed that this treaty was only signed by one of our plenipotentiaries [lord Townshend], and I have been told that the other [duke of Marlborough] was heard to say he would rather lose his right hand than set it to such a treaty. Had he spoke those words in due season, and loud enough to be heard on this side the water, considering the credit he had then at court, he might have saved much of his country's honour, and got as much to himself; therefore if the report be true I am inclined to think he only said it. I have been likewise told that some very necessary circumstances were wanting in the entrance upon this treaty, but the ministers here rather chose to sacrifice the honour of the crown and the safety of their country than not ratify what one of their favourites had transacted.

Let me now consider in what manner our allies have observed those treaties they made with us, and the several stipulations and agreements pursuant to them.

By the grand alliance between the empire, England, and Holland, we were to assist the other two *totis viribus* by sea and land. By a convention subsequent to this treaty, the proportions which the several parties should contribute toward the war were adjusted in the following manner: The emperor was obliged to furnish ninety thousand men against France, either in Italy or upon the Rhine; Holland to bring sixty thousand into the field in Flanders, exclusive of garrisons; and we forty thousand. In winter 1702, which was the next year, the duke of Marlborough proposed raising ten thousand men more by way of augmentation, and to carry on the war with greater vigour, to which the parliament agreed, and the Dutch were to raise the same number. This was upon a par, directly contrary to the former stipulation, whereby our part was to be a third less than theirs, and therefore it was granted with a condition that Holland should break off all trade and commerce with France. But this condition was never executed; the Dutch only amusing us with a specious declaration till our session of parliament was ended; and the following year it was taken off by concert between our general and the States, without any reason assigned for the satisfaction of the kingdom. The next, and some ensuing campaigns, further additional forces were allowed by parliament for the war in Flanders; and in every new supply the Dutch gradually lessened their proportions, although the parliament addressed the queen that the States might be desired to observe them according to agreement, which had no other effect than to teach them to elude it by making their troops nominal corps, as they did by keeping up the number of regiments but sinking a fifth part of the men and money; so that now things are just inverted. And in all new levies we contributed a third more than the Dutch, who at first were obliged to the same proportion more than we.

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[a] In the first edition the sentence finished thus—*how much soever the necessities of the kingdom may require it.*—See the postscript.

Besides, the more towns we conquer for the States the worse condition we are in toward reducing the common enemy, and consequently of putting an end to the war. For they make no scruple of employing the troops of their quota toward garrisoning every town as fast as it is taken, directly contrary to the agreement between us, by which all garrisons are particularly excluded. This is at length arrived, by several steps, to such a height that there are at present in the field not so many forces under the duke of Marlborough's command in Flanders as Britain alone maintains for that service, nor have been for some years past.

The duke of Marlborough, having entered the enemy's lines and taken Bouchain, formed the design of keeping so great a number of troops, and particularly of cavalry, in Lisle, Tournay, Douay, and the country between, as should be able to harass all the neighbouring provinces of France during the winter, prevent the enemy from erecting their magazines, and by consequence from subsisting their forces next spring, and render it impossible for them to assemble their army another year without going back behind the Soam to do it. In order to effect this project it was necessary to be at an expense extraordinary of forage for the troops, for building stables, finding fire and candle for the soldiers, and other incident charges. The queen readily agreed to furnish her share of the first article, that of the forage, which only belonged to her. But the States insisting that her majesty should likewise come into a proportion of the other articles, which in justice belonged totally to them, she agreed even to that rather than a design of this importance should fail. And yet we know it has failed, and that the Dutch refused their consent till the time was past for putting it in execution, even in the opinion of those who proposed it. Perhaps a certain article in the treaties of contribution, submitted to by such of the French dominions as pay them to the States, was the principal cause of defeating this project, since one great advantage to have been gained by it was, as before is mentioned, to have hindered the enemy from erecting their magazines; and one article in those treaties of contributions is, that the product of those countries shall pass free and unmolested. So that the question was reduced to this short issue; whether the Dutch should lose this paltry benefit, or the common cause an advantage of such mighty importance?

The sea being the element where we might most probably carry on the war with any advantage to ourselves, it was agreed that we should bear five-eighths of the charge in that service, and the Dutch the other three; and by the grand alliance, whatever we or Holland should conquer in the Spanish West Indies was to accrue to the conquerors. It might therefore have been hoped that this maritime ally of ours would have made up in their fleet what they fell short in their army; but quite otherwise; they never once furnished their quota either of ships or men; or if some few of their fleet now and then appeared it was no more than appearing, for they immediately separated, to look to their merchants and protect their trade. And we may remember very well when these guarantees of our succession, after having not one ship for many months together in the Mediterranean, sent that part of their quota thither, and furnished nothing to us, at the same time that they alarmed us with the rumour of an invasion. And last year, when sir James Wishart was despatched into Holland to expostulate with the States, and to desire they would make good their agreements in so important a part of the service, he met with such a reception as ill became a republic to give that were under so many great obligations to us; in short, such a one as those only deserve who are content to take it.

It has likewise been no small inconvenience to us, that the Dutch are always slow in paying their subsidies; by which means the weight and pressure of the payment lies upon the queen, as well as the blame if her majesty be not very exact. Nor will this always content our allies: for in July, 1711, the king of Spain was paid all his subsidies to the first of January next; nevertheless he has since complained for want of money; and his secretary threatened that, if we would not further supply his majesty, he could not answer for what might happen; although king Charles had not at that time one-third of the troops for which he was paid; and even those he had were neither paid nor clothed.

I cannot forbear mentioning here another passage concerning subsidies, to show what opinion foreigners have of our easiness, and how much they reckon themselves masters of our money, whenever they think fit to call for it. The queen was by agreement to pay two hundred thousand crowns a-year to the Prussian troops; the States one hundred thousand; and the emperor only thirty thousand for recruiting, which his imperial majesty never paid. Prince Eugene happening to pass by Berlin, the ministers of that court applied to him for redress in this particular; and his highness very fankly promised them that, in consideration of this deficiency, Britain and the States should increase their subsidies to seventy thousand crowns more between them; and that the emperor should be punctual for the time to come. This was done by that prince without any orders or power whatsoever. The Dutch very reasonably refused consenting to it; but the Prussian minister here, making his applications at our court, prevailed on us to agree to our proportion before we could hear what resolution would be taken in Holland. It is therefore to be hoped that his Prussian majesty, at the end of this war, will not have the same cause of complaint which he had at the close of the last; that his military chest was emptier by twenty thousand crowns than at the time that war began.

The emperor, as we have already said, was by stipulation to furnish ninety thousand men against the common enemy, as having no fleets to maintain, and in right of his family being most concerned in the war. However, this agreement has been so ill observed, that from the beginning of the war to this day neither of the two last emperors had ever twenty thousand men on their own account in the common cause, excepting once in Italy, when the imperial court exerted itself in a point they have much more at heart than that of gaining Spain or the Indies to their family. When they had succeeded in their attempts on the side of Italy, and observed our blind zeal for pushing on the war at all adventures, they soon found out the most effectual expedient to excuse themselves. They computed easily that it would cost them less to make large presents to one single person than to pay an army, and turn to as good account. They thought they could not put their affairs into better hands; and therefore wisely left us to fight their battles.

Besides, it appeared by several instances how little the emperor regarded his allies, or the cause they were engaged in, when once he thought the empire itself was secure. It is known enough that he might several times have made a peace with his discontented subjects in Hungary, upon terms not at all unbefitting either his dignity or interest; but he rather chose to sacrifice the whole alliance to his private passion, by entirely subduing and enslaving a miserable people, who had but too much provocation to take up arms to free themselves from the oppressions under which they were groaning; yet this must serve as an excuse for breaking his agreement, and diverting so great a body of troops, which might have been employed against France.

Another instance of the emperor's indifference, or rather dislike, to the common cause of the allies, is the business of Toulon. This design was indeed discovered here at home by a person whom everybody knows to be the creature of a certain great man, at least as much noted for his skill in gaming as in politics, upon the base mercenary end of getting money by wagers; which was then so common a practice, that I remember a gentleman in business, who, having the curiousity to inquire how wagers went upon the Exchange, found some people deep in the secret to have been concerned in that kind of traffic; as appeared by premiums named for towns which nobody but those behind the curtain could suspect. However, although this project had gotten wind by so scandalous a proceeding, yet Toulon might probably have been taken, if the emperor had not thought fit in that very juncture to detach twelve or fifteen thousand men to seize Naples, as an enterprise that was more his private and immediate interest. But it was manifest that his imperial majesty had no mind to see Toulon in possession of the allies; for even with these discouragements the attempt might yet have succeeded, if prince Eugene had not thought fit to oppose it, which cannot be imputed to his own judgment, but to some politic reasons of his court. The duke of Savoy was for attacking the enemy as soon as our army arrived; but when the mareschal de Thesse's troops were all come up, to pretend to besiege the place in the condition we were at that time was a farce and a jest. Had Toulon fallen then into our hands, the maritime power of France would in a great measure have been destroyed.

But a much greater instance than either of the foregoing, how little the emperor regarded us or our quarrel, after all we had done to save his imperial crown and to assert the title of his brother to the monarchy of Spain, may be brought from the proceedings of that court not many months ago. It was judged that a war carried on upon the side of Italy would cause a great diversion of the French forces, wound them in a very tender part, and facilitate the progress of our arms in Spain as well as Flanders. It was proposed to the duke of Savoy to make this diversion, and not only a diversion during the summer, but the winter too, by taking quarters on this side of the hills. Only, in order to make him willing and able to perform this work, two points were to be settled: first, it was necessary to end the dispute between the imperial court and his royal highness, which had no other foundation than the emperor's refusing to make good some articles of that treaty, on the faith of which the duke engaged in the present war, and for the execution whereof Britain and Holland became guarantees, at the request of the late emperor Leopold. To remove this difficulty, the earl of Peterborow was despatched to Vienna, got over some part of those disputes to the satisfaction of the duke of Savoy, and had put the rest in a fair way of being accommodated at the time the emperor Joseph died. Upon which great event the duke of Savoy took the resolution of putting himself immediately at the head of the army, although the whole matter was not finished, since the common cause required his assistance; and that, until a new emperor were elected, it was impossible to make good the treaty to him. In order to enable him, the only thing he asked was that he should be reinforced by the imperial court with eight thousand men before the end of the campaign. Mr. Whitworth was sent to Vienna to make this proposal; and it is credibly reported that he was empowered, rather than fail, to offer forty thousand pounds for the march of those eight thousand men, if he found it was want of ability and not inclination that hindered the sending of them. But he was so far from succeeding, that it was said the ministers of that court did not so much as give him an opportunity to tempt them with any particular sums, but cut off all his hopes at once by alleging the impossibility of complying with the queen's demands upon any consideration whatsoever. They could not plead their old excuse of the war in Hungary, which was then brought to an end. They had nothing to offer but some general speculative reasons, which it would expose them to repeat; and so, after much delay and many trifling pretences, they utterly refused so small and seasonable an assistance, to the ruin of a project that would have more terrified France and caused a greater diversion of their forces than a much more numerous army in any other part. Thus, for want of eight thousand men, for whose winter campaign the queen was willing to give forty thousand pounds, and for want of executing the design I lately mentioned of hindering the enemy from erecting magazines, toward which her majesty was ready not only to bear her own proportion but a share of that which the States were obliged to, our hopes of taking winter quarters in the north and south parts of France are eluded, and the war left in that method which is likely to continue it longest. Can there an example be given, in the whole course of this war, where we have treated the pettiest prince with whom we had to deal in so contemptuous a manner? Did we ever once consider what we could afford, or what we were obliged to, when our assistance was desired, even while we lay under immediate apprehensions of being invaded?

When Portugal came as a confederate into the grand alliance, it was stipulated that the empire, England, and Holland, should each maintain four thousand men of their own troops in that kingdom, and pay between them a million of patacoons to the king of Portugal, for the support of twenty-eight thousand Portugese, which number of forty thousand was to be the confederate army against Spain on the Portugal side. This treaty was ratified by all the three powers. But in a short time after the emperor declared himself unable to comply with this part of the agreement, and so left the two-thirds upon us, who very generously undertook that burden and at the same time two-thirds of the subsidies for maintenance of the Portuguese troops. But neither is this the worst part of the story; for although the Dutch did indeed send their own particular quota of four thousand men to Portugal (which, however, they would not agree to but upon condition that the other two-thirds should be supplied by us), yet they never took care to recruit them; for, in the year 1706, the Portuguese, British, and Dutch forces, having marched with the earl of Galway into Castile, and by the noble conduct of that general being forced to retire into Valencia, it was found necessary to raise a new army on the Portugal side, where the queen has, at several times, increased her establishment to ten thousand five hundred men, and the Dutch never replaced one single man, nor paid one penny of their subsidies to Portugal in six years.

The Spanish army on the side of Catalonia is, or ought to be, about fifty thousand men exclusive of Portugal. And here the war has been carried on almost entirely at our cost. For this whole army is paid by the queen, excepting only seven battalions and fourteen squadrons of Dutch and Palatines; and even fifteen hundred of these are likewise in our pay; beside the sums given to king Charles for subsidies and the maintenance of his court. Neither are our troops at Gibraltar included within this number. And further, we alone have been at all the charge of transporting the forces first sent from Genoa to Barcelona, and of all the imperial recruits from time to time; and have likewise paid vast sums, as levy-money, for every individual man and horse so furnished to recruit, although the horses were scarce worth the price of transportation. But this has been almost the constant misfortune of our fleet during the present war; instead of being employed on some enterprise for the good of the nation, or even for the protection of our trade, to be wholly taken up in transporting soldiers.

We have actually conquered all Bavaria, Ulm, Augsbourg, Landau, and great part of Alsace, for the emperor; and by the troops we have furnished, the armies we have paid, and the diversions we have given to the enemies' forces, have chiefly contributed to the conquests of Milan, Mantua, and Mirandola, and to the recovery of the duchy of Modena. The last emperor drained the wealth of those countries into his own coffers, without increasing his troops against France by such mighty acquisitions, or yielding to the most reasonable requests we have made.

Of the many towns we have taken for the Dutch, we have consented by the barrier treaty that all those which were not in the possession of Spain upon the death of the late Catholic king shall be part of the States' dominions, and that they shall have the military power in the most considerable of the rest; which is, in effect, to be the absolute sovereigns of the whole. And the Hollanders have already made such good use of their time, that, in conjunction with our general, the oppressions of Flanders are much greater than ever.

And this treatment, which we have received from our two principal allies, has been pretty well copied by most other princes in the confederacy with whom we have any dealings. For instance, seven Portuguese regiments after the battle of Almanza went off with the rest of that broken army to Catalonia; the king of Portugal said he was not able to pay them while they were out of his country; the queen consented therefore to do it herself, provided the king would raise as many more to supply their place. This he engaged to do, but he never performed. Notwithstanding which, his subsidies were constantly paid him by my lord Godolphin for almost four years, without any deduction upon account of those seven regiments, directly contrary to the seventh article of our offensive alliance with that crown, where it is agreed that a deduction shall be made out of those subsidies in proportion to the number of men wanting in that complement which the king is to maintain. But, whatever might have been the reasons for this proceeding, it seems they are above the understanding of the present lord-treasurer [earl of Oxford], who, not entering into those refinements of paying the public money upon private considerations, has been so uncourtly as to stop it. This disappointment, I suppose, has put the court of Lisbon upon other expedients, of raising the price of forage, so as to force us either to lessen our number of troops or to be at double expense in maintaining them; and this, at a time when their own product as well as the import of corn was never greater; and of demanding a duty upon the soldiers' clothes we carried over for those troops which have been their sole defence against an inveterate enemy; whose example might have infused courage, as well as taught them discipline, if their spirits had been capable of receiving either.

In order to augment our forces every year in the same proportion as those for whom we fight diminish theirs, we have been obliged to hire troops from several princes of the empire, whose ministers and residents here have perpetually importuned the court with unreasonable demands, under which our late ministers thought fit to be passive. For those demands were always backed with a threat to recal their soldiers, which was a thing not to be heard of, because it might discontent the Dutch. In the mean time, those princes never sent their contingent to the emperor, as by the laws of the empire they are obliged to do, but gave for their excuse that we had already hired all they could possibly spare.

But, if all this be true; if, according to what I have affirmed, we began this war contrary to reason; if, as the other party themselves upon all occasions acknowledge, the success we have had was more than we could reasonably expect; if, after all our success, we have not made that use of it which in reason we ought to have done; if we have made weak and foolish bargains with our allies, suffered them tamely to break every article, even in those bargains to our disadvantage, and allowed them to treat us with insolence and contempt, at the very instant when we were gaining towns, provinces, and kingdoms for them, at the price of our ruin and without any prospect of interest to ourselves; if we have consumed all our strength in attacking the enemy on the strongest side, where (as the old duke of Schomberg expressed it) to engage with France was to take a bull by the horns, and left wholly unattempted that part of the war which could only enable us to continue or to end it; if all this, I say, be our case, it is a very obvious question to ask, by what motives or what management we are thus become the dupes and bubbles of Europe? Surely it cannot be owing to the stupidity arising from the coldness of our climate, since those among our allies who have given us most reason to complain are as far removed from the sun as ourselves.

If, in laying open the real causes of our present misery, I am forced to speak with some freedom, I think it will require no apology. Reputation is the smallest sacrifice those can make us who have been the instruments of our ruin, because it is that for which, in all probability, they have the least value. So that, in exposing the actions of such persons, I cannot be said, properly speaking, to do them an injury. But as it will be some satisfaction to our people to know by whom they have been so long abused, so it may be of great use to us and our posterity not to trust the safety of their country in the hands of those who act by such principles and from such motives.

I have already observed that, when the counsels of this war were debated in the late king's time, a certain great man was then so averse from entering into it, that he rather chose to give up his employment and tell the king he could serve him no longer. Upon that prince's death, although the grounds of our quarrel with France had received no manner of addition, yet this lord thought fit to alter his sentiments; for the scene was quite changed: his lordship, and the family with whom he was engaged by so complicated an alliance, were in the highest credit possible with the queen. The treasurer's staff was ready for his lordship; the duke was to command the army; and the duchess, by her employments and the favour she was possessed of, to be always nearest her majesty's person; by which the whole power at home and abroad would be devolved upon that family. This was a prospect so very inviting that, to confess the truth, it could not be easily withstood by any who have so keen an appetite for wealth or power. By an agreement subsequent to the grand alliance, we were to assist the Dutch with forty thousand men, all to be commanded by the duke of Marlborough. So that, whether this war was prudently begun or not, it is plain that the true spring or motive of it was the aggrandizing of a particular family; and, in short, a war of the general and the ministry, and not of the prince or people; since those very persons were against it, when they knew the power, and consequently the profit, would be in other hands.

With these measures fell in all that set of people who are called the moneyed men; such as had raised vast sums by trading with stocks and funds, and lending upon great interest and premiums; whose perpetual harvest is war, and whose beneficial way of traffic must very much decline by a peace.

In that whole chain of encroachments made upon us by the Dutch, which I have above deduced, and under these several gross impositions from other princes, if any one should ask why our general continued so easy to the last, I know no other way so probable, or indeed so charitable, to account for it, as by that unmeasurable love of wealth which his best friends allow to be his predominant passion. However, I shall wave anything that is personal upon this subject. I shall say nothing of those great presents made by several princes which the soldiers used to call winter foraging, and said it was better than that of the summer; of 2½ per cent. subtracted out of all the subsidies we pay in those parts, which amounts to no inconsiderable sum; and lastly, of the grand perquisites in a long successful war which are so amicably adjusted between him and the States.

But when the war was thus begun, there soon fell in other incidents here at home which made the continuance of it necessary for those who were the chief advisers. The Whigs were at that time out of all credit or consideration. The reigning favourites had always carried what were called the Tory principles at least as high as our constitution could bear; and most others in great employments were wholly in the church interest. These last, among whom were several persons of the greatest merit, quality, and consequence, were not able to endure the many instances of pride, insolence, avarice, and ambition, which those favourites began so early to discover, nor to see them presuming to be sole dispensers of the royal favour. However, their opposition was to no purpose; they wrestled with too great a power and were soon crushed under it. For those in possession, finding they could never be quiet in their usurpations while others had any credit who were at least upon an equal foot of merit, began to make overtures to the discarded Whigs, who would be content with any terms of accommodation. Thus commenced this solemn league and covenant, which has ever since been cultivated with so much application. The great traders in money were wholly devoted to the Whigs, who had first raised them. The army, the court, and the treasury, continued under the old despotic administration: the Whigs were received into employment, left to manage the parliament, cry down the landed interest, and worry the church. Meantime, our allies, who were not ignorant that all this artificial structure had no true foundation in the hearts of the people, resolved to make the best use of it as long as it should last. And the general's credit being raised to a great height at home by our success in Flanders, the Dutch began their gradual impositions; lessening their quotas, breaking their stipulations, garrisoning the towns we took for them without supplying their troops; with many other infringements; all which were we forced to submit to, because the general was made easy; because the moneyed men at home were fond of the war; because the Whigs were not yet firmly settled; and because that exorbitant degree of power which was built upon a supposed necessity of employing particular persons would go off in a peace. It is needless to add that the emperor and other princes followed the example of the Dutch, and succeeded as well, for the same reasons.

I have here imputed the continuance of the war to the mutual indulgence between our general and allies, wherein they both so well found their accounts; to the fears of the money-changers, lest their tables should be overthrown; to the designs of the Whigs, who apprehended the loss of their credit and employments in a peace; and to those at home, who held their immoderate engrossments of power and favour by no other tenure than their own presumption upon the necessity of affairs. The truth of this will appear indisputable, by considering with what unanimity and concert these several parties acted toward that great end.

When the vote passed in the house of lords against any peace without Spain being restored to the Austrian family, the earl of Wharton told the house that it was indeed impossible and impracticable to recover Spain; but, however, there were certain reasons why such a vote should be made at that time. Which reasons wanted no explanation; for the general and the ministry, having refused to accept very advantageous offers of a peace after the battle of Ramilies, were forced to take in a set of men with a previous bargain to screen them from the consequences of that miscarriage. And accordingly, upon the first succeeding opportunity that fell, which was that of the prince of Denmark's[a] death, the chief leaders of the party were brought into several great employments.

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[a] Prince George, the husband of queen Anne.

Thus, when the queen was no longer able to bear the tyranny and insolence of those ungrateful servants, who as they waxed the fatter did but kick the more, our two great allies abroad and our stockjobbers at home took immediate alarm; applied the nearest way to the throne, by memorials and messages jointly, directing her majesty not to change her secretary or treasurer, who, for the true reasons that these officious intermeddlers demanded their continuance, ought never to have been admitted into the least degree of trust; since what they did was nothing less than betraying the interest of their native country to those princes, who, in their turns, were to do what they could to support them in power at home.

Thus it plainly appears that there was a conspiracy on all sides to go on with those measures which must perpetuate the war; and a conspiracy founded upon the interest and ambition of each party; which begat so firm a union that, instead of wondering why it lasted so long, I am astonished to think how it came to be broken. The prudence, courage, and firmness of her majesty, in all the steps of that great change, would, if the particulars were truly related, make a very shining part in her story; nor is her judgment less to be admired, which directed her in the choice of perhaps the only persons who had skill, credit, and resolution enough to be her instruments in overthrowing so many difficulties.

Some would pretend to lessen the merit of this by telling us that the rudeness, the tyranny, the oppression, the ingratitude of the late favourites towards their mistress were no longer to be borne. They produce instances to show her majesty was pursued through all her retreats, particularly at Windsor, where, after the enemy had possessed themselves of every inch of ground, they at last attacked and stormed the castle, forcing the queen to fly to an adjoining cottage, pursuant to the advice of Solomon, who tells us "It is better to live on the house-top than with a scolding woman in a large house." They would have it that such continued ill usage was enough to inflame the meekest spirit. They blame the favourites in point of policy, and think it nothing extraordinary that the queen should be at the end of her patience, and resolve to discard them. But I am of another opinion, and think their proceedings were right. For nothing is so apt to break even the bravest spirits as a continual chain of oppressions; one injury is best defended by a second, and this by a third. By these steps the old masters of the palace in France became masters of that kingdom;[a] and by these steps, a general during pleasure might have grown into a general for life, and a general for life into a king. So that I still insist upon it as a wonder how her majesty, thus besieged on all sides, was able to extricate herself.

Having thus mentioned the real causes, although disguised under species pretences, which have so long continued the war, I must beg leave to reason a little with those persons who are against any peace but what they call a good one, and explain themselves that no peace can be good without an entire restoration of Spain to the house of Austria. It is to be supposed that what I am to say upon this part of the subject will have little influence on those whose particular ends or designs of any sort lead them to wish the continuance of the war: I mean the general and our allies abroad, the knot of late favourites at home, the body of such as traffic in stocks, and lastly that set of factious politicians who were so violently bent at least upon clipping our constitution in church and state. Therefore I shall not apply myself to any of those, but to all others indifferently, whether Whigs or Tories, whose private interest is best answered by the welfare of their country. And if among these there be any who think we ought to fight on till king Charles be quietly settled in the monarchy of Spain, I believe there are several points which they have not thoroughly considered.

For first, it is to be observed that this resolution against any peace without Spain is a new incident, grafted upon the original quarrel by the intrigues of a faction among us, who prevailed to give it the sanction of a vote in both houses of parliament, to justify those whose interest lay in perpetuating the war. And as this proceeding was against the practice of all princes and states whose intentions were fair and honourable, so is it contrary to common prudence, as well as justice; I might add that it was impious too, by presuming to control events which are only in the hands of God. Ours and the States' complaint against France and Spain are deduced in each of our declarations of war, and our pretensions specified in the eighth article of the grand alliance; but there is not in any of these the least mention of demanding Spain for the house of Austria, or of refusing any peace without that condition. Having already made an extract from both declarations of war, I shall here give a translation of the eighth article in the grand alliance, which will put this matter out of dispute.

THE EIGHTH ARTICLE OF THE GRAND ALLIANCE.

When the war is once undertaken, none of the parties shall have the liberty to enter upon a treaty of peace with the enemy but jointly and in concert with the other. Nor is peace to be made without having first obtained a just and reasonable satisfaction for his Cæsarean majesty, and for his royal majesty of Great Britain, and a particular security to the lords of the States-General of their dominions, provinces, titles, navigation, and commerce; and a sufficient provision that the kingdoms of France and Spain be never united, or come under the government of the same person, or that the same man may never be king of both kingdoms: and particularly that the French may never be in possession of the Spanish West Indies; and that they may not have the liberty of navigation, for conveniency of trade, under any pretence whatsoever, neither directly nor indirectly, except it is agreed that the subjects of Great Britain and Holland may have full power to use and enjoy all the same privileges, rights, immunities, and liberties of commerce, by land and sea, in Spain, in the Mediterranean, and in all the places and countries which the late king of Spain at the time of his death was in possession of, as well in Europe as elsewhere, as they did then use and enjoy; or which the subjects of both or each nation could use and enjoy by virtue of any right obtained before the death of the said king of Spain, either by treaties, conventions, custom, or any other way whatsoever.

Here we see the demands intended to be insisted on by the allies upon any treaty of peace are a just and reasonable satisfaction for the emperor and king of Great Britain, a security to the States-General for their dominions, &c., and a sufficient provision that France and Spain be never united under the same man as king of both kingdoms. The rest relates to the liberty of trade and commerce for us and the Dutch, but not a syllable of engaging to dispossess the duke of Anjou.

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[a] See the Tale of a Tub.

But to know how this new language, of no peace without Spain, was first introduced and at last prevailed among us, we must begin a great deal higher.

It was the partition treaty which begot the will in favour of the duke of Anjou; for this naturally led the Spaniards to receive a prince supported by a great power, whose interest as well as affection engaged them to preserve that monarchy entire rather than to oppose him in favour of another family, who must expect assistance from a number of confederates whose principal members had already disposed of what did not belong to them and by a previous treaty parcelled out the monarchy of Spain.

Thus the duke of Anjou got into the full possession of all the kingdoms and states belonging to that monarchy, as well in the old world as the new. And whatever the house of Austria pretended from their memorials to us and the States, it was at that time but too apparent that the inclinations of the Spaniards were on the duke's side.

However, a war was resolved on; and in order to carry it on with great vigour, a grand alliance formed, wherein the ends proposed to be obtained are plainly and distinctly laid down as I have already quoted them. It pleased God, in the course of this war, to bless the arms of the allies with remarkable successes; by which we were soon put into a condition of demanding and expecting such terms of a peace as we proposed to ourselves when we began the war. But instead of this, our victories only served to lead us on to further visionary prospects; advantage was taken of the sanguine temper which so many successes had wrought the nation up to; new romantic views were proposed, and the old, reasonable, sober design was forgot.

This was the artifice of those here who were sure to grow richer as the public became poorer, and who, after the resolutions which the two houses were prevailed upon to make, might have carried on the war with safety to themselves till malt and land were mortgaged, till a general excise was established and the dixième denier raised by collectors in red coats. And this was just the circumstance which it suited their interests to be in.

The house of Austria approved this scheme with reason, since whatever would be obtained by the blood and treasure of others was to accrue to that family, while they only lent their name to the cause.

The Dutch might, perhaps, have grown resty under their burden; but care was likewise taken of that, by a barrier-treaty made with the States, which deserves such epithets as I care not to bestow, but may perhaps consider it, at a proper occasion, in a discourse by itself.

By this treaty the condition of the war with respect to the Dutch was widely altered; they fought no longer for security but for grandeur, and we, instead of labouring to make them safe, must beggar ourselves to make them formidable.

Will any one contend, that, if at the treaty of Gertruydenberg we could have been satisfied with such terms of a peace as we proposed to ourselves by the grand alliance, the French would not have allowed them? It is plain they offered many more, and much greater, than ever we thought to insist on when the war began; and they had reason to grant as well as we to demand them, since conditions of peace do certainly turn upon events of war. But surely there is some measure to be observed in this; those who have defended the proceedings of our negotiators at the treaty of Gertruydenberg dwell very much upon their zeal and patience in endeavouring to work the French up to their demands, but say nothing to justify those demands, or the probability that France would ever accept them. Some of the articles in that treaty were so extravagant that, in all human probability, we could not have obtained them by a successful war of forty years. One of them was inconsistent with common reason; wherein the confederates reserved to themselves full liberty of demanding what farther conditions they should think fit; and, in the mean time, France was to deliver up several of their strongest towns in a month. These articles were very gravely signed by our plenipotentiaries and those of Holland; but not by the French, although it ought to have been done interchangeably; nay, they were brought over by the secretary of the embassy, and the ministers here prevailed on the queen to execute a ratification of articles which only one part had signed. This was an absurdity in form as well as in reason; because the usual form of a ratification is with a preamble, showing that, whereas our ministers and those of the allies and of the enemy have signed, &c., we ratify, &c. The person[a] who brought over the articles said in all companies (and perhaps believed) that it was a pity we had not demanded more, for the French were in a disposition to refuse us nothing we would ask. One of our plenipotentiaries affected to have the same concern, and particularly that we had not obtained some further security for the empire on the Upper Rhine.

What could be the design of all this grimace but to amuse the people and to raise stocks for their friends in the secret to sell to advantage? I have too great a respect for the abilities of those who acted in this negotiation to believe they hoped for any other issue from it than what we found by the event. Give me leave to suppose the continuance of the war was the thing at heart among those in power both abroad and at home; and then I can easily show the consistency of their proceedings, otherwise they are wholly unaccountable and absurd. Did those who insisted on such wild demands ever intend a peace? Did they really think that going on with the war was more eligible for their country than the least abatement of those conditions? Was the smallest of them worth six millions a-year and a hundred thousand men's lives? Was there no way to provide for the safety of Britain or the security of its trade, but by the French king turning his arms to beat his grandson out of Spain? If these able statesmen were so truly concerned for our trade, which they made the pretence of the war's beginning as well as continuance, why did they so neglect it in those very preliminaries where the enemy made so many concessions, and where all that related to the advantage of Holland, or the other confederates, was expressly settled? But whatever concerned us was to be left to a general treaty; no tariff agreed on with France or the Low Countries, only the Schelde was to remain shut, which must have ruined our commerce with Antwerp. Our trade with Spain was referred the same way; but this they will pretend to be of no consequence, because that kingdom was to be under the house of Austria, and we had already made a treaty with king Charles. I have indeed heard of a treaty made by Mr. Stanhope with that prince for settling our commerce with Spain; but, whatever it were, there was another between us and Holland, which went hand and hand with it,—I mean that of barrier, wherein a clause was inserted by which all advantages proposed for Britain are to be in common with Holland.

[a] Horatio Walpole, secretary to that embassy.

Another point, which I doubt those have not considered who are against any peace without Spain, is that the face of affairs in Christendom, since the emperor's death, has been very much changed. By this accident the views and interests of several princes and states in the alliance have taken a new turn, and I believe it will be found that ours ought to do so too. We have sufficiently blundered once already, by changing our measures with regard to a peace while our affairs continued in the same posture; and it will be too much in conscience to blunder again, by not changing the first; when the others are so much altered.

To have a prince of the Austrian family on the throne of Spain is undoubtedly more desirable than one of the house of Bourbon, but to have the empire and Spanish monarchy united in the same person is a dreadful consideration, and directly opposite to that wise principle on which the eighth article of the alliance is founded.

To this perhaps it will be objected that the indolent character of the Austrian princes, the wretched economy of that government, the want of a naval force, the remote distances of their several territories from each other, would never suffer an emperor, although at the same time king of Spain, to become formidable: on the contrary, that his dependence must continually be on Great Britain, and the advantages of trade, by a peace founded upon that condition, would soon make us amends for all the expenses of the war.

In answer to this, let us consider the circumstances we must be in before such a peace could be obtained, if it were at all practicable. We must become not only poor for the present, but reduced by further mortgages to a state of beggary for endless years to come. Compare such a weak condition as this with so great an accession of strength to Austria, and then determine how much an emperor in such a state of affairs would either fear or need Britain.

Consider that the comparison is not formed between a prince of the house of Austria, emperor and king of Spain, and with a prince of the Bourbon family, king of France and Spain, but between a prince of the latter, only king of Spain, and one of the former uniting both crowns in his own person.

What returns of gratitude can we expect when we are no longer wanted? Has all that we have hitherto done for the imperial family been taken as a favour, or only received as the due of the *augustissima casa?*

Will the house of Austria yield the least acre of land, the least article of strained and even usurped prerogative, to resettle the minds of those princes in the alliance who are alarmed at the consequences of this turn of affairs, occasioned by the emperor's death? We are assured it never will. Do we then imagine that those princes who dread the overgrown power of the Austrian as much as that of the Bourbon family will continue in our alliance upon a system contrary to that which they engage with us upon? For instance, what can the duke of Savoy expect in such a case? Will he have any choice left him but that of being a slave and a frontier to France, or a vassal, in the utmost extent of the word, to the imperial court? Will he not therefore of the two evils choose the least, by submitting to a master who has no immediate claim upon him, and to whose family he is nearly allied, rather than to another who has already revived several claims upon him and threatens to revive more?

Nor are the Dutch more inclined than the rest of Europe that the empire and Spain should be united in king Charles, whatever they may now pretend. On the contrary, it is known to several persons that upon the death of the late emperor Joseph the States resolved that those two powers should not be joined in the same person, and this they determined as a fundamental maxim by which they intended to proceed. So that Spain was first given up by them; and since they maintain no troops in that kingdom, it should seem that they understand the duke of Anjou to be lawful monarch.

Thirdly, those who are against any peace without Spain, if they be such as no way find their private account by the war, may perhaps change their sentiments if they will reflect a little upon our present condition.

I had two reasons for not sooner publishing this discourse; the first was, because I would give way to others, who might argue very well upon the same subject from general topics and reason, although they might be ignorant of several facts which I had the opportunity to know. The second was, because I found it would be necessary, in the course of this argument, to say something of the state to which the war has reduced us; at the same time I knew that such a discovery ought to be made as late as possible, and at another juncture would not only be very indiscreet, but might perhaps be dangerous.

It is the folly of too many to mistake the echo of a London coffeehouse for the voice of the kingdom. The city coffeehouses have been for some years filled with people whose fortunes depend upon the bank, East India, or some other stock. Every new fund to these is like a new mortgage to a usurer, whose compassion for a young heir is exactly the same with that of a stock-jobber to the landed gentry. At the court end of the town, the like places of resort are frequented either by men out of place, and consequently enemies to the present ministry, or by officers of the army: no wonder then if the general cry in all such meetings be against any peace, either with Spain or without, which in other words is no more than this, that discontented men desire another change of ministry; that soldiers would be glad to keep their commissions; and that the creditors have money still, and would have the debtors borrow on at the old extorting rate while they have any security to give.

Now to give the most ignorant reader some idea of our present circumstances without troubling him or myself with computations in form; everybody knows that our land and malt tax amount annually to about two millions and a half. All other branches of the revenue are mortgaged to pay interest for what we have already borrowed. The yearly charge of the war is usually about six millions, to make up which sum we are forced to take up on the credit of new funds about three millions and a half. This last year the computed charge of the war came to above a million more than all the funds the parliament could contrive were sufficient to pay interest for, and so we have been forced to divide a deficiency of twelve hundred thousand pounds among the several branches of our expense. This is a demonstration that, if the war be to last another campaign, it will be impossible to find funds for supplying it without mortgaging the malt-tax, or by some other method equally desperate.

If the peace be made this winter, we are then to consider what circumstances we shall be in toward paying a debt of about fifty millions, which is a fourth part of the purchase of the whole island if it were to be sold.

Toward clearing ourselves of this monstrous incumbrance, some of these annuities will expire or pay off the principal in thirty, forty, or a hundred years; the bulk of the debt must be lessened gradually by the best management we can, out of what will remain of the land and malt taxes, after paying guards and garrisons, and maintaining and supplying our fleet in the time of peace. I have not skill enough to compute what will be left after these necessary charges toward annually clearing so vast a debt, but believe it must be very little; however, it is plain that both these taxes must be continued, as well for supporting the government as because we have no other means for paying off the principal. And so likewise must all the other funds remain for paying the interest. How long a time this must require, how steady an administration, and how undisturbed a state of affairs both at home and abroad, let others determine.

However, some people think all this very reasonable, and that, since the struggle has been for peace and safety, posterity, which is to partake of the benefit, ought to share in the expense, as if at the breaking out of this war there had been such a conjuncture of affairs as never happened before, nor would ever happen again. It is wonderful that our ancestors, in all their wars, should never fall under such a necessity; that we meet no examples of it in Greece and Rome; that no other nation in Europe ever knew anything like it except Spain, about a hundred and twenty years ago, when they drew it upon themselves by their own folly and have suffered for it ever since; no doubt we shall teach posterity wisdom, but they will be apt to think the purchase too dear, and I wish they may stand to the bargain we have made in their names.

It is easy to entail debts on succeeding ages, and to hope they will be able and willing to pay them; but how to ensure peace for any term of years is difficult enough to apprehend. Will human nature ever cease to have the same passions, princes to entertain designs of interest or ambition, and occasions of quarrel to arise? May not we ourselves, by the variety of events and incidents which happen in the world, be under a necessity of recovering towns out of the very hands of those for whom we are now ruining our country to take them? Neither can it be said that those states with whom we may probably differ will be in as bad a condition as ourselves; for by the circumstances of our situation and the impositions of our allies, we are more exhausted than either they or the enemy: and by the nature of our government, the corruption of our manners, and the opposition of factions, we shall be more slow in recovering.

It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their grandfathers were rich and great.

I have often reflected on that mistaken notion of credit so boasted of by the advocates of the late ministry: was not all that credit built upon funds raised by the landed men whom they now so much hate and despise? Is not the greatest part of those funds raised from the growth and product of land? Must not the whole debt be entirely paid, and our fleets and garrisons be maintained, by the land and malt tax after a peace? If they call it credit to run ten millions in debt without parliamentary security, by which the public is defrauded of almost half, I must think such credit to be dangerous, illegal, and perhaps treasonable. Neither has anything gone further to ruin the nation than their boasted credit. For my own part, when I saw this false credit sink upon the change of the ministry, I was singular enough to conceive it a good omen. It seemed as if the young extravagant heir had got a new steward, and was resolved to look into his estate before things grew desperate, which made the usurers forbear feeding him with money as they used to do.

Since the moneyed men are so fond of war, I should be glad they would furnish out one campaign at their own charge; it is not above six or seven millions; and I dare engage to make it out, that when they have done this, instead of contributing equal to the landed men, they will have their full principal and interest at six per cent. remaining of all the money they ever lent to the government.

Without this resource, or some other equally miraculous, it is impossible for us to continue the war upon the same foot. I have already observed that the last funds of interest fell short above a million, although the persons most conversant in ways and means employed their utmost invention; so that of necessity we must be still more defective next campaign. But perhaps our allies will make up this deficiency on our side by great efforts on their own? Quite the contrary; both the emperor and Holland failed this year in several articles, and signified to us some time ago that they cannot keep up to the same proportions in the next. We have gained a noble barrier for the latter, and they have nothing more to demand or desire. The emperor, however sanguine he may now affect to appear, will I suppose be satisfied with Naples, Sicily, Milan, and his other acquisitions, rather than engage in a long, hopeless war for the recovery of Spain, to which his allies the Dutch will neither give their assistance nor consent. So that, since we have done their business, since they have no further service for our arms, and we have no more money to give them, and lastly, since we neither desire any recompence nor expect any thanks, we ought in pity to be dismissed and have leave to shift for ourselves. They are ripe for a peace to enjoy and cultivate what we have conquered for them; and so are we to recover, if possible, the effects of their hardships upon us. The first overtures from France are made to England upon safe and honourable terms; we, who bore the burden of the war, ought in reason to have the greatest share in making the peace. If we do not hearken to a peace others certainly will, and get the advantage of us there, as they have done in the war. We know the Dutch have perpetually threatened us that they would enter into separate measures of a peace, and by the strength of that argument, as well as by other powerful motives, prevailed on those who were then at the helm to comply with them on any terms rather than put an end to a war which every year brought them such great accessions to their wealth and power. Whoever falls off, a peace will follow, and then we must be content with such conditions as our allies, out of their great concern for our safety and interest, will please to choose. They have no further occasion for fighting, they have gained their point, and they now tell us it is our war; so that in common justice it ought to be our peace.

All we can propose by the desperate steps of pawning our land or malt tax, or erecting a general excise, is only to raise a fund of interest for running us annually four millions further in debt, without any prospect of ending the war so well as we can do at present. And when we have sunk the only unengaged revenues we had left, our encumbrances must of necessity remain perpetual.

We have hitherto lived upon expedients which in time will certainly destroy any constitution, whether civil or natural; and there was no country in Christendom had less occasion for them than ours. We have dieted a healthy body into a consumption, by plying it with physic instead of food. Art will help us no longer, and if we cannot recover by letting the remains of nature work we must inevitably die.

What arts have been used to possess the people with a strong delusion that Britain must infallibly be ruined without the recovery of Spain to the house of Austria! making the safety of a great and powerful kingdom, as ours was then, to depend upon an event which after a war of miraculous successes proves impracticable. As if princes and great ministers could find no way of settling the public tranquillity without changing the possessions of kingdoms, and forcing sovereigns upon a people against their inclinations. Is there no security for the island of Britain unless a king of Spain be dethroned by the hands of his grandfather? Has the enemy no cautionary towns and seaports to give us for securing trade? Can he not deliver us possession of such places as would put him in a worse condition whenever he should perfidiously renew the war? The present king of France has but few years to live by the course of nature, and doubtless would desire to end his days in peace. Grandfathers, in private families, are not observed to have great influence on their grandsons, and I believe they have much less among princes; however, when the authority of a parent is gone, is it likely that Philip will be directed by a brother against his own interest and that of his subjects? Have not those two realms their separate maxims of policy, which must operate in the times of peace? These at least are probabilities, and cheaper by six millions a-year than recovering Spain or continuing the war, both which seem absolutely impossible.

But the common question is, if we must now surrender Spain, what have we been fighting for all this while? The answer is ready: we have been fighting for the ruin of the public interest and the advancement of a private. We have been fighting to raise the wealth and grandeur of a particular family, to enrich usurers and stockjobbers, and to cultivate the pernicious designs of a faction by destroying the landed interest. The nation begins now to think these blessings are not worth fighting for any longer, and therefore desires a peace.

But the advocates on the other side cry out that we might have had a better peace than is now in agitation above two years ago. Supposing this to be true, I do assert that, by parity of reason, we must expect one just so much the worse about two years hence. If those in power could then have given us a better peace, more is their infamy and guilt that they did it not. Why did they insist upon conditions which they were certain would never be granted? We allow it was in their power to have put a good end to the war, and left the nation in some hope of recovering itself. And this is what we charge them with, as answerable to God, their country, and posterity,—that the bleeding condition of their fellow-subjects was a feather in the balance with their private ends.

When we offer to lament the heavy debts and poverty of the nation, it is pleasant to hear some men answer all that can be said by crying up the power of England, the courage of England, the inexhaustible riches of England. I have heard a man [lord Halifax], very sanguine upon this subject, with a good employment for life, and a hundred thousand pounds in the funds, bidding us take courage, and warranting that all would go well. This is the style of men at ease, who lay heavy burdens upon others, which they would not touch with one of their fingers. I have known some people such ill computers as to imagine the many millions in stocks and annuities are so much real wealth in the nation; whereas every farthing of it is entirely lost to us, scattered in Holland, Germany, and Spain; and the landed men who now pay the interest must at last pay the principal.

Fourthly, Those who are against any peace without Spain have, I doubt, been ill informed as to the low condition of France, and the mighty consequences of our successes. As to the first, it must be confessed that after the battle of Ramilies the French were so discouraged with their frequent losses and so impatient for a peace, that their king was resolved to comply upon any reasonable terms. But when his subjects were informed of our exorbitant demands, they grew jealous of his honour, and were unanimous to assist him in continuing the war at any hazard rather than submit. This fully restored his authority; and the supplies he has received from the Spanish West Indies, which in all are computed since the war to amount to four hundred millions of livres, and all in specie, have enabled him to pay his troops. Besides, the money is spent in his own country; and he has since waged war in the most thrifty manner by acting on the defensive; compounding with us every campaign for a town, which costs us fifty times more than it is worth, either as to the value or the consequences. Then he is at no charge for a fleet further than providing privateers, wherewith his subjects carry on a piratical war at their own expense, and he shares in the profit, which has been very considerable to France and of infinite disadvantage to us, not only by the perpetual losses we have suffered, to an immense value, but by the general discouragement of trade, on which we so much depend. All this, considered with the circumstances of that government, where the prince is master of the lives and fortunes of so mighty a kingdom, shows that monarch not to be so sunk in his affairs as we have imagined and have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of.

Those who are against any peace without Spain seem likewise to have been mistaken in judging our victories and other successes to have been of greater consequence than they really were.

When our armies take a town in Flanders, the Dutch are immediately put into possession and we at home make bonfires. I have sometimes pitied the deluded people to see them squandering away their fuel to so little purpose. For example: what is it to us that Bouchain is taken, about which the warlike politicians of the coffeehouse make such a clutter? What though the garrison surrendered prisoners of war and in sight of the enemy? We are not now in a condition to be fed with points of honour. What advantage have we but that of spending three or four millions more to get another town for the States, which may open them a new country for contributions and increase the perquisites of the general?

In that war of ten years under the late king, when our commanders and soldiers were raw and unexperienced in comparison of what they are at present, we lost battles and towns as well as we gained them of late since those gentlemen have better learned their trade; yet we bore up then, as the French do now; nor was there anything decisive in their successes: they grew weary as well as we, and at last consented to a peace, under which we might have been happy enough if it had not been followed by that wise treaty of partition, which revived the flame that has lasted ever since. I see nothing else in the modern way of making war but that the side which can hold out longest will end it with most advantage. In such a close country as Flanders, where it is carried on by sieges, the army that acts offensively is at a much greater expense of men and money, and there is hardly a town taken in the common forms where the besiegers have not the worst of the bargain. I never yet knew a soldier who would not affirm that any town might be taken if you were content to be at the charge. If you will count upon sacrificing so much blood and treasure, the rest is all a regular established method which cannot fail. When the king of France, in the times of his grandeur, sat down before a town, his generals and engineers would often fix the day when it should surrender: the enemy, sensible of all this, has for some years past avoided a battle where he has so ill succeeded, and taken a surer way to consume us by letting our courage evaporate against stones and rubbish, and sacrificing a single town to a campaign, which he can so much better afford to lose than we to take.

Lastly, Those who are so violently against any peace without Spain's being restored to the house of Austria have not, I believe, cast their eye upon a cloud gathering in the north, which we have helped to raise, and may quickly break in a storm upon our heads.

The northern war has been on foot almost ever since our breach with France. The success of it is various; but one effect to be apprehended was always the same, that sooner or later it would involve us in its consequences, and that whenever this happened, let our success be ever so great against France, from that moment France would have the advantage.

By our guaranty of the treaty of Travendall, we were obliged to hinder the king of Denmark from engaging in a war with Sweden. It was at that time understood by all parties, and so declared even by the British ministers, that this engagement specially regarded Denmark's not assisting king Augustus. But however if this had not been so, yet our obligation to Sweden stood in force by virtue of former treaties with that crown, which were all revived and confirmed by a subsequent one concluded at the Hague by sir Joseph Williamson and Monsieur Lilienroot, about the latter end of the king's reign.

However, the war in the north proceeded; and our not assisting Sweden was at least as well excused by the war which we were entangled in as his not contributing his contingent to the empire whereof he is a member was excused by the pressures he lay under, having a confederacy to deal with.

In this war the king of Sweden was victorious; and what dangers were we not then exposed to? what fears were we not in? He marched into Saxony, and, if he had really been in the French interest, might at once have put us under the greatest difficulties. But the torrent turned another way, and he contented himself with imposing on his enemy the treaty of Alt Rastadt; by which king Augustus makes an absolute cession of the crown of Poland, renounces any title to it, acknowledges Stanislaus, and then both he and the king of Sweden join in desiring the guaranty of England and Holland. The queen did not, indeed, give this guaranty in form; but as a step toward it, the title of king was given to Stanislaus by a letter from her majesty, and the strongest assurances were given to the Swedish minister in her majesty's name, and in a committee of council, that the guaranty should speedily be granted, and that, in the mean while, it was the same thing as if the forms were passed.

In 1708 king Augustus made the campaign in Flanders: what measures he might at that time take, or of what nature the arguments might be that he made use of, is not known; but immediately after he breaks through all he had done, marches into Poland, and reassumes the crown.

After this we apprehended that the peace of the empire might be endangered; and therefore entered into an act of guaranty for the neutrality of it. The king of Sweden refused, upon several accounts, to submit to the terms of this treaty, particularly because we went out of the empire to cover Poland and Jutland, but did not go out of it to cover the territories of Sweden.

Let us therefore consider what is our case at present. If the king of Sweden return, and get the better, he will think himself under no obligation of having any regard to the interests of the allies, but will naturally pursue, according to his own expression, his enemy wherever he finds him. In this case, the corps of the neutrality is obliged to oppose him, and so we are engaged in a second war before the first is ended.

If the northern confederates succeed against Sweden, how shall we be able to preserve the balance of power in the north, so essential to our trade, as well as in many other respects? What will become of that great support of the protestant interest in Germany which is the footing that the Swedes now have in the empire? Or who shall answer that these princes, after they have settled the north to their minds, may not take a fancy to look southward, and make our peace with France according to their own schemes?

And lastly, if the king of Prussia, the elector of Hanover, and other princes whose dominions lie contiguous, are forced to draw from those armies which act against France, we must live in hourly expectation of having those troops recalled which they now leave with us; and this recall may happen in the midst of a siege, or on the eve of a battle. Is it therefore our interest to toil on in a ruinous war, for an impracticable end, till one of these cases shall happen, or get under shelter before the storm?

There is no doubt but the present ministry (provided they could get over the obligations of honour and conscience) might find their advantage in advising the continuance of the war, as well as the last did, although not in the same degree, after the kingdom has been so much exhausted. They might prolong it till the parliament desire a peace, and in the mean time leave them in full possession of power. Therefore it is plain that their proceedings at present are meant to serve their country, directly against their private interest; whatever clamour may be raised by those who, for the vilest ends, would move heaven and earth to oppose their measures. But they think it infinitely better to accept such terms as will secure our trade, find a sufficient barrier for the States, give reasonable satisfaction to the emperor, and restore the tranquillity of Europe, although without adding Spain to the empire, rather than go on in a languishing way, upon the vain expectation of some improbable turn for the recovery of that monarchy out of the Bourbon family, and at last be forced to a worse peace, by some of the allies falling off, upon our utter inability to continue the war.

P.S. I have in this edition explained three or four lines which mention the succession, to take off, if possible, all manner of cavil; though, at the same time, I cannot but observe how ready the adverse party is to make use of any objections, even such as destroy their own principles. I put a distant case of the possibility that our succession, through extreme necessity, might be changed by the legislature in future ages, and it is pleasant to hear those people quarrelling at this who profess themselves for changing it as often as they please, and that even without the consent of the entire legislature.

SOME
REMARKS ON THE BARRIER TREATY

Between
HER MAJESTY AND THE STATES-GENERAL;
To which are added,

The said Barrier Treaty, with the two separate Articles; part of the Counter-project; the sentiments of Prince Eugene and Count Zinzendorf upon the said Treaty; and a Representation of the English Merchants at Bruges.

PREFACE.

When I published the discourse called "The Conduct of the Allies," I had thoughts either of inserting or annexing the "Barrier Treaty" at length, with such observations as I conceived might be useful for public information; but that discourse taking up more room than I designed, after my utmost endeavours to abbreviate it, I contented myself only with making some few reflections upon that famous treaty, sufficient as I thought to answer the design of my book. I have since heard that my readers in general seemed to wish I had been more particular, and have discovered an impatience to have that treaty made public, especially since it has been laid before the house of commons.

That I may give some light to the reader who is not well versed in those affairs, he may please to know that a project for a treaty of barrier with the States was transmitted hither from Holland, but being disapproved of by our court in several parts, a new project or scheme of a treaty was drawn up here, with many additions and alterations. This last was called the counter-project, and was the measure whereby the duke of Marlborough and my lord Townshend were commanded and instructed to proceed in negotiating a treaty of barrier with the States.

I have added a translation of this counter-project in those articles where it differs from the barrier treaty, that the reader by comparing them together may judge how punctually those negotiators observed their instructions. I have likewise subjoined the sentiments of prince Eugene of Savoy and the count de Zinzendorf, relating to this treaty, written I suppose while it was negotiating. And lastly, I have added a copy of the representation of the British merchants at Bruges, signifying what inconveniences they already felt and further apprehended from this barrier treaty.

SOME REMARKS, &c.

Imagine a reasonable person in China reading the following treaty, and one who was ignorant of our affairs or our geography, he would conceive their high mightinesses the states-general to be some vast powerful commonwealth, like that of Rome, and her majesty to be a petty prince, like one of those to whom that republic would sometimes send a diadem for a present, when they behaved themselves well, otherwise could depose at pleasure and place whom they thought fit in their stead. Such a man would think that the States had taken our prince and us into their protection, and in return honoured us so far as to make use of our troops as some small assistance in their conquests and the enlargement of their empire, or to prevent the incursions of barbarians upon some of their out-lying provinces. But how must it sound in a European ear, that Great Britain, after maintaining a war for so many years with so much glory and success and such prodigious expense; after saving the empire, Holland, and Portugal, and almost recovering Spain, should toward the close of a war enter into a treaty with seven Dutch provinces, to secure to them a dominion larger than their own, which she had conquered for them; to undertake for a great deal more, without stipulating the least advantage for herself; and accept as an equivalent the mean condition of those States assisting to preserve her queen on the throne, whom, by God's assistance, she is able to defend against all her majesty's enemies and allies put together?

Such a wild bargain could never have been made for us if the States had not found it their interest to use very powerful motives with the chief advisers (I say nothing of the person immediately employed), and if a party here at home had not been resolved, for ends and purposes very well known, to continue the war as long as they had any occasion for it.

The counter-project of this treaty, made here at London, was bad enough in all conscience: I have said something of it in the preface: her majesty's ministers were instructed to proceed by it in their negotiation. There was one point in that project which would have been of consequence to Britain, and one or two more where the advantages of the States were not so very exorbitant, and where some care was taken of the house of Austria. Is it possible that our good allies and friends could not be brought to any terms with us, unless by striking out every particular that might do us any good and adding still more to those whereby so much was already granted? For instance, the article about demolishing of Dunkirk surely might have remained, which was of some benefit to the States as well as of mighty advantage to us, and which the French king has lately yielded in one of his preliminaries, although clogged with the demand of an equivalent which will owe its difficulty only to this treaty.

But let me now consider the treaty itself: among the one-and-twenty articles of which it consists, only two have any relation to us, importing that the Dutch are to be guarantees of our succession, and are not to enter into any treaty until the queen is acknowledged by France. We know very well that it is in consequence the interest of the States as much as ours that Britain should be governed by a protestant prince. Besides, what is there more in this guaranty than in all common leagues, offensive and defensive, between two powers, where each is obliged to defend the other against any invader with all their strength? Such was the grand alliance between the emperor, Britain, and Holland, which was, or ought to have been, as good a guaranty of our succession to all intents and purposes as this in the barrier treaty; and the mutual engagements in such alliances have been always reckoned sufficient without any separate benefit to either party.

It is, no doubt, for the interest of Britain that the States should have a sufficient barrier against France; but their high mightinesses, for some few years past, have put a different meaning upon the word barrier from what it formerly used to bear when applied to them. When the late king was prince of Orange, and commanded their armies against France, it was never once imagined that any of the towns taken should belong to the Dutch; they were all immediately delivered up to their lawful monarch, and Flanders was only a barrier to Holland as it was in the hands of Spain rather than France. So in the grand alliance of 1701 the several powers promising to endeavour to recover Flanders for a barrier was understood to be the recovering of those provinces to the king of Spain; but in this treaty the style is wholly changed: here are about twenty towns and forts of great importance, with their chattellanies and dependencies (which dependencies are likewise to be enlarged as much as possible), and the whole revenues of them to be under the perpetual military government of the Dutch, by which that republic will be entirely masters of the richest part of all Flanders, and upon any appearance of war they may put their garrisons into any other place of the Low Countries: and further, the king of Spain is to give them a revenue of four hundred thousand crowns a-year, to enable them to maintain those garrisons.

Why should we wonder that the Dutch are inclined to perpetuate the war, when, by an article in this treaty, the king of Spain is not to possess one single town in the Low Countries until a peace be made? The duke of Anjou, at the beginning of this war, maintained six-and-thirty thousand men out of those Spanish provinces he then possessed, to which if we add the many towns since taken, which were not in the late king of Spain's possession at the time of his death, with all their territories and dependencies, it is visible what forces the States may be able to keep, even without any charge to their peculiar dominions.

The towns and chattellanies of this barrier always maintained their garrisons when they were in the hands of France; and, as it is reported, returned a considerable sum of money into the king's coffers; yet the king of Spain is obliged by this treaty (as we have already observed) to add, over and above, a revenue of four hundred thousand crowns a-year. We know likewise that a great part of the revenue of the Spanish Netherlands is already pawned to the States, so that after a peace nothing will be left to the sovereign, nor will the people be much eased of the taxes they at present labour under.

Thus the States, by virtue of this barrier treaty, will in effect be absolute sovereigns of all Flanders, and of the whole revenues in the utmost extent.

And here I cannot, without some contempt, take notice of a sort of reasoning offered by several people, that the many towns we have taken for the Dutch are of no advantage, because the whole revenue of those towns is spent in maintaining them. For first, the fact is manifestly false, particularly as to Lisle and some others. Secondly, the States after a peace are to have four hundred thousand crowns a-year out of the remainder of Flanders, which is then to be left to Spain. And lastly, suppose all these acquired dominions will not bring a penny into their treasury, what can be of greater consequence than to be able to maintain a mighty army out of their new conquests, which before they always did by taxing their natural subjects?

How shall we be able to answer it to king Charles III. that, while we pretend to endeavour restoring him to the entire monarchy of Spain, we join at the same time with the Dutch to deprive him of his natural right to the Low Countries?

But suppose by a Dutch barrier must now be understood only what is to be in possession of the States, yet, even under this acceptation of the word, nothing was originally meant except a barrier against France, whereas several towns demanded by the Dutch in this treaty can be of no use at all in such a barrier. And this is the sentiment even of Prince Eugene himself (the present oracle and idol of the party here), who says that Dendermond, Ostend, and the Castle of Gand, do in no sort belong to the barrier, nor can be of other use than to make the States-General masters of the Low Countries, and hinder their trade with England; and further that those who are acquainted with the country know very well that to fortify Lier and Halle can give no security to the States as a barrier, but only raise a jealousy in the people that those places are only fortified in order to block up Brussels and the other great towns of Brabant.

In those towns of Flanders where the Dutch are to have garrisons, but the ecclesiastical and civil power to remain to the king of Spain after a peace, the States have power to send arms, ammunition, and victuals, without paying customs, under which pretence they will engross the whole trade of those towns, exclusive of all other nations.

This prince Eugene likewise foresaw, and in his observations upon this treaty here annexed proposed a remedy for it.

And if the Dutch shall please to think that the whole Spanish Netherlands are not a sufficient barrier for them, I know no remedy from the words of this treaty but that we must still go on and conquer for them as long as they please. For the queen is obliged whenever a peace is treated to procure for them whatever shall be thought necessary besides, and where their necessity will terminate is not very easy to foresee.

Could any of her majesty's subjects conceive that in the towns we have taken for the Dutch, and given into their possession as a barrier, either the States should demand or our ministers allow that the subjects of Britain should, in respect to their trade, be used worse than they were under the late king of Spain? Yet this is the fact, as monstrous as it appears: all goods going to or coming from Newport or Ostend are to pay the same duties as those that pass by the Schelde under the Dutch forts; and this, in effect, is to shut out all other nations from trading to Flanders. The English merchants at Bruges complain that, after they have paid the king of Spain's duty for goods imported at Ostend, the same goods are made liable to further duties when they are carried thence into the towns of the Dutch new conquests, and desire only the same privileges of trade they had before the death of the late king of Spain, Charles II. And in consequence of this treaty, the Dutch have already taken off eight per cent. from all goods they send to the Spanish Flanders, but left it still upon us.

But what is very surprising, in the very same article where our good friends and allies are wholly shutting us out from trading in those towns we have conquered for them with so much blood and treasure, the queen is obliged to procure that the States shall be used as favourably in their trade over all the king of Spain's dominions as her own subjects or as the people most favoured. This I humbly conceive to be perfect boys'-play: "Cross I win, and pile[a] you lose," or "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own." Now, if it should happen that in a treaty of peace some ports or towns should be yielded us for the security of our trade, in any part of the Spanish dominions, at how great a distance soever, I suppose the Dutch would go on with their boys'-play and challenge half by virtue of that article: or would they be content with military government and the revenues, and reckon them among what shall be thought necessary for their barrier?

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[a] The two sides of our coin were once nominally distinguished by cross and pile, as they are now by heads and tails.

This prodigious article is introduced as subsequent to the treaty of Munster, made about the year 1648, at a time when England was in the utmost confusion, and very much to our disadvantage. Those parts in that treaty, so unjust in themselves and so prejudicial to our trade, ought in reason to have been remitted rather than confirmed upon us for the time to come. But this is Dutch partnership; to share in all our beneficial bargains and exclude us wholly from theirs, even from those which we have got for them.

In one part of the Conduct of the Allies, among other remarks upon this treaty, I make it a question whether it were right in point of policy or prudence to call in a foreign power to be a guarantee to our succession; because by that means we put it out of the power of our legislature to alter the succession, how much soever the necessity of the kingdom may require it? To comply with the cautions of some people I explained my meaning in the following editions. I was assured that my lord chief-justice affirmed that passage was treason. One of my answerer's, I think, decides as favourably; and I am told that paragraph was read very lately during a debate, with a comment in very injurious terms, which perhaps might have been spared. That the legislature should have power to change the succession, whenever the necessities of the kingdom require, is so very useful toward preserving our religion and liberty, that I know not how to recant. The worst of this opinion is, that at first sight it appears to be whiggish; but the distinction is thus: the Whigs are for changing the succession when they think fit, although the entire legislature do not consent; I think it ought never to be done but upon great necessity, and that with the sanction of the whole legislature. Do these gentlemen of revolution principles think it impossible that we should ever have occasion again to change our succession? and if such an accident should fall out, must we have no remedy until the Seven Provinces will give their consent? Suppose that this virulent party among us were as able as some are willing to raise a rebellion for reinstating them in power, and would apply themselves to the Dutch, as guarantees of our succession, to assist them with all their force under pretence that the queen and ministry, a great majority of both houses, and the bulk of the people, were for bringing over France, popery, and the pretender? Their high mightinesses would, as I take it, be sole judges of the controversy, and probably decide it so well that in some time we might have the happiness of becoming a province to Holland. I am humbly of opinion that there are two qualities necessary to a reader before his judgment should be allowed; these are. common honesty and common sense, and that no man could have misrepresented that paragraph in my discourse unless he were utterly destitute of one or both.

The presumptive successor and her immediate heirs have so established a reputation in the world for their piety, wisdom, and humanity, that no necessity of this kind is likely to appear in their days; but I must still insist that it is a diminution to the independency of the imperial crown of Great Britain to call at every door for help to put our laws in execution. And we ought to consider that, if in ages to come such a prince should happen to be in succession to our throne as should be entirely unable to govern, that very motive might incline our guarantees to support him, the more effectually to bring the rivals of their trade into confusion and disorder.

But to return: the queen is here put under the unreasonable obligation of being guarantee of the whole barrier treaty; of the Dutch having possession of the said barrier and the revenues thereof before a peace; of the payment of four hundred thousand crowns by the king of Spain; that the States shall possess their barrier even before king Charles is in possession of the Spanish Netherlands, although by the fifth article of the grand alliance her majesty is under no obligation to do anything of this nature except in a general treaty.

All kings, princes, and states, are invited to enter into this treaty, and to be guarantees of its execution. This article, though very frequent in treaties, seems to look very oddly in that of the barrier. Popish princes are here invited among others to become guarantees of our protestant succession: every petty prince in Germany must be entreated to preserve the queen of Great Britain upon her throne. The king of Spain is invited particularly, and by name, to become guarantee of the execution of a treaty by which his allies, who pretend to fight his battles and recover his dominions, strip him in effect of all his ten provinces; a clear reason why they never sent any forces to Spain, and why the obligation not to enter into a treaty of peace with France until that entire monarchy was yielded as a preliminary was struck out of the counter-project by the Dutch. They fought only in Flanders because there they only fought for themselves. King Charles must needs accept this invitation very kindly, and stand by with great satisfaction while the Belgic lion divides the prey and assigns it all to himself. I remember there was a parcel of soldiers who robbed a farmer of his poultry, and then made him wait at table while they devoured his victuals without giving him a morsel, and upon his expostulating had only for answer, "Why, sirrah, are we not come here to protect you?" And thus much for this generous invitation to all kings and princes to lend their assistance, and become guarantees out of pure good nature for securing Flanders to the Dutch.

In the treaty of Ryswick no care was taken to oblige the French king to acknowledge the right of succession in her present majesty; for want of which point being then settled, France refused to acknowledge her for queen of Great Britain after the late king's death. This unaccountable neglect (if it were a neglect) is here called an omission, and care is taken to supply it in the next general treaty of peace. I mention this occasionally, because I have some stubborn doubts within me whether it were a wilful omission or not. Neither do I herein reflect in the least upon the memory of his late majesty, whom I entirely acquit of any imputation upon this matter. But when I recollect the behaviour, the language, and the principles of some certain persons in those days, and compare them with that omission, I am tempted to draw some conclusions which a certain party would be more ready to call false and malicious than to prove them so.

I must here take leave (because it will not otherwise fall in my way) to say a few words in return to a gentleman, I know not of what character or calling, who has done me the honour to write three discourses against that treatise of The Conduct of the Allies, &c., and promises for my comfort to conclude all in a fourth. I pity answerers with all my heart for the many disadvantages they lie under. My book did a world of mischief (as he calls it) before his First Part could possibly come out, and so went on through the kingdom while his limped slowly after, and if it arrived at all was too late, for people's opinions were already fixed. His manner of answering me is thus: Of those facts which he pretends to examine some he resolutely denies, others he endeavours to extenuate, and the rest he distorts with such unnatural terms that I would engage by the same method to disprove any history, either ancient or modern. Then the whole is interlarded with a thousand injurious epithets and appellations, which heavy writers are forced to make use of as a supply for that want of spirit and genius they are not born to: yet after all he allows a very great point for which I contend, confessing in plain words that the burden of the war has chiefly lain upon us; and thinks it sufficient for the Dutch that, next to England, they have borne the greatest share. And is not this the great grievance of which the whole kingdom complains? I am inclined to think that my intelligence was at least as good as his, and some of it I can assure him came from persons of his own party, although perhaps not altogether so inflamed. Hitherto therefore the matter is pretty equal, and the world may believe him or me as they please. But I think the great point of controversy between us is, whether the effects and consequences of things follow better from his premises or mine? And there I will not be satisfied unless he will allow the whole advantage to be on my side. Here is a flourishing kingdom brought to the brink of ruin by a most successful and glorious war of ten years, under an able, diligent, and loyal ministry, a most faithful, just, and generous commander, and in conjunction with the most hearty, reasonable, and sincere allies. This is the case as that author represents it. I have heard a story, I think is was of the duke of ***, who, playing at hazard at the groom-porter's in much company, held in a great many hands together, and drew a huge heap of gold; but in the heat of play never observed a sharper who came once or twice under his arm and swept a great deal of it into his hat, the company thought it had been one of his servants. When the duke's hand was out, they were talking how much he had won. "Yes," said he, "I held in very long; yet methinks I have won but very little." They told him his servant had got the rest in his hat, and then he found he was cheated.

It has been my good fortune to see the most important facts that I have advanced justified by the public voice; which, let this author do what he can, will incline the world to believe that I may be right in the rest. And I solemnly declare that I have not wilfully committed the least mistake. I stopped the second edition, and made all possible inquiries among those who I thought could best inform me, in order to correct any error I could hear of; I did the same to the third and fourth editions, and then left the printer to his liberty. This I take for a more effectual answer to all cavils than a hundred pages of controversy.

But what disgusts me from having anything to do with the race of answer-jobbers is, that they have no sort of conscience in their dealings: to give one instance in this gentleman's Third Part, which I have been lately looking into. When I talk of the most petty princes he says that I mean crowned heads; when I say the soldiers of those petty princes are ready to rob or starve at home, he says I call kings and crowned heads robbers and highwaymen. This is what the Whigs call answering a book.

I cannot omit one particular concerning this author, who is so positive in asserting his own facts and contradicting mine: he affirms that the business of Toulon was discovered by the clerk of a certain great man who was then secretary of state. It is neither wise nor for the credit of his party to put us in mind of that secretary, or of that clerk; however, so it happens, that nothing relating to the affair of Toulon did ever pass through that secretary's office; which I here affirm with great phlegm, leaving the epithets of false, scandalous, villanous, and the rest to the author and his fellows.

But to leave this author: let us consider the consequences of our triumphs, upon which some set so great a value as to think that nothing less than the crown can be a sufficient reward for the merit of the general. We have not enlarged our dominions by one foot of land; our trade, which made us considerable in the world, is either given up by treaties or clogged with duties, which interrupt and daily lessen it. We see the whole nation groaning under excessive taxes of all sorts, to raise three millions of money for payment of the interest of those debts we have contracted. Let us look upon the reverse of the medal; we shall see our neighbours, who in their utmost distress called for our assistance, become by this treaty, even in time of peace, masters of a more considerable country than their own; in a condition to strike terror into us, with fifty thousand veterans ready to invade us from that country which we have conquered for them, and to commit insolent hostilities upon us in all other parts, as they have lately done in the East Indies.

THE BARRIER TREATY BETWEEN HER MAJESTY AND THE STATES GENERAL.

Her majesty the queen of Great Britain and the lords the States General of the United Provinces, having considered how much it concerns the quiet and security of their kingdoms and states, and the public tranquillity, to maintain and to secure on one side the succession to the crown of Great Britain in such manner as it is now established by the laws of the kingdom; and on the other side, that the States General of the United Provinces should have a strong and sufficient barrier against France and others who would surprise or attack them; and her majesty and the said States General apprehending, with just reason, the troubles and the mischiefs which may happen in relation to this succession if at any time there should be any person or any power who should call it in question; and that the countries and states of the said lords the States General were not furnished with such a barrier:—for these said reasons her said majesty the queen of Great Britain, although in the vigour of her age and enjoying perfect health (in which may God preserve her many years!), out of an effect of her usual prudence and piety, has thought fit to enter with the lords the States General of the United Provinces into a particular alliance and confederacy, the principal end and only aim of which shall be the public quiet and tranquillity, and to prevent, by measures taken in time, all the events which might one day excite new wars. It is with this view that her British majesty has given her full power to agree upon some articles of a treaty, in addition to the treaties and alliances that she hath already with the lords the States General of the United Provinces, to her ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, Charles viscount Townshend, baron of Lynn-Regis, privy counsellor of her British majesty, captain of her said majesty's yeoman of the guard, and her lieutenant in the county of Norfolk; and the lords the States General of the United Provinces, to the sieurs John de Weldern, lord of Valburg, great bailiff of the Lower Betewe, of the body of the nobility of the province of Guelder; Frederick, baron of Reede, lord of Lier, St. Anthony, and T'er Lee, of the order of the nobility of the province of Holland and West Friesland; Anthony Heinsius, counsellor-pensionary of the province of Holland and West Friesland, keeper of the great seal, and superintendent of the fiefs of the same province; Cornelius Van Gheel, lord of Spranbrook, Bulkesteyn, &c.; Gedeon Hoeuft, canon of the chapter of the church of St. Peter at Utrecht, and elected counsellor in the states of the province of Utrecht; Hassal Van Sminia, secretary of the chamber of the accounts of the province of Friesland; Ernest Ittersum, lord of Osterbof, of the body of the nobility of the province of Overyssel; and Wicher Wichers, senator of the city of Groningen; all deputies to the assembly of the said lords of the States General on the part respectively of the provinces of Guelder, Holland, West Friesland, Zeland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, and Groningen, and Ommelands; who, by virtue of their full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:—

Art. I.—The treaties of peace, friendship, alliance, and confederacy, between her Britannic majesty and the States General of the United Provinces, shall be approved and confirmed by the present treaty, and shall remain in their former force and vigour as if they were inserted word for word.

Art. II.—The succession to the crown of England having been settled by an act of parliament passed the twelfth year of the reign of his late majesty king William III., the title of which is, "An act for the further limitation of the crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject;" and lately, in the sixth year of the reign of her present majesty, the succession having been again established and confirmed by another act made for the greater security of her majesty's person and government, and the succession to the crown of Great Britain, &c., in the line of the most serene house of Hanover, and in the person of the princess Sophia, and of her heirs and successors, and descendants, male and female, already born or to be born; and although no power hath any right to oppose the laws made upon this subject by the crown and parliament of Great Britain; if it shall happen nevertheless, that under any pretence, or by any cause whatever, any person or any power or state may pretend to dispute the establishment which the parliament hath made of the aforesaid succession in the most serene house of Hanover, to oppose the said succession, to assist or favour those who may oppose it, whether directly or indirectly, by open war, or by fomenting seditions and conspiracies against her or him to whom the crown of Great Britain shall descend, according to the acts aforesaid; the States General engage and promise to assist and maintain in the said succession her or him to whom it shall belong by virtue of the said acts of parliament, to assist them in taking possession if they should not be in actual possession, and to oppose those who would disturb them in the taking of such possession, or in the actual possession, of the aforesaid succession.

Art. III.—Her said majesty and the States General, in consequence of the fifth article of the alliance concluded between the emperor, the late king of Great Britain, and the States General, the 7th of September, 1701, will employ all their force to recover the rest of the Spanish Low Countries.

Art. IV.—And further, they will endeavour to conquer as many towns and forts as they can, in order to their being a barrier and security to the said States.

Art. V.—And whereas, according to the ninth article of the said alliance, it is to be agreed, among other matters, how and in what manner the States shall be made safe by means of this barrier, the queen of Great Britain will use her endeavours to procure that in the treaty of peace it may be agreed that all the Spanish Low Countries, and what else may be found necessary, whether conquered or unconquered places, shall serve as a barrier to the States.

Art. VI.—That to this end their high mightinesses shall have the liberty to put and keep garrison, to change, augment, and diminish it as they shall judge proper, in the places following: namely, Newport, Furnes, with the fort of Knocke, Ypres, Menin, the town and citadel of Lisle, Tournay and its citadel, Conde, Valenciennes; and the places which shall from henceforward be conquered from France, Maubeuge, Charleroy, Namur and its citadel, Lier, Halle, to fortify, the ports off Perle, Philippe, Damme, the castle of Gand, and Dendermonde. The fort of St. Donas, being joined to the fortification of the Sluce, and being entirely incorporated with it, shall remain and be yielded in property to the States. The fort of Rhodenhuysen on this side Gand shall be demolished.

Art. VII.—The States General may, in case of an apparent attack or war, put as many troops as they shall think necessary in all the towns, places, and forts in the Spanish Low Countries, where the reason of war shall require it.

Art. VIII.—They may likewise send into the towns, forts, and places where they shall have their garrisons, without any hinderance, and without paying any duties, provisions, ammunitions of war, arms and artillery, materials for the fortifications, and all that shall be found convenient and necessary for the said garrisons and fortifications.

Art. IX.—The said States General shall also have liberty to appoint, in the towns, forts, and places of their barrier, mentioned in the foregoing sixth article, where they may have garrisons, such governors and commanders, majors, and other officers, as they shall find proper, who shall not be subject to any other orders, whatsoever they be, or from whencesoever they may come, relating to the security and military government of the said places, but only to those of their high mightinesses (exclusive of all others); still preserving the rights and privileges, as well ecclesiastical as political, of king Charles III.

Art. X.—That besides, the States shall have liberty to fortify the said towns, places, and forts which belong to them, and repair the fortifications of them, in such manner as they shall judge necessary; and further to do whatever shall be useful for their defence.

Art. XI.—It is agreed that the States General shall have all the revenues of the towns, places, jurisdictions, and their dependencies, which they shall have for their barrier from France, which were not in the possession of the crown of Spain at the time of the death of the late king Charles II.; and besides, a million of livres shall be settled for the payment of one hundred thousand crowns every three months out of the clearest revenues of the Spanish Low Countries, which the said king was then in possession of; both which are for maintaining the garrisons of the States, and for supplying the fortifications, as also the magazines and other necessary expenses in the towns and places above mentioned. And that the said revenues may be sufficient to support these expenses, endeavours shall be used for enlarging the dependencies and jurisdictions aforesaid as much as possible; and particularly for including with the jurisdiction of Ypres that of Cassel, and the forest of Niepe; and with the jurisdiction of Lisle the jurisdiction of Douay, both having been so joined before the present war.

Art. XII.—That no town, fort, place, or country of the Spanish Low Countries shall be granted, transferred, or given, or descend to the crown of France, or any one of the line of France, neither by virtue of any gift, sale, exchange, marriage, agreement, inheritance, succession by will, or through want of will, from no title whatsoever, nor in any other manner whatsoever, nor be put into the power or under the authority of the most christian king, or any one of the line of France.

Art. XIII.—And whereas the said states-general, in consequence of the ninth article of the said alliance, are to make a convention or treaty with king Charles III. for putting the States in a condition of safety by means of the said barrier, the queen of Great Britain will do what depends upon her, that all the foregoing particulars relating to the barrier of the States may be inserted in the aforesaid treaty or convention; and that her said majesty will continue her good offices until the abovementioned convention between the States and the said king Charles III. be concluded agreeably to what is before mentioned; and that her majesty will be guarantee of the said treaty or convention.

Art. XIV.—And that the said States may enjoy from henceforward as much as possible a barrier for the Spanish Low Countries, they shall be permitted to put their garrisons in the towns already taken, and which may hereafter be so, before the peace be concluded and ratified. And in the mean time the said king Charles III. shall not be allowed to enter into possession of the said Spanish Low Countries, neither entirely nor in part: and during that time the queen shall assist their high mightinesses to maintain them in the enjoyment of the revenues, and to find the million of livres a-year above mentioned.

Art. XV.—And whereas their high mightinesses have stipulated by the treaty of Munster, in the 14th article, that the river Schelde, as also the canals of Sas, Swyn, and other mouths of the sea bordering thereupon, should be kept shut on the side of the States:

And in the 15th article, that the ships and commodities going in and coming out of the harbours of Flanders shall be and remain charged with all such imposts and other duties as are raised upon commodities going and coming along the Schelde and the other canals above mentioned:

The queen of Great Britain promises and engages that their high mightinesses shall never be disturbed in their right and possession in that respect, neither directly nor indirectly; as also, that the commerce shall not, in prejudice of the said treaty, be made more easy by the seaports than by the rivers, canals, and mouths of the sea, on the side of the States of the United Provinces, neither directly nor indirectly.

And whereas, by the 16th and 17th articles of the same treaty of Munster, his majesty the king of Spain is obliged to treat the subjects of their high mightinesses as favourably as the subjects of Great Britain and the Hans-towns, who were then the people the most favourably treated; her Britannic majesty and their high mightinesses promise likewise to take care that the subjects of Great Britain, and of their high mightinesses, shall be treated in the Spanish Low Countries as well as in Spain, the kingdoms and states belonging to it, equally, and as well the one as the other, as the people most favoured.

Art. XVI.—The said queen and States General oblige themselves to furnish by sea and land the succours and assistance necessary to maintain by force her said majesty in the quiet possession of her kingdoms, and the most serene house of Hanover in the said succession, in the manner it is settled by the acts of parliament before mentioned; and to maintain the said States General in the possession of the said barrier.

Art. XVII.—After the ratifications of the treaty a particular convention shall be made of the conditions by which the said queen and the said lords the States General will engage themselves to furnish the succours which shall be thought necessary, as well by sea as by land.

Art. XVIII.—If her British majesty, or the States General of the United Provinces, be attacked by anybody whatsoever by reason of this convention, they shall mutually assist one another with all their forces, and become guarantees of the execution of the said convention.

Art. XIX.—There shall be invited and admitted into the present treaty as soon as possible all the kings, princes, and states, who shall be willing to enter into the same, particularly his imperial majesty, the kings of Spain and Prussia, and the elector of Hanover. And her British majesty and the States General of the United Provinces, and each of them in particular, shall be permitted to require and invite those whom they shall think fit to require and invite to enter into this treaty, and to be guarantees of its execution.

Art. XX.—And as time has shown the omission which was made in the treaty signed at Ryswick in the year 1697, between England and France, in respect of the right of the succession of England in the person of her majesty the queen of Great Britain now reigning; and that, for want of having settled in that treaty this indisputable right of her majesty, France refused to acknowledge her for queen of Great Britain after the death of the late king William III., of glorious memory; her majesty the queen of Great Britain, and the lords the States General of the United Provinces, do agree and engage themselves likewise not to enter into any negotiation or treaty of peace with France, before the title of her majesty to the crown of Great Britain, as also the right of succession of the most serene house of Hanover to the aforesaid crown, in the manner it is settled and established by the before-mentioned acts of parliament, be fully acknowledged as a preliminary by France, and that France has promised at the same time to remove out of its dominions the person who pretends to be king of Great Britain; and that no negotiation or formal discussion of the articles of the said treaty of peace shall be entered into but jointly, and at the same time, with the said queen or with her ministers.

Art. XXI.—Her British majesty and the lords the States General of the United Provinces shall ratify and confirm all that is contained in the present treaty within the space of four weeks, to be reckoned from the day of the signing. In testimony whereof, the underwritten ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of her British majesty, and the deputies of the lords the States General, have signed this present treaty, and have affixed their seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, in the year 1709.

(L. S.) Townshend. (L. S.) J. V. Welderen.
(L. S.) J. B. Van Reede. (L. S.) A. Heinsius.
(L. S.) G. Hoeuft. (L. S.) H. Sminia.
(L. S.) E. V. Ittersum. (L. S.) W. Wichers.

The separate Article.

As in the preliminary articles signed here at the Hague, the 28th of May, 1709, by the plenipotentiaries of his imperial majesty, of her majesty the queen of Great Britain, and of the lords the States General of the United Provinces, it is stipulated among other things that the lords the States General shall have with entire property and sovereignty the upper quarter of Guelder, according to the 52nd article of the treaty of Munster of the year 1648; as also that the garrisons which are, or hereafter shall be, on the part of the lords the States General, in the town of Huy, the citadel of Liege, and the town of Bonne, shall remain there, until it shall be otherwise agreed upon with his imperial majesty and the empire: and as the barrier which is this day agreed upon in the principal treaty for the mutual guaranty between her British majesty and the lords the States General cannot give to the United Provinces the safety for which it is established, unless it be well secured from one end to the other, and that the communication of it be well joined together, for which the upper quarter of Guelder, and the garrisons in the citadel of Liege, Huy, and Bonne, are absolutely necessary: (experience having thrice shown that France, having a design to attack the United Provinces, has made use of the places above mentioned, in order to come at them and to penetrate into the said provinces): And further, as in respect to the equivalent for which the upper quarter of Guelder is to be yielded to the United Provinces, according to the 52nd article of the treaty of Munster above mentioned, his majesty king Charles III. will be much more gratified and advantaged in other places than that equivalent can avail: to the end therefore, that the lords of the States General may have the upper quarter of Guelder with entire property and sovereignty; and that the said upper quarter of Guelder may be yielded in this manner to the said lords the States General, in the convention or the treaty that they are to make with his majesty king Charles III. according to the 13th article of the treaty concluded this day; as also, that their garrisons in the citadel of Liege, in that of Huy, and in Bonne, may remain there until it be otherwise agreed upon with his imperial majesty and the empire; her majesty the queen of Great Britain engages herself, and promises by this separate article, which shall have the same force as if it was inserted in the principal treaty, to make the same efforts for all this as she has engaged herself to make for the obtaining the barrier in the Spanish Low Countries. In testimony whereof, the underwritten ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of her British majesty, and deputies of the lords the States General, have signed the present separate article, and have affixed their seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, 1709.

(L. S.) Townshend. (L. S.) J. V. Welderen.
(L. S.) J. B. Van Reede. (L. S.) A. Heinsius.
(L. S.) G. Hoeuft. (L. S.) H. Sminia.
(L. S.) E. V. Ittersum. (L. S.) W. Wichers.

The second separate Article.

As the lords the States General have represented, that in Flanders the limits between Spanish Flanders and that of the States are settled in such a manner as that the land belonging to the States is extremely narrow there, so that in some places the territory of Spanish Flanders extends itself to the fortifications, and under the cannon of the places, towns, and forts of the States, which occasions many inconveniences, as has been seen by an example a little before the beginning of the present war, when a fort was designed to have been built under the cannon of the Sas Van Gand, under pretence that it was upon the territory of Spain; and as it is necessary for avoiding these and other sorts of inconveniences that the lands of the States upon the confines of Flanders should be enlarged, and that the places, towns, and forts, should by that means be better covered; her British majesty, entering into the just motives of the said lords the States General in this respect, promises and engages herself by this separate article, that in the convention which the said lords the States General are to make with his majesty king Charles III. she will assist them, as that it may be agreed that, by the cession to the said lords the States General of the property of an extent of land necessary to obviate such like and other inconveniences, their limits in Flanders shall be enlarged more conveniently for their security, and those of the Spanish Flanders removed further from their towns, places, and forts, to the end that these may not be so exposed any more. In testimony whereof, the underwritten ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of her British majesty, and deputies of the lords the States General, have signed the present separate article, and have affixed their seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, 1709.

(L. S.) Townshend. (L. S.) G. Hoeuft.
(L. S.) J. B. Van Reede. (L. S.) H. Sminia.
(L. S.) A. Heinsius. (L. S.) E. V. Ittersum.

The Articles of the Counter-project, which were struck out or altered by the Dutch in the Barrier Treaty; with some Remarks.

Art. VI. To this end their high mightinesses shall have power to put and keep garrisons in the following places, viz., Newport, Knocke, Menin, the citadel of Lisle, Tournay, Conde, Valenciennes, Namur and its citadel, Lier, Halle, to fortify the fort of Perle, Damme, and the castle of Gand.

Remarks.

In the barrier treaty the States added the following places to those mentioned in this article, viz. Furnes, Ypres, towns of Lisle, Maubeuge, Charleroy, Philippe, fort of St. Donas (which is to be in property to the States), and the fort of Rhodenhuysen to be demolished. To say nothing of the other places, Dendermond is the key of all Brabant; and the demolishing of the fort of Rhodenhuysen, situate between Gand and Sas Van Gand, can only serve to defraud the king of Spain of the duties upon goods imported and exported there.

Art. VII. The said States may put into the said towns, forts, and places, and in case of open war with France, into all the other towns, places, and forts, whatever troops the reason of war shall require.

Remarks.

But in the barrier treaty it is said, in case of an apparent attack or war, without specifying against France; neither is the number of troops limited to what the reason of war shall require, but what the States shall think necessary.

Art. IX. Beside some smaller differences, ends with a salvo, not only for the ecclesiastical and civil rights of the king of Spain, but likewise for his revenues in the said towns, which revenues, in the barrier-treaty, are all given to the States.

Art. XI. The revenues of the chattellanies and dependencies of the towns and places which the States shall have for their barrier against France, and which were not in the possession of the crown of Spain at the late king of Spain's death, shall be settled to be a fund for maintaining garrisons and providing for the fortifications and magazines, and other necessary charges, of the said towns of the barrier.

Remarks.

I desire the reader to compare this with the 11th article of the barrier treaty, where he will see how prodigiously it is enlarged.

Art. XIV. All this to be without prejudice to such other treaties and conventions as the queen of Great Britain and their high mightinesses may think fit to make for the future with the said king Charles III., relating to the Spanish Netherlands, or to the said barrier.

Art. XV. And to the end that the said States may enjoy at present, as much as it is possible, a barrier in the Spanish Netherlands, they shall be permitted to put their garrisons in the chief towns already taken, or that may be taken before a peace be made.

Remarks.

These two articles are not in the barrier treaty, but two others in their stead, to which I refer the reader. And indeed it was highly necessary for the Dutch to strike out the former of these articles when so great a part of the treaty is so highly and manifestly prejudicial to Great Britain as well as to the king of Spain, especially in the two articles inserted in the place of these, which I desire the reader will examine.

Art. XX. And whereas, by the 5th and 9th articles of the alliance between the emperor, the late king of Great Britain, and the States General, concluded the 7th of Sept., 1701, it is agreed and stipulated that the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, with all the dependencies of the crown of Spain in Italy, shall be recovered from the possession of France, as being of the last consequence to the trade of both nations, as well as the Spanish Netherlands, for a barrier for the States General; therefore the said queen of Great Britain and the States General agree and oblige themselves not to enter into any negotiation or treaty of peace with France before the restitution of the said kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, with all the dependencies of the crown of Spain in Italy, as well as the Spanish Low Countries, with the other towns and places in the possession of France above mentioned in this treaty, and also after the manner specified in this treaty, as likewise all the rest of the entire monarchy of Spain, be yielded by France as a preliminary.

Art. XXII. And whereas experience has shown of what importance it is to Great Britain and the United Provinces that the fortress and port of Dunkirk should not be in the possession of France in the condition they are at present, the subjects of both nations having undergone such great losses and suffered so much in their trade by the prizes taken from them by privateers sent out from that port; insomuch that France, by her unmeasurable ambition, may be always tempted to make some enterprises upon the territories of the queen of Great Britain and their high mightinesses, and interrupt the public repose and tranquillity; for the preservation of which, and the balance of Europe against the exorbitant power of France, the allies engaged themselves in this long and burdensome war; therefore the said queen of Great Britain and their mightinesses agree and oblige themselves not to enter into any negotiation or treaty of peace with France before it shall be yielded and stipulated by France, as a preliminary, that all the fortifications of the said town of Dunkirk, and the forts that depend upon it, be entirely demolished and rased, and that the port be entirely ruined and rendered impracticable.

Remarks.

These two articles are likewise omitted in the barrier treaty; whereof the first regards particularly the interests of the house of Austria, and the other about demolishing those of Great Britain. It is something strange that the late ministry, whose advocates raise such a clamour about the necessity of recovering Spain from the house of Bourbon, should suffer the Dutch to strike out this article, which I think clearly shows the reason why the States never troubled themselves with the thoughts of reducing Spain, or even recovering Milan, Naples, and Sicily to the emperor, but were wholly fixed upon the conquest of Flanders, because they had determined those provinces as a property for themselves.

As for the article about demolishing Dunkirk, I am not at all surprised to find it struck out; the destruction of that place, although it would be useful to the States, does more nearly import Britain, and was therefore a point that such ministers could more easily get over.

The Sentiments of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and of the Count de Zinzendorf, relating to the Barrier of the States General, to the Upper Quarter of Guelder, and to the Towns of the Electorate of Cologn, and of the Bishopric of Liege.

Although the orders and instructions of the courts of Vienna and Barcelona upon the matters above mentioned do not go so far as to give directions for what follows; notwithstanding the prince and count above mentioned, considering the present state of affairs, are of the following opinion:—

First. That the counter-project of England, relating to the places where the States General may put and keep garrisons, ought to be followed, except Lier, Halle, to fortify, and the castle of Gand. Provided likewise that the sentiments of England be particularly conformed to relating to Dendermond and Ostend, as places in nowise belonging to the barrier, and which, as well as the castle of Gand, can only serve to make the States General masters of the Low Countries, and hinder trade with England. And as to Lier and Halle, those who are acquainted with the country know that these towns cannot give any security to the States General, but can only make people believe that these places being fortified would rather serve to block up Brussels and the other great cities of Brabant.

Secondly. As to what is said in the 7th article of the counter-project of England, relating to the augmentation of garrisons in the towns of the barrier in case of an open war; this is agreeable to the opinions of the said prince and count, who think likewise that there ought to be added to the eighth article that no goods or merchandise should be sent into the towns where the States General shall have garrisons, nor be comprehended under the names of such things as the said garrisons and fortification shall have need of. And to this end the said things shall be inspected in those places where they are to pass; as likewise the quantity shall be settled that the garrisons may want.

Thirdly. As to the 9th article, relating to the governors and commanders of those towns, forts, and places where the States General shall have their garrisons, the said prince and count are of opinion that the said governors and commanders ought to take an oath as well to the king of Spain as to the States General; but they may take a particular oath to the latter that they will not admit foreign troops without their consent, and that they will depend exclusively upon the said States in whatever regards the military power. But, at the same time, they ought exclusively to promise the king of Spain that they will not intermeddle in the affairs of law, civil power, revenues, or any other matters, ecclesiastical or civil, unless at the desire of the king's officers to assist them in the execution; in which case the said commanders should be obliged not to refuse them.

Fourthly. As to the 10th article, there is nothing to be added, unless that the States General may repair and increase the fortifications of the towns, places, and forts, where they shall have their garrisons; but this at their own expense. Otherwise, under that pretext, they might seize all the revenues of the country.

Fifthly. As to the 11th article, they think the States ought not to have the revenues of the chattellanies and dependencies of these towns and places which are to be their barrier against France, this being a sort of sovereignty, and very prejudicial to the ecclesiastical and civil economy of the country. But the said prince and count are of opinion that the States General ought to have, for the maintenance of their garrisons and fortifications, a sum of money, of a million and a half or two millions of florins, which they ought to receive from the king's officers, who shall be ordered to pay that sum before any other payment.

Sixthly. And the convention which shall be made on this affair between his catholic majesty and the States General shall be for a limited time.

These are the utmost conditions to which the said prince and count think it possible for his catholic majesty to be brought; and they declare, at the same time, that their imperial and catholic majesties will sooner abandon the Low Countries than to take them upon other conditions, which would be equally expensive, shameful, and unacceptable to them.

On the other side, the said prince and count are persuaded that the advantages at this time yielded to the States General, may hereafter be very prejudicial to themselves; forasmuch as they may put the people of the Spanish Netherlands to some dangerous extremity, considering the antipathy between the two nations; and that extending of frontiers is entirely contrary to the maxims of their government.

As to the upper quarter of Guelder, the said prince and count are of opinion that the States General may be allowed the power of putting in garrisons into Venlo, Ruremond, and Steffenswaert, with orders to furnish the said States with the revenues of the country, which amount to one hundred thousand florins.

As to Bonne belonging to the electorate of Cologn, Liege and Huy to the bishopric of Liege, it is to be understood that, these being imperial towns, it does not depend upon the emperor to consent that foreign garrisons should be placed in them upon any pretence whatsoever. But, whereas the States General demand them only for their security, it is proposed to place in those towns a garrison of imperial troops, of whom the States may be in no suspicion, as they might be of a garrison of an elector who might possibly have views opposite to their interests. But this is proposed only in case that it shall not be thought more proper to rase one or other of the said towns.

The Representation of the English Merchants at Bruges, relating to the Barrier Treaty.

David White, and other Merchants, her Majesty's Subjects, residing at Bruges and other Towns in Flanders, crave leave humbly to represent:

That whereas the cities of Lisle, Tournay, Menin, Douay, and other new conquests in Flanders and Artois, taken from the French this war by the united forces of her majesty and her allies, are now become entirely under the government of the States General, and that we, her majesty's subjects, may be made liable to such duties and impositions on trade as the said States General shall think fit to impose on us: we humbly hope and conceive that it is her majesty's intention and design that the trade of her dominions and subjects, which is carried on with these new conquests, may be on an equal foot with that of the subjects and dominions of the States General, and not be liable to any new duty when transported from the Spanish Netherlands to the said new conquests, as, to our great surprise, is exacted from us on the following goods, viz. butter, tallow, salmon, hides, beef, and all other products of her majesty's dominions which we import at Ostend and there pay the duty of entry to the king of Spain, and consequently ought not to be liable to any new duty when they carry the same goods and all others from their dominions by a free pass or transire to the said new conquests: and we are under apprehension that if the said new conquests be settled or given entirely into the possession of the States General for their barrier (as we are made to believe, by a treaty lately made by her majesty's ambassador, the lord viscount Townshend, at the Hague), that the States General may also soon declare all goods and merchandises, which are contraband in their provinces, to be also contraband or prohibited in these new conquests or new barrier, by which her majesty's subjects will be deprived of the sale and consumption of the following products of her majesty's dominions, which are and have long been declared contraband in the United Provinces, such as English and Scotch salt, malt spirits, or corn brandy, and all other sorts of distilled English spirits, whale and rape oil, &c.

It is therefore humbly conceived that her majesty, out of her great care and gracious concern for the benefit of her subjects and dominions, may be pleased to direct, by a treaty of commerce or some other way, that their trade may be put on an equal foot in all the Spanish Netherlands and the new conquests of barrier with the subjects of Holland, by paying no other duty than that of importation to the king of Spain; and by a provision that no product of her majesty's dominions shall ever be declared contraband in these new conquests, except such goods as were esteemed contraband before the death of Charles II. king of Spain. And it is also humbly prayed that the product and manufacture of the new conquests may be also exported without paying any new duty beside that of exportation at Ostend, which was always paid to the king of Spain; it being impossible for any nation in Europe to assort an entire cargo for the Spanish West Indies without a considerable quantity of several of the manufactures of Lisle; such as caradoros, cajant, picoses, boratten, and many other goods.

The chief things to be demanded of France are to be exempted from tonnage, to have a liberty of importing herrings and all other fish to France on the same terms as the Dutch do, and as was agreed by them at the treaty of commerce immediately after the treaty of peace at Ryswick. The enlarging her majesty's plantations in America, &c., is naturally recommended.

AN APPENDIX TO THE CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES;[a]

AND ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE BARRIER TREATY.

> Nihil est aliud in fœdere, nisi ut pia et æterna pax sit.
> CICERO, pro C. Balbo.

Jan. 16, 1712-13.

I BEGIN to think that, though perhaps there may be several very exact maps of Great Britain to be had at the shops in Amsterdam or the Hague; and some shining genii in that country can, it may be, look out the most remarkable places in our island, especially those upon the sea-coast or near it, as Portsmouth, Chatham, Torbay, and the like; yet it is highly necessary that "Chamberlaine's Present State," or some other good book of that sort, were carefully translated into Dutch, *in usum illustrissimorum ordinum*, or with any other sounding and pompous title, only signifying that it was done for the use of our good allies, and to set them right in the nature of our government, constitution, and laws, with which they do not appear to be so well acquainted as might be expected. I am sensible that, as things now stand, if a manifesto or memorial should be sent them, humbly representing to their high mightinesses that Great Britain is an independent monarchy, governed by its own laws; that the queen is supreme over all orders of the realm; that no other prince, prelate, state, or potentate, has or ought to have any authority and jurisdiction over us; that where the queen, lords, and commons solemnly consent, it is a law; and where the collective body of the people agree, it is the sense of the nation; that the making war and peace is the prerogative of the crown; and that all alliances are to be observed only so far as they answer the ends for which they were made: in such a case it is not unlikely but the Amsterdam Gazette, or some other paper in the Seven Provinces, would immediately answer all this by publicly protesting that it came from the Jacobites and Frenchified highfliers, and therefore ought not to be admitted as genuine: for of late that celebrated writer and two or three of his seconds have undertaken to tell us poor Britons who are our best subjects, and how we ought to behave ourselves toward our allies. So that in this unhappy juncture I do not see when we shall come to a right understanding. On the other hand, suppose we agreed to give them the precedence and left the first proposal for overtures of accommodation to their management; this perhaps might quickly bring us to be better acquainted. Let them therefore lay aside all clumsy pretences to address; tell us no more of former battles, sieges, and glories; nor make love to us in prose, and extol our beauty, our fortune, and their own passion for us, to the stars; but let them come roundly to the business, and in plain terms give us to understand that they will not recognise any other government in Great Britain but Whiggarchy only; that they treated with us as such, and are not obliged to acknowledge a usurped power called a monarchy, to which they are utter strangers; that they have a just demand upon us ever since the Revolution, which is a precedent for their interposing whenever popery and arbitrary power are coming in upon us, which at present they are informed by their friends is our case; and besides, they are advised by able counsel that we are only tenants for life, and they, being mentioned in the entail, are obliged to have a watchful eye over us, and to see that neither waste nor dilapidation be done upon the premises. If all this be not the case, and a true state of the controversy, as I heartily hope it is not, I leave any rational creature, pick him where you will between the Danube and Ganges, to judge of the following remonstrance.

A war is undertaken by several potentates in conjunction, upon certain causes and conditions plainly expressed in a writing called "The Grand Alliance." This war is carried on with success; the enemy offers to treat, and proposes to satisfy all the just demands of the several parties engaged against them. Great Britain makes her claim, so does Portugal, and both are fully satisfied. The Dutch produce their barrier of Gertruydenberg, and are assured they shall have it except two or three places at most. Savoy and Prussia have more than ever they asked. Only the emperor will have all Spain, contrary to the reasons upon which his brother's renunciation was founded, and in direct violation of a fundamental maxim, "the balance of power," so that he would involve us in a second war and a new "grand alliance" under pretence of observing the old one. This, in short, is the case; and yet after all the bloodshed, expense, and labour to compass these great ends, though her Britannic majesty finds by experience that every potentate in the grand alliance except herself has actually broke it every year; though she stands possessed of an undoubted right to make peace and war; though she has procured for her allies all that she was obliged to by treaty; though her two houses of parliament humbly entreat her to finish the great work; though her people with one voice admire and congratulate the wise steps she has taken, and cry aloud to her to defer their happiness no longer; though some of the allies and one or two of the provinces have declared for peace, and her majesty's domestic enemies dread it as the utter downfal of their faction; yet still the blessing depends, and expectation is our lot. The menacing pensionary has scruples; he desires time to look out for something to demand; there are a dozen or two of petty princes who want silk stockings, and lace round their hats; we must stay till the second part of Denain comes upon the stage, and squire South promises to go directly to Madrid the next time we show him the way thither.

Her majesty is all goodness and tenderness to her people and her allies. A brighter example of piety could not adorn the life of her royal grandfather, whose solemn anniversary we must shortly celebrate. She has now prorogued the best parliament that ever assembled in her reign, and respited her own glory and the wishes, prayers, and wants of her people, only to give some of her allies an opportunity to think of the returns they owe her, and try if there be such things as gratitude, justice, or humanity in Europe. This conduct of her majesty is without parallel. Never was so great a condescension made to the unreasonable clamours of an insolent faction, now dwindled into the most contemptible circumstances. It is certainly high time they should begin to meditate other measures, unless they vainly imagine the government must part with both its attributes of mercy and justice till they are pleased to be dutiful and obedient. What ill-grounded hopes and expectations they have underhand administered to any of the allies is not worth my while to inquire, since, whatever they are, they must come attended with the blackest treason and ingratitude. The Dutch have the least reason in the world to rely on such a broken reed; and after having solemnly promised to conform themselves to her majesty's wisdom and depend on her conduct, which is the language of their latest professions, such clandestine management would fully deserve all those appellations with which the writings of the Whigs are so richly embellished.

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[a] I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation; and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still more time to submit. It suited the occasion at present.—*Journal to Stella*, Jan. 15, 1712-13.

After all, when her majesty and her subjects have waited one period more, and affixed a new date to their wishes and their patience; since peace is the only end of every alliance, and since all that we fought for is yielded up by the enemy, in justice to her prerogative, to her parliament and her people, the desirable blessing will no doubt be reached out to us; our happiness will not be put off till they who have ill-will at us can find time and power to prevent it. All that a stubborn ally can then expect is time to come in and accept those terms which himself once thought reasonable. The present age will soon taste the sweets of such conduct, and posterity as highly applaud it. Only they who now rail and calumniate will do so still, and who are disposed to give everything the same treatment which makes for our safety and welfare, and spoils their game of disorder and confusion.

It is true the present stagnation of affairs is accounted for another way, and the party give out that France begins to draw back and would explain several articles upon us; but the authors of this forgery know very well I do not miscal it, and are conscious to the criminal reasons why it is with so much industry bandied about. France rather enlarges her offers than abates or recedes from them, so happy are we in finding our most inveterate and ungenerous enemies within our own bowels! The Whigs, according to custom, may chuckle and solace themselves with the visionary hopes of coming mischief; and imagine they are grown formidable because they are to be humoured in their extravagancies and to be paid for their perverseness. Let them go on to glory in their projected schemes of government, and the blessed effects they have produced in the world. It was not enough for them to make obedience the duty of the sovereign, but this obedience must at length be made passive; and that nonresistance may not wholly vanish from among the virtues, since the subject is weary of it, they would fairly make it over to their monarch. The compact between prince and people is supposed to be mutual; but grand alliances are, it seems, of another nature: a failure in one party does not disengage the rest; they are tied up and entangled so long as any one confederate adheres to the negative, and we are not allowed to make use of the Polish argument and plead *non loquitur*. But these artifices are too thin to hold; they are the cobwebs which the faction have spun out of the last dregs of their poison, made to be swept away with the unnecessary animals who contrived them. Their tyranny is at an end, and their ruin very near; I can only advise them to become their fall, like Cæsar, and "die with decency."

THE HISTORY
OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS OF QUEEN ANNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" has been unaccountably decried, though a work of undoubted merit. It has even been supposed to be spurious, though every paragraph it contains is a sufficient voucher for its authenticity. It is repeatedly mentioned by our author in various parts of his writings.[a] He has called it "his GRAND business;"[b] and thought it "THE BEST WORK HE HAD EVER WRITTEN." As far as it extends, it is indeed a masterly performance; and will be deemed a valuable acquisition to future historians. Deriving his intelligence, at that remarkable era, from the fountain-head, Swift could not be mistaken in the facts which he relates. He had ready access to every requisite source of information, and his manly fortitude must have placed him far above the necessity of wilful misrepresentation. Professedly an advocate for the Tories, to the Whigs he was an avowed, a formidable opponent. In his Journal to Stella (the more valuable for discovering his unreserved sentiments) he frequently laments the necessity of displacing the duke of Marlborough; and declares, though he loved not the man, he had prevented many hard things being said against him. And the favours he obtained from the ministry for the men of wit among the adverse party are too notorious to be enlarged on.[c]

His earnestness to communicate this history to the public is evident in many of his letters. In 1736, it was actually intended for the press; and in April, 1738, the dean expressed his dissatisfaction at the publication being so long delayed. Whatever motives might have then existed for such delay, whether tenderness to living characters, or more prudential reasons, a period of forty years must totally have removed them. The rage of party is subsided; and we may be allowed to contemplate the reign of Anne as impartially as that of Elizabeth.

At length this history was committed to the press in the year 1758,[d] under the censure, it may be said, of its own editor; in justice to whom, however we may differ in opinion concerning Dr. Swift's candour, the editor's advertisement is preserved entire. In the same year also it met with some severe strictures from another writer.[e] These we shall give too in his own words; and then fairly submit "The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" to the judgment of the public:—

"These characters, and the history from whence they have been extracted, may serve as a striking example of the melancholy effects of prejudice and party zeal; a zeal which, whilst it corrupts the heart, vitiates the understanding itself, and could mislead a writer of so penetrating a genius as Dr. Swift to imagine that posterity would accept satire in the place of history, and would read with satisfaction a performance in which the courage and military skill of the duke of Marlborough are called in question. The real character of these great men was not what the low idolatry of the one faction or the malignity of the other would represent it. They were men who, with great virtues and great talents, mixed with some human infirmities, did their country much service and honour. Their talents were a public benefit, their failings such as only affected their private character. The display of this mixture had been a very proper task for an impartial historian; and had proved equally agreeable and instructive to the reader in such hands. But these characters before us have all the signs of being written, as Tacitus calls it, *recentibus odiis*. In all other respects the piece seems to be a work not unworthy of its author. A clear and strong, though not an elevated style; an entire freedom from every sort of affected ornament; a peculiar happiness of putting those he would satirize in the most odious and contemptible light, without seeming directly to intend it: these are the characteristics of all Swift's works; and they appear as strongly in this as in any of them. It there be anything different in this performance from the manner of his works published in his lifetime, it is, that the style is in this thrown something more backwards, and has a more antique cast. This probably he did designedly, as he might think it gave a greater dignity to the work. He had a strong prejudice in favour of the language as it was in queen Elizabeth's reign; and he rated the style of the authors of that time a little above its real value. Their style was indeed sufficiently bold and nervous, but deficient in grace and elegance."

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[a] See Dr. Swift's preface to the History; and see also particularly sir Thomas Hanmer's very honourable testimony; who, having perused the manuscript, returned it with a very few observations, "which," he says, "were as many as I could see occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness and ill-nature as in the former part."

[b] Journal to Stella, Feb. 27, 1710-11.

[c] See the dean's preface.

[d] Printed for A. Millar; and in 1767, it was first inserted by Mr. Tonson in an edition of the dean's works.

[e] The compiler of the Annual Register, 1758.

March 25, 1775.

ADVERTISEMENT

Prefixed to the Edition of 1758.

THUS the long-wished for "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign" is at length brought to light, in spite of all attempts to suppress it!

As this publication is not made under the sanction of the name or names which the author and the world had a right to expect, it is fit some account of the work's appearing in this manner should be here given.

Long before the dean's apparent decline some of his intimate friends with concern foresaw the impending fate of his fortune and his works. To this it is owing that these sheets, which the world now despaired of ever seeing, are rescued from obscurity, perhaps from destruction.

For this the public is indebted to a gentleman, now in Ireland, of the greatest probity and worth, with whom the dean long lived in perfect intimacy. To this gentleman's hands the dean entrusted a copy of his History, desiring him to peruse and give his judgment of it, with the last corrections and amendments the author had given it, in his own hand.

His friend read, admired, and approved. And from a dread of so valuable and so interesting a work's being by any accident lost or effaced, as was probable by its not being intended to be published in the author's lifetime, he resolved to keep this copy till the author should press him for it; but with a determined purpose it should never see the light while there were any hopes of the author's own copy being published or even preserved.

This resolution he inviolably kept till he and the world had full assurance that the dean's executors, or those into whose hands the original copy fell, were so far from intending to publish it that it was actually suppressed, perhaps destroyed.

Then he thought himself not only at liberty, but judged it his duty to his departed friend and to the public, to let this copy, which he had now kept many years most secretly, see the light.

Thus it has at length fallen into the hands of a person who publishes it for the satisfaction of the public, abstracted from all private regards; which are never to be permitted to come into competition with the common good.

Every judicious eye will see that the author of these sheets wrote with strong passions, but with stronger prepossessions and prejudices in favour of a party. These, it may be imagined, the editor in some measure may have adopted, and published this work as a kind of support of that party or some surviving remnant thereof.

It is but just to undeceive the reader and inform him from what kind of hand he has received this work. A man may regard a good piece of painting, while he despises the subject: if the subject be ever so despicable the masterly strokes of the painter may demand our admiration, while he in other respects is entitled to no portion of our regard.

In poetry we carry our admiration still further; and like the poet while we actually contemn the man. Historians share the like fate; hence some, who have no regard to propriety or truth, are yet admired for diction, style, manner, and the like.

The editor considers this work in another light: he long knew the author, and was no stranger to his politics, connexions, tendencies, passions, and the whole economy of his life. He has long been hardily singular in condemning this great man's conduct amid the admiring multitude; nor ever could have thought of making an interest in a man whose principles and manners he could by no rule of reason or honour approve, however he might have admired his wit and parts.

Such was judged the disposition of the man whose history of the most interesting period of time in the annals of Britain is now herein offered to the reader. He may well ask from what motives? The answer is easily, simply given.

The causes assigned for delaying the publication of this history were principally these: That the manuscript fell into the hands of men who, whatever they might have been by the generality deemed, were by the dean believed to be of his party; though they did not, after his death, judge it prudent to avow his principles more than to deny them in his lifetime. These men, having got their beavers, tobacco-boxes, and other trifling remembrances of former friendship, by the dean's will, did not choose publicly to avow principles that had marred their friend's promotion and might probably put a stop to theirs; therefore, they gave the inquisitive world to understand that there was something too strong against many great men, as well as the succeeding system of public affairs in general, in the dean's History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign, to admit of a publication in our times; and with this poor insinuation excused themselves, and satisfied the weakly well-affected in suppressing the manifestation of displeasing truths, of however great importance to society.

This manuscript has now fallen into the hands of a man who never could associate with, or even approve, any of the parties or factions that have differently distracted, it might be said disgraced, these kingdoms; because he has as yet known none whose motives or rules of action were truth and the public good alone; of one who judges that perjured magistrates of all denominations, and their most exalted minions, may be exposed, deprived, or cut off by the fundamental laws of his country; and who, upon these principles, from his heart approves and glories in the virtues of his predecessors, who revived the true spirit of the British polity in laying aside a priest-ridden, a hen-pecked, tyrannical tool, who had overturned the political constitution of his country, and in reinstituting the dissolved body politic by a revolution, supported by the laws of nature and the realm, as the only means of preserving the natural and legal, the civil and religious liberties of the members of the commonwealth.

Truth, in this man's estimation, can hurt no good cause. And falsehood and fraud, in religion and politics, are ever to be detected, to be exploded.

Insinuations that this history contained something injurious to the present establishment, and therefore necessary to be suppressed, serve better the purposes of mistaken or insidious malecontents than the real publication can. And if anything were by this or any other history to be shown essentially erroneous in our politics, who that calls himself a Briton can be deemed such an impious slave as to conceal the destructive evil? The editor of this work disdains and abhors the servile thought, and wishes to live no longer than he dares to think, speak, write, and in all things to act worthy of a Briton.

From this regard to truth and to his country, the editor of this History was glad of an opportunity of rescuing such a writing from those who meant to suppress it: the common cause, in his estimation, required and demanded it should be done, and the sooner it is published, he judged, the better; for if the conduct of the queen and her ministers does not deserve the obloquy that has been long industriously cast upon it, what is more just than to vindicate it? what more reasonable than that this should be done while living witnesses may yet be called to prove or disprove the several allegations and assertions; since in a few years more such witnesses may be as much wanting as to prevent a canonization, which is therefore prudently procrastinated for above an age? Let us then coolly hear what is to be said on this side the question, and judge like Britons.

The editor would not be thought to justify the author of this History in all points, or even to attempt to acquit him of unbecoming prejudices and partiality: without being deeply versed in history or politics, he can see his author in many instances blinded with passions that disgrace the historian, and blending with phrases worthy of a Cæsar or a Cicero, expressions not to be justified by truth, reason, or common sense; yet think him a most powerful orator and a great historian.

No unprejudiced person will blame the dean for doing all that is consistent with truth and decency to vindicate the government of the queen, and to exculpate the conduct of her ministers and her last general; all good men would rejoice at such a vindication. But if he meant no more than this, his work would ill deserve the title of history. That he generally tells truth, and founds his most material assertions upon facts, will I think be found very evident. But there is room to suspect that while he tells no more than the truth he does not tell the whole truth. However, he makes it very clear that the queen's allies, especially our worthy friends the Dutch, were much to blame for the now generally condemned conduct of the queen with regard to the prosecution of the war and the bringing about the peace.

The author's drawings of characters are confessedly partial; for he tells us openly he means not to give characters entire, but such parts of each man's particular passions, acquirements, and habits, as he was most likely to transfer into his political schemes. What writing, what sentence, what character, can stand this torture? What extreme perversion may not, let me say does not, this produce? Yet thus does he choose to treat all men that were not favourers of the latest measures of the queen, when the best that has been said for her shows no more than that she was blindfolded and held in leading-strings by her ministers.

He does not spare a man confessed by all the world to have discharged the duties of his function like a soldier, like a hero; but charges prince Eugene with raising and keeping up a most horrible mob with intent to assassinate Harley. For all which odious charges he offers not one individual point of proof.

He is not content with laying open again the many faults already publicly proved upon the late duke of Marlborough; but insinuates a new crime by seeming to attempt to acquit him of aspiring at the throne. But this is done in a manner peculiar to this author.

On the other hand he extols the ministers and minions of the queen in the highest terms; and while he robs their antagonists of every good quality, generally gives those wisdom and every virtue that can adorn human nature.

He is not ashamed to attempt to justify what all thinking good men must condemn, the queen's making twelve peers at once to serve a particular turn.

All these may be ascribed to the strength of his passions, and to the prejudices early imbibed in favour of his indulgent royal mistress and her favourites and servants. The judicious will look through the elegant clothing, and dispassionately consider these as mere human errors to which no well-informed mind can assent. The editor thinks himself bound to protest against them.

He makes a few lapses on the other side, without being as clear as an impartial historian would choose to appear. He more than hints at the queen's displeasure at its being moved in parliament that the prince elector should be invited to reside in England, to whose crown he was by law declared presumptive heir; but is always open upon the queen's insisting on the pretender's being sent out of France.—It is easy to see how incompatible these things appear: nothing could tend more to secure the Hanover succession and to enlarge its benefits to Britain than the bringing over the successor, who should in every country be well instructed in the language, customs, manners, religion, and laws of his future subjects, before he comes to hold the reins of government. And our author does not take the proper care to inform us how far the French thought fit to comply with banishing the pretender their dominions; since many still live in doubt that if he was sent out of France he was sent into England.

But there is one expression of our author too perverse, too grossly abused, to admit of any apology, or any palliation. It is not to be supposed that he was ignorant of any word in the English language; and least of all can be supposed ignorant of the meaning of a word which, had it been ever so doubtful before, had a certain meaning impressed upon it by the authority of parliament of which no sensible subject can be ignorant.

Notwithstanding this, where our author speaks of the late king James he calls him the *abdicated king*, and gives the same epithet even to his family. Though this weak, ill-advised, and ill-fated prince in every sense of the word with Romans and English, and to all intents and purposes, *abdicated*, yet can he in no sense be called *abdicated;* unless the people's asserting their rights and defending themselves against a king who broke his compact with his subjects and overturned their government can be called *abdication* in them; which no man in his senses can be hardy enough to support upon any principle of reason or the laws of England. Let the reader judge which this is most likely to be, error or design.

These exceptions the editor thought himself bound to make to some parts of this work, to keep clear of the disagreeable imputations of being of a party of whatsoever denomination, in opposition to truth and the rights and liberties of the subject.

These laid aside, the work will be found to have many beauties, many excellencies. Some have of late affected to depreciate this history, from an insinuation made only since the author's death, to wit, that he was never admitted into the secrets of the administration, but made to believe he was a confident, only to engage him in the list of the ministerial writers of that reign.

The falsehood of this will readily appear upon perusal of this work. This shows he knew the most secret springs of every movement in the whole complicated machine; that he states facts too well known to be contested, in elegant simplicity, and reasons upon them with the talents of the greatest historian; and thus makes a history composed rather of negotiations than actions most entertaining, affecting, and interesting, instead of being, as might be expected, heavy, dull, and disagreeable.

It is now fit to apologize for some errors which the judicious must discover upon a perusal of this work. It is for this among other reasons much to be lamented that this History was not published under the author's own inspection. It is next to impossible to copy or print any work without faults; and most so where the author's eye is wanting.

It is not to be imagined that even our author, however accurate, however great, was yet strictly and perfectly correct in his writings. Yet where some seeming inaccuracies in style or expression have been discovered, the deference due to the author made any alteration too presumptuous a task for the editor. These are therefore left to the amending hand of every sensible and polite reader.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Having written the following History at Windsor in the happy reign of her majesty queen Anne, of ever glorious, blessed, and immortal memory, I resolved to publish it for the satisfaction of my fellow-subjects, in the year 1713: being under a necessity of going to Ireland to take possession of the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, I left the original with the ministers, and having stayed in that kingdom not above a fortnight, I found at my return that my lord-treasurer Oxford, and the secretary my lord Bolingbroke, who were then unhappily upon very ill terms with each other, could not agree upon publishing it without some alterations which I would not submit to. Whereupon I kept it by me until her majesty's death, which happened about a year after.

I have ever since preserved the original very safely, too well knowing what a turn the world would take upon the German family's succeeding to the crown; which indeed was their undoubted right, having been established solemnly by the act of an undisputed parliament, brought into the house of commons by Mr. Harley, who was then speaker.

But, as I have said in another discourse, it was very well understood some years before her majesty's death how the new king would act immediately upon his entrance in the choice of those (and those alone) whom he resolved to trust, and consequently what reports would industriously be raised as well as spread, to expose the proceedings of her majesty herself, as well as of her servants, who have been ever since blasted as enemies to the present establishment by the most ignorant and malicious among mankind.

Therefore, as it was my lot to have been daily conversant with the persons then in power; never absent in times of business or conversation until a few weeks before her majesty's death; and a witness of almost every step they made in the course of their administration; I must have been very unfortunate not to be better informed than those miserable pamphleteers or their patrons could pretend to. At the same time I freely confess it appeared necessary as well as natural, upon such a mighty change as the death of a sovereign, that those who were to be in power upon the succession, and resolved to act in every part by a direct contrary system of politics, should load their predecessors with as much infamy as the most inveterate malice and envy could suggest, or the most stupid ignorance and credulity in their underlings could swallow.

Therefore, as I pretend to write with the utmost impartiality the following History of the Four Last Years of her Majesty's Reign, in order to undeceive prejudiced persons at present as well as posterity, I am persuaded in my own mind, as likewise by the advice of my oldest and wisest friends, that I am doing my duty to God and man by endeavouring to set future ages right in their judgment of that happy reign; and as a faithful historian I cannot suffer falsehoods to run on any longer, not only against all appearance of truth as well as probability, but even against those happy events which owe their success to the very measures then fixed in the general peace.

The materials of this history, beside what I have already mentioned,—I mean the confidence reposed in me for those four years by the chief persons in power,—were extracted out of many hundred letters written by our ambassadors abroad, and from the answers as well as instructions sent them by our secretaries of state, or by the first minister the earl of Oxford. The former were all originals, and the latter copies entered into books in the secretaries' office, out of both which I collected all that I thought convenient; not to mention several memorials given me by the ministers at home. Further, I was a constant witness and observer of all that passed, and entered every particular of any consequence upon paper.

I was so far from having any obligation to the crown, that, on the contrary, her majesty issued a proclamation offering three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a certain short treatise [Public Spirit of the Whigs], which the queen well knew to have been written by me. I never received one shilling from the minister, or any other present except that of a few books; nor did I want their assistance to support me. I very often dined indeed with the treasurer and secretary; but in those days that was not reckoned a bribe, whatever it may have been at any time since. I absolutely refused to be chaplain to the lord-treasurer, because I thought it would ill become me to be in a state of dependence.

I say this to show that I had no other bias than my own opinion of persons and affairs. I preserved several of the opposite party in their employments who were persons of wit and learning, particularly Mr. Addison and Mr. Congreve, neither of whom were ever in any danger from the treasurer, who much esteemed them both; and by his lordship's commands I brought the latter to dine with him. Mr. Steele might have been safe enough if his continually repeated indiscretions, and a zeal mingled with scurrilities, had not forfeited all title to lenity.

I know very well the numberless prejudices of weak and deceived people, as well as the malice of those who, to serve their own interest or ambition, have cast off all religion, morality, justice, and common decency. However, although perhaps I may not be believed in the present age, yet I hope to be so in the next by all who will bear any regard for the honour and liberty of England, if either of these shall then subsist or not.

I have no interest or inclination to palliate the mistakes, or omissions, or want of steadiness, or unhappy misunderstandings, among a few of those who then presided in affairs.

Nothing is more common than the virulence of superficial and ill-informed writers against the conduct of those who are now called prime ministers; and since factions appear at present to be at a greater height than in any former times, although perhaps not so equally poised, it may probably concern those who are now in their height, if they have any regard to their own memories in future ages, to be less warm against others who humbly differ from them in some state opinions. Old persons remember, at least by tradition, the horrible prejudices that prevailed against the first earl of Clarendon, whose character as it now stands might be a pattern for all ministers; although even bishop Burnet of Sarum, whose principles, veracity, and manner of writing are so little esteemed upon many accounts, has been at the pains to vindicate him.

Upon that irreparable breach between the treasurer and secretary Bolingbroke, after my utmost endeavours for above two years to reconcile them, I retired to a friend in Berkshire, where I stayed until her majesty's death, and then immediately returned to my station in Dublin, where I continued about twelve years without once seeing England. I there often reviewed the following Memoirs, neither changing nor adding further than by correcting the style; and if I have been guilty of any mistakes, they must be of small moment; for it was hardly possible I could be wrong informed with all the advantages I have already mentioned.

I shall not be very uneasy under the obloquy that may perhaps be cast upon me by the violent leaders and followers of the present prevailing party. And yet I cannot find the least inconsistence with conscience or honour, upon the death of so excellent a princess as her late majesty, for a wise and good man to submit, with a true and loyal heart, to her lawful protestant successor, whose hereditary title was confirmed by the queen and both houses of parliament with the greatest unanimity, after it had been made an article in the treaty that every prince in our alliance should be a guarantee of that succession. Nay, I will venture to go one step further; that if the negotiators of that peace had been chosen out of the most professed zealots for the interest of the Hanover family, they could not have bound up the French king or the Hollanders more strictly than the queen's plenipotentiaries did in confirming the present succession; which was in them so much a greater mark of virtue and loyalty, because they perfectly well knew that they should never receive the least mark of favour when the succession had taken place.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I PROPOSE to give the public an account of the most important affairs at home during the last session of parliament, as well as of our negotiations of peace abroad, not only during that period but some time before and since. I shall relate the chief matters transacted by both houses in that session, and discover the designs carried on by the heads of a discontented party, not only against the ministry, but in some manner against the crown itself: I likewise shall state the debts of the nation; show by what mismanagement, and to serve what purposes, they were at first contracted; by what negligence or corruption they have so prodigiously grown; and what methods have since been taken to provide not only for their payment, but to prevent the like mischief for the time to come. Although, in an age like ours, I can expect very few impartial readers, yet I shall strictly follow truth, or what reasonably appeared to me to be such after the most impartial inquiries I could make, and the best opportunities of being informed by those who were the principal actors or advisers.

Neither shall I mingle panegyric or satire with a history intended to inform posterity, as well as to instruct those of the present age who may be ignorant or misled, since facts, truly related, are the best applauses or most lasting reproaches.

Discourses upon subjects relating to the public usually seem to be calculated for London only, and some few miles about it; while the authors suppose their readers to be informed of several particulars to which those that live remote are, for the generality utter strangers. Most people who frequent this town acquire a sort of smattering, such as it is, which qualifies them for reading a pamphlet, and finding out what is meant by innuendoes, or hints at facts or persons, and initial letters of names; wherein gentlemen at a distance, although perhaps of much better understandings, are wholly in the dark: wherefore, that these Memoirs may be rendered more generally intelligible and useful, it will be convenient to give the reader a short view of the state and disposition of affairs when the last session of parliament began. And because the party leaders who had lost their power and places were, upon that juncture, employing all their engines in an attempt to re-establish themselves, I shall venture one step further, and represent so much of their characters as may be supposed to have influenced their politics.

On the 7th day of December, 1711, began the second session of parliament. It was now above a year since the queen had thought fit to put the great offices of state and of her own household into other hands; however, three of the discontented lords were still in possession of their places; for the duke of Marlborough continued general, the duke of Somerset master of the horse, and the earl of Cholmondeley treasurer of her majesty's household: likewise great numbers of the same party still kept employments of value and importance, which had not been usual of late years upon any changes of ministry. The queen, who judged the temper of her people by this house of commons, which a landed interest had freely chosen, found them very desirous of a secure and honourable peace, and disposed to leave the management of it to her own wisdom and that of her council: she had therefore several months before the session began sent to inform the States General of some overtures which had been made her by the enemy; and during that summer her majesty took several further steps in that great affair, until at length, after many difficulties, a congress at Utrecht, for a general peace, was agreed upon; the whole proceedings of which previous negotiations between our court and that of France I shall, in its proper place, very particularly relate.

The nation was already upon a better foot with respect to its debts; for the earl of Oxford, lord-treasurer, had, in the preceding session, proposed and effected ways and means in the house of commons, where he was then a member, for providing a parliamentary fund to clear the heavy arrear of ten millions (whereof the greatest part lay upon the navy) without any new burden (at least after a very few years) to the kingdom; and at the same time he took care to prevent further incumbrances upon that article by finding ready money for naval provisions, which has saved the public somewhat more than cent. per cent. in that mighty branch of our expenses.

The clergy were altogether in the interests and the measures of the present ministry, which had appeared so boldly in their defence during a prosecution against one of their members [Sacheverell], where the whole sacred order was understood to be concerned. The zeal shown for that most religious bill to settle a fund for building fifty new churches in and about the city of London,[a] was a fresh obligation; and they were further highly gratified by her majesty's choosing one of their body to be a great officer of state.[a]

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[a] Which owed its origin to Dr. Swift.

By this time likewise all disputes about those principles which used originally to divide Whig and Tory were wholly dropped; and those fantastical words ought in justice to have been so too, provided we could have found out more convenient names whereby to distinguish lovers of peace from lovers of war; or those who would leave her majesty some degree of freedom in the choice of her ministers from others who could not be satisfied with her choosing any, except such as she was most averse from; but where a nation is once divided, interest and animosity will keep open the breach without being supported by any other principles; or at worst a body of discontented people can change and take up what principles they please.

As to the disposition of the opposite party, we all remember that the removal of the last ministry was brought about by several degrees; through which means it happened that they and their friends were hardly recovered out of one astonishment before they fell into another. This scene lasted for some months, and was followed by a period of rage and despair natural to those who reflect that they have lost a secure game by their own rashness, folly, and want of common management; when at the same time they knew by experience that a watchful and dexterous adversary lay ready to take the advantage. However, some time before the session the heads of that party began to recollect themselves and rally their forces, like an enemy who has been beaten out of the field, but finds he is not pursued; for although the chiefs of this faction were thought to have but little esteem or friendship for each other, yet they perfectly agreed in one general end, of distressing by all possible methods the new administration; wherein if they could succeed so far as to put the queen under any great necessity, another parliament must be called, and perhaps the power devolve again into their own hands.

The issue and event of that grand confederacy appearing in both houses, although under a different form, upon the very first day the parliament met, I cannot better begin the relation of affairs, commencing from that period, than by a thorough detection of the whole intrigue, carried on with the greatest privacy and application, which must be acknowledged to have for several days disconcerted some of the ministry, as well as dispirited their friends, and the consequences thereof, which have in reality been so very pernicious to the kingdom.

But because the principal leaders in this design are the same persons to whom, since the loss of their power, all the opposition has been owing which the court received, either in treaties abroad or the administration at home; it may not be improper to describe those qualities in each of them which few of their admirers will deny, and which appear chiefly to have influenced them in acting their several parts upon the public stage; for I do not intend to draw their characters entire, which would be tedious and little to the purpose; but shall only single out those passions, acquirements, and habits, which the owners were most likely to transfer into their political schemes, and which were most subservient to the designs they seemed to have in view.

The lord Somers may very deservedly be reputed the head and oracle of that party: he has raised himself, by the concurrence of many circumstances, to the greatest employments of the state, without the least support from birth or fortune; he has constantly, and with great steadiness, cultivated those principles under which he grew. That accident which first produced him into the world, of pleading for the bishops whom king James had sent to the Tower, might have proved a piece of merit as honourable as it was fortunate; but the old republican spirit which the Revolution had restored began to teach other lessons—that since we had accepted a new king from a Calvinistical commonwealth, we must also admit new maxims in religion and government. But since the nobility and gentry would probably adhere to the established church and to the rights of monarchy, as delivered down from their ancestors, it was the practice of those politicians to introduce such men as were perfectly indifferent to any or no religion, and who were not likely to inherit much loyalty from those to whom they owed their birth. Of this number was the person I am now describing. I have hardly known any man with talents more proper to acquire and preserve the favour of a prince; never offending in word or gesture; in the highest degree courteous and complaisant, wherein he set an excellent example to his colleagues, which they did not think fit to follow; but this extreme civility is universal and undistinguished; and in private conversation, where he observes it as inviolably as if he were in the greatest assembly, it is sometimes censured as formal. Two reasons are assigned for this behaviour: first, from the consciousness of his humble original, he keeps all familiarity at the utmost distance, which otherwise might be apt to intrude; the second, that, being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, he avoids all incitements to them, by teaching those he converses with, from his own example, to keep a great way within the bounds of decency and respect. And it is indeed true that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue with the utmost violence upon himself; so that his breast has been seen to heave and his eyes to sparkle with rage in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the humblest and softest manner: perhaps that force upon his nature may cause that insatiable love of revenge which his detractors lay to his charge, who consequently reckon dissimulation among his chief perfections. Avarice he has none; and his ambition is gratified by being the uncontested head of his party. With an excellent understanding, adorned by all the polite parts of learning, he has very little taste for conversation, to which he prefers the pleasure of reading and thinking; and in the intervals of his time amuses himself with an illiterate chaplain, an humble companion, or a favourite servant.

These are some few distinguishing marks in the character of that person who now presides over the discontented party, although he be not answerable for all their mistakes; and if his precepts had been more strictly followed, perhaps their power would not have been so easily shaken. I have been assured, and heard him profess, that he was against engaging in that foolish prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, as what he foresaw was likely to end in their ruin; that he blamed the rough demeanour of some persons to the queen, as a great failure in prudence; and that when it appeared her majesty was firmly resolved upon a treaty of peace he advised his friends not to oppose it in its progress, but find fault with it after it was made; which would be a copy of the like usage themselves had met with after the treaty of Ryswick, and the safest as well as the most probable way of disgracing the promoters and advisers. I have been the larger in representing to the reader some idea of this extraordinary genius, because, whatever attempt has hitherto been made, with any appearance of conduct or probability of success, to restore the dominion of that party, was infallibly contrived by him; and I prophesy the same for the future, as long as his age and infirmities will leave him capable of business.

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[a] Dr. Robinson, bishop of Bristol, to be lord privy seal.

The duke of Marlborough's character has been so variously drawn, and is indeed of so mixed a nature in itself, that it is hard to pronounce on either side, without the suspicion of flattery or detraction. I shall say nothing of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies among the soldiers have rendered problematical; but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed to be not for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners who deny him personal valour seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture; since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed to form any judgment in the matter: and that fear, which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than for himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle, and continued with a strong bias that way till the other party had bid higher for him than his friends could afford to give. His want of literature is in some sort supplied by a good understanding, a degree of natural elocution, and that knowledge of the world which is learned in armies and courts. We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be general for life: I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intentions of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before. He is noted to be master of great temper, able to govern or very well to disguise his passions, which are all melted down or extinguished in his love of wealth. That liberality which nature has denied him with respect to money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises: but this perfection so necessary in courts is not very successful in camps, among soldiers who are not refined enough to understand or to relish it.

His wife, the duchess, may justly challenge her place in this list. It is to her the duke is chiefly indebted for his greatness and his fall; for above twenty years she possessed without a rival the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way of improving it to her own advantage. She has preserved a tolerable court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid Avarice, disdainful Pride, and ungovernable Rage; by the last of these often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and has in her time affected the character of it by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, is capable of acting or attempting; and then I have said enough.

The next in order to be mentioned is the earl of Godolphin. It is said he was originally intended for a trade before his friends preferred him to be a page at court; which some have very unjustly objected as a reproach. He has risen gradually in four reigns, and was much more constant to his second master king James than some others who had received much greater obligations; for he attended the abdicated king to the sea-side, and kept constant correspondence with him till the day of his death. He always professed a sort of passion for the queen at St. Germain's; and his letters were to her in the style of what the French call *double entendre*. In a mixture of love and respect, he used frequently to send her from hence little presents of those things which are agreeable to ladies, for which he always asked king William's leave, as if without her privity; because, if she had known that circumstance, it was to be supposed she would not accept them. Physiognomists would hardly discover, by consulting the aspect of this lord, that his predominant passions were love and play; that he could sometimes scratch out a song in praise of his mistress with a pencil and card; or that he has tears at command, like a woman, to be used either in an intrigue of gallantry or politics. His alliance with the Marlborough family, and his passion for the duchess, were the cords which dragged him into a party whose principles he naturally disliked, and whose leaders he personally hated, as they did him. He became a thorough convert by a perfect trifle; taking fire at a nickname [Volpone] delivered by Dr. Sacheverell, with great indiscretion, from the pulpit, which he applied to himself: and this is one among many instances given by his enemies that magnanimity is none of his virtues.

The earl of Sunderland is another branch of that alliance. It seems to have been this gentleman's fortune to have learned his divinity from his uncle and his politics from his tutor. It may be thought a blemish in his character that he has much fallen from the height of those republican principles with which he began; for in his father's lifetime, while he was a member of the house of commons, he would often, among his familiar friends, refuse the title of lord (as he has done to myself), swear he would never be called otherwise than Charles Spencer, and hoped to see the day when there should not be a peer in England. His understanding, at the best, is of the middling size; neither has he much improved it, either in reality, or, which is very unfortunate, even in the opinion of the world, by an overgrown library. It is hard to decide whether he learned that rough way of treating his sovereign from the lady he is allied to,[a] or whether it be the result of his own nature. The sense of the injuries he has done renders him (as it is very natural) implacable towards those to whom he has given greatest cause to complain; for which reason he will never forgive either the queen or the present treasurer.

The earl of Wharton has filled the province allotted him by his colleagues with sufficiency equal to the ablest of them all. He has imbibed his father's principles in government; but dropped his religion and took up no other in its stead: excepting that circumstance, he is a firm presbyterian. He is perfectly skilled in all the arts of managing at elections, as well as in large baits of pleasure for making converts of young men of quality upon their first appearance; in which public service he contracted such large debts that his brethren were forced, out of mere justice, to leave Ireland at his mercy, where he had only time to set himself right. Although the graver heads of his party think him too profligate and abandoned, yet they dare not be ashamed of him; for beside his talents above mentioned, he is very useful in parliament, being a ready speaker, and content to employ his gifts upon such occasions where those who conceive they have any remainder of reputation or modesty are ashamed to appear. In short, he is an incontestable instance to discover the true nature of faction; since, being overrun with every quality which produces contempt and hatred in all other commerce of the world, he has notwithstanding been able to make so considerable a figure.

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[a] Second daughter of the duchess of Marlborough.

The lord Cowper, although his merits are later than the rest, deserves a rank in this great council. He was considerable in the station of a practising lawyer; but as he was raised to be a chancellor and a peer without passing through any of the intermediate steps, which in late times had been the constant practice, and little skilled in the nature of government or the true interest of princes, further than the municipal or common law of England, his abilities as to foreign affairs did not equally appear in the council. Some former passages of his life were thought to disqualify him for that office by which he was to be the guardian of the queen's conscience; but these difficulties were easily overruled by the authors of his promotion, who wanted a person that would be subservient to all their designs; wherein they were not disappointed. As to his other accomplishments, he was what we usually call a *piece of a scholar* and a good logical reasoner; if this were not too often allayed by a fallacious way of managing an argument, which made him apt to deceive the unwary, and sometimes to deceive himself.

The last to be spoken of in this list is the earl of Nottingham, a convert and acquisition to that party since their fall, to which he contributed his assistance; I mean his words, and probably his wishes; for he had always lived under the constant visible profession of principles directly opposite to those of his new friends. His vehement and frequent speeches against admitting the prince of Orange to the throne are yet to be seen; and although a numerous family gave a specious pretence to his love of power and money, for taking an employment under that monarch, yet he was allowed to have always kept a reserve of allegiance to his exiled master; of which his friends produce several instances, and some while he was secretary of state to king William. His outward regularity of life, his appearance of religion and seeming zeal for the church, as they are an effect, so they are the excuse, of that stiffness and formality with which his nature is fraught. His adust complexion disposes him to rigour and severity, which his admirers palliate with the name of zeal. No man had ever a sincerer countenance, or more truly representing his mind and manners. He has some knowledge in the law, very amply sufficient to defend his property at least. A facility of utterance descended to him from his father, and improved by a few sprinklings of literature, has brought himself and some few admirers into an opinion of his eloquence. He is every way inferior to his brother Guernsey, but chiefly in those talents which he most values and pretends to; over whom, nevertheless, he preserves an ascendant. His great ambition was to be the head of those who were called the church party; and indeed grave solemn deportment and countenance, seconded by abundance of professions for their service, had given many of them an opinion of his veracity, which he interpreted as their sense of his judgment and wisdom; and this mistake lasted till the time of his defection, of which it was partly the cause; but then it plainly appeared that he had not credit to bring over one single proselyte to keep himself in countenance.

These lineaments, however imperfectly drawn, may help the reader's imagination to conceive what sort of persons those were who had the boldness to encounter the queen and ministry at the head of a great majority of the landed interest; and this upon a point where the quiet of her majesty's reign, the security, or at least the freedom, of her person, the lives of her most faithful friends, and the settling of the nation by a peace, were in the consequences deeply concerned.

During the dominion of the late men in power addresses had been procured from both houses to the queen, representing their opinion that no peace could be secure for Britain while Spain or the West Indies remained in the possession of the Bourbon family. But her majesty, having, for reasons which have been often told to the world and which will not soon be forgotten, called a new parliament and chosen a new set of servants, began to view things and persons in another light. She considered the necessities of her people; the distant prospect of a peace upon such an improbable condition, which was never mentioned or understood in the grand alliance; the unequal burden she bore in the war, by the practices of the allies upon the corruption of some whom she most trusted, or perhaps by the practices of these upon the allies; and lastly, by the changes which death had brought about in the Austrian and Bourbon families. Upon all which motives she was prevailed upon to receive some overtures from France in behalf of herself and the whole confederacy. The several steps of this negotiation, from its first rise to the time I am now writing, shall be related in another part of this history. Let it suffice for the present to say that such proposals were received from France as were thought sufficient by our court whereupon to appoint time and place for a general treaty; and soon after the opening of the session, the bishop of Bristol, lord privy-seal, was despatched to Utrecht, where he and the earl of Strafford were appointed plenipotentiaries for the queen of Great Britain.

The managers of the discontented party, who during the whole summer had observed the motions of the court running fast toward a peace, began to gather up all their forces in order to oppose her majesty's designs when the parliament should meet. Their only strength was in the house of lords, where the queen had a very crazy majority, made up by those whose hearts were in the other interest, but whose fears, expectations, or immediate dependence, had hitherto kept them within bounds. There were two lords upon whose abilities and influence of a very different nature the managers built their strongest hopes. The first was the duke of Somerset, master of the horse. This duke, as well as his duchess, was in a good degree of favour with the queen, upon the score of some civilities and respects her majesty had received from them while she was princess. For some years after the Revolution he never appeared at court, but was looked upon as a favourer of the abdicated family; and it was the late earl of Rochester who first presented him to king William. However, since the time he came into employment, which was toward the close of the last reign, he has been a constant zealous member of the other party, but never failed either in attendance or respect toward the queen's person; or at most only threatened sometimes that he would serve no longer while such or such men were employed; which as things went then was not reckoned any offence at all against duty or good behaviour. He had been much caressed and flattered by the lords of the junto, who sometimes went so far as to give him hopes of the crown in reversion to his family, upon failure of the house of Hanover. All this worked so far upon his imagination, that he affected to appear the head of their party, to which his talents were no way proportioned; for they soon grew weary of his indigested schemes, and his imperious manner of obtruding them: they began to drop him at their meetings, or contradicted him with little ceremony when he happened to be there, which his haughty nature was not able to brook. Thus a mortal quarrel was kindled between him and the whole assembly of party leaders; so that, upon the queen's first intention of changing her ministry, soon after the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, he appointed several meetings with Mr. Harley alone, in the most private manner, in places and at times least liable to suspicion. He employed all his credit with the queen to drive on the removal of my lord Godolphin and the rest; and in the council treated the small remainder who continued some time longer in their places with all possible marks of hatred or disdain. But when the question came for dissolving the parliament he stopped short; he had already satiated his resentments, which were not against things but persons; he furiously opposed that counsel, and promised to undertake for the parliament himself. When the queen had declared her pleasure for the dissolution he flew off in greater rage than ever; opposed the court in all elections where he had influence or power; and made very humble advances to reconcile himself with the discarded lords, espepecially the earl of Godolphin, who is reported to have treated him at Newmarket in a most contemptuous manner. But the sincerity of his repentance, which appeared manifestly in the first session of the new parliament, and the use he might be of by his own remaining credit, or rather that of his duchess, with the queen, at length begat a reconcilement.

He still kept his employment and place in the cabinet council; but had never appeared there, from an avowed dislike of all persons and proceedings. It happened about the end of summer, 1711, at Windsor, when the cabinet council was summoned, this duke, whether by direction from his teachers or the instability of his nature, took a fancy to resume his place, and a chair was brought accordingly; upon which, Mr. secretary St. John refused to assist, and gave his reasons "That he would never sit in council with a man who had so often betrayed them, and was openly engaged with a faction which endeavoured to obstruct all her majesty's measures."

Thus the council was put off to next day, and the duke made no further attempts to be there. But upon this incident he declared open war against the ministry, and from that time to the session employed himself in spiriting up several depending lords to adhere to their friends when an occasion should offer. The arguments he made use of were, "That those in power designed to make an ignominious and insecure peace, without consulting the allies: that this could be no otherwise prevented than by an address from the lords to signify their opinion that no peace could be honourable or secure while Spain or the West Indies remained in any of the Bourbon family; upon which several further resolutions and inquiries would naturally follow: that the differences between the two houses upon this point must either be made up by the commons agreeing with the lords or must end in a dissolution, which would be followed by a return of the old ministry; who by the force of money and management could easily get another parliament to their wishes." He further assured them boldly, "That the queen herself was at the bottom of this design, and had empowered him to desire their votes against the peace as a point that would be for her service; and therefore they need not be in pain upon account of their pensions, or any further marks of favour they expected." Thus, by reviving the old arts of using her majesty's authority against her person, he prevailed over some who were not otherwise in a station of life to oppose the crown; and his proselytes may pretend to some share of pity, since he offered for an argument his own example, who kept his place and favour after all he had done to deserve the loss of both.

The other lord in whom the discontented managers placed much of their hopes was the earl of Nottingham, already mentioned; than whom no man ever appeared to hate them more or to be more pleased at their fall; partly from his avowed principles, but chiefly from the hopes he had of sharing in their spoils. But it fell out that he was no way acceptable to the queen or her new servants: these apprehended no little trouble and impediment to the public business from his restless, talkative, overweening manner, if once he was suffered to have any part in affairs; and he stood very ill with the court, having made a motion in the house of lords, and in her majesty's presence, "That the electoral prince of Hanover might be invited to reside in England;" although he had before declared to the queen how much he was against that proposal, when it was first offered by the other party. However, some very considerable employments had been given to his nearest relations; and he had one or two offers for himself, which he thought fit to refuse as not equal to his merits and character. Upon the earl of Rochester's decease he conceived that the crown would hardly overlook him for president of the council, and deeply resented that disappointment. But the duke of Newcastle, lord privy-seal, dying some time after, he found that office was first designed for the earl of Jersey, and upon this lord's sudden death was actually disposed of to the bishop of Bristol: by which he plainly saw that the queen was determined against giving him any opportunity of directing in affairs, or displaying his eloquence in the cabinet council. He had now shaken off all remains of patience or temper; and from the contemplation of his own disappointments fell, as it is natural, to find fault with the public management, and to assure his neighbours in the country "That the nation was in imminent danger of being ruined." The discontented lords were soon apprised of this great change; and the duke of Roxburgh, the earl's son-in-law, was despatched to Burleigh-on-the-Hill, to cultivate his present dispositions and offer him whatever terms he pleased to insist on. The earl immediately agreed to fall in with any measures for distressing or destroying the ministry: but in order to preserve his reputation with the church party and perhaps bring them over to his interests, he proposed that a bill should be brought into the house of lords for preventing occasional conformity, and be unanimously agreed to by all the peers of the low-church principle; which would convince the world of their good intentions to the established religion, and that their oppositions to the court wholly proceeded from their care of the nation and concern for its honour and safety.

These preparations were public enough, and the ministers had sufficient time to arm themselves, but they seem to have acted in this juncture like men who trusted to the goodness of their cause and the general inclinations of the kingdom, rather than to those arts which our corruptions have too often made necessary. Calculations were indeed taken, by which it was computed that there would be a majority of ten upon the side of the court. I remember to have told my lord Harcourt and Mr. Prior that a majority of ten was only a majority of five, because if their adversaries could bring off five the number would be equal: and so it happened to prove, for the mistake lay in counting upon the bare promises of those who were wholly in the interest of the old ministry, and were only kept in awe by the fear of offending the crown and losing their subsistence, wherein the duke of Somerset had given them full satisfaction.

With these dispositions of both parties, and fears and hopes of the event, the parliament met upon the 7th of December, 1711. The queen's speech (excepting what related to supplies) was chiefly taken up in telling both houses what progress she had made towards a general peace and her hopes of bringing it to a speedy conclusion. As soon as her majesty was withdrawn the house of lords, in a committee, resolved upon an address of thanks, to which the earl of Nottingham proposed an addition of the following clause:

"And we do beg leave to represent it to your majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of this house, that no peace can be safe or honourable to Great Britain and Europe if Spain and the West Indies are to be allotted to any branch of the house of Bourbon"

He was seconded by the earl of Scarborough; and after a debate of several hours the question for the clause was carried, as I remember, by not above two voices. The next day the house agreed with the committee. The depending lords (having taken fresh courage from their principals and some who professed themselves very humble servants to the present ministry and enemies to the former) went along with the stream, pretending not to see the consequences that must visibly follow. The address was presented on the 11th, to which her majesty's answer was short and dry. She distinguished their thanks from the rest of the piece, and in return to lord Nottingham's clause said, "She should be sorry that anybody could think she would not do her utmost to recover Spain and the West Indies from the house of Bourbon."

Upon the 15th of December the earl of Nottingham likewise brought in the bill to prevent occasional conformity (although under a disguised title), which met with no opposition, but was swallowed by those very lords who always appeared with the utmost violence against the least advantage to the established church.

But in the house of commons there appeared a very different spirit, for when one Mr. Robert Walpole offered a clause of the same nature with that of the earl of Nottingham it was rejected with contempt by a very great majority. Their address was, in the most dutiful manner, approving of what her majesty had done toward a peace, and trusting entirely to her wisdom in the future management of it.

This address was presented to the queen a day before that of the lords, and received an answer distinguishedly gracious. But the other party was nowise discouraged by either answer, which they looked upon as only matter of course, and the sense of the ministry, contrary to that of the queen.

The parliament sat as long as the approaching festival would allow, and upon the 22nd, the land-tax and occasional bills having received the royal assent, the house of commons adjourned to the 14th of January following; but the adjournment of the lords was only to the 2nd, the prevailing party there being in haste to pursue the consequences of the earl of Nottingham's clause, which they hoped would end in the ruin of the treasurer, and overthrow the ministry, and therefore took the advantage of this interval that they might not be disturbed by the commons.

When this address against any peace without Spain, &c., was carried in the house of lords, it is not easy to describe the effects it had upon most men's passions. The partisans of the old ministry triumphed loudly and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile and put his hands to his neck when any of the ministry were speaking, by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the chief-justice, began already with great zeal and officiousness to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers writ in defence of the administration; in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party

On the other side, all well-wishers to the queen, the church, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark both of his enemies' fury and the censure of his friends: among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others to his unmeasurable public thrift. Both parties agreed that a first minister with very moderate skill in affairs might easily have governed the event; and some began to doubt whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, were what he justly deserved. All this he knew well enough, and heard it with great phlegm; neither did it make any alteration in his countenance or humour. He told Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, two days before the parliament sat, "That he was sorry for what was likely to pass, because the States would be the first sufferers, which he desired the envoy to remember." And to his nearest friends, who appeared in pain about the public or themselves, he only said "That all would be well;" and desired them not to be frighted.

It was I conceive upon these motives that the treasurer advised her majesty to create twelve new lords, and thereby disable the sting of faction for the rest of her lifetime. This promotion was so ordered that a third part were of those on whom, or their posterity, the peerage would naturally devolve; and the rest were such whose merit, birth, and fortune could admit of no exception.

The adverse party, being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did—"That it was a pernicious example set for ill princes to follow, who by the same rule might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve, and by these means become masters of the house of lords whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties." To this it was answered "That ill princes seldom trouble themselves to look for precedents; that men of great estates will not be less fond of preserving their liberties when they are created peers; that in such a government as this, where the prince holds the balance between two great powers, the nobility and people, it is the very nature of his office to remove from one scale into the other, or sometimes put his own weight in the lightest, so as to bring both to an equilibrium; and lastly, that the other party had been above twenty years corrupting the nobility with republican principles, which nothing but the royal prerogative could hinder from overspreading us."

The conformity-bill above mentioned was prepared by the earl of Nottingham before the parliament met, and brought in at the same time with the clause against peace, according to the bargain made between him and his new friends. This he hoped would not only save his credit with the church party, but bring them over to his politics, since they must needs be convinced, that instead of changing his own principles he had prevailed on the greatest enemies to the established religion to be the first movers in a law for the perpetual settlement of it.

Here it was worth observing with what resignation the junto lords (as they were then called) were submitted to by their adherents and followers, for it is well known that the chief among the dissenting teachers in town were consulted upon this affair, and such arguments used as had power to convince them that nothing could be of greater advantage to their cause than the passing of this bill. I did indeed see a letter at that time from one of them to a great man complaining "That they were betrayed and undone by their pretended friends;" but they were in general very well satisfied upon promises that this law should soon be repealed and others more in their favour enacted as soon as their friends should be re-established.

But nothing seemed more extraordinary than the event of this refined management, by which the earl of Nottingham was so far from bringing over proselytes (wherein his abilities fell very short even of the duke of Somerset's), or preserving the reputation of a firm churchman, that very few people did so much as imagine he had any such design; only when he brought in the bill they conceived it was some wonderful deep reach of politics, which they could not comprehend: however, they liked the thing, and without troubling themselves about the persons or motives from whence it rose it had a very speedy passage through both houses. It must be confessed that some attempt of this nature was much more necessary to the leaders of that party than is generally thought. The desire of power and revenge was common to them all; but several among them were also conscious that they stood in need of protection, whose safety was therefore concerned in the design of ruining the ministry as well as their ambition. The duke of Marlborough foresaw those examinations which were afterwards made into some parts of his management, and was apprehensive of a great deal more; that the parliament would perhaps inquire into the particulars of the negotiation at the Hague, 1709; for what ends and by whose advice the propositions of peace from France were rejected. Besides, he dreaded lest that mysterious policy might be laid open to the world, of desiring the queen to constitute him general for life, which was a very tender point and would admit of much proof. It is true indeed that, while the duke's affair was under the consideration of the house of commons, one of his creatures (whether by direction or otherwise) assured the speaker with a very serious countenance "that the world was mistaken in censuring his lord upon this article, for it was the queen who pressed the duke to accept that commission, and upon his humble refusal conceived her first displeasure against him." How such a defence would have passed if it had been offered in form is easier to be conceived than how any person in his wits could have the confidence to affirm it, which last it would indeed be hard to believe if there were any room left for doubt.

The earl of Godolphin wanted protection notwithstanding the act of general pardon which had been procured by his credit, and was principally calculated for his own security. He knew that his long neglect of compelling the accomptants to pass their accompts might be punished as a breach of trust. He had run the kingdom into immense debts by taking up stores for the navy upon a vast discount, without parliamentary security, for which he could be able to plead neither law nor necessity; and he had given way at least to some proceedings not very justifiable in relation to remittances of money, whereby the public had suffered considerable losses. The barrier treaty sat heavy upon the lord Townshend's spirits, because, if it should be laid before the house of commons, whoever negotiated that affair might be subject to the most severe animadversions; and the earl of Wharton's administration in Ireland was looked upon as a sufficient ground to impeach him at least for high crimes and misdemeanors.

The managers in Holland were sufficiently apprised of all this; and Monsieur Buys, their minister here, took care to cultivate that good correspondence between his masters and their English friends which became two confederates pursuing the same end.

This man had been formerly employed in England from that republic, and understood a little of our language. His proficiency in learning has been such as to furnish now and then a Latin quotation, of which he is as liberal as his stock will admit. His knowledge in government reaches no further than that of his own country, by which he forms and cultivates matters of state for the rest of the world. His reasonings upon politics are with great profusion at all meetings, and he leaves the company with entire satisfaction that he has fully convinced them. He is well provided with that inferior sort of cunning which is the growth of his country, of a standard with the genius of the people, and capable of being transferred into every condition of life among them from the boor to the burgomaster. He came into England with instructions authorizing him to accommodate all differences between her majesty and the States; but having first advised with the confederate lords, he assured the ministry "he had powers to hear their proposals, but none to conclude:" and having represented to his masters what had been told him by the adverse party, he prevailed with them to revoke his powers. He found the interest of those who withstood the court would exactly fall in with the designs of the States, which were to carry on the war as they could at our expense, and to see themselves at the head of a treaty of peace, whenever they were disposed to apply to France or to receive overtures from thence.

The emperor, upon many powerful reasons, was utterly averse from all counsels which aimed at putting an end to the war without delivering him the whole dominion of Spain. Nay, the elector of Hanover himself, although presumptive heir to the crown of England, and obliged by all sorts of ties to cultivate her majesty's friendship, was so far deceived by misrepresentations from hence, that he seemed to suffer Monsieur Bothmar, his envoy here, to print and publish a memorial in English, directly disapproving all her majesty's proceedings; which memorial, as appears by the style and manner of it, was all drawn up or at least digested by some party pen on this side of the water.

Cautious writers, in order to avoid offence or danger and to preserve the respect ever due to foreign princes, do usually charge the wrong steps in a court altogether upon the persons employed. But I should have taken a securer method, and have been wholly silent on this point, if I had not then conceived some hope that his electoral highness might possibly have been a stranger to the memorial of his resident: for, first, the manner of delivering it to the secretary of state was out of all form, and almost as extraordinary as the thing itself. Monsieur Bothmar, having obtained an hour of Mr. secretary St. John, talked much to him upon the subject of which that memorial consists; and upon going away desired he might leave a paper with the secretary, which he said contained the substance of what he had been discoursing. This paper Mr. St. John laid aside among others of little consequence; and a few days after saw a memorial in print, which he found upon comparing to be the same with what Bothmar had left.

During this short recess of parliament, and upon the 5th day of January, prince Eugene of Savoy landed in England. Before he left his ship, he asked a person who came to meet him, "Whether the new lords were made, and what was their number?" He was attended through the streets with a mighty rabble of people to St. James's; where Mr. secretary St. John introduced him to the queen, who received him with great civility. His arrival had been long expected; and the project of his journey had as long been formed here, by the party leaders, in concert with Monsieur Buys and Monsieur Bothmar, the Dutch and Hanover envoys. This prince brought over credentials from the emperor, with offers to continue the war on a new foot, very advantageous to Britain; part of which, by her majesty's commands, Mr. St. John soon after produced to the house of commons, where they were rejected, not without some indignation, by a great majority. The emperor's proposals, as far as they related to Spain, were communicated to the house in the words following:

"His imperial majesty judges that forty thousand men will be sufficient for this service; and that the whole expense of the war in Spain may amount to four millions of crowns; toward which his imperial majesty offers to make up the troops which he has in that country to thirty thousand men, and to take one million of crowns upon himself."

On the other side, the house of commons voted a third part of those four millions as a sufficient quota for her majesty toward that service: for it was supposed the emperor ought to bear the greatest proportion, in a point that so nearly concerned him: or at least, that Britain contributing one-third, the other two might be paid by his imperial majesty and the States, as they could settle it between them.

The design of prince Eugene's journey was to raise a spirit in the parliament and people for continuing the war; for nothing was thought impossible to a prince of such high reputation in arms, in great favour with the emperor, and empowered to make such proposals from his master, as the ministry durst not reject. It appeared by an intercepted letter from count Gallas (formerly the emperor's envoy here), that the prince was wholly left to his liberty of making what offers he pleased in the emperor's name; for if the parliament could once be brought to raise funds, and the war go on, the ministry here must be under a necessity of applying and expending those funds: and the emperor could find afterwards twenty reasons and excuses as he had hitherto done for not furnishing his quota. Therefore prince Eugene for some time kept himself within generals; until, being pressed to explain himself upon that particular of the war in Spain, which the house of Austria pretended to have most at heart, he made the offer above mentioned, as a most extraordinary effort; and so it was, considering how little they had ever done before towards recovering that monarchy to themselves: but shameful as these proposals were, few believed the emperor would observe them; or indeed that he ever intended to spare so many men, as would make up an army of thirty thousand men to be employed in Spain.

Prince Eugene's visit to his friends in England continued longer than was expected. He was every day entertained magnificently by persons of quality of both parties. He went frequently to the treasurer, and sometimes affected to do it in private. He visited the other ministers and great officers of the court: but on all occasions, publicly owned the character and appellation of a Whig; and in secret held continual meetings with the duke of Marlborough and the other discontented lords, where M. Bothmar usually assisted. It is the great ambition of this prince to be perpetually engaged in war, without considering the cause or consequence; and to see himself at the head of an army, where only he can make any considerable figure. He is not without a natural tincture of that cruelty sometimes charged upon the Italians; and his being nursed in arms has so far extinguished pity and remorse, that he will at any time sacrifice a thousand men's lives to a caprice of glory or revenge. He had conceived an incurable hatred for the treasurer, as the person who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war; said, "He had hopes of others; but that the treasurer was *un mechant diable*, not to be moved." Therefore, since it was impossible for him or his friends to compass their designs, while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient often practised by those of his country, "that the treasurer (to use his own expression) should be taken off *à la negligence;* that this might be easily done and pass for an effect of chance, if it were preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small riots in the night." And in several parts of the town a crew of obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who probably exceeded their commission, and mixing themselves with those disorderly people that often infest the streets at midnight, acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut and mangled in the face and arms and other parts of the body without any provocation. But an effectual stop was soon put to those enormities, which probably prevented the execution of the main design.

I am very sensible that such an imputation ought not to be charged upon any person whatsoever, upon slight grounds or doubtful surmises; and that those who think I am able to produce no better will judge this passage to be fitter for a libel than a history. But as the account was given by more than one person who was at the meeting, so it was confirmed past all contradiction by several intercepted letters and papers: and it is most certain that the rage of the defeated party, upon their frequent disappointments, was so far inflamed as to make them capable of some counsels yet more violent and desperate than this; which however by the vigilance of those near the person of her majesty were happily prevented.

On the 30th day of December, 1711, the duke of Marlborough was removed from all his employments; the duke of Ormond succeeding him as general, both here and in Flanders. This proceeding of the court (as far as it related to the duke of Marlborough) was much censured both at home and abroad, and by some who did not wish ill to the present situation of affairs. There were few examples of a commander being disgraced, after an uninterrupted course of success, for many years, against a formidable enemy, and this before a period was put to the war. Those who had least esteem for his valour and conduct thought it not prudent to remove a general whose troops were perpetually victorious while he was at their head; because this had infused into his soldiers an opinion that they should always conquer, and into the enemy that they should always be beaten; than which nothing is to be held of greater moment, either in the progress of a war or upon the day of battle: and I have good grounds to affirm, that these reasons had sufficient weight with the queen and ministry, to have kept the duke of Marlborough in his post, if a way could have been found out to have done it with any assurance of safety to the nation. It is the misfortune of princes, that the effects of their displeasure make usually much more noise than the causes. Thus the sound of the duke's fall was heard further than many of the reasons which made it necessary; whereof, though some were visible enough, yet others lay more in the dark. Upon the duke's last return from Flanders, he had fixed his arrival to town (whether by accident or otherwise) upon the 17th of November, called queen Elizabeth's day; when great numbers of his creatures and admirers had thought fit to revive an old ceremony among the rabble, of burning the pope in effigy; for the performance of which with more solemnity they had made extraordinary preparations. From the several circumstances of the expense of this intended pageantry, and of the persons who promoted it, the court, apprehensive of a design to inflame the common people, thought fit to order that the several figures should be seized as popish trinkets; and guards were ordered to patrole for preventing any tumultuous assemblies. Whether this frolic was only intended for an affront to the court, or whether it had a deeper meaning, I must leave undetermined. The duke, in his own nature, is not much turned to be popular; and in his flourishing times, whenever he came back to England upon the close of a campaign, he rather affected to avoid any concourse of the *mobile*, if they had been disposed to attend him: therefore, so very contrary a proceeding at this juncture made it suspected as if he had a design to have placed himself at their head. "France," "Popery," "The Pretender," "Peace without Spain," were the words to be given about at this mock parade; and if what was confidently asserted be true, that a report was to have been spread at the same time of the queen's death, no man can tell what might have been the event.

But this attempt, to whatever purposes intended, proving wholly abortive by the vigilance of those in power, the duke's arrival was without any noise or consequence; and upon consulting with his friends, he soon fell in with their new scheme for preventing the peace. It was believed by many persons that the ministers might with little difficulty have brought him over, if they had pleased to make a trial; for, as he would probably have accepted any terms, to continue in a station of such prodigious profit, so there was sufficient room to work upon his fears, of which he is seldom unprovided (I mean only in his political capacity), and this infirmity very much increased by his unmeasurable possessions, which have rendered him *ipsique onerique timentem.* But reason, as well as the event, proved this to be a mistake; for the ministers being determined to bring the war to as speedy an issue as the honour and safety of their country would permit, could not possibly recompense the duke for the mighty incomes he held by the continuance of it. Then, the other party had calculated their numbers; and by the accession of the earl of Nottingham, whose example they hoped would have many followers, and the successful solicitations of the duke of Somerset, found they were sure of a majority in the house of lords; so that in this view of circumstances the duke of Marlborough thought he acted with security, as well as advantage. He therefore boldly fell, with his whole weight, into the design of ruining the ministry, at the expense of his duty to his sovereign and the welfare of his country, after the mighty obligations he had received from both. WHIG and TORY were now no longer the dispute; but THE QUEEN, OR THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. He was at the head of all the cabals and consults with Bothmar, Buys, and the discontented lords. He forgot that government of his passion for which his admirers used to celebrate him: fell into all the impotences of anger and violence upon every party debate: so that the queen found herself under a necessity, either on the one side to sacrifice those friends who had ventured their lives in rescuing her out of the power of some, whose former treatment she had little reason to be fond of; to put an end to the progress she had made towards a peace, and dissolve her parliament; or on the other side, by removing one person from so great a trust, to get clear of all her difficulties at once. Her majesty therefore determined upon the latter, as the shorter and safer course; and during the recess at Christmas sent the duke a letter, to tell him she had no further occasion for his service.

There has not perhaps in the present age been a clearer instance to show the instability of greatness which is not founded upon virtue; and it may be an instruction to princes, who are well in the hearts of their people, that the overgrown power of any perticular person, although supported by exorbitant wealth, can by a little resolution be reduced in a moment without any dangerous consequences. This lord, who was beyond all comparison the greatest subject in Christendom, found his power, credit, and influence, crumble away on a sudden; and except a few friends or followers by inclination, the rest dropped off in course. From directing in some manner the affairs of Europe, he descended to be a member of a faction, and with little distinction even there; that virtue of subduing his resentments, for which he was so famed when he had little or no occasion to exert it, having now wholly forsaken him when he stood most in need of its assistance; and upon trial was found unable to bear a reverse of fortune, giving way to rage, impatience, envy, and discontent.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE house of lords met upon the 2nd day of January, according to their adjournment; but before they could proceed to business the twelve new created peers were, in the usual form, admitted to their seats in that assembly; who by their numbers turned the balance on the side of the court, and voted an adjournment to the same day with the Commons. Upon the 14th of January the two houses met: but the queen, who intended to be there in person, sent a message to inform them "That she was prevented by a sudden return of the gout; and to desire they would adjourn for three days longer, when her majesty hoped she should be able to speak to them." However, her indisposition still continuing, Mr. secretary St. John brought another message to the house of commons from the queen, containing the substance of what she intended to have spoken: "That she could now tell them her plenipotentiaries were arrived at Utrecht; had begun, in pursuance of her instructions, to concert the most proper ways of procuring a just satisfaction to all powers in alliance with her, according to their several treaties, and particularly with relation to Spain and the West Indies: That she promised to communicate to them the conditions of peace, before the same should be concluded: That the world would now see how groundless these reports were and without the least colour, that a separate peace had been treated: That her ministers were directed to propose that a day might be fixed for the finishing, as was done for the commencement, of this treaty; and that, in the mean time, all preparations were hastening for an early campaign," &c.

Her majesty's endeavours towards this great work having been in such a forwardness at the time that her message was sent, I shall here, as in the most proper place, relate the several steps by which the intercourse between the courts of France and Britain was begun and carried on.

The marquis de Torcy, sent by the most christian king to the Hague, had there, in the year 1709, made very advantageous offers to the allies in his master's name, which our ministers, as well as those of the States, thought fit to refuse, and advanced other proposals in their stead; but of such a nature as no prince could digest who did not lie at the immediate mercy of his enemies. It was demanded, among other things, "That the French king should employ his own troops, in conjunction with those of the allies, to drive his grandson out of Spain." The proposers knew very well that the enemy would never consent to this; and if it were possible they could at first have any such hopes, Mons. de Torcy assured them to the contrary in a manner which might well be believed; for when the British and Dutch plenipotentiaries were drawing up their demands, they desired that minister to assist them in the style and expression; which he very readily did, and made use of the strongest words he could find to please them. He then insisted to know their last resolution, whether these were the lowest terms the allies would accept; and, having received a determinate answer in the affirmative, he spoke to this effect:—

"That he thanked them heartily for giving him the happiest day he had ever seen in his life: That in perfect obedience to his master he had made concessions in his own opinion highly derogatory to the king's honour and interest: That he had not concealed the difficulties of his court or the discontents of his country by a long and unsuccessful war, which could only justify the large offers he had been empowered to make: That the conditions of peace now delivered into his hands by the allies would raise a new spirit in the nation and remove the greatest difficulty the court lay under; putting it in his master's power to convince all his subjects how earnestly his majesty desired to ease them from the burden of the war; but that his enemies would not accept of any terms which could consist either with their safety or his honour." Mons. de Torcy assured the pensionary, in the strongest manner, and bid him count upon it, "That the king his master would never sign those articles."

It soon appeared that the marquis de Torcy's predictions were true; for upon delivering to his master the last resolutions of the allies, that prince took care to publish them all over his kingdom as an appeal to his subjects against the unreasonableness and injustice of his enemies; which proceeding effectually answered the utmost he intended by it; for the French nation, extremely jealous of their monarch's glory, made universal offers of their lives and fortunes rather than submit to such ignominious terms; and the clergy, in particular, promised to give the king their consecrated plate towards continuing the war. Thus that mighty kingdom (generally thought to be wholly exhausted of its wealth), when driven to a necessity by the imprudence of the allies or by the corruption of particular men who influenced their councils, recovered strength enough to support itself for three following campaigns; and in the last, by the fatal blindness or obstinacy of the Dutch (venturing to act without the assistance of Britain, which they had shamefully abandoned), was an overmatch for the whole confederate army.

Those who, in order to defend the proceedings of the allies, have given an account of this negotiation, do wholly omit the circumstance I have now related; and express the zeal of the British and Dutch ministers for a peace, by informing us how frequently they sent after Mons. de Torcy and Mons. Rouille for a further conference. But in the mean time Mr. Horatio Walpole, secretary to the queen's plenipotentiaries, was dispatched over hither to have those abortive articles signed and ratified by her majesty at a venture; which was accordingly done: a piece of management altogether absurd and without example; contrived only to deceive our people into a belief that a peace was intended, and to show what great things the ministry designed to do.

But this hope expiring, upon the news that France had refused to sign those articles, all was resolved by recourse to the old topic of the French perfidiousness. We loaded them plentifully with ignominious appellations: "they were a nation never to be trusted." The parliament cheerfully continued their supplies, and the war went on. The winter following began the second and last session of the preceding parliament, noted for the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, and the occasions thereby given to the people to discover and exert their dispositions very opposite to the designs of those who were then in power. In the summer of 1710 ensued a gradual change of the ministry, and in the beginning of that winter the present parliament was called.

The king of France, whose real interests made him sincerely desirous of any tolerable peace, found it impossible to treat upon equal conditions with either of the two maritime powers engaged against him, because of the prevalency of factions in both, who acted in concert to their mutual private advantage, although directly against the general dispositions of the people in either, as well as against their several maxims of government. But upon the great turn of affairs and councils here in England, the new parliament and ministers acting from other motives and upon other principles, that prince hoped an opportunity might arise of resuming his endeavours toward a peace.

There was at this time in England a French ecclesiastic, called the Abbé Gualtier, who had resided several years in London, under the protection of some foreign ministers in whose families he used upon occasion to exercise his function of a priest. After the battle of Blenheim this gentleman went down to Nottingham, where several French prisoners of quality were kept; to whom he rendered those offices of civility suitable to persons in their condition, which upon their return to France they reported to his advantage. Among the rest the Chevalier de Croissy told his brother, the marquis de Torcy, "That whenever the French court would have a mind to make overtures of peace with England, Monsieur Gualtier might be very usefully employed in handing them to the ministers here." This was no further thought of at present. In the mean time the war went on, and the conferences at the Hague and Gertruydenberg miscarried, by the allies insisting upon such demands as they neither expected nor perhaps desired should be granted.

Some time in July, 1710, Monsieur Gualtier received a letter from the marquis de Torcy, signifying "That a report being spread of her majesty's intentions to change her ministry, to take Mr. Harley into her councils, and to dissolve her parliament, the most Christian king thought it might be now a favourable conjuncture to offer new proposals of a treaty." Monsieur Gualtier was therefore directed to apply himself in the marquis's name either to the duke of Shrewsbury, the earl of Jersey, or Mr. Harley, and inform the French court how such a proposition would be relished. Gualtier chose to deliver his message to the second of those who had been ambassador from the late king to France. But the earl excused himself from entering into particulars with a stranger and a private person, who had no authority for what he said more than a letter from Monsieur de Torcy. Gualtier offered to procure another from that minister to the earl himself; and did so in a month after; but obtained no answer till December following, when the queen had made all necessary changes and summoned a free parliament to her wishes. About the beginning of January, the abbé (after having procured his dismission from Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, at that time his protector) was sent to Paris to inform Mons. de Torcy, "That her majesty would be willing his master should resume the treaty with Holland, provided the demands of England might be previously granted." Gualtier came back after a short stay with a return to his message, "That the Dutch had used the most Christian king and his ministers in such a manner, both at the Hague and Gertruydenberg, as made that prince resolve not to expose himself any more to the like treatment; that he therefore chose to address himself to England, and was ready to make whatever offers her majesty could reasonably expect for the advantage of her own kingdoms and the satisfaction of her allies."

After this message had been duly considered by the queen and her ministers, Monsieur Gualtier was dispatched a second time to France about the beginning of March 1710-11, with an answer to the following purpose:—"That since France had their particular reasons for not beginning again to treat with Holland, England was willing to remove that difficulty, and proposed it should be done in this manner: That France should send over hither the propositions for a treaty which should be transmitted by England to Holland to be jointly treated on that side of the water; but it was to be understood that the same proposition formerly offered to Holland was to be made to England, or one not less advantageous to the allies: for although England would enter most sincerely into such a treaty, and show in the course of it the clearness of their intentions, yet they could not with honour entertain a less beneficial proposal than what was offered to the States."

That prince, as well as his minister Monsieur de Torcy, either felt or affected so much resentment of the usage the latter had met at the Hague and Gertruydenberg, that they appeared fully determined against making any application to the States, where the same persons continued still in power, of whose treatment they so heavily complained. They seemed altogether to distrust the inclination of that republic towards a peace; but at the same time showed a mighty complaisance to the English nation, and a desire to have her majesty at the head of a treaty. This appears by the first overture in form sent from that kingdom, and signed by Mons. de Torcy on the 22nd of April, N. S., 1711, to the following effect:

"That as it could not be doubted but the king was in a condition of continuing the war with honour, so it could not be looked on as a mark of weakness in his majesty to break the silence he had kept since the conferences at Gertruydenberg, and that before the opening of the campaign he now gives further proof of the desire he always had to procure the repose of Europe. But after what he has found by experience of the sentiments of those persons who now govern the republic of Holland, and of their industry in rendering all negotiations without effect, his majesty will, for the public good, offer to the English nation those propositions which he thinks fit to make for terminating the war, and for settling the tranquillity of Europe upon a solid foundation. It is with this view that he offers to enter into a treaty of peace founded on the following conditions:

"First, The English nation shall have real securities for carrying on their trade in Spain, the Indies, and ports of the Mediterranean.

"Secondly, The king will consent to form a sufficient barrier in the Low Countries for the security of the republic of Holland; and this barrier shall be such as England shall agree upon and approve; his majesty promising at the same time entire liberty and security to the trade of the Dutch.

"Thirdly, All reasonable methods shall be thought of with sincerity and truth, for giving satisfaction to the allies of England and Holland.

"Fourthly, Whereas the affairs of the king of Spain are in so good a condition as to furnish new expedients for putting an end to the disputes about that monarchy, and for settling it to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned, all sincere endeavours shall be used for surmounting the difficulties arisen upon this occasion; and the trade and interest of all parties engaged in the present war shall be secured.

"Fifthly, The conferences, in order to treat of a peace upon these conditions, shall be immediately opened; and the plenipotentiaries whom the king shall name to assist thereat shall treat with those of England and Holland, either alone or in conjunction with those of their allies, as England shall choose.

"Sixthly, His majesty proposes the town of Aix la Chapelle or Liege for the place where the plenipotentiaries shall assemble; leaving the choice likewise to England of either of the said towns wherein to treat of a general peace."

These overtures, although expressing much confidence in the ministry here, great deference to the queen, and displeasure against the Dutch, were immediately transmitted by her majesty's command to her ambassador in Holland, with orders that they should be communicated to the pensionary. The Abbé Gualtier was desired to signify this proceeding to the marquis de Torcy; at the same time to let that minister understand "that some of the above articles ought to be explained." The lord Raby, now earl of Strafford, was directed to tell the pensionary "That her majesty being resolved in making peace as in making war, to act in perfect concert with the States, would not lose a moment in transmitting to him a paper of this importance: That the queen earnestly desired that the secret might be kept among as few as possible; and that she hoped the pensionary would advise upon this occasion with no person whatsoever, except such as by the constitution of that government are unavoidably necessary: That the terms of the several propositions were indeed too general; but, however, they contained an offer to treat: and that, although there appeared an air of complaisance to England through the whole paper, and the contrary to Holland, yet this could have no ill consequence as long as the queen and the States took care to understand each other, and to act with as little reserve as became two powers so nearly allied in interest; which rule on the part of Britain should be inviolably observed." It was signified likewise to the pensionary "That the duke of Marlborough had no communication of this affair from England, and that it was supposed he would have none from the Hague."

After these proposals had been considered in Holland, the ambassador was directed to send back the opinion of the Dutch ministers upon them. The court here was indeed apprehensive that the pensionary would be alarmed at the whole frame of Monsieur de Torcy's paper, and particularly at these expressions, "That the English shall have real securities for their trade, &c.; and that the barrier for the States General shall be such as England shall agree upon and approve." It was natural to think that the fear which the Dutch would conceive of our obtaining advantageous terms for Britain, might put them upon trying underhand for themselves, and endeavouring to overreach us in the management of the peace as they had hitherto done in that of the war; the ambassador was therefore cautioned to be very watchful in discovering any workings which might tend that way.

When the lord Raby was first sent to the Hague, the duke of Marlborough and lord Townshend had, for very obvious reasons, used their utmost endeavours to involve him in as many difficulties as they could; upon which and other accounts, needless to mention, it was thought proper that his grace, then in Flanders, should not be let into the secret of this affair.

The proposal of Aix or Liege for a place of treaty was only a further mark of their old discontent against Holland, to show they would not name any town which belonged to the States.

The pensionary, having consulted those who had been formerly employed in the negotiations of peace, and enjoined them the utmost secrecy to avoid the jealousy of the foreign ministers there, desired the ambassador to return her majesty thanks for the obliging manner of communicating the French overtures, for the confidence she placed in the States, and for her promise of making no step towards a peace but in concert with them; assuring her of the like on their part: "That although the States endeavoured to hide it from the enemy, they were as weary of the war as we, and very heartily desirous of a good and lasting peace, as well as ready to join in any method which her majesty should think proper to obtain it: That the States looked upon these propositions as very dark and general; and they observed how the enemy would create jealousies between the queen, their republic, and the other allies; but they were satisfied it would have no effect, and relied entirely on the justness and prudence of her majesty, who they doubted not would make the French explain themselves more particularly in the several points of their proposals, and send a plan of the particular conditions whereupon they would make a peace; after which the States would be ready either to join with her majesty or to make their objections; and were prepared to bring with them all the facility imaginable towards promoting so good a work."

This is the sum of the verbal answer made by the pensionary upon communicating to him the French proposals; and I have chosen to set it down, rather than transcribe the other given to the ambassador some days after; which was more in form and to the same purpose, but shorter, and in my opinion not so well discovering the true disposition of the Dutch ministers: for after the queen had transmitted the French overtures to Holland, and the States found her majesty was bent in earnest upon the thoughts of a peace, they began to cast about how to get the negotiation into their own hands. They knew that whatever power received the first proposals would be wise enough to stipulate something for themselves; as they had done in their own case both at the Hague and Gertruydenberg, where they carved as they pleased without any regard to the interests of their nearest allies. For this reason, while they endeavoured to amuse the British court with expostulations upon the several preliminaries sent from France, Monsieur Petecum, a forward meddling agent of Holstein who had resided some years in Holland, negotiated with Heinsius the grand pensionary, as well as with Vanderdussen and Buys, about restoring the conferences between France and that republic, broken off in Gertruydenberg; pursuant to which, about the end of May, N. S. 1711, Petecum wrote to the marquis de Torcy, with the privity of the pensionary and probably of the other two. The substance of his letter was to inform the marquis "That things might easily be disposed so as to settle a correspondence between that crown and the republic, in order to renew the treaty of peace: That this could be done with the greater secrecy, because Monsieur Heinsius, by virtue of his oath as pensionary, might keep any affair private as long as he thought necessary and was not obliged to communicate it until he believed things were ripe; and as long as he concealed it from his masters, he was not bound to discover it either to the ministers of the emperor or those of her British majesty: That since England thought it proper for king Charles to continue the whole campaign in Catalonia (though he should be chosen emperor), in order to support the war in Spain, it was necessary for France to treat in the most secret manner with the States, who were not now so violently as formerly against having Philip on the Spanish throne, upon certain conditions for securing their trade; but were jealous of England's design to fortify some trading towns in Spain for themselves: That Heinsius extremely desired to get out of the war, for some reasons which he (Petecum) was not permitted to tell; and that Vanderdussen and Buys were impatient to have the negotiations with France once more set on foot; which, if Monsieur Torcy thought fit to consent to, Petecum engaged that the States would determine to settle the preliminaries in the mid-way between Paris and the Hague, with whatever ministers the most christian king should please to employ."

Monsieur Torcy refused this overture; and in his answer to Monsieur Petecum assigned for the reason the treatment his master's former proposals had met with at the Hague and Gertruydenberg from the ministers of Holland. Britain and Holland seemed pretty well agreed that those proposals were too loose and imperfect to be a foundation for entering upon a general treaty; and Monsieur Gualtier was desired to signify to the French court "That it was expected they should explain themselves more particularly on the several articles."

But in the mean time the queen was firmly resolved that the interests of her own kingdoms should not be neglected at this juncture, as they had formerly twice been while the Dutch were principal managers of a negotiation with France. Her majesty had given frequent and early notice to the States of the general disposition of her people toward a peace, of her own inability to continue the war upon the old foot, under the disadvantage of unequal quotas and the universal backwardness of her allies. She had likewise informed them of several advances made to her on the side of France, which she had refused to hearken to till she had consulted with those her good friends and confederates, and heard their opinion on that subject. But the Dutch, who apprehended nothing more than to see Britain at the head of a treaty, were backward and sullen, disliked all proposals by the queen's intervention, and said "It was a piece of artifice in France to divide the allies." Besides, they knew the ministry was young, and the opposite faction had given them assurances "That the people of England would never endure a peace without Spain, nor the men in power dare to attempt it after the resolutions of one house of parliament to the contrary." But in the midst of this unwillingness to receive any overtures from France by the queen's hands, the Dutch ministers were actually engaged in a correspondence with that court, where they urged our inability to begin a treaty by reason of those factions which themselves had inflamed; and were ready to commence a negotiation upon much easier terms than what they supposed we demanded. For not to mention the duke of Lorraine's interposition in behalf of Holland, which France absolutely refused to accept, the letters sent from the Dutch to that court were shown some months after to a British minister there, which gave much weight to Monsieur de Torcy's insinuations, "That he knew where to meet with more compliance if the necessity of affairs should force him to it by our refusal." And the violence of the States against our entertaining that correspondence was only because they knew theirs would never be accepted; at least till ours were thrown off.

The queen sensible of all this resolved to provide for her own kingdoms; and having therefore prepared such demands for her principal allies as might be a ground for proceeding to a general treaty, without pretending to adjust their several interests, she resolved to stipulate in a particular manner the advantage of Britain. The following preliminary demands were accordingly drawn up, in order to be transmitted to France:

"Great Britain will not enter into any negotiation of peace otherwise than upon these conditions obtained beforehand:

"That the union of the two crowns of France and Spain shall be prevented: That satisfaction shall be given to all the allies, and trade settled and maintained.

"If France be disposed to treat upon this view it is not to be doubted that the following propositions will be found reasonable:

"A barrier shall be formed in the Low Countries for the States General, and their trade shall be secured.

"A barrier likewise shall be formed for the empire.

"The pretensions of all the allies founded upon former treaties shall be regulated and determined to their general satisfaction.

"In order to make a more equal balance of power in Italy the dominions and territories which, in the beginning of the present war, belonged to the duke of Savoy, and are now in the possession of France, shall be restored to his royal highness; and such other places in Italy shall be yielded to him as will be found necessary and agreeable to the sense of former treaties made with this prince.

"As to Great Britain, in particular, the succession to the crown of the kingdoms, according to the present establishment, shall be acknowledged.

"A new treaty of commerce between Great Britain and France shall be made after the most just and reasonable manner.

"Dunkirk shall be demolished.

"Gibraltar and Port-Mahon shall remain in the hands of the present possessors.

"The English shall have the assiento in the same manner the French now enjoy it; and such places in the Spanish West Indies shall be assigned to those concerned in this traffic, for the refreshment and sale of their negroes, as shall be found necessary and convenient.

"All advantages, rights, and privileges already granted, and which may hereafter be granted, by Spain to the subjects of France or to any other nation whatsoever, shall be equally granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"And for better securing the British trade in the Spanish West Indies, certain places, to be named in the treaty of peace, shall be put into possession of the English.

"Newfoundland, with the bay and straits of Hudson, shall be entirely restored to the English; and Great Britain and France shall severally keep and possess all those countries and territories in North America which each of the said nations shall be in possession of at the time when the ratification of this treaty shall be published in those parts of the world.

"These demands, and all other proceedings between Great Britain and France, shall be kept inviolably secret until they are published by the mutual consent of both parties."

The last article was not only intended for avoiding, if possible, the jealousy of the Dutch, but to prevent the clamours of the abettors here at home, who, under the pretended fears of our doing injustice to the Dutch by acting without the privity of that republic, in order to make a separate peace, would be ready to drive on the worst designs against the queen and ministry in order to recover the power they had lost.

In June, 1711, Mr. Prior, a person of great distinction, not only on account of his wit but for his abilities in the management of affairs, and who had been formerly employed at the French court, was despatched thither by her majesty with the foregoing demands. This gentleman was received at Versailles with great civility. The king declared, "That no proceeding in order to a general treaty would be so agreeable to him as by the intervention of England; and that his majesty, being desirous to contribute with all his power towards the repose of Europe, did answer to the demands which had been made:

"That he would consent freely and sincerely to all just and reasonable methods for hindering the crowns of France and Spain from being ever united under the same prince; his majesty being persuaded that such an excess of power would be as contrary to the general good and repose of Europe as it was opposite to the will of the late catholic king Charles II." He said, "His intention was that all parties in the present war should find their reasonable satisfaction in the intended treaty of peace; and that trade should be settled and maintained for the future to the advantage of those nations which formerly possessed it.

"That, as the king will exactly observe the conditions of peace, whenever it shall be concluded, and as the object he proposes to himself is to secure the frontiers of his own kingdom, without giving any sort of disturbance to his neighbours, he promises to agree that by the future treaty of peace the Dutch shall be put into possession of all such fortified places as shall be specified in the said treaty, to serve for a barrier to that republic against all attempts on the side of France. He engages likewise to give all necessary securities for removing the jealousies raised among the German princes of his majesty's designs

"That when the conferences in order to a general treaty shall be formed all the pretensions of the several princes and states engaged in the present war shall be fairly and amicably discussed; nor shall anything be omitted which may regulate and determine them to the satisfaction of all parties

"That, pursuant to the demands made by England, his majesty promises to restore to the duke of Savoy those demesnes and territories which belonged to that prince at the beginning of this war, and which his majesty is now in possession of; and the king consents, further, that such other places in Italy shall be yielded to the duke of Savoy as shall be found necessary according to the sense of those treaties made between the said duke and his allies.

"That the king's sentiments of the present government of Great Britain, the open declaration he made in Holland of his resolution to treat of peace by applications to the English, the assurances he had given of engaging the king of Spain to leave Gibraltar in their hands (all which are convincing proofs of his perfect esteem for a nation still in war with him), leave no room to doubt of his majesty's inclination to give England all securities and advantages for their trade which they can reasonably demand. But as his majesty cannot persuade himself that a government so clear-sighted as ours will insist upon conditions which must absolutely destroy the trade of France and Spain as well as that of all other nations of Europe, he thinks the demands made by Great Britain may require a more particular discussion.

"That upon this foundation the king thought the best way of advancing and perfecting a negotiation, the beginning of which he had seen with so much satisfaction, would be to send into England a person instructed in his intention and authorised by him to agree upon securities for settling the trade of the subjects of England, and those particular advantages to be stipulated in their favour, without destroying the trade of the French and Spaniards or of other nations in Christendom.

"That therefore his majesty had charged the person chosen for this commission to answer the other articles of the memorial given him by Mr. Prior, the secret of which should be exactly observed."

Mons. de Torcy had for some years past used all his endeavours to incline his master toward a peace, pursuant to the maxim of his uncle Colbert, "That a long war was not for the interest of France." It was for this reason the king made choice of him in the conferences at the Hague, the bad success whereof, although it filled him with resentments against the Dutch, did not alter his opinion; but he was violently opposed by a party both in the court and kingdom who pretended to fear he would sacrifice the glory of the prince and country by too large concessions; or perhaps would rather wish that the first offers should have been still made to the Dutch, as a people more likely to be less solicitous about the interest of Britain than her majesty would certainly be for theirs; and the particular design of Mr. Prior was to find out whether that minister had credit enough with his prince, and a support from others in power, sufficient to overrule the faction against peace.

Mr. Prior's journey could not be kept a secret, as the court here at first seemed to intend it. He was discovered, at his return, by an officer of the port at Dover, where he landed after six weeks' absence; upon which the Dutch Gazettes and English newspapers were full of speculations.

At the same time with Mr. Prior there arrived from France Mons. Mesnager, knight of the order of St. Michael, and one of the council of trade to the most christian king. His commission was in general, empowering him to treat with the minister of any prince engaged in the war against his master. In his first conferences with the queen's ministers he pretended orders to insist that her majesty should enter upon particular engagements in several articles, which did not depend upon her, but concerned only the interest of the allies reciprocally with those of the most christian king; whereas the negotiation had begun upon this principle, that France should consent to adjust the interests of Great Britain in the first place, whereby her majesty would be afterwards enabled, by her good offices on all sides, to facilitate the general peace. The queen resolved never to depart from this principle, but was absolutely determined to remit the particular interests of the allies to general conferences, where she would do the utmost in her power to procure the repose of Europe and the satisfaction of all parties. It was plain France could run no hazard by this proceeding, because the preliminary articles would have no force before a general peace was signed; therefore it was not doubted but Mons. Mesnager would have orders to waive this new pretension, and go on in treating upon that foot which was at first proposed. In short, the ministers required a positive and speedy answer to the articles in question, since they contained only such advantages and securities as her majesty thought she had a right to require from any prince whatsoever to whom the dominions of Spain should happen to fall.

The particular demands of Britain were formed into eight articles, which Mons. Mesnager having transmitted to his court and received new powers from thence, had orders to give his master's consent by way of answers to the several points, to be obligatory only after a general peace. These demands, together with the answers of the French king, were drawn up and signed by Mons. Mesnager and her majesty's two principal secretaries of state; whereof I shall here present an extract to the reader.

In the preamble the most christian king sets forth, "That being particularly informed, by the last memorial which the British ministers delivered to Mons. Mesnager, of the dispositions of this crown to facilitate a general peace to the satisfaction of the several parties concerned; and his majesty finding in effect as the said memorial declares, that he runs no hazard by engaging himself in the manner there expressed, since the preliminary articles will be of no force until the signing of the general peace; and being sincerely desirous to advance to the utmost of his power the repose of Europe, especially by a way so agreeable as the interposition of a princess whom so many ties of blood ought to unite to him, and whose sentiments for the public tranquillity cannot be doubted; his majesty, moved by these considerations, has ordered Monsieur Mesnager, knight, &c., to give the following answers, in writing, to the articles contained in the memorial transmitted to him, entitled Preliminary Demands for Great Britain in particular."

The articles were these that follow:—

"First, The succession to the crown to be acknowledged, according to the present establishment.

"Secondly, A new treaty of commerce between Great Britain and France to be made, after the most just and reasonable manner.

"Thirdly, Dunkirk to be demolished.

"Fourthly, Gibraltar and Port-Mahon to continue in the hands of those who now possess them.

"Fifthly, The assiento (or liberty of selling negroes to the Spanish West Indies) to be granted to the English in as full manner as the French possess it at present; and such places in the said West Indies to be assigned to the persons concerned in this trade, for the refreshment and sale of their negroes, as shall be found necessary and convenient.

"Sixthly, Whatever advantages, privileges, and rights are already or may hereafter be granted by Spain to the subjects of France or any other nation, shall be equally granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"Seventhly, For better protecting their trade in the Spanish West Indies, the English shall be put into possession of such places as shall be named in the treaty of peace; or as an equivalent for this article, that the assiento be granted Britain for the term of thirty years.

"That the isle of St. Christopher's be likewise secured to the English.

"That the advantages and exemption from duties promised by Mons. Mesnager, which he affirms will amount to fifteen per cent. upon all goods of the growth and manufacture of Great Britain, be effectually allowed.

"That whereas, on the side of the river Plate, the English are not in possession of any colony, a certain extent of territory be allowed them on the said river for refreshing and keeping their negroes till they are sold to the Spaniards; subject nevertheless to the inspection of an officer appointed by Spain.

"Eighthly, Newfoundland, and the Bay and Straits of Hudson, shall be entirely restored to the English; and Great Britain and France shall respectively keep whatever dominions in North America each of them shall be in possession of when the ratification of this treaty shall be published in those parts of the world."

The six first articles were allowed without any difficulty, except that about Dunkirk, where France was to have an equivalent, to be settled in a general treaty.

A difficulty arising upon the seventh article, the proposed equivalent was allowed instead thereof.

The last article was referred to the general treaty of peace; only the French insisted to have the power of fishing for cod and drying them on the island of Newfoundland.

These articles were to be looked upon as conditions which the most christian king consented to allow; and whenever a general peace should be signed, they were to be digested into the usual form of a treaty, to the satisfaction of both crowns.

The queen having thus provided for the security and advantage of her kingdoms whenever a peace should be made, and upon terms no way interfering with the interest of her allies, the next thing in order was, to procure from France such preliminary articles as might be a ground upon which to commence a general treaty. These were adjusted and signed the same day with the former; and having been delivered to the several ministers residing here from the powers in alliance with England, were quickly made public. But the various constructions and censures which passed upon them have made it necessary to give the reader the following transcript:

"The king being willing to contribute all that is in his power to the re-establishing of the general peace, his majesty declares,—

"1. That he will acknowledge the queen of Great Britain in that quality, as also the succession of that crown according to the settlement.

"2. That he will freely and *bonâ fide* consent to the taking all just and reasonable measures for hindering, that the crowns of France and Spain may ever be united on the head of the same prince; his majesty being persuaded that this excess of power would be contrary to the good and quiet of Europe.

"3. The king's intention is that all the parties engaged in the present war, without excepting any of them, may find their reasonable satisfaction in the treaty of peace which shall be made; that commerce may be re-established and maintained for the future, to the advantage of Great Britain, of Holland, and of the other nations who have been accustomed to exercise commerce.

"4. As the king will likewise maintain exactly the observance of the peace when it shall be concluded, and the object the king proposes to himself being to secure the frontiers of his kingdom without disturbing in any manner whatever the neighbouring states; he promises to agree, by the treaty which shall be made, that the Dutch shall be put in possession of the fortified places which shall be mentioned in the Netherlands to serve hereafter for a barrier, which may secure the quiet of the republic of Holland against any enterprise from the part of France.

"5. The king consents likewise that a secure and convenient barrier should be formed for the empire and for the house of Austria.

"6. Notwithstanding Dunkirk cost the king very great sums, as well to purchase it as to fortify it; and that it is further necessary to be at very considerable expense for razing the works; his majesty is willing, however, to engage to cause them to be demolished immediately after the conclusion of the peace, on condition that, for the fortifications of that place, a proper equivalent that may content him be given him; and as England cannot furnish that equivalent, the discussion of it shall be referred to the conferences to be held for the negotiation of the peace.

"7. When the conferences for the negotiation of the peace shall be formed, all the pretensions of the princes and states engaged in the present war shall be therein discussed *bonâ fide* and amicably; and nothing shall be omitted to regulate and terminate them to the satisfaction of all the parties.

"Mesnager."

These overtures are founded upon the 8th article of the grand alliance made in 1701, wherein are contained the conditions without which a peace is not to be made; and whoever compares both will find the preliminaries to reach every point proposed in that article, which those who censured them at home, if they spoke their thoughts, did not understand; for nothing can be plainer than what the public has often been told, "that the recovery of Spain from the house of Bourbon was a thing never imagined when the war began, but a just and reasonable satisfaction to the emperor." Much less ought such a condition to be held necessary at present, not only because it is allowed on all hands to be impracticable, but likewise because by the changes in the Austrian and Bourbon families it would not be safe; neither did those who were loudest in blaming the French preliminaries know anything of the advantages privately stipulated for Britain, whose interests, they assured us, were all made a sacrifice to the corruption or folly of the managers; and therefore because the opposers of peace have been better informed by what they have since heard and seen, they have changed their battery, and accused the ministers for betraying the Dutch.

The lord Raby, her majesty's ambassador at the Hague, having made a short journey to England, where he was created earl of Strafford, went back to Holland about the beginning of October, 1711, with the above preliminaries, in order to communicate them to the pensionary and other ministers of the States. The earl was instructed to let them know "That the queen had, according to their desire, returned an answer to the first propositions signed by

Mons. Torcy, signifying that the French offers were thought, both by her majesty and the States, neither so particular nor so full as they ought to be, and insisting to have a distinct project formed of such a peace as the most Christian king would be willing to conclude: That this affair having been for some time transacted by papers, and thereby subject to delays, Mons. Mesnager was at length sent over by France, and had signed those preliminaries now communicated to them: That the several articles did not indeed contain such particular concessions as France must and will make in the course of a treaty; but that, however, her majesty thought them a sufficient foundation whereon to open the general conferences.

"That her majesty was unwilling to be charged with determining the several interests of her allies, and therefore contented herself with such general offers as might include all the particular demands proper to be made during the treaty, where the confederates must resolve to adhere firmly together, in order to obtain from the enemy the utmost that could be hoped for in the present circumstances of affairs; which rule her majesty assured the States she would on her part firmly observe."

If the ministers of Holland should express any uneasiness that her majesty may have settled the interest of her own kingdoms in a future peace by any private agreement, the ambassador was ordered to say "That the queen had hitherto refused to have the treaty carried on in her own kingdom, and would continue to do so unless they (the Dutch) constrained her to take another measure: that by these means the States and the rest of the allies would have the opportunity of treating and adjusting their different pretensions, which her majesty would promote with all the zeal she had shown for the common good and the particular advantage of that republic (as they must do her the justice to confess), in the whole course of her reign: that the queen had made no stipulation for herself which might clash with the interests of Holland: and that the articles to be inserted in a future treaty for the benefit of Britain, were for the most part such as contained advantages which must either be continued to the enemy or be obtained by her majesty; but, however, that no concession should tempt her to hearken to a peace unless her good friends and allies, the States General, had all reasonable satisfaction as to their trade and barrier as well as in all other respects."

After these assurances given in the queen's name, the earl was to insinuate "That her majesty should have just reason to be offended, and to think the proceedings between her and the States very unequal if they should pretend to have any further uneasiness upon this head: that being determined to accept no advantages to herself repugnant to their interests, nor any peace without their reasonable satisfaction, the figure she had made during the whole course of the war, and the part she had acted superior to any of the allies, who were more concerned in danger and interest, might justly entitle her to settle the concerns of Great Britain before she would consent to a general negotiation."

If the States should object the engagements the queen was under by treaties of making no peace but in concert with them, or the particular obligations of the barrier treaty, the ambassador was to answer, "That as to the former, her majesty had not in any sort acted contrary thereto: that she was so far from making a peace without their consent as to declare her firm resolution not to make it without their satisfaction; and that what had passed between France and her amounted to no more than an introduction to a general treaty." As to the latter, the earl had orders to represent very earnestly "how much it was even for the interest of Holland itself, rather to compound the advantage of the barrier treaty than to insist upon the whole, which the house of Austria and several other allies would never consent to: that nothing could be more odious to the people of England than many parts of this treaty, which would have raised universal indignation if the utmost care had not been taken to quiet the minds of those who were acquainted with the terms of that guaranty, and to conceal them from those who were not: that it was absolutely necessary to maintain a good harmony between both nations, without which it would be impossible at any time to form a strength for reducing an exorbitant power or preserving the balance of Europe; whence it followed, that it could not be the true interest of either country to insist upon any conditions which might give just apprehension to the other.

"That France had proposed Utrecht, Nimeguen, Aix, or Liège, wherein to hold the general treaty; and her majesty was ready to send her plenipotentiaries to whichever of those towns the States should approve."

If the imperial ministers, or those of the other allies, should object against the preliminaries as no sufficient ground for opening the conferences, and insist that France should consent to such articles as were signed on the part of the allies in the year 1709, the earl of Strafford was in answer directed to insinuate "That the French might have probably been brought to explain themselves more particularly had they not perceived the uneasiness, impatience and jealousy among the allies during our transactions with that court." However, he should declare to them in the queen's name, "That if they were determined to accept of peace upon no terms inferior to what was formerly demanded, her majesty was ready to concur with them; but would no longer bear those disproportions of expense yearly increased upon her, nor the deficiency of the confederates in every part of the war: that it was therefore incumbent upon them to furnish for the future such quotas of ships and forces as they were now wanting in, and to increase their expense, while her majesty reduced hers to a reasonable and just proportion."

That if the ministers of Vienna and Holland should urge their inability upon this head, the queen insisted "They ought to comply with her in war or in peace; her majesty desiring nothing as to the first, but what they ought to perform, and what is absolutely necessary: and as to the latter, that she had done and would continue to do the utmost in her power towards obtaining such a peace as might be to the satisfaction of all her allies."

Some days after the earl of Strafford's departure to Holland, Mons. Buys, pensionary of Amsterdam, arrived here from thence with instructions from his masters to treat upon the subject of the French preliminaries and the methods for carrying on the war. In his first conference with a committee of council he objected against all the articles, as too general and uncertain; and against some of them, as prejudicial. He said, "The French promising that trade should be re-established and maintained for the future was meant in order to deprive the Dutch of their tariff of 1604, for the plenipotentiaries of that crown would certainly expound the word *rétablir* to signify no more than restoring the trade of the States to the condition it was in immediately before the commencement of the present war." He said, "That in the article of Dunkirk the destruction of the harbour was not mentioned, and that the fortifications were only to be razed upon condition of an equivalent, which might occasion a difference between her majesty and the States, since Holland would think it hard to have a town less in their barrier for the demolition of Dunkirk; and England would complain to have this thorn continued in their side for the sake of giving one town more to the Dutch." Lastly, he objected "That where the French promised effectual methods should be taken to prevent the union of France and Spain under the same king, they offered nothing at all for the cession of Spain, which was the most important point of the war.

"For these reasons, Monsieur Buys hoped her majesty would alter her measures, and demand specific articles upon which the allies might debate whether they would consent to a negotiation or not."

The queen, who looked upon all these difficulties raised about the method of treating as endeavours to wrest the negotiation out of her hands, commanded the lords of the committee to let Monsieur Buys know "That the experience she formerly had of proceeding by particular preliminaries toward a general treaty gave her no encouragement to repeat the same method any more: that such a preliminary treaty must be negotiated either by some particular allies, or by all: the first her majesty could never suffer, since she would neither take upon her to settle the interest of others, nor submit that others should settle those of her own kingdoms: as to the second, it was liable to Monsieur Buys's objection, because the ministers of France would have as fair an opportunity of sowing division among the allies when they were all assembled upon a preliminary treaty as when the conferences were open for a negotiation of peace: that this method could therefore have no other effect than to delay the treaty, without any advantage: that her majesty was heartily disposed, both then and during the negotiation, to insist on every thing necessary for securing the barrier and commerce of the States, and therefore hoped the conferences might be opened without further difficulties.

"That her majesty did not only consent, but desired to have a plan settled for carrying on the war as soon as the negotiation of peace should begin; but expected to have the burden more equally laid, and more agreeably to treaties; and would join with the States in pressing the allies to perform their parts, as she had endeavoured to animate them by her example."

Mons. Buys seemed to know little of his masters' mind, and pretended he had no power to conclude upon anything. Her majesty's minister proposed to him an alliance between the two nations to subsist after a peace. To this he hearkened very readily, and offered to take the matter *ad referendum*, having authority to do no more. His intention was, that he might appear to negotiate, in order to gain time to pick out if possible the whole secret of the transactions between Britain and France; to disclose nothing himself, nor bind his masters to any conditions; to seek delays till the parliament met, and then observe what turn it took, and what would be the issue of those frequent cabals between himself and some other foreign ministers, in conjunction with the chief leaders of the discontented faction.

The Dutch hoped that the clamours raised against the proceedings of the queen's ministers toward a peace would make the parliament disapprove what had been done; whereby the States would be at the head of the negotiation, which the queen did not think fit to have any more in their hands, where it had miscarried twice already, although prince Eugene himself owned "That France was then disposed to conclude a peace upon such conditions that it was not worth the life of a grenadier to refuse them." As to insisting upon specific preliminaries, her majesty thought her own method much better, "for each ally in the course of the negotiation to advance and manage his own pretensions, wherein she would support and assist them;" rather than for two ministers of one ally to treat solely with the enemy and report what they pleased to the rest, as was practised by the Dutch at Gertruydenberg.

One part of Mons. Buys's instructions was, "To desire the queen not to be so far amused by a treaty of peace as to neglect her preparation for war against the next campaign. Her majesty, who was firmly resolved against submitting any longer to that unequal burden of expense she had hitherto lain under, commanded Mr. secretary St. John to debate the matter with that minister, who said "He had no power to treat; only insisted that his masters had fully done their part, and that nothing but exhortations could be used to prevail on the other allies to act with greater vigour."

On the other side, the queen refused to concert any plan for the prosecution of the war till the States would join with her in agreeing to open the conferences of peace, which therefore by Mons. Buys's application to them was accordingly done, by a resolution taken in Holland upon the 21st of November, 1711, N. S.

About this time the count de Gallas was forbid the court by order from the queen, who sent him word "that she looked upon him no longer as a public minister."

This gentleman thought fit to act a very dishonourable part here in England, altogether inconsistent with the character he bore of envoy from the late and present emperors, two princes under the strictest ties of gratitude to the queen, especially the latter, who had then the title of king of Spain. Count Gallas, about the end of August, 1711, with the utmost privacy dispatched an Italian, one of his clerks, to Frankfort, where the earl of Peterborough was then expected. This man was instructed to pass for a Spaniard, and insinuate himself into the earl's service, which he accordingly did, and gave constant information to the last emperor's secretary at Frankfort of all he could gather up in his lordship's family, as well as copies of several letters he had transcribed. It was likewise discovered that Gallas had in his dispatches to the present emperor, then in Spain, represented the queen and her ministers as not to be confided in: "That when her majesty had dismissed the earl of Sunderland she promised to proceed no further in the change of her servants; yet soon after turned them all out, and thereby ruined the public credit, as well as abandoned Spain: that the present ministers wanted the abilities and good dispositions of the former; were persons of ill designs and enemies to the common cause, and he (Gallas) could not trust them." In his letters to count Zinzendorf he said "That Mr. secretary St. John complained of the house of Austria's backwardness only to make the king of Spain odious to England, and the people here desirous of a peace although it were ever so bad;" to prevent which count Gallas drew up a memorial which he intended to give the queen, and transmitted a draught of it to Zinzendorf for his advice and approbation. This memorial, among other great promises to encourage the continuance of the war, proposed the detaching of a good body of troops from Hungary to serve in Italy or Spain, as the queen should think fit.

Zinzendorf thought this too bold a step without consulting the emperor: to which Gallas replied, "That his design was only to engage the queen to go on with the war: that Zinzendorf knew how earnestly the English and Dutch had pressed to have these troops from Hungary, and therefore they ought to be promised, in order to quiet those two nations; after which several ways might be found to elude that promise; and, in the mean time, the great point would be gained of bringing the English to declare for continuing the war: that the emperor might afterwards excuse himself by the apprehension of a war in Hungary or of that between the Turks and Muscovites: that if these excuses should be at an end, a detachment of one or two regiments might be sent, and the rest deferred by pretending want of money; by which the queen would probably be brought to maintain some part of those troops, and perhaps the whole body." He added, "That this way of management was very common among the allies;" and gave for an example, the forces which the Dutch had promised for the service of Spain, but were never sent; with several other instances of the same kind, which, he said, might be produced.

Her majesty, who had long suspected that count Gallas was engaged in these and the like practices, having at last received authentic proofs of this whole intrigue, from original letters and the voluntary confession of those who were principally concerned in carrying it on, thought it necessary to show her resentment by refusing the count any more access to her person or her court.

Although the queen, as it has been already observed, was resolved to open the conferences upon the general preliminaries, yet she thought it would very much forward the peace to know what were the utmost concessions which France would make to the several allies, but especially to the States General and the duke of Savoy. Therefore, while her majesty was pressing the former to agree to a general treaty, the abbé Gualtier was sent to France with a memorial, to desire that the most christian king would explain himself upon those preliminaries, particularly with relation to Savoy and Holland, whose satisfaction the queen had most at heart; as well from her friendship to both these powers, as because, if she might engage to them that their just pretensions would be allowed, few difficulties would remain of any moment to retard the general peace.

The French answer to this memorial contained several schemes and proposals for the satisfaction of each ally, coming up very near to what her majesty and her ministers thought reasonable. The greatest difficulties seemed to be about the elector of Bavaria, for whose interests France appeared to be as much concerned as the queen was for those of the duke of Savoy. However, those were judged not very hard to be surmounted.

The States having at length agreed to a general treaty, the following particulars were concerted between her majesty and that republic:

"That the congress should be held at Utrecht.

"That the opening of the congress should be upon the 12th of January, N.S., 1711-12.

"That, for avoiding all inconveniences of ceremony, the ministers of the queen and States during the treaty should only have the characters of plenipotentiaries, and not take that of ambassadors till the day on which the peace should be signed.

"Lastly, The queen and States insisted that the ministers of the duke of Anjou and the late electors of Bavaria and Cologne, should not appear at the congress, until the points relating to their masters were adjusted; and were firmly resolved not to send their passports for the ministers of France till the most christian king declared that the absence of the forementioned ministers should not delay the progress of the negotiation."

Pursuant to the three former articles her majesty wrote circular letters to all the allies engaged with her in the present war; and France had notice, "That as soon as the king declared his compliance with the last article the blank passports should be filled up with the names of the mareschal d'Uxelles, the abbé de Polignac, and Monsieur Mesnager, who were appointed plenipotentiaries for that crown."

From what I have hitherto deduced the reader sees the plan which the queen thought the most effectual for advancing a peace. As the conferences were to begin upon the general preliminaries the queen was to be empowered by France to offer separately to the allies what might be reasonable for each to accept, and her own interests being previously settled she was to act as a general mediator; a figure that became her best, from the part she had in the war, and more useful to the great end at which she aimed, of giving a safe and honourable peace to Europe.

Besides, it was absolutely necessary for the interests of Britain that the queen should be at the head of the negotiation: without which her majesty could find no expedient to redress the injuries her kingdoms were sure to suffer by the barrier-treaty. In order to settle this point with the States the ministers here had a conference with Monsieur Buys, a few days before the parliament met. He was told, "How necessary it was, by previous concert between the emperor, the queen, and the States, to prevent any difference which might arise in the course of the treaty at Utrecht; that under pretence of a barrier for the States General, as their security against France, infinite prejudice might arise to the trade of Britain in the Spanish Netherlands; for, by the fifteenth article of the barrier-treaty, in consequence of what was stipulated by that of Munster, the queen was brought to engage that commerce shall not be rendered more easy, in point of duties, by the sea-ports of Flanders than it is by the river Scheld and by the canals on the side of the Seven Provinces; which, as things now stood, was very unjust, for while the towns in Flanders were in the hands of France or Spain the Dutch and we traded to them upon equal foot; but now, since by the barrier-treaty those towns were to be possessed by the States, that republic might lay what duties they pleased upon British goods, after passing by Ostend, and make their own custom-free, which would utterly ruin our whole trade with Flanders."

Upon this the lords told Monsieur Buys very frankly, "That if the States expected the queen should support their barrier, as their demands from France and the house of Austria upon that head, they ought to agree that the subjects of Britain should trade as freely to all the countries and places which, by virtue of any former or future treaty, were to become the barrier of the States, as they did in the time of the late king Charles II. of Spain, or as the subjects of the States General themselves shall do; and it is hoped their high mightinesses would never scruple to rectify a mistake so injurious to that nation, without whose blood and treasure they would have had no barrier at all." Monsieur Buys had nothing to answer against these objections, but said "He had already wrote to his masters for further instructions."

Greater difficulties occurred about settling what should be the barrier to the States after a peace: the envoy insisting to have all the towns that were named in the treaty of barrier and succession; and the queen's ministers excepting those towns which, if they continued in the hands of the Dutch, would render the trade of Britain to Flanders precarious. At length it was agreed in general, that the States ought to have what is really essential to the security of their barrier against France, and that some amicable expedient should be found for removing the fears both of Britain and Holland upon this point.

But at the same time Mons. Buys was told, "That although the queen would certainly insist to obtain all those points from France in behalf of her allies the States, yet she hoped his masters were too reasonable to break off the treaty rather than not obtain the very utmost of their demands, which could not be settled here unless he were fully instructed to speak and conclude upon that subject: That her majesty thought the best way of securing the common interest and preventing the division of the allies, by the artifices of France in the course of a long negotiation, would be to concert between the queen's ministers and those of the States, with a due regard to the other confederates, such a plan as might amount to a safe and honourable peace. After which the abbé Polignac, who of the French plenipotentiaries was most in the secret of his court, might be told that it was in vain to amuse each other any longer; that on such terms the peace would be immediately concluded; and that the conferences must cease if those conditions were not without delay and with expedition, granted."

A treaty between her majesty and the States to subsist after a peace was now signed, Monsieur Buys having received full powers to that purpose. His masters were desirous to have a private article added *sub sperati*, concerning those terms of peace; without the granting of which we should stipulate not to agree with the enemy. But neither the character of Buys, nor the manner in which he was empowered to treat, would allow the queen to enter into such an engagement. The congress likewise approaching, there was not time to settle a point of so great importance. Neither, lastly, would her majesty be tied down by Holland, without previous satisfaction upon several articles in the barrier-treaty, so inconsistent with her engagements to other powers in the alliance, and so injurious to her own kingdoms.

The lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford having, about the time the parliament met, been appointed her majesty's plenipotentiaries for treating on a general peace, I shall here break off the account of any further progress made in that great affair until I resume it in the last Book of this History.

BOOK THE THIRD.

The house of commons seemed resolved from the beginning of the session to inquire strictly, not only into all abuses relating to the accounts of the army, but likewise into the several treaties between us and our allies, upon what articles and conditions they were first agreed to, and how these had been since observed. In the first week of their sitting they sent an address to the queen to desire that the treaty, whereby her majesty was obliged to furnish forty thousand men to act in conjunction with the forces of her allies in the Low Countries, might be laid before the house. To which the secretary of state brought an answer, "That search had been made, but no footsteps could be found of any treaty or convention for that purpose." It was this unaccountable neglect in the former ministry which first gave a pretence to the allies for lessening their quotas, so much to the disadvantage of her majesty, her kingdoms, and the common cause, in the course of the war. It had been stipulated by the grand alliance between the emperor, Britain, and the States, "That those three states should assist each other with their whole force; and that the several proportions should be specified in a particular convention." But if any such convention were made, it was never ratified; only the parties agreed by common consent to take each a certain share of the burden upon themselves, which the late king William communicated to the house of commons by his secretary of state; and which afterwards the other two powers, observing the mighty zeal in our ministry for prolonging the war, eluded as they pleased.

The commissioners for stating the public accounts of the kingdom had, in executing their office the preceding summer, discovered several practices relating to the affairs of the army; which they drew up in a report, and delivered to the house.

The commons began their examination of the report with a member of their own, Mr. Robert Walpole, already mentioned; who, during his being secretary at war, had received 500 guineas, and taken a note for 500*l.* more, on account of two contracts for forage of the queen's troops quartered in Scotland. He endeavoured to excuse the first contract; but had nothing to say about the second. The first appeared so plain and so scandalous to the commons, that they voted the author of it guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious corruption, committed him prisoner to the Tower, where he continued to the end of the session, and expelled him the house. He was a person much caressed by the opposers of the queen and ministry; having been first drawn into their party by his indifference to any principles, and afterwards kept steady by the loss of his place. His bold, forward countenance, altogether a stranger to that infirmity which makes men bashful, joined to a readiness of speaking in public, has justly entitled him among those of his faction to be a sort of leader in the second form. The reader must excuse me for being so particular about one who is otherwise altogether obscure.

Another part of the report concerned the duke of Marlborough, who had received large sums of money by way of gratuity from those who were the undertakers for providing the army with bread. This the duke excused in a letter to the commissioners, from the like practice of other generals: but that excuse appeared to be of little weight, and the mischievous consequences of such a corruption were visible enough; since the money given by these undertakers were but bribes for connivance at their indirect dealings with the army. And as frauds that begin at the top are apt to spread through all the subordinate ranks of those who have any share in the management, and to increase as they circulate, so in this case, for every 1000*l.* given to the general, the soldiers at least suffered fourfold.

Another article of this report relating to the duke was yet of more importance. The greatest part of her majesty's forces in Flanders were mercenary troops, hired from several princes of Europe. It was found that the queen's general subtracted 2½ per cent. out of the pay of those troops for his own use, which amounted to a great annual sum. The duke of Marlborough in his letter already mentioned, endeavouring to extenuate the matter, told the commissioners "That this deduction was a free gift from the foreign troops, which he had negotiated with them by the late king's orders, and had obtained the queen's warrant for reserving and receiving it: that it was intended for secret service, the 10,000*l.* a-year given by parliament no' proving sufficient; and had all been laid out that way." The commissioners observed, in answer, "That the warrant was kept dormant for nine years, as indeed no entry of it appeared in the secretary of state's books, and the deduction of it concealed all that time from the knowledge of parliament: that if it had been a free gift from the foreign troops, it would not have been stipulated by agreement, as the duke's letter confessed, and as his warrant declared; which latter affirmed this stoppage to be intended for defraying extraordinary contingent expenses of the troops, and therefore should not have been applied to secret services." They submitted to the house whether the warrant itself was legal or duly countersigned. The commissioners added, "That no receipt was ever given for this deducted money; nor was it mentioned in any receipts from the foreign troops, which were always taken in full. And lastly, that the whole sum on computation amounted to near 300,000*l*.

The house, after a long debate, resolved, "That the taking several sums from the contractors for bread for the duke of Marlborough was unwarrantable and illegal; and that the 2½ per cent. deducted from the foreign troops was public money and ought to be accounted for:" which resolutions were laid before the queen by the whole house, and her majesty promised to do her part in redressing what was complained of. The duke and his friends had, about the beginning of the war, by their credit with the queen, procured a warrant from her majesty for this perquisite of 2½ per cent. The warrant was directed to the duke of Marlborough, and countersigned by sir Charles Hedges, then secretary of state; by virtue of which, the paymaster-general of the army was to pay the said deducted money to the general, and take a receipt in full from the foreign troops.

It was observed as very commendable and becoming the dignity of such an assembly, that this debate was managed with great temper and with few personal reflections upon the duke of Marlborough. They seemed only desirous to come at the truth, without which they could not answer the trust reposed in them by those whom they represented; and left the rest to her majesty's prudence. The attorney-general was ordered to commence an action against the duke for the subtracted money; which would have amounted to a great sum, enough to ruin any private person, except himself. This process is still depending, although very moderately pursued, either by the queen's indulgence to one whom she had formerly so much trusted, or perhaps to be revived or slackened, according to the future demeanour of the defendant.

Some time after, Mr. Cardonnell, a member of parliament and secretary to the general in Flanders, was expelled the house, for the offence of receiving yearly bribes from those who had contracted to furnish bread for the army; and met with no further punishment for a practice voted to be unwarrantable and corrupt.

These were all the censures of any moment which the commons, under so great a weight of business, thought fit to make upon the reports of their commissioners for inspecting the public accounts. But having promised in the beginning of this history to examine the state of the nation with respect to its debts; by what negligence or corruption they first began, and in process of time made such a prodigious increase; and lastly, what courses have been taken under the present administration, to find out funds for answering so many unprovided incumbrances, as well as put a stop to new ones; I shall endeavour to satisfy the reader upon this important article.

By all I have yet read of the history of our own country, it appears to me that the national debts, secured upon parliamentary funds of interest, were things unknown in England before the last Revolution under the prince of Orange. It is true, that in the grand rebellion the king's enemies borrowed money of particular persons, upon what they called the public faith; but this was only for short periods, and the sums no more than what they could pay at once, as they constantly did. Some of our kings have been very profuse in peace and war, and are blamed in history for their oppressions of the people by severe taxes, and for borrowing money which they never paid; but national debts was a style, which I doubt, would hardly then be understood. When the prince of Orange was raised to the throne, and a general war began in these parts of Europe, the king and his counsellors thought it would be ill policy to commence his reign with heavy taxes upon the people, who had lived long in ease and plenty, and might be apt to think their deliverance too dearly bought; wherefore, one of the first actions of the new government was to take off the tax upon chimneys, as a burden very ungrateful to the commonalty. But money being wanted to support the war (which even the convention parliament, that put the crown upon his head, were very unwilling he should engage in), the present bishop of Salisbury [Burnet] is said to have found out that expedient (which he had learned in Holland) of raising money upon the security of taxes that were only sufficient to pay a large interest. The motives which prevailed on people to fall in with this project were many and plausible; for supposing, as the ministers industriously gave out, that the war could not last above one or two campaigns at most, it might be carried on with very moderate taxes; and the debts accruing would in process of time be easily cleared after a peace. Then the bait of large interest would draw in a great number of those whose money, by the danger and difficulties of trade, lay dead upon their hands; and whoever were lenders to the government would, by surest principle, be obliged to support it. Besides, the men of estates could not be persuaded without time and difficulty, to have those taxes laid on their lands which custom has since made so familiar; and it was the business of such as were then in power to cultivate a monied interest; because the gentry of the kingdom did not very much relish those new notions in government, to which the king, who had imbibed his politics in his own country, was thought to give too much way. Neither perhaps did that prince think national incumbrances to be any evil at all; since the flourishing republic where he was born is thought to owe more than ever it will be able or willing to pay. And I remember, when I mentioned to Mons. Buys the many millions we owed, he would advance it as a maxim, "That it was for the interest of the public to be in debt;" which perhaps may be true in a commonwealth so crazily instituted, where the governors cannot have too many pledges of their subjects' fidelity, and where a great majority must inevitably be undone by any revolution however brought about. But to prescribe the same rules to a monarch whose wealth arises from the rents and improvements of lands, as well as trade and manufactures, is the mark of a confined and cramped understanding.

I was moved to speak thus, because I am very well satisfied that the pernicious counsels of borrowing money upon public funds of interest as well as some other state lessons, were taken indigested from the like practices among the Dutch, without allowing in the least for any difference in government, religion, law, custom, extent of country, or manners and dispositions of the people.

But when this expedient of anticipations and mortgages was first put in practice, artful men in office and credit began to consider what uses it might be applied to; and soon found it was likely to prove the most fruitful seminary, not only to establish a faction they intended to set up for their own support, but likewise to raise vast wealth for themselves in particular who were to be the managers and directors in it. It was manifest that nothing could promote these two designs so much as burdening the nation with debts, and giving encouragement to lenders: for as to the first, it was not to be doubted that monied men would be always firm to the party of those who advised the borrowing upon such good security and with such exorbitant premiums and interest; and every new sum that was lent took away as much power from the landed men as it added to theirs: so that the deeper the kingdom was engaged, it was still the better for them. Thus a new estate and property sprung up in the hands of mortgagors, to whom every house and foot of land in England paid a rent charge, free of all taxes and defalcations, and purchased at less than half value. So that the gentlemen of estates were, in effect, but tenants to these new landlords; many of whom were able in time to force the election of boroughs out of the hands of those who had been the old proprietors and inhabitants. This was arrived at such a height, that a very few years more of war and funds would have clearly cast the balance on the moneyed side.

As to the second, this project of borrowing upon funds was of mighty advantage to those who were in the management of it, as well as to their friends and dependants; for funds proving often deficient, the government was obliged to strike tallies for making up the rest; which tallies were sometimes (to speak in the merchant's phrase) at above forty per cent. discount. At this price, those who were in the secret bought them up, and then took care to have that deficiency supplied in the next session of parliament; by which they doubled their principal in a few months: and for the encouragement of lenders, every new project of lotteries or annuities proposed some further advantage either as to interest or premium.

In the year 1697 a general mortgage was made of certain revenues and taxes already settled, which amounted to near a million a-year. This mortgage was to continue till 1706, to be a fund for the payment of above 5,100,000*l.* In the first parliament of the queen the said mortgage was continued till 1710, to supply a deficiency of 2,300,000*l.* and interest of above a million; and in the intermediate years a great part of that fund was branched out into annuities for ninety-nine years: so that the late ministry raised all their money, to 1710, only by continuing funds which were already granted to their hands. This deceived the people in general who were satisfied to continue the payments they had been accustomed to; and made the administration seem easy, since the war went on without any new taxes raised, except the very last year they were in power; not considering what a mighty fund was exhausted, and must be perpetuated, although extremely injurious to trade and to the true interest of the nation.

This great fund of the general mortgage was not only loaded year after year by mighty sums borrowed upon it, but with the interest due upon those sums: for which the treasury was forced to strike tallies payable out of that fund, after all the money already borrowed upon it, there being no other provision of interest for three or four years; till at last the fund was so overloaded that it could neither pay principal nor interest, and tallies were struck for both, which occasioned their great discount.

But to avoid mistakes upon a subject where I am not very well versed either in the style or matter, I will transcribe an account sent me by Sir John Blunt, who is thoroughly instructed in these affairs:

"In the year 1707 the sum of 822,381*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* was raised by continuing part of the general mortgage from 1710 to 1712; but with no provision of interest till August 1, 1710, otherwise than by striking tallies for it on that fund, payable after all the other money borrowed.

"In 1708 the same funds were continued from 1712 to 1714, to raise 729,067*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; but no provision for interest till August 1, 1712, otherwise than as before, by striking tallies for it on the same fund payable after all the rest of the money borrowed. And the discount of tallies then beginning to rise, great part of that money remained unraised; and there is nothing to pay interest for the money lent till August 1, 1712. But the late lord-treasurer struck tallies for the full sum directed by the act to be borrowed; great part of which have been delivered in payment to the navy and victualling offices, and some are still in the hands of the government.

"In 1709 part of the same fund was continued from August 1, 1714, to August 1, 1716, to raise 645,000*l.*; and no provision for interest till August 1, 1714 (which was about five years), but by borrowing money on the same fund payable after the sums before lent; so that little of that money was lent. But the tallies were struck for what was unlent; some of which were given out for the payment of the navy and victualling, and some still remain in the hands of the government.

"In 1710 the sums which were before given from 1714 to 1716 were continued from thence to 1720, to raise 1,296,552*l.* 9*s.* 11¾*d.*; and no immediate provision for interest till August 1, 1716: only after the duty of 1*s.* per bushel on salt should be cleared from the money it was then charged with, and which was not so cleared till Midsummer, 1712, last; then that fund was to be applied to pay the interest till August 1, 1716; which interest amounted to about 77,793*l.* *per annum:* and the said salt fund produced but about 55,000*l.* *per annum:* so that no money was borrowed upon the general mortgage in 1710, except 150,000*l.* lent by the Swiss Cantons; but tallies were struck for the whole sum. These all remained in the late treasurer's hands at the time of his removal; yet the money was suspended, which occasioned those great demands upon the commissioners of the treasury who succeeded him, and were forced to pawn those tallies to the bank, or to remitters, rather than sell them at 20 or 25 *per cent.* discount, as the price then was. About 200,000*l.* of them they paid to clothiers of the army and others; and all the rest, being above 90,000*l.*, have been subscribed into the South Sea Company, for the use of the public."

When the earl of Godolphin was removed from his employment, he left a debt upon the navy of several millions, all contracted under his administration, which had no parliament security, and was daily increased. Neither could I ever learn whether that lord had the smallest prospect of clearing this incumbrance, or whether there were policy, negligence, or despair at the bottom of this unaccountable management. But the consequences were visible and ruinous; for by this means navy bills grew to be forty *per cent.* discount and upwards;

and almost every kind of stores bought by the navy and victualling offices cost the government double rates and sometimes more; so that the public has directly lost several millions upon this one article, without any sort of necessity that I could ever hear assigned by the ablest vindicators of that party.

In this oppressed and entangled state was the kingdom with relation to its debts when the queen removed the earl of Godolphin from his office and put it into commission, of which the present treasurer was one. This person had been chosen speaker successively to three parliaments, was afterwards secretary of state, and always in great esteem with the queen for his wisdom and fidelity. The late ministry about two years before their fall had prevailed with her majesty, much against her inclination, to dismiss him from her service; for which they cannot be justly blamed, since he had endeavoured the same thing against them, and very narrowly failed; which makes it the more extraordinary, that he should succeed in a second attempt against those very adversaries who had such fair warning by the first. He is firm and steady in his resolutions, not easily diverted from them after he has once possessed himself of an opinion that they are right; nor very communicative where he can act by himself, being taught by experience "That a secret is seldom safe in more than one breast." That which occurs to other men after mature deliberation offers to him as his first thoughts; so that he decides immediately what is best to be done, and therefore is seldom at a loss upon sudden exigencies. He thinks it a more easy and safe rule in politics to watch incidents as they come, and then turn them to the advantage of what he pursues, than to pretend to foresee them at a great distance. Fear, cruelty, avarice, and pride, are wholly strangers to his nature; but he is not without ambition. There is one thing peculiar in his temper which I altogether disapprove, and do not remember to have heard or met with in any other man's character; I mean an easiness and indifference under any imputation, although he be ever so innocent, and although the strongest probabilities and appearances are against him; so that I have known him often suspected by his nearest friends for some months in points of the highest importance, to a degree that they were ready to break with him, and only undeceived by time and accident. His detractors, who charge him with cunning, are but ill acquainted with his character; for in the sense they take the word and as it is usually understood, I know no man to whom that mean talent could be with less justice applied, as the conduct of affairs while he has been at the helm does clearly demonstrate, very contrary to the nature and principles of cunning, which is always employed in serving little turns, proposing little ends, and supplying daily exigencies by little shifts and expedients. But to rescue a prince out of the hands of insolent subjects, bent upon such designs as must probably end in the ruin of the government; to find out means for paying such exorbitant debts as this nation hath been involved in, and reduce it to a better management; to make a potent enemy offer advantageous terms of peace, and deliver up the most important fortress of his kingdom as a security, and this against all the opposition mutually raised and inflamed by parties and allies; such performances can only be called cunning by those whose want of understanding or of candour puts them upon finding ill names for great qualities of the mind, which themselves do neither possess nor can form any just conception of. However, it must be allowed that an obstinate love of secrecy in this minister seems at distance to have some resemblance of cunning; for he is not only very retentive of secrets, but appears to be so too; which I number among his defects. He has been blamed by his friends for refusing to discover his intentions, even in those points where the wisest man may have need of advice and assistance; and some have censured him upon that account as if he were jealous of power: but he has been heard to answer "That he seldom did otherwise without cause to repent."

However, so undistinguished a caution cannot in my opinion be justified, by which the owner loses many advantages, and whereof all men who deserve to be confided in may with some reason complain. His love of procrastination (wherein doubtless nature has her share) may probably be increased by the same means; but this is an imputation laid upon many other great ministers, who like men under too heavy a load, let fall that which is of the least consequence and go back to fetch it when their shoulders are free; for time is often gained as well as lost by delay, which at worst is a fault on the securer side. Neither probably is this minister answerable for half the clamour raised against him upon that article: his endeavours are wholly turned upon the general welfare of his country, but perhaps with too little regard to that of particular persons; which renders him less amiable than he would otherwise have been, from the goodness of his humour and agreeable conversation in a private capacity, and with few dependers. Yet some allowance may perhaps be given to this failing, which is one of the greatest he has, since he cannot be more careless of other men's fortunes than he is of his own. He is master of a very great and faithful memory, which is of mighty use in the management of public affairs; and I believe there are few examples to be produced in any age of a person who has passed through so many employments in the state, endowed with a greater share both of divine and human learning.

I am persuaded that foreigners as well as those at home who live too remote from the scene of business to be rightly informed, will not be displeased with this account of a person who in the space of two years has been so highly instrumental in changing the face of affairs in Europe, and has deserved so well of his own prince and country.

In that perplexed condition of the public debts which I have already described, this minister was brought into the treasury and exchequer and had the chief direction of affairs. His first regulation was that of exchequer bills, which to the great discouragement of public credit and scandal to the crown, were three *per cent.* less in value than the sums specified in them. The present treasurer, being then chancellor of the exchequer, procured an act of parliament by which the bank of England should be obliged in consideration of 45,000*l.* to accept and circulate those bills without any discount. He then proceeded to stop the depredations of those who dealt in remittances of money to the army; who by unheard-of exactions in that kind of traffic had amassed prodigious wealth at the public cost: to which the earl of Godolphin had given too much way, possibly by neglect, for I think he cannot be accused of corruption.

But the new treasurer's chief concern was to restore the credit of the nation by finding some settlement for unprovided debts, amounting in the whole to 10,000,000*l.*, which hung on the public as a load equally heavy and disgraceful, without any prospect of being removed, and which former ministers never had the care or courage to inspect. He resolved to go at once to the bottom of this evil; and having computed and summed up the debt of the navy and victualling, ordnance, and transport of the army, and transport debentures made out for the service of the last war, of the general mortgage tallies for the year 1710, and some other deficiencies, he then found out a fund of interest sufficient to answer all this: which being applied to other uses could not raise present money for the war, but in a very few years would clear the debt it was engaged for. The intermediate accruing interest was to be paid by the treasurer of the navy; and as a further advantage to the creditors, they should be erected into a company for trading to the South Seas and for encouragement of fishery. When all this was fully prepared and digested, he made a motion in the house of commons (who deferred extremely to his judgment and abilities) for paying the debts of the navy and other unprovided deficiencies, without entering into particulars; which was immediately voted. But a sudden stop was put to this affair by an unforeseen accident; the chancellor of the exchequer (which was then his title) being stabbed with a penknife the following day at the Cockpit, in the midst of a dozen lords of the council, by the sieur de Guiscard, a French papist; the circumstances of which fact being not within the compass of this history, I shall only observe that after two months' confinement and frequent danger of his life, he returned to his seat in parliament.

The overtures made by this minister, of paying so vast a debt under the pressures of a long war, and the difficulty of finding supplies for continuing it, was during the time of his illness, ridiculed by his enemies as an impracticable and visionary project: and when upon his return to the house he had explained his proposal, the very proprietors of the debt were, many of them, prevailed on to oppose it, although the obtaining this trade either through Old Spain or directly to the Spanish West Indies had been one principal end we aimed at by this war. However, the bill passed; and as an immediate consequence the navy bills rose to about twenty per cent., nor ever fell within ten of their discount. Another good effect of this work appeared by the parliamentary lotteries, which have since been erected. The last of that kind, under the former ministry, was eleven weeks in filling; whereas the first, under the present, was filled in a very few hours, although it cost the government less; and the others which followed were full before the acts concerning them could pass. And to prevent incumbrances of this kind from growing for the future he took care, by the utmost parsimony or by suspending payments where they seemed less to press, that all stores for the navy should be bought with ready money; by which cent. per cent. has been saved in that mighty article of our expense, as will appear from an account taken at the victualling office on the 9th of August, 1712. And the payment of the interest was less a burden upon the navy, by the stores being bought at so cheap a rate.

It might look invidious to enter into further particulars upon this head, but of smaller moment. What I have above related may serve to show in how ill a condition the kingdom stood with relation to its debts, by the corruption as well as negligence of former management; and what prudent effectual measures have since been taken to provide for old incumbrances, and hinder the running into new. This may be sufficient for the information of the reader, perhaps already tired with a subject so little entertaining as that of accompts: I shall therefore now return to relate some of the principal matters that passed in parliament during this session.

Upon the 18th of January the house of lords sent down a bill to the commons for fixing the precedence of the Hanover family, which probably had been forgot in the acts for settling the succession of the crown. That of Henry VIII., which gives the rank to princes of the blood, carries it no further than to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren of the crown; by virtue of which the Princess Sophia is a princess of the blood, as niece to king Charles I. of England, and precedes accordingly; but the privilege does not descend to her son the elector or the electoral prince. To supply which defect and pay a compliment to the presumptive heirs of the crown this bill, as appears by the preamble, was recommended by her majesty to the house of lords, which the commons, to show their zeal for everything that might be thought to concern the interest or honour of that illustrious family, ordered to be read thrice, passed *nem. con.*, and returned to the lords without any amendment on the very day it was sent down.

But the house seemed to have nothing more at heart than a strict inquiry into the state of the nation with respect to foreign alliances. Some discourses had been published in print, about the beginning of the session, boldly complaining of certain articles in the barrier treaty, concluded about three years since by the lord viscount Townshend between Great Britain and the States General; and showing, in many particulars, the unequal conduct of the powers in our alliance in furnishing their quotas and supplies. It was asserted by the same writers, "That these hardships put upon England had been countenanced and encouraged by a party here at home, in order to preserve their power, which could be no otherwise maintained than by continuing the war; as well as by her majesty's general abroad, upon account of his own peculiar interest and grandeur." These loud accusations spreading themselves throughout the kingdom, delivered in facts directly charged, and thought, whether true or not, to be but weakly confuted, had sufficiently prepared the minds of the people: and by putting arguments into everybody's mouth, had filled the town and country with controversies both in writing and discourse. The point appeared to be of great consequence whether the war continued or not; for in the former case it was necessary that the allies should be brought to a more equal regulation, and that the States in particular, for whom her majesty had done such great things, should explain and correct those articles in the barrier-treaty which were prejudicial to Britain; and in either case it was fit the people should have at least the satisfaction of knowing by whose counsels, and for what designs, they had been so hardly treated.

In order to this great inquiry the barrier-treaty, with all other treaties and agreements entered into between her majesty and her allies during the present war, for raising and augmenting the proportions for the service thereof, were by the queen's directions laid before the house.

Several resolutions were drawn up and reported at different times upon the deficiencies of the allies in furnishing their quotas upon certain articles in the barrier treaty and upon the state of the war; by all which it appeared, "That whatever had been charged by public discourses in print against the late ministry and the conduct of the allies was much less than the truth." Upon these resolutions (by one of which the lord viscount Townshend, who negotiated and signed the barrier-treaty, was declared an enemy to the queen and kingdom), and upon some further directions to the committee a representation was formed, and soon after the commons in a body presented it to the queen, the endeavours of the adverse party not prevailing to have it re-committed.

This representation (supposed to be the work of sir Thomas Hanmer's[a] pen) is written with much energy and spirit, and will be a very useful authentic record for the assistance of those who at any time shall undertake to write the history of the present times.

I did intend, for brevity sake, to have given the reader only an abstract of it; but upon trial found myself unequal to such a task without injuring so excellent a piece. And although I think historical relations are but ill patched up with long transcripts already printed, which upon that account I have hitherto avoided, yet this being the sum of all debates and resolutions of the house of commons in that great affair of the war, I conceived it could not well be omitted:—

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, having nothing so much at heart as to enable your majesty to bring this long and expensive war to an honourable and happy conclusion, have taken it into our most serious consideration how the necessary supplies to be provided by us may be best applied, and how the common cause may in the most effectual manner be carried on by the united force of the whole confederacy: We have thought ourselves obliged, in duty to your majesty, and in discharge of the trust reposed in us, to inquire into the true state of the war in all its parts: We have examined what stipulations have been entered into between your majesty and your allies; and how far such engagements have, on each side, been made good: We have considered the different interests which the confederates have in the success of this war; and the different shares they have contributed to its support: We have, with our utmost care and diligence, endeavoured to discover the nature, extent, and charge of it; to the end that, by comparing the weight thereof with our own strength, we might adapt the one to the other in such measure as neither to continue your majesty's subjects under a heavier burden than in reason and justice they ought to bear, nor deceive your majesty, your allies, and ourselves, by undertaking more than the nation in its present circumstances is able to perform.

"Your majesty has been graciously pleased upon our humble applications to order such materials to be laid before us as have furnished us with the necessary information upon the particulars we have inquired into: and when we shall have laid before your majesty our observations and humble advice upon this subject, we promise to ourselves this happy fruit from it, that if your majesty's generous and good purposes for the procuring of a safe and lasting peace should, through the obstinacy of the enemy or by any other means, be unhappily defeated, a true knowledge and understanding of the past conduct of the war will be the best foundation for a more frugal and equal management of it for the time to come.

"In order to take the more perfect view of what we proposed, and that we might be able to set the whole before your majesty in a true light, we have thought it necessary to go back to the beginning of the war; and beg leave to observe the motive and reasons upon which his late majesty king William engaged first in it. The treaty of the grand alliance explains those reasons to be for the supporting of the pretensions of his imperial majesty, then actually engaged in a war with the French king, who had usurped the entire Spanish monarchy for his grandson the duke of Anjou; and for the assisting of the States General, who by the loss of their barrier against France were then in the same or a more dangerous condition than if they were actually invaded. As these were just and necessary motives for undertaking this war, so the ends proposed to be obtained by it were equally wise and honourable; for, as they are set forth in the eighth article of the same treaty, they appear to have been *the procuring of an equitable and reasonable satisfaction to his imperial majesty; and sufficient securities for the dominions, provinces, navigation, and commerce of the king of Great Britain and the States General; and making effectual provision that the two kingdoms of France and Spain should never be united under the same government;* and particularly that the French should never get into the possession of the Spanish West Indies, or be permitted to sail thither upon the account of traffic or under any pretence whatsoever; and lastly, the securing to the subjects of the king of Great Britain and the States General all the same privileges and rights of commerce throughout the whole dominions of Spain as they enjoyed before the death of Charles II. king of Spain, by virtue of any treaty, agreement, or custom, or any other way whatsoever. For the obtaining of these ends the three confederated powers engaged to assist one another with their whole force, according to such proportions as should be specified in a particular convention afterwards to be made for that purpose. We do not find that any such convention was ever ratified: but it appears that there was an agreement concluded, which, by common consent, was understood to be binding upon each party respectively, and according to which the proportions of Great Britain were from the beginning regulated and founded. The terms of that agreement were, That for the service at land his imperial majesty should furnish ninety thousand men, the king of Great Britain forty thousand, and the States General one hundred and two thousand; of which there were forty-two thousand intended to supply their garrisons, and sixty thousand to act against the common enemy in the field; and with regard to the operations of the war at sea, they were agreed to be performed jointly by Great Britain and the States General, the quota of ships to be furnished for that service being five-eighths on the part of Great Britain, and three-eighths on the part of the States General.

"Upon this foot the war began in the year 1702, at which time the whole yearly expense of it to England amounted to 3,706,494*l.*; a very great charge, as it was then thought by her majesty's subjects, after the short interval of ease they had enjoyed from the burden of the former war; but yet a very moderate proportion in comparison with the load which has since been laid upon them: for it appears, by estimates given in to your commons, that the sums necessary to carry on the service for this present year in the same manner as it was performed the last year amount to more than 6,960,000*l.*, beside interest for the public debts and the deficiencies accruing the last year, which two articles require 1,143,000*l.* more; so that the whole demands upon your commons are arisen to more than eight millions for the present annual supply. We know your majesty's tender regard for the welfare of your people will make it uneasy to you to hear of so great a pressure as this upon them: and as we are assured it will fully convince your majesty of the necessity of our present inquiry, so we beg leave to represent to you from what causes and by what steps this immense charge appears to have grown upon us.

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[a] The dean contributed a large share.

"The service at sea, as it has been very large and extensive in itself, so it has been carried on through the whole course of the war in a manner highly disadvantageous to your majesty and your kingdom: for the necessity of affairs requiring that great fleets should be fitted out every year, as well for maintaining a superiority in the Mediterranean as for opposing any force which the enemy might prepare, either at Dunkirk or in the ports of West France; your majesty's example and readiness in fitting out your proportion of ships for all parts of that service have been so far from prevailing with the States General to keep pace with you, that they have been deficient every year to a great degree in proportion to what your majesty has furnished; sometimes no less than two-thirds, and generally more than half of their quota: hence your majesty has been obliged, for the prevention of disappointments in the most pressing services, to supply those deficiencies by additional reinforcements of your own ships; nor has the single increase of such a charge been the only ill consequence that attended it; for by this means the debt of the navy has been enhanced, so that the discounts arising upon the credit of it have affected all other parts of the service from the same cause. Your majesty's ships of war have been forced in greater numbers to continue in remote seas, and at unseasonable times of the year, to the great damage and decay of the British navy. This also has been the occasion that your majesty has been straitened in your convoys for trade; your coasts have been exposed for want of a sufficient number of cruisers to guard them; and you have been disabled from annoying the enemy in their most beneficial commerce with the West Indies, from whence they received those vast supplies of treasure without which they could not have supported the expenses of this war.

"That part of the war which has been carried on in Flanders was at first immediately necessary to the security of the States General, and has since brought them great acquisitions both of revenue and dominion: yet even there the original proportions have been departed from, and during the course of the war have been sinking by degrees on the part of Holland: so that in this last year we find the number in which they fell short of their three-fifths to your majesty's two-fifths have been twenty thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven men. We are not unmindful that in the year 1703 a treaty was made between the two nations for a joint augmentation of twenty thousand men, wherein the proportions were varied, and England consented to take half upon itself. But it having been annexed as an express condition to the grant of the said augmentation in parliament, that the States General should prohibit all trade and commerce with France, and that condition having not been performed by them, the commons think it reasonable that the first rule of three to two ought to have taken place again, as well in that as in other subsequent augmentations; more especially when they consider that the revenues of those rich provinces which have been conquered would, if they were duly applied, maintain a great number of new additional forces against the common enemy: notwithstanding which the States General have raised none upon that account, but make use of those fresh supplies of money only to ease themselves in the charges of their first established quota.

"As in the progress of the war in Flanders a disproportion was soon created to the prejudice of England, so the very beginning of the war in Portugal brought an unequal share of burden upon us; for although the emperor and the States General were equally parties with your majesty in the treaty with the king of Portugal, yet the emperor neither furnishing his third part of the troops and subsidies stipulated for, nor the Dutch consenting to take an equal share of his imperial majesty's defect upon themselves, your majesty has been obliged to furnish two-thirds of the entire expense created by that service. Nor has the inequality stopped there; for ever since the year 1706, when the English and Dutch forces marched out of Portugal into Castile, the States General have entirely abandoned the war in Portugal, and left your majesty to prosecute it singly at your own charge; which you have accordingly done by replacing a greater number of troops there than even at first you took upon you to provide. At the same time your majesty's generous endeavours for the support and defence of the king of Portugal have been but ill seconded by that prince himself; for notwithstanding that by his treaty he had obliged himself to furnish twelve thousand foot and three thousand horse upon his own account, beside eleven thousand foot and two thousand horse more in consideration of a subsidy paid him; yet, according to the best information your commons can procure, it appears that he has scarce at any time furnished thirteen thousand men in the whole.

"In Spain the war has been yet more unequal and burdensome to your majesty than in any other branch of it; for being commenced without any treaty whatsoever the allies have almost wholly declined taking any part of it upon themselves. A small body of English and Dutch troops were sent thither in the year 1705; not as being thought sufficient to support a regular war, or to make the conquest of so large a country, but with a view only of assisting the Spaniards to set king Charles upon the throne, occasioned by the great assurances which were given of their inclinations to the house of Austria; but this expectation failing, England was insensibly drawn into an established war, under all the disadvantages of the distance of the place, and the feeble efforts of the other allies. The account we have to lay before your majesty upon this head is, that, although this undertaking was entered upon at the particular and earnest request of the imperial court, and for a cause of no less importance and concern to them than the reducing of the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, yet neither the late emperors nor his present imperial majesty have ever had any forces there on their own account till the last year, and then only one regiment of foot consisting of two thousand men. Though the States General have contributed something more to this service, yet their share has been inconsiderable; for in the space of four years, from 1705 to 1708, both inclusive, all the forces they have sent into that country have not exceeded twelve thousand two hundred men; and from the year 1708 to this time they have not sent any forces or recruits whatsoever. To your majesty's care and charge the recovery of that kingdom has been in a manner wholly left, as if none else were interested or concerned in it. And the forces which your majesty has sent into Spain in the space of seven years from 1705 to 1711, both inclusive, have amounted to no less than fifty-seven thousand nine hundred seventy-three men; beside thirteen battalions and eighteen squadrons for which your majesty has paid a subsidy to the emperor.

"How great the established expense of such a number of men has been, your majesty very well knows, and your commons very sensibly feel: but the weight will be found much greater when it is considered how many heavy articles of unusual and extraordinary charge have attended this remote and difficult service; all which have been entirely defrayed by your majesty, except that one of transporting the few forces which were sent by the States General, and the victualling of them during their transportation only. The accounts delivered to your commons show that the charge of your majesty's ships and vessels employed in the service of the war in Spain and Portugal, reckoned after the rate of 4*l.* a man per month, from the time they sailed from hence till they returned, were lost, or put upon other services, has amounted to 6,540,966*l.* 14*s.*; the charge of transports on the part of Great Britain, for carrying on the war in Spain and Portugal, from the beginning of it till this time, has amounted to 1,336,719*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; that of victualling land forces for the same service to 583,770*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; and that of contingencies and other extraordinaries for the same service to 1,840,353*l.*

"We should take notice to your majesty of several sums paid upon account of contingencies and extraordinaries in Flanders, making together the sum of 1,107,096*l.*; but we are not able to make any comparison of them with what the States General have expended upon the same head, having no such state of their extraordinary charge before us. There remains therefore but one particular more for your majesty's observation, which arises from the subsidies paid to foreign princes. These at the beginning of the war were borne in equal proportion by your majesty and the States General; but in this instance also the balance has been cast in prejudice of your majesty; for it appears that your majesty has since advanced, more than your equal proportion, 3,155,000 crowns, beside extraordinaries paid in Italy, and not included in any of the foregoing articles, which arise to 539,553*l.*

"We have laid these several particulars before your majesty in the shortest manner we have been able; and by an estimate grounded on the preceding facts it does appear that over and above the quotas on the part of Great Britain, answering to those contributed by your allies, more than 19,000,000*l.* have been expended by your majesty, during the course of this war, by way of surplusage or exceeding in balance; of which none of the confederates have furnished anything whatsoever.

"It is with very great concern that we find so much occasion given us to represent how ill a use hath been made of your majesty's and your subjects' zeal for the common cause: that the interest of that cause has not been proportionably promoted by it, but others only have been eased at your majesty's and your subjects' costs, and have been connived at in laying their part of the burden upon this kingdom, although they have upon all accounts been equally, and in most respects much more nearly, concerned than Britain in the issue of the war. We are persuaded your majesty will think it pardonable in us, with some resentment, to complain of the little regard which some of those whom your majesty of late years intrusted have shown to the interest of their country, in giving way at least to such unreasonable impositions upon it, if not in some measure contriving them: the course of which impositions has been so singular and extraordinary, that the more the wealth of this nation has been exhausted, and the more your majesty's arms have been attended with success, the heavier has been the burden laid upon us; while on the other hand, the more vigorous your majesty's efforts have been, and the greater the advantages which have redounded thence to your allies, the more those allies have abated in the share of their expense.

"At the first entrance into this war the commons were induced to exert themselves in the extraordinary manner they did, and to grant such large supplies as had been unknown to former ages, in hopes thereby to prevent the mischiefs of a lingering war, and to bring that in which they were necessarily engaged to a speedy conclusion: but they have been very unhappy in the event, while they have so much reason to suspect that what was intended to shorten the war has proved the very cause of its long continuance; for those to whom the profits of it have accrued have been disposed not easily to forego them. And your majesty will thence discern *the true reason why so many have delighted in a war which brought in so rich a harvest yearly from Great Britain.*

"We are as far from desiring as we know your majesty will be from concluding any peace but upon safe and honourable terms; and we are far from intending to excuse ourselves from raising all necessary and possible supplies for an effectual prosecution of the war till such a peace can be obtained. All that your faithful commons aim at, all that they wish, is an equal concurrence from the other powers engaged in alliance with your majesty, and a just application of what has been already gained from the enemy toward promoting the common cause. Several large countries and territories have been restored to the house of Austria; such as the kingdom of Naples, the duchy of Milan, and other places in Italy. Others have been conquered and added to their dominions; as the two electorates of Bavaria and Cologn, the duchy of Mantua, and the bishopric of Liege. These having been reduced in a great measure by our blood and treasure may, we humbly conceive, with great reason be claimed to come in aid toward carrying on the war in Spain. And therefore we make it our earnest request to your majesty that you will give instructions to your ministers to insist with the emperor that the revenues of those several places, excepting only such a portion thereof as is necessary for their defence, be actually so applied. And as to the other parts of the war to which your majesty has obliged yourself by particular treaties to contribute, we humbly beseech your majesty, that you will be pleased to take effectual care that your allies do perform their parts stipulated by those treaties; and that your majesty will for the future no otherwise furnish troops, or pay subsidies, than in proportion to what your allies shall actually furnish and pay. When this justice is done to your majesty and to your people, there is nothing which your commons will not cheerfully grant toward supporting your majesty in the cause in which you are engaged. And whatever further shall appear to be necessary for carrying on the war, either at sea or land, we will effectually enable your majesty to bear your reasonable share of any such expense; and will spare no supplies which your subjects are able with their utmost efforts to afford.

"After having inquired into and considered the state of the war, in which the part your majesty has borne appears to have been not only superior to that of any one ally, but even equal to that of the whole confederacy, your commons naturally inclined to hope that they should find care had been taken of securing some particular advantages to Britain in the terms of a future peace; such as might afford a prospect of making the nation amends in time for that immense treasure which has been expended, and those heavy debts which have been contracted, in the course of so long and burdensome a war. This reasonable expectation could no way have been better answered than by some provision made for the further security and the greater improvement of the commerce of Great Britain. But we find ourselves so very far disappointed in these hopes, that in a treaty not long since concluded between your majesty and the States General, under colour of a mutual guarantee given for two points of the greatest importance to both nations, the Succession and the Barrier, it appears the interest of Great Britain has been not only neglected but sacrificed; and that several articles in the said treaty are destructive to the trade and welfare of this kingdom, and therefore highly dishonourable to your majesty.

"Your commons observe, in the first place, that several towns and places are, by virtue of this treaty, to be put into the hands of the States General; particularly Newport, Dendermond, and the castle of Ghent, which can in no sense be looked upon as part of a barrier against France; but being the keys of the Netherlands toward Britain, must make the trade of your majesty's subjects in those parts precarious, and, whenever the States think fit, totally exclude them from it. The pretended necessity of putting these places into the hands of the States General, in order to secure to them a communication with their barrier, must appear vain and groundless; for the sovereignty of the Low Countries being not to remain to an enemy, but to a friend and an ally, that communication must be always secure and uninterrupted; beside that, in case of a rupture or an attack, the States have full liberty allowed them to take possession of all the Spanish Netherlands, and therefore needed no particular stipulation for the towns above mentioned.

"Having taken notice of this concession made to the States General for seizing upon the whole ten provinces, we cannot but observe to your majesty that in the manner this article is framed, it is another dangerous circumstance which attends this treaty; for had such a provision been confined to the case of an apparent attack from France only, the avowed design of this treaty had been fulfilled, and your majesty's instructions to your ambassador had been pursued; but this necessary restriction has been omitted; and the same liberty is granted to the States to take possession of all the Netherlands whenever they shall think themselves attacked by any other neighbouring nation as when they shall be in danger from France; so that if it should at any time happen (which your commons are very unwilling to suppose) that they should quarrel even with your majesty, the riches, strength, and advantageous situation of these countries may be made use of against yourself, without whose generous and powerful assistance they had never been conquered.

"To return to those ill consequences which relate to the trade of your kingdoms. We beg leave to observe to your majesty that, though this treaty revives and renders your majesty a party to the fourteenth and fifteenth articles of the treaty of Munster, by virtue of which the impositions upon all goods and merchandises brought into the Spanish Low Countries by the sea are to equal those laid on goods and merchandises imported by the Scheld, and the canals of Sass and Swyn, and other mouths of the sea adjoining; yet no care is taken to preserve that equality upon the exportation of those goods out of the Spanish provinces into those countries and places which by virtue of this treaty are to be in possession of the States; the consequence of which must in time be, and your commons are informed that in some instances it has already proved to be the case, that the impositions upon goods carried into those countries and places by the subjects of the States General will be taken off, while those upon the goods imported by your majesty's subjects remain; by which means Great Britain will entirely lose this most beneficial branch of trade, which it has in all ages been possessed of, even from the time when those countries were governed by the house of Burgundy, one of the most ancient as well as the most useful allies to the crown of England.

"With regard to the other dominions and territories of Spain, your majesty's subjects have always been distinguished in their commerce with them; and both by ancient treaties and an uninterrupted custom have enjoyed greater privileges and immunities of trade than either the Hollanders or any other nation whatsoever. And that wise and excellent treaty of the Grand Alliance provides effectually for the security and continuance of these valuable privileges to Britain in such a manner as that each nation might be left, at the end of war, upon the same foot as it stood at the commencement of it. But this treaty we now complain of, instead of confirming your subjects' rights, surrenders and destroys them; for although by the sixteenth and seventeenth articles of the treaty of Munster, made between his catholic majesty and the States General, all advantages of trade are stipulated for and granted to the Hollanders equal to what the English enjoyed, yet the crown of England, not being a party to that treaty, the subjects of England have never submitted to those articles of it, nor even the Spaniards themselves ever observed them. But this treaty revives those articles in prejudice of Great Britain, and makes your majesty a party of them, and even a guarantee to the States General for privileges against your own people.

"In how deliberate and extraordinary a manner your majesty's ambassador consented to deprive your subjects of their ancient rights, and your majesty of the power of procuring to them any new advantage, most evidently appears from his own letters, which by your majesty's directions have been laid before your commons; for when matters of advantage to your majesty and to your kingdom had been offered as proper to be made parts of this treaty, they were refused to be admitted by the States General upon this reason and principle,—that nothing foreign to the guarantees of the succession and of the barrier should be mingled with them. Notwithstanding which the States General had no sooner received notice of a treaty of commerce concluded between your majesty and the present emperor but they departed from the rule proposed before, and insisted upon the article of which your commons now complain; which article your majesty's ambassador allowed of, although equally foreign to the succession or the barrier; and although he had for that reason departed from other articles which would have been for the service of his own country.

"We have forborne to trouble your majesty with general observations upon this treaty, as it relates to and affects the empire and other parts of Europe. The mischiefs which arise from it to Great Britain are what only we have presumed humbly to represent to you, as they are very evident and very great. And as it appears that the lord viscount Townshend had not any orders or authority for concluding several of those articles which are most prejudicial to your majesty's subjects, we have thought we could do no less than declare your said ambassador who negotiated and signed, and all others who advised the ratifying of this treaty, enemies to your majesty and your kingdom.

"Upon these faithful informations and advices from your commons, we assure ourselves, your majesty, in your great goodness to your people, will rescue them from those evils which the private counsels of ill-designing men have exposed them to; and that in your great wisdom you will find some means for explaining and amending the several articles of this treaty, so as that they may consist with the interest of Great Britain, and with real and lasting friendship between your majesty and the States General."

Between the representation and the first debates upon the subject of it several weeks had passed, during which time the parliament had other matters likewise before them that deserve to be mentioned. For on the 9th of February was repealed the act for naturalizing foreign protestants, which had been passed under the last ministry, and as many people thought to very ill purposes. By this act any foreigner who would take the oaths to the government, and profess himself a protestant, of whatever denomination, was immediately naturalized, and had all the privileges of an English-born subject at the expense of a shilling. Most protestants abroad differ from us in the points of church government; so that all the acquisitions by this act would increase the number of dissenters; and therefore the proposal that such foreigners should be obliged to conform to the established worship was rejected. But because several persons were fond of this project as a thing that would be of mighty advantage to the kingdom, I shall say a few words upon it.

The maxim "That people are the riches of a nation" has been crudely understood by many writers and reasoners upon that subject. There are several ways by which people are brought into a country. Sometimes a nation is invaded and subdued; and the conquerors seize the lands and make the natives their under-tenants or servants. Colonies have been always planted where the natives were driven out or destroyed, or the land uncultivated and waste. In those countries where the lord of the soil is master of the labour and liberty of his tenants, or of slaves bought by his money, men's riches are reckoned by the number of their vassals. And sometimes in governments newly instituted, where there are not people to till the ground, many laws have been made to encourage and allure numbers from the neighbouring countries. And in all these cases the new comers have either lands allotted them or are slaves to the proprietors. But to invite helpless families by thousands into a kingdom inhabited like ours, without lands to give them, and where the laws will not allow that they should be part of the property as servants, is a wrong application of the maxim; and the same thing, in great, as infants dropped at the doors, which are only a burden and charge to the parish. The true way of multiplying mankind to public advantage in such a country as England is to invite from abroad only able handicraftsmen and artificers, or such who bring over a sufficient share of property to secure them from want; to enact and enforce sumptuary laws against luxury, and all excesses in clothing, furniture, and the like; to encourage matrimony, and reward, as the Romans did, those who have a certain number of children. Whether bringing over the Palatines were a mere consequence of this law for a general naturalization, or whether, as many surmised, it had some other meaning, it appeared manifestly by the issue that the public was a loser by every individual among them; and that a kingdom can no more be the richer by such an importation than a man can be fatter by a wen, which is unsightly and troublesome at best, and intercepts that nourishment which would otherwise diffuse itself through the whole body.

About a fortnight after, the commons sent up a bill for securing the freedom of parliaments, by limiting the number of members in that house who should be allowed to possess employments under the crown. Bills to the same effect promoted by both parties had after making the like progress been rejected in former parliaments; the court and ministry, who will ever be against such a law, having usually a greater influence in the house of lords; and so it happened now. Although that influence were less, I am apt to think that such a law would be too thorough a reformation in one point while we have so many corruptions in the rest; and perhaps the regulations already made on that article are sufficient, by which several employments incapacitate a man from being chosen a member, and all of them bring it to a new election.

For my own part, when I consider the temper of particular persons, and by what maxims they have acted (almost without exception) in their private capacities, I cannot conceive how such a bill should obtain a majority, unless every man expected to be one of the fifty, which I think was the limitation intended.

About the same time likewise the house of commons advanced one considerable step toward securing us against further impositions from our allies, resolving that the additional forces should be continued, but with a condition that the Dutch should make good their propositions of three-fifths to two-fifths, which those confederates had so long and in so great degree neglected. The duke of Marlborough's deduction of 2½ per cent. from the pay of the foreign troops was also applied for carrying on the war.

Lastly, within this period is to be included the act passed to prevent the disturbing those of the episcopal communion in Scotland in the exercise of their religious worship and in the use of the liturgy of the church of England. It is known enough that the most considerable of the nobility and gentry there, as well as great numbers of the people, dread the tyrannical discipline of those synods and presbyteries, and at the same time have the utmost contempt for the abilities and tenets of their teachers. It was besides thought an inequality beyond all appearance of reason or justice, that dissenters of every denomination here, who are the meanest and most illiterate part among us, should possess a toleration by law, under colour of which they might upon occasion be bold enough to insult the religion established; while those of the episcopal church in Scotland groaned under a real persecution. The only specious objection against this bill was, that it set the religion by law in both parts of the island upon a different foot, directly contrary to the Union; because by an act passed this very session against occasional conformity our dissenters were shut out from all employments. A petition from Carstairs and other Scotch professors against this bill was offered to the house, but not accepted; and a motion made by the other party to receive a clause that should restrain all persons who have any office in Scotland from going to episcopal meetings passed in the negative. It is manifest that the promoters of this clause were not moved by any regard for Scotland, which is by no means their favourite at present, only they hoped that if it were made part of a law it might occasion such a choice of representatives in both houses from Scotland as would be a considerable strength to their faction here. But the proposition was in itself extremely absurd, that so many lords and other persons of distinction, who have great employments, pensions, posts in the army, and other places of profit, many of whom are in frequent or constant attendance at the court, and utterly dislike their national way of worship, should be deprived of their liberty of conscience at home; not to mention those who are sent thither from hence to take care of the revenue and other affairs, who would ill digest the changing of their religion for that of Scotland.

With a further view of favour toward the episcopal clergy of Scotland, three members of that country were directed to bring in a bill for restoring the patrons to their ancient rights of presenting ministers to the vacant churches there, which the kirk during the height of their power had obtained for themselves. And to conclude this subject at once, the queen at the close of the session commanded Mr. secretary St. John to acquaint the house, "That, pursuant to their address, the profits arising from the bishops' estates in Scotland, which remained in the crown, should be applied to the support of such of the episcopal clergy there as would take the oaths to her majesty."

Nothing could more amply justify the proceedings of the queen and her ministers for two years past than that famous representation above at large recited: the unbiassed wisdom of the nation after the strictest inquiry confirming those facts upon which her majesty's counsels were grounded, and many persons who were before inclined to believe that the allies and the late ministry had been too much loaded by the malice, misrepresentations, or ignorance of writers, who were now fully convinced of their mistake by so great an authority. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear doing justice to Mr. St. John, who had been secretary-at-war for several years under the former administration, where he had the advantage of observing how affairs were managed both at home and abroad. He was one of those who shared in the present treasurer's fortune, resigning up his employment at the same time, and upon that minister's being again taken into favour this gentleman was some time after made secretary of state. There he began afresh by the opportunities of his station to look into past miscarriages, and by the force of an extraordinary genius and application to public affairs, joined with an invincible eloquence, laid open the scene of miscarriages and corruptions through the whole course of the war in so evident a manner, that the house of commons seemed principally directed in their resolutions upon this inquiry by his information and advice. In a short time after the representation was published there appeared a memorial in the Dutch gazette, as by order of the States, reflecting very much upon the said representation, as well as the resolutions on which it was founded, pretending to deny some of the facts and to extenuate others. This memorial, translated into English, a common writer of news had the boldness to insert in one of his papers. A complaint being made thereof to the house of commons, they voted the pretended memorial to be a false, scandalous, malicious libel, and ordered the printer to be taken into custody.

It was the misfortune of the ministers, that while they were baited by their professed adversaries of the discontented faction, acting in confederacy with emissaries of foreign powers, to break the measures her majesty had taken toward a peace, they met at the same time with frequent difficulties from those who agreed and engaged with them to pursue the same general end, but sometimes disapproved the methods as too slack and remiss, or in appearance now and then perhaps a little dubious. In the first session of this parliament a considerable number of gentlemen, all members of the house of commons, began to meet by themselves and consult what course they ought to steer in this new world. They intended to revive a new country party in parliament, which might, as in former times, oppose the court in any proceedings they disliked. The whole body was of such who profess what is commonly called high-church principles, upon which account they were irreconcilable enemies to the late ministry and all its adherents. On the other side, considering the temper of the new men in power, that they were persons who had formerly moved between the two extremes, those gentlemen who were impatient for an entire change, and to see all their adversaries laid at once as low as the dust, began to be apprehensive that the work would be done by halves. But the juncture of affairs at that time both at home and abroad would by no means admit of the least precipitation, although the queen and her first minister had been disposed to it, which certainly they were not. Neither did the court seem at all uneasy at this league formed in appearance against it, but composed of honest gentlemen who wished well to their country, in which both were entirely agreed, although they might differ about the means; or if such a society should begin to grow resty, nothing was easier than to divide them and render all their endeavours ineffectual.

But in the course of that first session many of this society became gradually reconciled to the new ministry, whom they found to be greater objects of the common enemy's hatred than themselves; and the attempt of Guiscard, as it gained further time for deferring the disposal of employments, so it much endeared that person [Mr. Harley] to the kingdom, who was so near falling a sacrifice to the safety of his country. Upon the last session, of which I am now writing, this October Club (as it was called) renewed their usual meetings, but were now very much altered from their original institution, and seemed to have wholly dropped the design as of no further use. They saw a point carried in the house of lords against the court that would end in the ruin of the kingdom; and they observed the enemy's whole artillery directly levelled at the treasurer's head. In short, the majority of the club had so good an understanding with the great men at court, that two of the latter [Mr. St. John and Mr. Bromley], to show to the world how fair a correspondence there was between the court and country party, consented to be at one of their dinners; but this intercourse had an event very different from what was expected, for immediately the more zealous members of that society broke off from the rest and composed a new one, made up of gentlemen who seemed to expect little of the court, and perhaps with a mixture of others who thought themselves disappointed or too long delayed [called the March Club]. Many of these were observed to retain an incurable jealousy of the treasurer, and to interpret all delays which they could not comprehend as a reserve of favour in this minister to the persons and principles of the abandoned party.

Upon an occasion offered about this time some persons, out of distrust to the treasurer, endeavoured to obtain a point which could not have been carried without putting all into confusion. A bill was brought into the house of commons appointing commissioners to examine into the value of all lands and other interests granted by the crown since the 13th day of February, 1688, and upon what considerations such grants had been made. The united country interest in the house was extremely set upon passing the bill. They had conceived an opinion from former precedents that the court would certainly oppose all steps toward a resumption of grants, and those who were apprehensive that the treasurer inclined the same way proposed the bill should be tacked to another for raising a fund by duties upon soap and paper, which has been always imputed, whether justly or not, as a favourite expedient of those called the Tory party. At the same time it was very well known that the house of lords had made a fixed and unanimous resolution against giving their concurrence to the passing of such united bills, so that the consequences of this project must have been to bring the ministry under difficulties, to stop the necessary supplies, and endanger the good correspondence between both houses; notwithstanding all which, the majority carried it for a tack, and the committee was instructed accordingly to make the two bills into one, whereby the worst that could happen would have followed if the treasurer had not convinced the warm leaders in this affair, by undeniable reasons, that the means they were using would certainly disappoint the end; that neither himself nor any other of the queen's servants were at all against this inquiry; and he promised his utmost credit to help forward the bill in the house of lords. He prevailed at last to have it sent up single, but their lordships gave it another kind of reception. Those who were of the side opposite to the court withstood it to a man, as in a party case; among the rest, some were personally concerned, and others by friends and relations, which they supposed a sufficient excuse to be absent or dissent. Even those whose grants were antecedent to this intended inspection began to be alarmed as men whose neighbours' houses are on fire. A show of zeal for the late king's honour occasioned many reflections upon the date of this inquiry, which was to commence with his reign, and the earl of Nottingham, who had now flung away the mask which he had lately pulled off, like one who had no other view but that of vengeance against the queen and her friends, acted consistently enough with his design by voting as a lord against the bill after he had directed his son in the house of commons to vote for the tack.

Thus miscarried this popular bill for appointing commissioners to examine into royal grants; but whether those chiefly concerned did rightly consult their own interest has been made a question, which perhaps time will resolve. It was agreed that the queen, by her own authority, might have issued out a commission for such an inquiry; and everybody believed that the intention of the parliament was only to tax the grants with about three years' purchase, and at the same time establish the proprietors in possession of the remainder for ever; so that upon the whole the grantees would have been great gainers by such an act, since the titles of those lands as they stood then were hardly of half value with others, either for sale or settlement. Besides the example of the Irish forfeitures might have taught these precarious owners that when the house of commons has once engaged in a pursuit which they think is right, although it be stopped or suspended for awhile, they will be sure to renew it upon every opportunity that offers, and seldom fail of success: for instance, if the resumption should happen to be made part of a supply, which can be easily done without the objection of a tack, the grantees might possibly then have much harder conditions given them; and I do not see how they could prevent it. Whether the resuming of royal grants be consistent with good policy or justice would be too long a disquisition; besides, the profusion of kings is not likely to be a grievance for the future, because there have been laws since made to provide against that evil, or indeed rather because the crown has nothing left to give away. But the objection made against the date of the intended inquiry was invidious and trifling; for king James II. made very few grants: he was a better manager, and squandering was none of his faults; whereas the late king, who came over here a perfect stranger to our laws and to our people, regardless of posterity, wherein he was not likely to survive, thought he could no way better strengthen a new title than by purchasing friends at the expense of everything which was in his power to part with.

The reasonableness of uniting to a money-bill one of a different nature, which is usually called *tacking*, has been likewise much debated, and will admit of argument enough. In ancient times when a parliament was held the commons first proposed their grievances to be redressed, and then gave their aids; so that it was a perfect bargain between the king and the subject. This fully answered the ends of tacking. Aids were then demanded upon occasions which would hardly pass at present; such for instance as those for making the king's son a knight, marrying his eldest daughter, and some others of the like sort. Most of the money went into the king's coffers for his private use; neither was he accountable for any part of it. Hence arose the form of the king's thanking his subjects for their benevolence, when any subsidies, tenths, or fifteenths, were given him. But the supplies now granted are of another nature, and cannot be properly called a particular benefit to the crown, because they are all appropriated to their several uses; so that, when the house of commons tack to a money-bill what is foreign and hard to be digested, if it be not passed, they put themselves and their country in as great difficulties as the prince. On the other side there have been several regulations made, through the course of time, in parliamentary proceedings; among which it is grown a rule that a bill once rejected shall not be brought up again the same session; whereby the commons seem to have lost the advantage of purchasing a redress of their grievances by granting supplies, which upon some emergencies has put them upon this expedient of tacking; so that there is more to be said on each side of the case than is convenient for me to trouble the reader or myself in deducing.

Among the matters of importance during this session we may justly number the proceedings of the house of commons with relation to the press; since her majesty's message to the house of January 17th concludes with a paragraph representing the great licences taken in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any government; and recommending to them to find a remedy equal to the mischief. The meaning of these words in the message seems to be confined to those weekly and daily papers and pamphlets reflecting upon the persons and the management of the ministry. But the house of commons, in their address which answers this message, make an addition of the blasphemies against God and religion; and it is certain that nothing would be more for the honour of the legislature than some effectual law for putting a stop to this universal mischief; but as the person [lord Bolingbroke] who advised the queen in that part of her message had only then in his thoughts the redressing of the political and factious libels, I think he ought to have taken care, by his great credit in the house, to have proposed some ways by which that evil might be removed; the law for taxing single papers having produced a quite contrary effect, as was then foreseen by many persons, and has since been found true by experience. For the adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in defence of their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius levelled to the generality of readers; while those who would draw their pens on the side of their prince and country are discouraged by this tax, which exceeds the intrinsic value both of the materials and the work; a thing, if I be not mistaken, without example.

It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversions of the public; and it is to be wished the party quarrels of the pen were always managed with decency and truth: but in the mean time to open the mouths of our enemies, and shut our own, is a turn of politics that wants a little to be explained. Perhaps the ministry now in possession, because they are in possession, may despise such trifles as this; and it is not to be denied that, acting as they do upon a national interest, they may seem to stand in less need of such supports, or may safely fling them down as no longer necessary. But if the leaders of the other party had proceeded by this maxim their power would have been none at all, or of very short duration; and had not some active pens fallen in to improve the good dispositions of the people upon the late change, and continued since to overthrow the falsehood plentifully, and sometimes not unplausibly, scattered by the adversaries, I am very much in doubt whether those at the helm would now have reason to be pleased with their success. A particular person may with more safety despise the opinion of the vulgar, because it does a wise man no real harm or good, but the administration a great deal; and whatever side has the sole management of the pen will soon find hands enough to write down their enemies as low as they please. If the people had no other idea of those whom her majesty trusts in her greatest affairs than what is conveyed by the passions of such as would compass sea and land for their destruction, what could they expect but to be torn in pieces by the rage of the multitude? How necessary therefore was it that the world should from time to time be undeceived by true representations of persons and facts, which have kept the kingdom steady to its interests against all the attacks of a cunning and virulent faction!

However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon the smaller papers; and a bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the house of commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it: for there has hitherto always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press, whether from the inconveniences apprehended from doing too much or too little; or whether the benefit proposed by each party to themselves, from the service of their writers toward the recovering or preserving of power, be thought to outweigh the disadvantages. However it came about, this affair was put off from one week to another, and the bill not brought into the house till the 8th of June. It was committed three days and then heard of no more. In this bill there was a clause inserted (whether industriously with design to overthrow it), that the author's name and place of abode should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper; to which I believe no man who has the least regard to learning would give his consent; for beside the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion have chosen, out of an humble christian spirit, to conceal their names, it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon their first sending their thoughts into the world; and that those who are dull or superficial, void of all taste and judgment, have dispositions directly contrary: so that, if this clause had been made part of a law, there would have been an end, in all likelihood, of any valuable production for the future either in wit or learning; and that insufferable race of stupid people who are now every day loading the press would then reign alone, in time destroy our very first principles of reason, and introduce barbarity among us, which is already kept out with so much difficulty by so few hands.

Having given an account of the several steps made toward a peace, from the first overtures begun by France to the commencement of the second session, I shall in the Fourth Book relate the particulars of this great negotiation, from the period last mentioned to the present time; and because there happened some passages in both houses occasioned by the treaty, I shall take notice of them under that head. There only remains to be mentioned one affair of another nature, which the lords and commons took into their cognizance after a very different manner, wherewith I shall close this part of my subject.

The sect of quakers among us, whose system of religion, first founded upon enthusiasm, has been many years growing into a craft, held it an unlawful action to take an oath to a magistrate. This doctrine was taught them by the author of their sect, from a literal application of the text "Swear not at all;" but being a body of people wholly turned to trade and commerce of all kinds, they found themselves on many occasions deprived of the benefit of the law as well as of voting at elections by a foolish scruple which their obstinacy would not suffer them to get over. To prevent this inconvenience these people had credit enough in the late reign to have an act passed that their solemn affirmation and declaration should be accepted instead of an oath in the usual form. The great concern in those times was to lay all religion upon a level; in order to which this maxim was advanced, "That no man ought to be denied the liberty of serving his country upon account of a different belief in speculative opinions;" under which term some people were apt to include every doctrine of christianity. However, this act in favour of the quakers was only temporary, in order to keep them in constant dependence, and expired of course after a certain term, if it were not continued. Those people had therefore very early in the session offered a petition to the house of commons for a continuance of the act, which was not suffered to be brought up. Upon this they applied themselves to the lords, who passed a bill accordingly, and sent it down to the commons, where it was not so much as allowed a first reading.

And indeed it is not easy to conceive upon what motives the legislature of so great a kingdom could descend so low as to be ministerial and subservient to the caprices of the most absurd heresy that ever appeared in the world; and this in a point where those deluding or deluded people stand singular from all the rest of mankind who live under civil government; but the designs of an aspiring party at that time were not otherwise to be compassed than by undertaking anything that would humble and mortify the church: and I am fully convinced that if a set of sceptic philosophers (who profess to doubt of everything) had been then among us, and mingled their tenets with some corruptions of christianity, they might have obtained the same privilege; and that a law would have been enacted, whereby the solemn doubt of the people called sceptics should have been accepted instead of an oath in the usual form: so absurd are all maxims formed upon the inconsistent principles of faction when once they are brought to be examined by the standard of truth and reason.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

We left the plenipotentiaries of the allies and those of the enemy preparing to assemble at Utrecht on the 1st of Jan. N. S., in order to form a congress for negotiating a general peace; wherein, although the Dutch had made a mighty merit of their compliance with the queen, yet they set all their instruments at work to inflame both houses against her majesty's measures. M. Bothmar, the Hanover envoy, took care to print and disperse his memorial, of which I have formerly spoken: Hoffman, the emperor's resident, was soliciting for a yacht and convoys to bring over prince Eugene at this juncture, fortified, as it was given out, with great proposals from the imperial court: the earl of Nottingham became a convert for reasons already mentioned: money was distributed where occasion required; and the dukes of Somerset and Marlborough, together with the earl of Godolphin, had put themselves at the head of their junto and their adherents in order to attack the court. Some days after the vote passed the house of lords for admitting into the address the earl of Nottingham's clause against any peace without Spain, M. Buys, the Dutch envoy, who had been deep in all the consultations with the discontented party for carrying that point, was desired to meet with the lord privy seal, the earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. secretary St. John, in order to sign a treaty between the queen and the States, to subsist after a peace. There the envoy took occasion to expostulate upon the advantages stipulated for Britain with France; said, "It was his opinion that those ministers ought, in respect of the friendship between both nations, to acquaint him what these advantages were; and that he looked upon his country to be entitled by treaty to share them equally with us; that there was now another reason why we should be more disposed to comply with him upon this head; for since the late resolution of the house of lords he took it for granted it would be a dangerous step in us to give Spain to a prince of the house of Bourbon; and therefore that we should do well to induce the States by such a concession to help us out of this difficulty."

Mr. St. John made answer, "That there was not a man in the queen's council capable of so base a thought: that if Buys had anything to complain of which was injurious to Holland or justly tending to hurt the good correspondence between us and the States, he was confident her majesty would at all times be ready to give it up; but that the ministers scorned to screen themselves at the expense of their country: that the resolution Buys mentioned was chiefly owing to foreign ministers intermeddling in our affairs, and would perhaps have an effect the projectors did not foresee: That if the peace became impracticable the house of commons would certainly put the war upon another foot, and reduce the public expense within such a compass as our treaties required in the strictest sense, and as our present condition would admit, leaving the partisans for war to supply the rest."

Although the secretary believed this answer would put an end to such infamous proposals, it fell out otherwise, for shortly after M. Buys applied himself to the treasurer, promising to undertake "That his masters should give up the article of Spain, provided they might share with us in the assiento for negroes." To which the treasurer's answer was short, "That he would rather lose his head than consent to such an offer."

It is manifest by this proceeding that whatever schemes were forming here at home, in this juncture, by the enemies to the peace, the Dutch only designed to fall in with it as far as it would answer their own account; and by a strain of the lower politics, wherein they must be allowed to excel every country in Christendom, lay upon the watch for a good bargain by taking advantage of the distress they themselves had brought upon their nearest neighbour and ally.

But the queen highly resented this indignity from a republic upon whom she had conferred so many obligations. She could not endure that the Dutch should employ their instruments to act in confederacy with a cabal of factious people, who were prepared to sacrifice the safety of their prince and country to the recovery of that power they had so long possessed and abused. Her majesty knew very well that, whatever were the mistaken or affected opinion of some people at home upon the article of Spain, it was a point the States had long given up; who had very openly told our ministry, "That the war in that country was only our concern, and what their republic had nothing to do with." It is true the party-leaders were equally convinced that the recovery of Spain was impracticable; but many things may be excused in a professed adversary fallen under a disgrace which are highly criminal in an ally upon whom we are that very instant conferring new favours. Her majesty therefore thought it high time to exert herself and at length put a stop to foreign influence upon British counsels; so that after the earl of Nottingham's clause against any peace without Spain was carried in the house of lords, directions were immediately sent to the earl of Strafford at the Hague to inform the Dutch "That it was obtained by a trick, and would consequently turn to the disappointment and confusion of the contrivers and the actors." He was likewise instructed to be very dry and reserved to the pensionary and Dutch ministers; to let them know "The queen thought herself ill-treated; and that they would soon hear what effects those measures would have upon a mild and good temper, wrought up to resentment by repeated provocations: that the States might have the war continued if they pleased, but that the queen would not be forced to carry it on after their manner, nor would suffer them to make her peace or to settle the interests of her kingdoms."

To others in Holland who appeared to be more moderate the earl was directed to say, "That the States were upon a wrong scent; that their minister here mistook everything that we had promised; that we would perform all they could reasonably ask from us in relation to their barrier and their trade; and that Mons. Buys dealt unfairly if he had not told them as much; but that Britain, proceeding in some respects upon a new scheme of politics, would no longer struggle for impossibilities nor be amused by words: that our people came more and more to their senses; and that the single dispute now was, whether the Dutch would join with a faction against the queen or with the nation for her."

The court likewise resolved to discourage prince Eugene from his journey to England, which he was about this time undertaking, and of which I have spoken before. He was told "That the queen wanted no exhortations to carry on the war; but the project of it should be agreed abroad, upon which her majesty's resolutions might soon be signified; and until she saw what the emperor and allies were ready to do she would neither promise nor engage for anything." At the same time Mr. St. John told Hoffman, the emperor's resident here, "That if the prince had a mind to divert himself in London the ministers would do their part to entertain him, and be sure to trouble him with no manner of business."

This coldness retarded the prince's journey for some days, but did not prevent it, although he had a second message by the queen's order, with this further addition, "That his name had lately been made use of on many occasions to create ferment and stir up sedition; and that her majesty judged it would be neither safe for him nor convenient for her that he should come over at this time." But all would not do; it was enough that the queen did not absolutely forbid him; and the party-confederates, both foreign and domestic, thought his presence would be highly necessary for their service.

Toward the end of December, the lord privy seal set out for Holland. He was ordered to stop at the Hague, and in conjunction with the earl of Strafford to declare to the States, in her majesty's name, "Her resolutions to conclude no peace wherein the allies in general, and each confederate in particular, might not find their ample security and their reasonable satisfaction: that she was ready to insist upon their barrier and advantages in their trade, in the manner the States themselves should desire; and to concert with them such a plan of treaty as both powers might be under mutual engagements never to recede from: that nothing could be of greater importance than for the ministers of Great Britain and Holland to enter the congress under the strictest ties of confidence, and entirely to concur throughout the course of these negotiations; to which purpose it was her majesty's pleasure that their lordships should adjust with the Dutch ministers the best manner and method for opening and carrying on the conferences, and declare themselves instructed to communicate freely their thoughts and measures to the plenipotentiaries of the States, who they hoped had received the same instructions."

Lastly, The two lords were to signify to the pensionary and the other ministers, "That her majesty's preparations for the next campaign were carried on with all the despatch and vigour the present circumstances would allow; and to insist that the same might be done by the States; and that both powers should join in pressing the emperor and other allies to make greater efforts than they had hitherto done; without which the war must languish, and the terms of peace become every day more disadvantageous."

The two British plenipotentiaries went to Utrecht with very large instructions; and after the usual manner were to make much higher demands from France (at least in behalf of the allies) than they could have any hope to obtain. The sum of what they had in charge beside matter of form was to concert with the ministers of the several powers engaged against France, "That all differences arising among them should be accommodated between themselves, without suffering the French to interfere: that whatever were proposed to France by a minister of the alliance should be backed by the whole confederacy: that a time might be fixed for the conclusion as there had been for the commencement of the treaty." Spain was to be demanded out of the hands of the Bourbon family, as the most effectual means for preventing the union of that kingdom with France; and whatever conditions the allies could agree upon for hindering that union their lordships were peremptorily to insist on.

As to the interests of each ally in particular, the plenipotentiaries of Britain were to demand "Strasburgh, the fort of Kehl with its dependencies, and the town of Brisac with its territory, for the emperor: that France should possess Alsatia according to the treaty of Westphalia, with the right of the prefecture only over the ten imperial cities in that country: that the fortifications of the said ten cities be put into the condition they were in at the time of the said treaty, except Landau, which was to be demanded for the emperor and empire, with liberty of demolishing the fortifications: that the French king should at a certain time, and at his own expense, demolish the fortresses of Hunningen, New Brisac, and Fort Lewis, never to be rebuilt.

"That the town and fortress of Rhinfelt should be demanded for the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, until that matter be otherwise settled.

"That the clause relating to religion in the fourth article of the treaty of Ryswick, and contrary to that of Westphalia, should be annulled; and the state of religion in Germany restored to the tenor of the treaty of Westphalia.

"That France should acknowledge the king of Prussia, and give him no disturbance in Neufchatel and Valengin.

"That the principality of Orange and other estates belonging to the late king William should be restored as law should direct,

"That the duke of Hanover should be acknowledged elector.

"That the king of Portugal should enjoy all the advantages stipulated between him and the allies.

"That the States should have for their barrier Furnes, Fort Knock, Menin, Ipres, Lisle, Tournay, Condé, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Douay, Bethune, Avie, St. Venant, and Bouchain, with their cannon, &c.: that the French king should restore all the places belonging to Spain now or during this war in his possession in the Netherlands: that such part of them as should be thought fit might be allowed likewise for a barrier to the States: that France should grant the tariff of 1664 to the States; and exemption of fifty pence per ton upon Dutch goods trading to that kingdom: but that these articles in favour of the States should not be concluded till the barrier treaty were explained to the queen's satisfaction.

"That the duke of Savoy should be put in possession of all taken from him in this war, and enjoy the places yielded to him by the emperor and other allies: that France should likewise yield to him Exilles, Fenestrilles, Chaumont, the valley of Pregata, and the land lying between Piedmont and Mount Genu.

"That the article about the demolishing of Dunkirk should be explained."

As to Britain, the plenipotentiaries were to insert, "That Nieuport, Dendermond, Ghent, and all places which appear to be a barrier rather against England than France, should either not be given to the Dutch, or at least in such a manner as not to hinder the queen's subjects free passage to and from the Low Countries.

"That the 7th article of the barrier treaty, which empowers the States in case of an attack to put troops at discretion in all the places of the Low Countries, should be so explained as to be understood only of an attack from France.

"That Britain should trade to the Low Countries with the same privileges as the States themselves.

"That the most christian king should acknowledge the succession of Hanover, and immediately oblige the pretender to leave France; and that the said king should promise for himself and his heirs never to acknowledge any person for king or queen of England otherwise than according to the settlements now in force.

"That a treaty of commerce should be commenced as soon as possible between France and Britain; and in the mean time the necessary points relating to it be settled.

"That the Isle of St. Christopher's should be surrendered to the queen, Hudson's Bay restored, Placentia and the whole island of Newfoundland yielded to Britain by the most christian king: who was likewise to quit all claim to Nova Scotia and Annapolis Royal.

"That Gibraltar and Minorca should be annexed to the British crown.

"That the assiento should be granted to Britain for thirty years, with the same advantage as to France; with an extent of ground on the river of Plata for keeping and refreshing the negroes.

"That Spain should grant to the subjects of Britain as large privileges as to any other nation whatsoever; as likewise an exemption of duties, amounting to an advantage of at least 15 per cent.

"That satisfaction should be demanded for what should appear to be justly due to her majesty from the emperor and the States.

"Lastly, That the plenipotentiaries should consult with those of the protestant allies the most effectual methods for restoring the protestants of France to their religious and civil liberties, and for the immediate release of those who are now in the galleys."

What part of these demands were to be insisted on, and what were to be given up, will appear by the sequel of this negotiation. But there was no difficulty of moment enough to retard the peace, except a method for preventing the union of France and Spain under one prince, and the settling the barrier for Holland; which last, as claimed by the States, could in prudence and safety be no more allowed by us than by France.

The States General having appointed Mons. Buys to be one of their plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, that minister left England a few days after the lord privy seal. In his last conference with the lords of the council he absolutely declared, "That his masters had done their utmost, both by sea and land; that it was unreasonable to expect more; that they had exceeded their proportion, even beyond Britain; and that as to the emperor and other allies, he knew no expedient left for making them act with more vigour than to pursue them with pathetical exhortations."

This minister was sent over hither instructed and empowered by halves. The ferment raised by the united endeavours of our party leaders, among whom he was a constant fellow-labourer to the utmost of his skill, had wholly confounded him; and thinking to take the advantage of negotiating well for Holland at the expense of Britain, he acted but ill for his own country, and worse for the common cause. However, the queen's ministers and he parted with the greatest civility; and her majesty's present was double the value of what is usual to the character he bore.

As the queen was determined to alter her measures in making war, so she thought nothing would so much convince the States of the necessity of a peace as to have them frequently put in mind of this resolution; which her ambassador Strafford, then at the Hague, was accordingly directed to do: and if they should object, of what ill consequence it would be for the enemy to know her majesty designed to lessen her expenses; he might answer, "That the ministers here were sorry for it; but the Dutch could only blame themselves for forcing into such a necessity a princess to whose friendship they owed the preservation and grandeur of their republic, and choosing to lean on a broken faction rather than place their confidence in the queen."

It was her majesty's earnest desire that there should be a perfect agreement at this treaty between the ministers of all the allies; than which nothing could be more effectual to make France comply with their just demands. Above all she directed her plenipotentiaries to enter into the strictest confidence with those of Holland; and that, after the States had consented to explain the barrier treaty to her reasonable satisfaction, both powers should form between them a plan of general peace, from which they would not recede, and such as might secure the quiet of Europe, as well as the particular interests of each confederate.

The Dutch were accordingly pressed before the congress opened to come to some temperament upon that famous treaty; because the ministers here expected it would be soon laid before the house of commons, by which the resentment of the nation would probably appear against those who had been actors and advisers in it: but Mons. Buys, who usually spoke for his colleagues, was full of opposition, began to expostulate upon the advantages Britain had stipulated with France; and to insist "That his masters ought to share equally in them all, but especially the assiento contract:" so that no progress was made in fixing a previous good correspondence between Britain and the States, which her majesty had so earnestly recommended.

Certain regulations having been agreed upon for the avoiding of ceremony and other inconveniences, the conferences began at Utrecht, upon the 29th of January, N. S., 1711-12, at ten in the morning. The ministers of the allies going into the town-house at one door, and those of France at the same instant at another, they all took their seats without distinction; and the bishop of Bristol, lord privy seal, first plenipotentiary of Britain, opened the assembly with a short speech, directed to the ministers of France, in words to the following effect:—

"MESSIEURS,—We are here to meet to-day in the name of God, to enter upon a treaty of general peace between the high allies and the king your master. We bring sincere intentions, and express orders from our superiors, to concur, on their part, with whatever may advance and perfect so salutary and christian a work. On the other side we hope you have the same disposition; and that your orders will be so full as to be able without loss of time to answer the expectation of the high allies, by explaining yourselves clearly and roundly upon the points we shall have to settle in these conferences; and that you will perform this in so plain and specific a manner as every prince and state in the confederacy may find a just and reasonable satisfaction."

The French began by promising to explain the overtures which Mons. Mesnager had delivered to the queen some months before, and to give in a specific project of what their master would yield, provided the allies would each give a specific answer by making their several demands; which method, after many difficulties and affected delays in the Dutch, was at length agreed to.

But the States, who had with the utmost discontent seen her majesty at the head of this negotiation, where they intended to have placed themselves began to discover their ill-humour upon every occasion. They raised endless difficulties about settling the barrier treaty as the queen desired; and in one of the first general conferences they would not suffer the British secretary to take the minutes, but nominated some Dutch professor for that office; which the queen refused, and resented their behaviour, as a useless cavil, intended only to show their want of respect. The British plenipotentiaries had great reason to suspect that the Dutch were at this time privately endeavouring to engage in some separate measures with France, by the intervention of one Moleau, a busy factious agent at Amsterdam, who had been often employed in such intrigues; and that this was the cause which made them so litigious and slow in all their steps, in hopes to break the congress, and find better terms for their trade and barrier from the French than we ever could think fit to allow them. The Dutch ministers did also apply themselves with industry to cultivate the imperial plenipotentiary's favour, in order to secure all advantages of commerce with Spain and the West Indies, in case those dominions could be procured for the emperor: for this reason they avoided settling any general plan of peace in concert with the plenipotentiaries of Britain, which her majesty desired; and Mons. Buys plainly told their lordships "That it was a point which neither he nor his colleagues could consent to before the States were admitted equal sharers with Britain in the trade of Spain."

The court, having notice of this untractable temper in the Dutch, gave direct orders to the plenipotentiaries of Britain for pressing those of the States to adjust the gross inequalities of the barrier treaty; since nothing was more usual or agreeable to reason than for princes who find themselves aggrieved by prejudicial contracts to expect they should be modified and explained. And since it now appeared by votes in the house of commons that the sense of the nation agreed with what her majesty desired, if the Dutch ministers would not be brought to any moderate terms upon this demand, their lordships were directed to improve and amend the particular concessions made to Britain by France, and form them into a treaty; for the queen was determined never to allow the States any share in the assiento, Gibraltar, and Port Mahon; nor could think it reasonable that they should be upon an equal foot with her in the trade of Spain, to the conquest whereof they had contributed so little.

Nor was the conduct of the imperial minister at this time less perplexing than that of the States; both those powers appearing fully bent either upon breaking off the negotiation or upon forcing from the queen those advantages she expected by it for her own kingdoms. Her majesty therefore thought fit, about the beginning of March, to send Mr. Thos. Harley, a near relation of the treasurer's, to Utrecht, fully informed of her mind; which he was directed to communicate to the plenipotentiaries of Britain.

Mr. Harley stopped in his way to Utrecht at the Hague, and there told the pensionary "That nothing had happened lately in England but what was long ago foretold him, as well as the other ministers of the allies: that the proceedings of the house of commons, particularly about the barrier treaty, must chiefly be ascribed to the manner in which the queen and the nation had been treated by Mons. Bothmar, Count Gallas, Buys, and other foreign ministers: that if the States would yet enter into a strict union with the queen, give her satisfaction in the said treaty, and join in concert with her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, a safe and advantageous peace might be obtained for the whole alliance; otherwise her majesty must save her own country, and join with such of her allies as would join with her.

"As to the war, that the conduct of the allies, and their opposition to the queen, her private intrigues carried on among her own subjects, as well as by open remonstrances, had made the house of commons take that matter out of the hands of the ministers.

"Lastly, That in case the present treaty were broken off by the Dutch refusing to comply, her majesty thought it reasonable to insist that some cautionary places be put into her hands as pledges that no other negotiation should be entered into by the States General without her participation."

Mr. Harley's instructions to the queen's plenipotentiaries were, "That they should press those of France to open themselves as far as possible in concerting such a plan of a general peace as might give reasonable satisfaction to all the confederates, and such as her parliament would approve: that the people of England believed France would consent to such a plan; wherein if they found themselves deceived they would be as eager for prosecuting the war as ever."

Their lordships were to declare openly to the Dutch, "That no extremity should make her majesty depart from insisting to have the assiento for her own subjects, and to keep Gibraltar and Port Mahon: but if the States would agree with her upon these three heads she would be content to reduce the trade of Spain and the West Indies to the condition it was in under the late catholic king Charles II."

The French were further to be pressed, "That the pretender should be immediately sent out of that kingdom; and that the most effectual method should be taken for preventing the union of France and Spain under one prince."

About this time her majesty's ministers, and those of the allies at Utrecht, delivered in the several *postulata* or demands of their masters to the French plenipotentiaries; which having been since made public, and all of them, except those of Britain, very much varying in the course of the negotiation, the reader would be but ill entertained with a transcript of them here.

Upon intelligence of the last dauphin's death, the father, son, and grandson, all of that title, dying within the compass of a year, Mons. Gualtier went to France with letters to the marquis de Torcy, to propose her majesty's expedient for preventing the union of that kingdom with Spain; which, as it was the most important article to be settled, in order to secure peace for Europe, so it was a point that required to be speedily adjusted under the present circumstances and situation of the Bourbon family; there being only left a child of two years old to stand between the duke of Anjou and his succeeding to the crown of France.

Her majesty likewise pressed France, by the same despatches, to send full instructions to their plenipotentiaries, empowering them to offer such a plan of peace as might give reasonable satisfaction to all her allies.

The queen's proposal for preventing a union between France and Spain was, "That Philip should formally renounce the kingdom of France for himself and his posterity; and that this renunciation should be confirmed by the cortes or states of Spain, who without question would heartily concur against such a union, by which their country must become a province to France." In like manner the French princes of the blood were severally to renounce all title to Spain.

The French raised many difficulties upon several particulars of this expedient, but the queen persisted to refuse any plan of peace before this weighty point were settled in the manner she proposed; which was afterwards submitted to, as in proper place we shall observe. In the mean time the negotiation at Utrecht proceeded with a very slow pace; the Dutch interposing all obstructions they could contrive, refusing to come to any reasonable temper upon the barrier treaty, or to offer a plan in concert with the queen for a general peace. Nothing less would satisfy them than the partaking in those advantages we had stipulated for ourselves, and which did no wise interfere with their trade or security. They still expected some turn in England. Their friends on this side had ventured to assure them "That the queen could not live many months;" which indeed from the bad state of her majesty's health was reasonable to expect. The British plenipotentiaries daily discovered new endeavours of Holland to treat privately with France. And lastly, those among the States who desired the war should continue strove to gain time until the campaign should open; and, by resolving to enter into action with the first opportunity, render all things desperate, and break up the congress.

This scheme did exactly fall in with prince Eugene's dispositions, whom the States had chosen for their general, and of whose conduct in this conjuncture the queen had too much reason to be jealous. But her majesty, who was resolved to do her utmost toward putting a good and speedy end to the war, having placed the duke of Ormond at the head of her forces in Flanders, where he was now arrived, directed him to keep all the troops in British pay, whether subjects or foreigners, immediately under his own command; and to be cautious for awhile in engaging in any action of importance, unless upon a very apparent advantage. At the same time the queen determined to make one thorough trial of the disposition of the States, by allowing them the utmost concessions that could any way suit either with her safety or honour. She therefore directed her ministers at Utrecht to tell the Dutch, "That in order to show how desirous she was to live in perfect amity with that republic, she would resign up the 15 per cent. advantage upon English goods sent to the Spanish dominions, which the French king had offered her by a power from his grandson; and be content to reduce that trade to the state in which it was under the late king of Spain. She would accept of any tolerable softening of those words in the 7th article of the barrier treaty, where it is said, 'The States shall have power, in case of an apparent attack, to put as many troops as they please into all the places of the Netherlands,' without specifying an attack from the side of France, as ought to have been done; otherwise the queen might justly think they were preparing themselves for a rupture with Britain. Her majesty likewise consented that the States should keep Nieuport, Dendermond, and the castle of Ghent, as an addition to their barrier, although she were sensible how injurious those concessions would be to the trade of her subjects; and would waive the demand of Ostend being delivered into her hands, which she might with justice insist on. In return for all this, that the queen only desired the ministers of the States would enter into a close correspondence with hers; and settle between them some plan of a general peace, which might give reasonable content to all her allies, and which her majesty would endeavour to bring France to consent to. She desired the trade of her kingdoms to the Netherlands, and to the towns of their barrier, might be upon as good a foot as it was before the war began: that the Dutch would not insist to have a share in the assiento, to which they had not the least pretensions; and that they would no longer encourage the intrigues of a faction against her government. Her majesty assured them, in plain terms, that her own future measures, and the conduct of her plenipotentiaries, should be wholly governed by their behaviour in these points; and that her offers were only conditional, in case of their compliance with what she desired."

But all these proofs of the queen's kindness and sincerity could not avail. The Dutch ministers pleaded "They had no power to concert the plan of general peace with those of Britain." However, they assured the latter "That the assiento was the only difficulty which stuck with their masters." Whereupon at their desire a contract for that traffic was twice read to them; after which they appeared very well satisfied, and said "They would go to the Hague for further instructions." Thither they went; and after a week's absence returned the same answer, "That they had no power to settle a scheme of peace; but could only discourse of it when the difficulties of the barrier treaty were over." And Mons. Buys took a journey to Amsterdam on purpose to stir up that city where he was pensionary against yielding the assiento to Britain; but was unsuccessful in his negotiation; the point being yielded up there and in most other towns in Holland.

It will have an odd sound in history, and appear hardly credible, that in several petty republics of single towns which make up the States General, it should be formally debated whether the queen of Great Britain, who preserved the commonwealth at the charge of so many millions, should be suffered to enjoy after a peace the liberty granted her by Spain of selling African slaves in the Spanish dominions of America! But there was a prevailing faction at the Hague violently bent against any peace where the queen must act that part which they had intended for themselves. These politicians, who held constant correspondence with their old dejected friends in England, were daily fed with the vain hopes of the queen's death or the party's restoration. They likewise endeavoured to spin out the time till prince Eugene's activity had pushed on some great event which might govern or perplex the conditions of peace. Therefore the Dutch plenipotentiaries who proceeded by the instructions of those mistaken patriots, acted in every point with a spirit of litigiousness, than which nothing could give greater advantage to the enemy; a strict union between the allies, but especially Britain and Holland, being doubtless the only means for procuring safe and honourable terms from France.

But neither was this the worst; for the queen received undoubted intelligence from Utrecht that the Dutch were again attempting a separate correspondence with France; and by letters intercepted here from Vienna it was found that the imperial court, whose ministers were in the utmost confidence with those of Holland, expressed the most furious rage against her majesty for the steps she had taken to advance a peace.

This unjustifiable treatment the queen could not digest from an ally upon whom she had conferred so many signal obligations, whom she had used with so much indulgence and sincerity during the whole course of the negotiation, and had so often invited to go along with her in every motion toward a peace. She apprehended likewise that the negotiation might be taken out of her hands if France could be secure of easier conditions in Holland, or might think that Britain wanted power to influence the whole confederacy. She resolved therefore on this occasion to exert herself with vigour, steadiness, and despatch; and in the beginning of May sent her commands to the earl of Strafford to repair immediately to England, in order to consult with her ministers what was proper to be done.

The proposal above mentioned for preventing the union of France and Spain met with many difficulties; Mons. de Torcy raising objections against several parts of it. But the queen refused to proceed any further with France until this weighty point were fully settled to her satisfaction; after which she promised to grant a suspension of arms, provided the town and citadel of Dunkirk might be delivered as a pledge into her hands; and proposed that Ipres might be surrendered to the Dutch, if they would consent to come into the suspension. France absolutely refused the latter; and the States General having acted in perpetual contradiction to her majesty, she pressed that matter no further, because she doubted they would not agree to a cessation of arms. However, she resolved to put a speedy end or at least intermission to her own share in the war: and the French having declared themselves ready to agree to her expedients for preventing the union of the two crowns, and consented to the delivery of Dunkirk, positive orders were sent to the duke of Ormond to avoid engaging in any battle or siege until he had further instructions; but he was directed to conceal his orders, and to find the best excuses he could if any pressing occasion should offer.

The reasons for this unusual proceeding, which made a mighty noise, were of sufficient weight to justify it; for pursuant to the agreement made between us and France, a courier was then despatched from Fontainbleau to Madrid with the offer of an alternative to Philip, either of resigning Spain immediately to the duke of Savoy, upon the hopes of succeeding to France, and some present advantage, which not having been accepted is needless to dilate on; or of adhering to Spain, and renouncing all future claim to France for himself and his posterity.

Until it could be known which part Philip would accept, the queen would not take possession of Dunkirk, nor suffer an armistice to be declared. But, however, since the most christian king had agreed that his grandson should be forced in case of a refusal to make his choice immediately, her majesty could not endure to think that perhaps some thousands of lives of her own subjects and allies might be sacrificed without necessity, if an occasion should be found or sought for fighting a battle; which she very well knew prince Eugene would eagerly attempt, and put all into confusion, to gratify his own ambition, the enmity of his new masters the Dutch, and the rage of his court.

But the duke of Ormond, who, with every other quality that can accomplish or adorn a great man, inherits all the valour and loyalty of his ancestors, found it very difficult to acquit himself of his commission; for prince Eugene and all the field-deputies of the States had begun already to talk either of attacking the enemy or besieging Quesnoy; the confederate army being now all joined by the troops they expected. And accordingly, about three days after the duke had received those orders from court, it was proposed to his grace at a meeting with the prince and deputies "That the French army should be attacked, their camp having been viewed, and a great opportunity offering to do it with success; for the Mareschal de Villars, who had notice sent him by Mons. de Torcy of what was passing, and had signified the same by a trumpet to the duke, showed less vigilance than was usual to that general; taking no precautions to secure his camp or observe the motions of the allies, probably on purpose to provoke them." The duke said, "That the earl of Strafford's sudden departure for England made him believe there was something of consequence now transacting, which would be known in four or five days; and therefore desired they would defer this or any other undertaking until he could receive fresh letters from England." Whereupon the prince and deputies immediately told the duke "That they looked for such an answer as he had given them; that they had suspected our measures for some time; and their suspicions were confirmed by the express his grace had so lately received, as well as by the negligence of Mons. Villars." They appeared extremely dissatisfied, and the deputies told the duke "That they would immediately send an account of his answer to their masters:" which they accordingly did; and soon after, by order from the States, wrote him an expostulating letter in a style less respectful than became them; desiring him among other things to explain himself, whether he had positive orders not to fight the French; and afterwards told him, "They were sure he had such orders, otherwise he could not answer what he had done." But the duke still waived the question, saying, "He would be glad to have letters from England before he entered upon action; and that he expected them daily."

Upon this incident the ministers and generals of the allies immediately took the alarm, vented their fury in violent expressions against the queen and those she employed in her councils; said "They were betrayed by Britain;" and assumed the countenance of those who think they have received an injury, and are disposed to return it.

The duke of Ormond's army consisted of 18,000 of her majesty's subjects, and about 30,000 hired from other princes, either wholly by the queen, or jointly by her and the States. The duke immediately informed the court of the dispositions he found among the foreign generals upon this occasion; and "that upon an exigency he could only depend on the British troops adhering to him; those of Hanover having already determined to desert to the Dutch, and tempted the Danes to do the like; and that he had reason to suppose the same of the rest."

Upon the news arriving at Utrecht that the duke of Ormond had refused to engage in any action against the enemy, the Dutch ministers there went immediately to make their complaints to the lord privy seal; aggravating the strangeness of this proceeding, together with the consequence of it, in the loss of a most favourable opportunity of ruining the French army, and the discontent it must needs create in the whole body of the confederates; adding "How hard it was that they should be kept in the dark, and have no communication of what was done in a point which so nearly concerned them." They concluded "That the duke must needs have acted by orders;" and desired his lordship to write both to court and to his grace what they had now said.

The bishop answered "That he knew nothing of this fact but what they had told him; and therefore was not prepared with a reply to their representations: only in general he would venture to say that this case appeared very like the conduct of their field-deputies upon former occasions: that if such orders were given, they were certainly built upon very justifiable foundations; and would soon be so explained as to convince the States and all the world that the common interest would be better provided for another way than by a battle or siege;

that the want of communication which they complained of could not make the States so uneasy as their declining to receive it had made the queen, who had used her utmost endeavours to persuade them to concur with her in concerting every step toward a general peace, and settling such a plan as both sides might approve and adhere to; but to this day the States had not thought fit to accept those offers, or to authorise any of their ministers to treat with her majesty's plenipotentiaries upon that affair, although they had been pressed to it ever since the negotiation began: that his lordship, to show that he did not speak his private sense alone, took this opportunity to execute the orders he had received the evening before, by declaring to them that all her majesty's offers for adjusting the differences between her and the States were founded upon this express condition,—That they should come immediately into the queen's measures, and act openly and sincerely with her; and that from their conduct so directly contrary she now looked upon herself to be under no obligation to them."

Monsieur Buys and his colleagues were stunned with this declaration, made to them at a time when they pretended to think the right of complaining to be on their side, and had come to the bishop upon that errand. But after their surprise was abated, and Buys' long reasonings at an end, they began to think how matters might be retrieved, and were of opinion that the States should immediately despatch a minister to England, unless his lordship were empowered to treat with them, which without new commands he said he was not. They afterwards desired to know of the bishop what the meaning was of the last words in his declaration, "That her majesty looked upon herself to be under no obligation to them." He told them his opinion, "That as the queen was bound by treaty to concert with the States the conditions of a peace, so upon their declining the concert so frequently offered she was acquitted of that obligation; but that he verily believed, whatever measures her majesty should take, she would always have a friendly regard to the interest of their commonwealth; and that, as their unkindness had been very unexpected and disagreeable to her majesty, so their compliance would be equally pleasing."

I have been the more circumstantial in relating this affair because it furnished abundance of discourse, and gave rise to many wild conjectures and misrepresentations, as well here as in Holland, especially that part which concerned the duke of Ormond; for the angry faction in the house of commons, upon the first intelligence that the duke had declined to act offensively against France in concurrence with the allies, moved for an address wherein the queen should be informed of "the deep concern of her commons for the dangerous consequences to the common cause which must arise from this proceeding of her general; and to beseech her that speedy instructions might be given to the duke to prosecute the war with vigour in order to quiet the minds of her people," &c. But a great majority was against this motion, and a resolution drawn up and presented to the queen by the whole house of a quite contrary tenor: "That they had an entire confidence in her majesty's most gracious promise to communicate to her parliament the terms of the peace before the same should be concluded; and that they would support her majesty in obtaining an honourable and safe peace against all such persons, either at home or abroad, who have endeavoured or shall endeavour to obstruct the same."

The courier sent with the alternative to Spain was now returned, with an account that Philip had chosen to renounce France for himself and his posterity; whereof the queen having received notice, her majesty, upon the 6th of June, in a long speech to both houses of parliament, laid before them the terms of a general peace stipulated between her and France. This speech being the plan whereby both France and the allies have been obliged to proceed in the subsequent course of the treaty, I shall desire the reader's leave to insert it at length, although I believe it has been already in most hands:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—The making of peace and war is the undoubted prerogative of the crown. Yet such is the just confidence I place in you, that, at the opening of this session, I acquainted you that a negotiation for a general peace was begun; and afterwards, by messages, I promised to communicate to you the terms of peace before the same should be concluded.

"In pursuance of that promise I now come to let you know upon what terms a general peace may be made.

"I need not mention the difficulties which arise from the very nature of this affair; and it is but too apparent that these difficulties have been increased by other obstructions artfully contrived to hinder this great and good work.

"Nothing however has moved me from steadily pursuing, in the first place, the true interests of my own kingdoms; and I have not omitted anything which might procure to all our allies what is due to them by treaties, and what is necessary for their security.

"The assuring of the protestant succession, as by law established, in the house of Hanover to these kingdoms, being what I have nearest at heart, particular care is taken, not only to have that acknowledged in the strongest terms, but to have an additional security by the removal of that person out of the dominions of France who has pretended to disturb this settlement.

"The apprehension that Spain and the West Indies might be united to France was the chief inducement to begin this war; and the effectual preventing of such a union was the principle I laid down at the commencement of this treaty. Former examples and the late negotiations sufficiently show how difficult it is to find means to accomplish this work. I would not content myself with such as are speculative or depend on treaties only; I insisted on what was solid, and to have at hand the power of executing what should be agreed.

"I can therefore now tell you that France at last is brought to offer that the duke of Anjou shall for himself and his descendants renounce for ever all claim to the crown of France; and that this important article may be exposed to no hazard, the performance is to accompany the promise.

"At the same time the succession to the crown of France is to be declared, after the death of the present dauphin and his sons, to be in the duke of Berry and his sons, and the duke of Orleans and his sons, and so on to the rest of the house of Bourbon.

"As to Spain and the Indies, the succession to those dominions, after the duke of Anjou and his children, is to descend to such prince as shall be agreed upon at the treaty; for ever excluding the rest of the house of Bourbon.

"For confirming the renunciations and settlements before mentioned, it is further offered that they should be ratified in the most strong and solemn manner both in France and Spain; and that those kingdoms, as well as all the other powers engaged in the present war, shall be guarantees to the same.

"The nature of this proposal is such that it executes itself: the interest of Spain is to support it; and in France, the persons to whom that succession is to belong will be ready and powerful enough to vindicate their own right.

"France and Spain are now more effectually divided than ever. And thus, by the blessing of God, will a real balance of power be fixed in Europe, and remain liable to as few accidents as human affairs can be exempted from.

"A treaty of commerce between these kingdoms and France has been entered upon; but the excessive duties laid on some goods, and the prohibition of others, make it impossible to finish this work so soon as were to be desired. Care is however taken to establish a method of settling this matter; and in the mean time provision is made that the same privileges and advantages as shall be granted to any other nation by France shall be granted in like manner to us.

"The division of the island of St. Christopher between us and the French having been the cause of great inconveniency and damage to my subjects, I have demanded to have an absolute cession made to me of that whole island; and France agrees to this demand.

"Our interest is so deeply concerned in the trade of North America that I have used my utmost endeavours to adjust that article in the most beneficial manner. France consents to restore to us the whole bay and straits of Hudson; to deliver up the island of Newfoundland, with Placentia; and to make an absolute cession of Annapolis, with the rest of Nova Scotia or Arcadie.

"The safety of our home trade will be better provided for by the demolition of Dunkirk.

"Our Mediterranean trade, and the British interest and influence in those parts, will be secure by the possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, with the whole island of Minorca, which are offered to remain in my hands.

"The trade to Spain and to the West Indies may in general be settled as it was in the time of the late king of Spain, Charles II.; and a particular provision be made that all advantages, rights, or privileges which have been granted, or which may hereafter be granted by Spain to any other nation, shall be in like manner granted to the subjects of Great Britain.

"But the part which we have borne in the prosecution of this war entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, I have insisted and obtained that the assiento or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes shall be made with us for the term of thirty years, in the same manner as has been enjoyed by the French for ten years past.

"I have not taken upon me to determine the interests of our confederates: these must be adjusted in the congress at Utrecht; where my best endeavours shall be employed, as they have hitherto constantly been, to procure to every one of them all just and reasonable satisfaction. In the mean time, I think it proper to acquaint you that France offers to make the Rhine the barrier of the empire; to yield Brisac, the fort of Kehl and Landau; and to raze all the fortresses both on the other side of the Rhine and in that river.

"As to the protestant interest in Germany, there will be, on the part of France, no objection to the resettling thereof on the foot of the treaty of Westphalia

"The Spanish Low Countries may go to his imperial majesty: the kingdoms of Naples and Sardinia, the duchy of Milan, and the places belonging to Spain on the coast of Tuscany, may likewise be yielded by the treaty of peace to the emperor.

"As to the kingdom of Sicily, though there remains no dispute concerning the cession of it by the duke of Anjou, yet the disposition thereof is not yet determined.

"The interests of the States General with respect to commerce are agreed to as they have been demanded by their own ministers, with the exception only of some very few species of merchandise; and the entire barrier as demanded by the States in 1709 from France, except two or three places at most.

"As to these exceptions, several expedients are proposed: and I make no doubt but this barrier may be so settled as to render that republic perfectly secure against any enterprise on the part of France; which is the foundation of all my engagements upon this head with the States.

"The demands of Portugal depending on the disposition of Spain, and that article having been long in dispute, it has not been yet possible to make any considerable progress therein: but my plenipotentiaries will now have an opportunity to assist that king in his pretensions.

"Those of the king of Prussia are such as I hope will admit of little difficulty on the part of France; and my utmost endeavours shall not be wanting to procure all I am able to so good an ally.

"The difference between the barrier demanded for the duke of Savoy in 1709 and the offers now made by France is very inconsiderable: but that prince having so signally distinguished himself in the service of the common cause, I am endeavouring to procure for him still further advantages.

"France has consented that the elector Palatine shall continue his present rank among the electors, and remain in possession of the Upper Palatinate.

"The electoral dignity is likewise acknowledged in the house of Hanover, according to the article inserted, at that prince's desire, in my demands.

"And as to the rest of the allies, I make no doubt of being able to secure their several interests.

"My Lords and Gentlemen, — I have now communicated to you not only the terms of peace which may by the future treaty be obtained for my own subjects, but likewise the proposals of France for satisfying our allies.

"The former are such as I have reason to expect to make my people some amends for that great and unequal burden which they have lain under through the whole course of this war; and I am willing to hope that none of our confederates, and especially those to whom so great accessions of dominion and power are to accrue by this peace, will envy Britain her share in the glory and advantage of it.

"The latter are not so perfectly adjusted as a little more time might have rendered them; but the season of the year making it necessary to put an end to this session, I resolved no longer to defer communicating these matters to you.

"I can make no doubt but you are all fully persuaded that nothing will be neglected on my part, in the progress of this negotiation, to bring the peace to a happy and speedy issue; and I depend on your entire confidence in me and your cheerful concurrence with me."

The discontented party in the house of commons, finding the torrent against them not to be stemmed, suspended their opposition; by which means an address was voted, *nemine contradicente*, to acknowledge her majesty's condescension, to express their satisfaction in what she had already done, and to desire she would please to proceed with the present negotiations for obtaining a speedy peace.

During these transactions at home the duke of Ormond was in a very uneasy situation at the army, employed in practising those arts which perhaps are fitter for a subtle negotiator than a great commander. But as he had always proved his obedience where courage or conduct could be of use, so the duty he professed to his prince made him submit to continue in a state of inactivity at the head of his troops, however contrary to his nature, if it were for her majesty's service. He had sent early notice to the ministers, "that he could not depend upon the foreign forces in the queen's pay;" and he now found some attempts were already begun to seduce them.

While the courier was expected from Madrid, the duke had orders to inform the mareschal de Villars of the true state of this affair, and "that his grace would have decisive orders in three or four days." In the mean time he desired the mareschal would not oblige him to come to any action, either to defend himself or to join with prince Eugene's army, which he must necessarily do if the prince were attacked.

When the courier was arrived with the account that Philip had chosen to accept of Spain, her majesty had proposed to France a suspension of arms for two months (to be prolonged to three or four) between the armies now in Flanders, upon the following conditions:

"That during the suspension endeavours should be used for concluding a general peace: or at least the article for preventing the union of France and Spain should be punctually executed, by Philip's renouncing France for himself and his posterity, and the princes of Bourbon in like manner renouncing Spain: and that the town, citadel, and forts of Dunkirk should be immediately delivered into the queen's hands." Her majesty, at the same time, endeavoured to get Cambray for the Dutch, provided they would come into the suspension. But this was absolutely rejected by France; which that court never would have ventured to do if those allies could have been prevailed on to have acted with sincerity and openness, in concert with her majesty, as her plenipotentiaries had always desired. However, the queen promised "that if the States would yield to a suspension of arms, they should have some valuable pledge put into their possession."

But now fresh intelligence daily arrived, both from Utrecht and the army, of attempts to make the troops in her majesty's pay desert her service; and a design even of seizing the British forces was whispered about and with reason suspected.

When the queen's speech was published in Holland, the lord privy seal told the Dutch ministers at Utrecht "that what her majesty had laid before her parliament could not, according to the rules of treaty, be looked on as the utmost of what France would yield in the course of a negotiation, but only the utmost of what that crown would propose in order to form the plan of a peace: that these conditions would certainly have been better, if the States had thought fit to have gone hand in hand with her majesty, as she had so frequently exhorted them to do: that nothing but the want of harmony among the allies had spirited the French to stand out so long: that the queen would do them all the good offices in her power, if they thought fit to comply; and did not doubt of getting them reasonable satisfaction, both in relation to their barrier and their trade." But this reasoning made no impression. The Dutch ministers said, "the queen's speech had deprived them of the fruits of the war." They were in pain lest Lisle and Tournay might be two of the towns to be excepted out of their barrier. The rest of the allies grew angry, by the example of the Dutch. The populace in Holland began to be inflamed: they publicly talked "that Britain had betrayed them." Sermons were preached in several towns of their provinces, whether by direction or connivance, filled with the highest instances of disrespect to her Britannic majesty, whom they charged as a papist and an enemy to their country. The lord privy seal himself believed something extraordinary was in agitation, and that his own person was in danger from the fury of the people.

It is certain that the States appeared, but a few days before, very much disposed to comply with the measures the queen had taken; and would have consented to a general armistice, if count Zinzendorf, one of the plenipotentiaries for the emperor, had not by direct orders from his court employed himself in sowing jealousies between Britain and the States; and at the same time made prodigious offers to the latter, as well as to the ministers of Prussia, the Palatinate, and Hanover, for continuing the war. That those three electors, who contributed nothing except bodies of men in return of pay and subsidies, should readily accept the proposals of the emperor is easy to be accounted for. What appears hardly credible is that a grave republic, usually cautious enough in making their bargains, should venture to reject the thoughts of a peace upon the promises of the house of Austria, the little validity whereof they had so long experienced; and especially when the counted upon losing the support of Britain, their most powerful ally: but the false hopes given them by their friends in England, of some new change in their favour, or an imagination of bringing France to better terms by the appearance of resolution, added to the weakness or corruption of some who administered their affairs, were the true causes which first created and afterwards inflamed this untractable temper among them.

The Dutch ministers were wholly disconcerted and surprised when the lord privy seal told them "that a suspension of arms in the Netherlands would be necessary; and the duke of Ormond intended very soon to declare it, after he had taken possession of Dunkirk." But his lordship endeavoured to convince them that this incident ought rather to be a motive for hastening the States into a compliance with her majesty. He likewise communicated to the ministers of the allies the offers made by France, as delivered in the speech from the throne, which her majesty thought to be satisfactory; and hoped "their masters would concur with her in bringing the peace to a speedy conclusion, wherein each in particular might be assured of her best offices for advancing their just pretensions."

In the mean time the duke of Ormond was directed to send a body of troops to take possession of Dunkirk as soon as he should have notice from the mareschal de Villars that the commandant of the town had received orders from his court to deliver it. But the duke foresaw many difficulties in the executing of this commission. He could trust such an enterprise to no forces except those of her majesty's own subjects. He considered the temper of the States in this conjuncture, and was loth to divide a small body of men upon whose faithfulness alone he could depend. He thought it not prudent to expose them to march through the enemy's country, with whom there was yet neither peace nor truce: and he had sufficient reasons to apprehend that the Dutch would either not permit such a detachment to pass through their towns (as themselves had more than hinted to him), or would seize them as they passed: besides, the duke had fairly signified to mareschal de Villars, "That he expected to be deserted by all the foreign troops in her majesty's pay as soon as the armistice should be declared;" at which the mareschal, appearing extremely disappointed, said, "the king his master reckoned that all the troops under his grace's command should yield to the cessation; and wondered how it should come to pass that those who might be paid for lying still would rather choose, after a ten years' war, to enter into the service of new masters, under whom they must fight on for nothing." In short, the opinion of Mons. Villars was, "that this difficulty cancelled the promise of surrendering Dunkirk;" which therefore he opposed as much as possible in the letters he writ to his court.

Upon the duke of Ormond's representing those difficulties the queen altered her measures, and ordered forces to be sent from England to take possession of Dunkirk. The duke was likewise commanded to tell the foreign generals in her majesty's service how highly she would resent their desertion; after which their masters must give up all thoughts of any arrears, either of pay or subsidy. The lord privy seal spoke the same language at Utrecht, to the several ministers of the allies, as Mr. secretary St. John did to those who resided here; adding, "That the proceeding of the foreign troops would be looked upon as a declaration for or against her majesty; and that in case they desert her service she would look on herself as justified before God and man to continue her negotiation at Utrecht or any other place, whether the allies concur or not." And particularly the Dutch were assured, "That if their masters seduced the forces hired by the queen, they must take the whole pay, arrears, and subsidies on themselves."

The earl of Strafford, preparing about this time to return to Utrecht, with instructions proper to the present situation of affairs, went first to the army, and there informed the duke of Ormond of her majesty's intentions. He also acquainted the States' deputies with the queen's uneasiness, lest by the measures they were taking they should drive her to extremities, which she desired so much to avoid. He further represented to them, in the plainest terms, the provocations her majesty had received and the grounds and reasons for her present conduct. He likewise declared to the commanders-in-chief of the foreign troops in the queen's pay, and in the joint pay of Britain and the States, "with how much surprise her majesty had heard that there was the least doubt of their obeying the orders of the duke of Ormond, which if they refused her majesty would esteem it not only as an indignity and affront, but as a declaration against her; and in such a case they must look on themselves as no further entitled either to any arrear or future pay or subsidies."

Six regiments, under the command of Mr. Hill, were now preparing to embark in order to take possession of Dunkirk; and the duke of Ormond, upon the first intelligence sent him that the French were ready to deliver the town, was to declare, "He could act no longer against France." The queen gave notice immediately of her proceedings to the States. She let them plainly know "That their perpetual caballing with her factious subjects against her authority had forced her into such measures as otherwise she would not have engaged in. However her majesty was willing yet to forget all that had passed and to unite with them in the strictest ties of amity, which she hoped they would now do; since they could not but be convinced, by the late dutiful addresses of both houses, how far their high mightinesses had been deluded and drawn in as instruments to serve the turn and gratify the passions of a disaffected party: that their opposition and want of concert with her majesty's ministers, which she had so often invited them to, had encouraged France to except towns out of their barrier which otherwise might have been yielded: that however she had not precluded them, or any other ally, from demanding more; and even her own terms were but conditional, upon a supposition of a general peace to ensue: that her majesty resolved to act upon the plan laid down in her speech." And she repeated the promise of her best offices to promote the interest of the States, if they would deal sincerely with her.

Some days before the duke of Ormond had notice that orders were given for the surrender of Dunkirk, prince Eugene of Savoy sent for the generals of the allies, and asked them severally, "Whether, in case the armies separated, they would march with him or stay with the duke?" All of them, except two who commanded but small bodies, agreed to join with the prince; who thereupon about three days after sent the duke word "That he intended to march the following day" (as it was supposed to besiege Landrecy). The duke returned an answer, "That he was surprised at the prince's message, there having been not the least previous concert with him, nor any mention in the message which way or upon what design the march was intended; therefore that the duke could not resolve to march with him, much less could the prince expect assistance from the queen's army in any design undertaken after this manner." The duke told this beforehand, that he (the prince) might take his measures accordingly, and not attribute to her majesty's general any misfortune that might happen.

On the 16th of July, N. S., the several generals of the allies joined prince Eugene's army and began their march, after taking leave of the duke and the earl of Strafford, whose expostulations could not prevail on them to stay, although the latter assured them "That the queen had made neither peace nor truce with France; and that her forces would now be left exposed to the enemy."

The next day after this famous desertion the duke of Ormond received a letter from Mons. de Villars, with an account that the town and citadel of Dunkirk should be delivered to Mr. Hill. Whereupon a cessation of arms was declared, by sound of trumpet at the head of the British army, which now consisted only of about eighteen thousand men, all of her majesty's subjects except the Holsteiners and count Wallis's dragoons. With this small body of men the general began his march, and pursuant to orders from court retired toward the sea in the manner he thought most convenient for the queen's service. When he came as far as Flines he was told by some of his officers "That the commandants of Bouchain, Douay, Lisle, and Tournay, had refused them passage through those towns, or even liberty of entrance; and said it was by order of their masters." The duke immediately recollected that when the deputies first heard of this resolution to withdraw his troops they told him "They hoped he did not intend to march through any of their towns." This made him conclude that the orders must be general, and that his army would certainly meet with the same treatment which his officers had done. He had likewise before the armies separated received information of some designs that concerned the safety, or at least the freedom, of his own person, and (which he much more valued) that of those few

British troops intrusted to his care. No general was ever more truly or deservedly beloved by his soldiers, who to a man were prepared to sacrifice their lives in his service, and whose resentments were raised to the utmost by the ingratitude, as they termed it, of their deserters.

Upon these provocations he laid aside all thoughts of returning to Dunkirk, and began to consider how he might perform in so difficult a conjuncture something important to the queen, and at the same time find a secure retreat for his forces. He formed his plan without communicating it to any person whatsoever; and the disposition of the army being to march toward Warneton, in the way to Dunkirk, he gave sudden orders to lieutenant-general Cadogan to change his route (according to the military phrase) and move toward Orchies, a town leading directly to Ghent.

When prince Eugene and the States deputies received news of the duke's motions, they were alarmed to the utmost degree; and sent count Nassau, of Wordenberg, to the general's camp near Orchies, to excuse what had been done, and to assure his grace "That those commandants who had refused passage to his officers had acted wholly without orders." Count Hompesch, one of the Dutch generals, came likewise to the duke with the same story, but all this made little impression on the general, who held on his march; and on the 23rd of July, N. S., entered Ghent, where he was received with great submission by the inhabitants, and took possession of the town, as he likewise did of Bruges a few days after.

The duke of Ormond thought that, considering the present disposition of the States toward Britain, it might be necessary for the queen to have some pledge from that republic in her hands as well as from France; by which means her majesty would be empowered to act the part that, best became her, of being mediator at least; and that, while Ghent was in the queen's hands, no provisions could pass the Scheldt or the Lis without her permission, by which he had it in his power to starve their army. The possession of these towns might likewise teach the Dutch and Imperialists to preserve a degree of decency and civility to her majesty which both of them were, upon some occasions, too apt to forget: and besides, there was already in the town of Ghent a battalion of British troops, and a detachment of five hundred men in the citadel, together with a great quantity of ammunition stores for the service of the war, which would certainly have been seized or embezzled: so that no service could be more seasonable or useful in the present juncture than this; which the queen highly approved, and left the duke a discretionary power to act as he thought fit on any future emergency.

I have a little interrupted the order of time in relating the duke of Ormond's proceedings, who, after having placed a garrison at Bruges and sent a supply of men and ammunition to Dunkirk, retired to Ghent, where he continued some months, till he had leave to return to England.

Upon the arrival of colonel Disney at court, with an account that Mr. Hill had taken possession of Dunkirk, a universal joy spread over the kingdom; this event being looked on as the certain forerunner of a peace: besides, the French faith was in so ill a reputation among us, that many persons otherwise sanguine enough could never bring themselves to believe that the town would be delivered, till certain intelligence came that it was actually in our hands. Neither were the ministers themselves altogether at ease or free from suspicion, whatever countenance they made: for they knew very well that the French king had many plausible reasons to elude his promise, if he found cause to repent it; one condition of surrendering Dunkirk being a general armistice of all the troops in the British pay, which her majesty was not able to perform; and upon this failure the mareschal de Villars (as we have before related) endeavoured to dissuade his court from accepting the conditions; and in the very interval while those difficulties were adjusting, the mareschal d'Uxelles, one of the French plenipotentiaries at Utrecht (whose inclinations, as well as those of his colleague Mons. Mesnager, led him to favour the States more than Britain), assured the lord privy seal, "That the Dutch were then pressing to enter into separate measures with his master." And his lordship, in a visit to abbé de Polignac, observing a person to withdraw as be entered the abbé's chamber, was told by this minister "That the person he saw was one Moleau of Amsterdam (mentioned before), a famous agent for the States with France, who had been entertaining him (the abbé) upon the same subject; but that he had refused to treat with Moleau without the privity of England."

Mr. Harley, whom we mentioned above to have been sent early in the spring to Utrecht, continued longer in Holland than was at first expected, but having received her majesty's further instructions was about this time arrived at Hanover. It was the misfortune of his electoral highness to be very ill served by Mons. Bothmar, his envoy here, who assisted at all the factious meetings of the discontented party, and deceived his master by a false representation of the kingdom, drawn from the opinion of those to whom he confined his conversation. There was likewise at the elector's court a little Frenchman, without any merit or consequence, called Robethon, who by the assistance and encouragement of the last ministry had insinuated himself into some degree of that prince's favour, which he used in giving his master the worst impressions he was able of those whom the queen employed in her service; insinuating "That the present ministers were not in the interest of his highness's family; that their views were toward the pretender; that they were making an insecure and dishonourable peace; that the weight of the nation was against them; and that it was impossible for them to preserve much longer their credit or power."

The earl Rivers had, in the foregoing year, been sent to Hanover, in order to undeceive the elector and remove whatever prejudices might be infused into his highness against her majesty's proceedings; but it should seem that he had no very great success in his negotiation; for soon after his return to England Mons. Bothmar's memorial appeared, in the manner I have already related, which discovered the sentiments of his electoral highness (if they were truly represented in that memorial) to differ not a little from those of the queen. Mr. Harley was therefore directed to take the first opportunity of speaking to the elector in private; to assure him "That, although her majesty had thought herself justly provoked by the conduct of his minister, yet such was her affection for his highness and concern for the interests of his family, that instead of showing the least mark of resentment she had chosen to send him (Mr. Harley) fully instructed to open her designs and show his highness the real interest of Britain in the present conjuncture." Mr. Harley was to give the elector a true account of what had passed in England during the first part of this session of parliament; to expose to his highness the weakness of those with whom his minister had consulted and under whose directions he had acted; to convince him how much lower that faction must become when a peace should be concluded, and when the natural strength of the kingdom, disencumbered from the burden of war, should be at liberty to exert itself; to show him how his interest in the succession was sacrificed to that of a party: "that his highness had been hitherto a friend to both sides, but that the measures taken by his ministers had tended only to set him at the head of one, in opposition to the other:" to explain to the elector how fully the safety of Europe was provided for by the plan of peace in her majesty's speech; and how little reason those would appear to have who complained the loudest of this plan, if it were compared either with our engagements to them when we began the war, or with their performances in the course of it.

Upon this occasion, Mr. Harley was to observe to the elector "That it should rather be wondered at how the queen had brought France to offer so much than yet to offer no more: because, as soon as ever it appeared that her majesty would be at the head of this treaty and that the interests of Britain were to be provided for, such endeavours were used to break off the negotiation as are hardly to be paralleled; and the disunion thereby created among the allies had given more opportunities to the enemy of being slow in their concessions than any other measures might possibly have done: that this want of concert among the allies could not in any sort be imputed to the queen, who had all along invited them to it with the greatest earnestness, as the surest means to bring France to reason: that she had always in a particular manner pressed the States General to come into the strictest union with her, and opened to them her intentions with the greatest freedom: but finding that, instead of concurring with her majesty, they were daily carrying on intrigues to break off the negotiation, and thereby deprive her of the advantages she might justly expect from the ensuing peace, having no other way left she was forced to act with France as she did by herself: that however the queen had not taken upon herself to determine the interests of the allies, who were at liberty of insisting on further pretensions; wherein her majesty would not be wanting to support them as far as she was able, and improve the concessions already made by France; in which case, a good understanding and harmony among the confederates would yet be of the greatest use for making the enemy more tractable and easy."

I have been more particular in reciting the substance of Mr. Harley's instructions, because it will serve as a recapitulation of what I have already said upon this subject, and seems to set her majesty's intentions and proceedings at this time in the clearest light.

After the cessation of arms declared by the duke of Ormond upon the delivery of Dunkirk, the British plenipotentiaries very earnestly pressed those of Holland to come in to a general armistice, for if the whole confederacy acted in conjunction this would certainly be the best means for bringing the common enemy to reasonable terms of peace; but the States, deluded by the boundless promises of count Zinzendorf and the undertaking talent of prince Eugene, who dreaded the conclusion of the war as the period of his glory, would not hear of a cessation. The loss of 18,000 Britons was not a diminution of weight in the balance of such an ally as the emperor and such a general as the prince. Besides, they looked upon themselves to be still superior to France in the field, and although their computation was certainly right in point of number, yet in my opinion the conclusion drawn from it was grounded upon a great mistake. I have been assured by several persons of our own country, and some foreigners of the first rank both for skill and station in arms, that in most victories obtained in the present war the British troops were ever employed in the post of danger and honour, and usually began the attack (being allowed to be naturally more fearless than the people of any other country), by which they were not only an example of courage to the rest, but must be acknowledged without partiality to have governed the fortune of the day, since it is known enough how small a part of an army is generally engaged in any battle. It may likewise be added that nothing is of greater moment in war than opinion. The French, by their frequent losses, which they chiefly attributed to the courage of our men, believed that a British general at the head of British troops was not to be overcome, and the mareschal de Villars was quickly sensible of the advantage he had got, for in a very few days after the desertion of the allies happened the earl of Albemarle's disgrace at Denain, by a feint of the mareschal's and a manifest failure somewhere or other both of courage and conduct on the side of the confederates, the blame of which was equally shared between prince Eugene and the earl, although it is certain the duke of Ormond gave the latter timely warning of his danger, observing he was neither intrenched as he ought, nor provided with bridges sufficient for the situation he was in and at such a distance from the main army.

The marquis de Torcy had likewise the same sentiments of what mighty consequence those few British battalions were to the confederate army, since he advised his master to deliver up Dunkirk, although the queen could not perform the condition understood, which was a cessation of arms of all the foreign forces in her pay.

It must be owned that Mons. de Torcy made great merit of this confidence that his master placed in the queen, and, observing her majesty's displeasure against the Dutch on account of their late proceedings, endeavoured to inflame it with aggravations enough, insinuating "That, since the States had acted so ungratefully, the queen should let her forces join with those of France in order to compel the confederates to a peace." But although this overture were very tenderly hinted from the French court, her majesty heard it with the utmost abhorrence, and ordered her secretary, Mr. St. John (created about this time viscount Bolingbroke), to tell Mons. de Torcy "That no provocations whatever should tempt her to distress her allies, but she would endeavour to bring them to reason by fair means or leave them to their own conduct: that if the former should be found impracticable she would then make her own peace, and content herself with doing the office of a mediator between both parties; but if the States should at any time come to a better mind and suffer their ministers to act in conjunction with hers, she would assert their just interests to the utmost, and make no further progress in any treaty with France until those allies received all reasonable satisfaction both as to their barrier and their trade." The British plenipotentiaries were directed to give the same assurances to the Dutch ministers at Utrecht, and withal to let them know "That the queen was determined, by their late conduct, to make peace either with or without them; but would much rather choose the former."

There was however one advantage which her majesty resolved to make by this defection of her foreigners. She had been led by the mistaken politics of some years past to involve herself in several guarantees with the princes of the north, which were in some sort contradictory to one another; but this conduct of theirs wholly annulled all such engagements and left her at liberty to interpose in the affairs of those parts of Europe in such a manner as would best serve the interests of her own kingdoms as well as that of the protestant religion, and settle a due balance of power in the north.

The grand article for preventing the union of France and Spain was to be executed during a cessation of arms. But many difficulties arising about that and some other points of great importance to the common cause, which could not easily be adjusted either between the French and British plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, or by correspondence between Mons. de Torcy and the ministry here, the queen took the resolution of sending the lord viscount Bolingbroke immediately to France, fully instructed in all her intentions, and authorised to negotiate everything necessary for settling the treaty of peace in such a course as might bring it to a happy and speedy conclusion. He was empowered to agree to a general suspension of arms by sea and land, between Great Britain, France, and Spain, to continue for four months or until the conclusion of the peace, provided France and Spain would previously give positive assurances to make good the terms demanded by her majesty for the duke of Savoy, and would likewise adjust and determine the forms of the several renunciations to be made by both those crowns in order to prevent their being ever united. The lord Bolingbroke was likewise authorised to settle some differences relating to the elector of Bavaria, for whose interests France was as much concerned as her majesty was for those of the duke of Savoy; to explain all doubtful articles which particularly related to the advantages of Britain; to know the real *ultimatum*, as it is termed, of France upon the general plan of peace; and lastly, to cut off all hopes from that court of ever bringing the queen to force her allies to a disadvantageous peace; her majesty resolving to impose no scheme at all upon them or to debar them from the liberty of endeavouring to obtain the best conditions they could.

The lord Bolingbroke went to France in the beginning of August, was received at court with particular marks of distinction and respect, and in a very few days, by his usual address and ability, performed every part of his commission extremely to the queen's content and his own honour. He returned to England before the end of the month, but Mr. Prior, who went along with him, was left behind to adjust whatever differences might remain or arise between the two crowns.

In the mean time the general conferences at Utrecht, which for several weeks had been let fall since the delivery of Dunkirk, were now resumed. But the Dutch still declaring against a suspension of arms and refusing to accept the queen's speech as a plan to negotiate upon, there was no progress made for some time in the great work of the peace. Whereupon the British plenipotentiaries told those of the States "That if the queen's endeavours could not procure more than the contents of her speech, or if the French should ever fall short of what was there offered, the Dutch could blame none but themselves, who by their conduct had rendered things difficult that would otherwise have been easy." However, her majesty thought it prudent to keep the States still in hopes of her good offices, to prevent them from taking the desperate course of leaving themselves wholly at the mercy of France, which was an expedient they formerly practised, and which a party among them was now inclined to advise

While the congress at Utrecht remained in this inactive state the queen proceeded to perfect that important article for preventing the union of France and Spain. It was proposed and accepted that Philip should renounce France for himself and his posterity, and that the most christian king and all the princes of his blood should in the like manner renounce Spain.

It must be confessed that this project of renunciation lay under a great disrepute by the former practices of this very king Lewis XIV., pursuant to an absurd notion among many in that kingdom of a divine right annexed to proximity of blood not to be controlled by any human law.

But it is plain the French themselves had recourse to this method, after all their infractions of it, since the Pyrenean treaty, for the first dauphin, in whom the original claim was vested, renounced for himself and his eldest son, which opened the way to Philip duke of Anjou, who would however hardly have succeeded if it had not been for the will made in his favour by the last king Charles II.

It is indeed hard to reflect with any patience upon the unaccountable stupidity of the princes of Europe for some centuries past, who left a probability to France of succeeding in a few ages to all their dominions, while at the same time no alliance with that kingdom could be of advantage to any prince by reason of the salique law. Should not common prudence have taught every sovereign in Christendom to enact a salique law with respect to France? for want of which it is almost a miracle that the Bourbon family has not possessed the universal monarchy by right of inheritance. When the French assert that a proximity of blood gives a divine right, as some of their ministers (who ought to be more wise or honest), have lately advanced in this very case to the title of Spain, do they not by allowing a French succession make their own kings usurpers? Or if the salique law be divine, is it not of universal obligation, and consequently of force to exclude France from inheriting by daughters? Or lastly, if that law be of human institution, may it not be enacted in any state with whatever extent or limitation the legislature shall think fit? for the notion of an unchangeable human law is an absurdity in government to be believed only by ignorance and supported by power. Hence it follows that the children of the late queen of France, although she had renounced, were as legally excluded from succeeding to Spain as if the salique law had been fundamental in that kingdom, since that exclusion was established by every power in Spain which could possibly give a sanction to any law there, and therefore the duke of Anjou's title is wholly founded upon the bequest of his predecessor (which has great authority in that monarchy, as it formerly had in ours), upon the confirmation of the cortes and the general consent of the people.

It is certain the faith of princes is so frequently subservient to their ambition that renunciations have little validity otherwise than from the powers and parties whose interest it is to support them. But this renunciation which the queen has exacted from the French king and his grandson I take to be armed with all the essential circumstances that can fortify such an act, for as it is necessary for the security of every prince in Europe that those two great kingdoms should never be united, so the chief among them will readily consent to be guarantees for preventing such a misfortune.

Besides, this proposal (according to her majesty's expression in her speech) is of such a nature that it executes itself, because the Spaniards, who dread such a union for every reason that can have weight among men, took care that their king should not only renounce in the most solemn manner, but likewise that the act should be framed in the strongest terms themselves could invent or we could furnish them with. As to France, upon supposal of the young dauphin's dying in a few years, that kingdom will not be in a condition to engage in a long war against a powerful alliance, fortified with the addition of the Spaniards and the party of the duke of Berry, or whoever else shall be next claimer; and the longer the present dauphin lives the weaker must Philip's interest be in France, because the princes who are to succeed by this renunciation will have most power and credit in the kingdom.

The mischiefs occasioned by the want of a good understanding between the allies, especially Britain and Holland, were increased every day; the French taking the advantage, and raising difficulties, not only upon the general plan of peace, but likewise upon the explanation of several articles in the projected treaty between them and her majesty. They insisted to have Lisle, as the equivalent for Dunkirk; and demanded Tournay, Maubeuge, and Condé, for the two or three towns mentioned in the queen's speech, which the British plenipotentiaries were so far from allowing that they refused to confer with those of France upon that foot; although, at the same time, the former had fresh apprehensions that the Dutch in a fit of despair would accept whatever terms the enemy pleased to offer, and by precipitating their own peace prevent her majesty from obtaining any advantages, both for her allies and herself.

It is most certain that the repeated losses suffered by the States, in little more than two months after they had withdrawn themselves from the queen's assistance, did wholly disconcert their counsels; and their prudence (as it is usual) began to forsake them with their good fortune. They were so weak as to be still deluded by their friends in England, who continued to give them hopes of some mighty and immediate resource from hence; for when the duke of Ormond had been about a month in Ghent he received a letter from the mareschal de Villars to inform him "That the Dutch generals taken at Denain had told the mareschal publicly of a sudden revolution expected in Britain; that particularly the earl of Albemarle and Mons. Hompesch discoursed very freely of it; and that nothing was more commonly talked of in Holland." It was then likewise confidently reported in Ghent that the queen was dead; and we all remember what rumour flew about here at the very same time as if her majesty's health were in a bad condition.

Whether such vain hopes as these gave spirit to the Dutch; whether their frequent misfortunes made them angry and sullen; whether they still expected to overreach us by some private stipulations with France, through the mediation of the elector of Bavaria, as that prince afterwards gave out; or whatever else was the cause, they utterly refused a cessation of arms, and made not the least return to all the advances and invitations made by her majesty until the close of the campaign.

It was then the States first began to view their affairs in another light; to consider how little the vast promises of count Zinzendorf were to be relied on; to be convinced that France was not disposed to break with her majesty, only to gratify their ill humour or unreasonable demands; to discover that that their factious correspondents on this side the water had shamefully misled them; that some of their own principal towns grew heartily weary of the war and backward in their loans; and lastly, that prince Eugene, their new general, whether his genius or fortune had left him, was not for their turn. They therefore directed their ministers at Utrecht to signify to the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford "That the States were disposed to comply with her majesty, and to desire her good offices with France; particularly, that Tournay and Condé might be left to them as part of their barrier, without which they could not be safe: That the elector of Bavaria might not be suffered to retain any town in the Netherlands, which would be as bad for Holland as if those places were in the hands of France: Therefore the States proposed that Luxembourg, Namur, Charleroy, and Nieuport, might be delivered to the emperor: Lastly, That the French might not insist on excepting the four species of goods out of the tariff of 1664: that if her majesty could prevail with France to satisfy their masters on these articles, they would be ready to submit in all the rest."

When the queen received an account of this good disposition in the States General, immediately orders were sent to Mr. Prior to inform the ministers of the French court "That her majesty had now some hopes of the Dutch complying with her measures; and therefore she resolved, as she had always declared, whenever those allies came to themselves, not to make the peace without their reasonable satisfaction." The difficulty that most pressed was about the disposal of Tournay and Condé. The Dutch insisted strongly to have both, and the French were extremely unwilling to part with either.

The queen judged the former would suffice for completing the barrier of the States. Mr. Prior was therefore directed to press the marquis de Torcy effectually on this head, and to terminate all that minister's objections by assuring him of her majesty's resolution to appear openly on the side of the Dutch if this demand were refused. It was thought convenient to act in this resolute manner with France, whose late success against Holland had taught the ministers of the most christian king to resume their old imperious manner of treating with that republic; to which they were further encouraged by the ill understanding between her majesty and the allies.

This appeared from the result of an idle quarrel that happened, about the end of July, at Utrecht, between a French and a Dutch plenipotentiary, Mons. Mesnager and count Rechteren; wherein the court of France demanded such abject submissions and with so much haughtiness as plainly showed they were pleased with any occasion of mortifying the Dutch.

Besides, the politics of the French ran at this time very opposite to those of Britain. They thought the ministers here durst not meet the parliament without a peace; and that therefore her majesty would either force the States to comply with France, by delivering up Tournay, which was the principal point in dispute, or would finish her own peace with France and Spain, leaving a fixed time for Holland to refuse or accept the terms imposed on them. But the queen, who thought the demand of Tournay by the States to be very necessary and just, was determined to insist upon it, and to declare openly against France rather than suffer her ally to want a place so useful for their barrier. And Mr. Prior was ordered to signify this resolution of her majesty to Mons. de Torcy, in case that minister could not be otherwise prevailed on.

The British plenipotentiaries did likewise, at the same time, express to those of Holland her majesty's great satisfaction "That the States were at last disposed to act in confidence with her: that she wished this resolution had been sooner taken, since nobody had gained by the delay but the French king: that however her majesty did not question the procuring of a safe and honourable peace, by united counsels, reasonable demands, and prudent measures: that she would assist them in getting whatever was necessary to their barrier, and in settling to their satisfaction the exceptions made by France out of the tariff of 1664: that no other difficulties remained of moment to retard the peace, since the queen had obtained Sardinia for the duke of Savoy; and in the settlement of the Low Countries would adhere to what she delivered from the throne: that as to the empire, her majesty heartily wished their barrier as good as could be desired; but that we were not now in circumstances to expect everything exactly according to the scheme of Holland: France had already offered a great part, and the queen did not think the remainder worth the continuance of the war."

Her majesty conceived the peace in so much forwardness, that she thought fit, about this time, to nominate the duke Hamilton and the lord Lexington for ambassadors in France and Spain, to receive the renunciations in both courts and adjust matters of commerce.

The duke[a] was preparing for his journey when he was challenged to a duel by the lord Mohun,[b] a person of infamous character. He killed his adversary upon the spot, though he himself received a wound; and weakened by the loss of blood, as he was leaning in the arms of his second was most barbarously stabbed in the breast by lieutenant-general Macartney,[c] who was second to lord Mohun. He died a few minutes after in the field, and the murderer made his escape. I thought so surprising an event might deserve barely to be related, although it be something foreign to my subject.

The earl of Strafford, who had come to England in May last, in order to give her majesty an account of the disposition of affairs in Holland, was now returning with her last instructions to let the Dutch minister know "That some points would probably meet with difficulties not to be overcome, which once might have been easily obtained: to show what evil consequences had already flowed from their delay and irresolution; and to entreat them to fix on some proposition, reasonable in itself, as well as possible to be effected: that the queen would insist upon the cession of Tournay by France, provided the States would concur in finishing the peace, without starting new objections or insisting upon further points: that the French demands in favour of the elector of Bavaria appeared to be such as the queen was of opinion the States ought to agree to; which were to leave the elector in possession of Luxembourg, Namur, and Charleroy, subject to the terms of their barrier, until he should be restored to his electorate; and to give him the kingdom of Sardinia, to efface the stain of his degradation in the electoral college: that the earl had brought over a project of a new treaty of succession and barrier, which her majesty insisted the States should sign before the conclusion of the peace; the former treaty having been disadvantageous to her subjects, containing in it the seeds of future dissensions, and condemned by the sense of the nation: lastly, that her majesty, notwithstanding all provocations, had, for the sake of the Dutch and in hopes of their recovery from those false notions which had so long misled them, hitherto kept the negotiations open: that the offers now made them were her last, and this the last time she would apply to them: that they must either agree or expect the queen would proceed immediately to conclude her treaty with France and Spain, in conjunction with such of her allies as would think fit to adhere to her.

"As to Savoy; that the queen expected the States would concur with her in making good the advantage stipulated for that duke, and in prevailing with the emperor to consent to an absolute neutrality in Italy until the peace should be concluded."

The governing party in Holland, however in appearance disposed to finish, affected new delays and raised many difficulties about the four species of goods which the French had excepted out of the tariff. Count Zinzendorf, the emperor's plenipotentiary, did all that was possible to keep up this humour in the Dutch, in hopes to put them under a necessity of preparing for the next campaign; and some time after went so far in this pursuit, that he summoned the several ministers of the empire, and told them he had letters from his master with orders to signify to them "That his imperial majesty resolved to begin the campaign early, with all his forces united against France; of which he desired they would send notice to all their courts, that the several princes might be ready to furnish their contingents and recruits." At the same time Zinzendorf endeavoured to borrow two millions of florins upon the security of some imperial cities, but could not succeed either among the Jews or at Amsterdam.

When the earl of Strafford arrived at Utrecht, the lord privy seal and he communicated to the Dutch ministers the new treaty for a succession and barrier, as the queen had ordered it to be prepared here in England, differing from the former in several points of the greatest moment, obvious to any who will be at the pains to compare them. This was strenuously opposed for several weeks by the plenipotentiaries of the States. But the province of Utrecht, where the congress was held, immediately sent orders to their representatives at the Hague to declare their province thankful to the queen: "That they agreed the peace should be made on the terms proposed by France, and consented to the new projected treaty of barrier and succession." And about the close of the year 1712 four of the seven provinces had delivered their opinions for putting an end to the war.

This unusual precipitation in the States, so different from the whole tenor of their former conduct, was very much suspected by the British plenipotentiaries. Their lordships had received intelligence "That the Dutch ministers held frequent conferences with those of France, and had offered to settle their interests with that crown without the concurrence of Britain." Count Zinzendorf and his colleagues appeared likewise all on the sudden to have the same dispositions, and to be in great haste to settle their several differences with the States. The reasons for this proceeding were visible enough. Many difficulties were yet undetermined in the treaty of commerce between her majesty and France; for the adjusting of which and some other points, the queen had lately despatched the duke of Shrewsbury to that court. Some of these were of hard digestion, with which the most christian king would not be under the necessity of complying when he had no further occasion for us, and might upon that account afford better terms to the other two powers. Besides, the emperor and the States could very well spare her majesty the honour of being arbitrator of a general peace; and the latter hoped by this means to avoid the new treaty of barrier and succession which were now forcing on them.

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[a] James duke of Hamilton was gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II. He succeeded his father in the title, April 18, 1694, and was sent the same year envoy extraordinary to France; was appointed lord-lieutenant of Lancaster in 1710; created duke of Brandon, September 10, 1711; master-general of the ordnance, August 29, 1712; knight of the Garter, October 26; and when preparing for his embassy to France was killed, November 15, 1713.

[b] Charles lord Mohun was the last offspring of a very noble and ancient family, of which William de Mohun, who accompanied the Norman conqueror, was the first founder in England.

[c] Tried at the King's Bench for the murder, and the jury found him guilty of manslaughter.

To prevent the consequences of this evil, there fortunately fell out an incident which the two lords at Utrecht knew well how to make use of. The quarrel between Mons. Mesnager and count Rechteren (formerly mentioned) had not yet been made up. The French and Dutch differing in some circumstances about the satisfaction to be given by the count for the affront he had offered, the British plenipotentiaries kept this dispute on foot for several days, and in the mean time pressed the Dutch to finish the new treaty of barrier and succession between her majesty and them, which about the middle of January was concluded fully to the queen's satisfaction.

But while these debates and differences continued at the congress, the queen resolved to put a speedy end to her part in the war. She therefore sent order to the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford to prepare everything necessary for signing her own treaty with France. This she hoped might be done against the meeting of her parliament, now prorogued to the third of February; in which time those among the allies who were really inclined towards a peace might settle their several interests by the assistance and support of her majesty's plenipotentiaries; and as for the rest, who would either refuse to comply or endeavour to protract the negotiation, the heads of their respective demands, which France had yielded by her majesty's intervention, and agreeable to the plan laid down in her speech, should be mentioned in the treaty, and a time limited for the several powers concerned to receive or reject them.

The pretender was not yet gone out of France, upon some difficulties alleged by the French about procuring him a safe-conduct to Bar-le-duc in the duke of Lorrain's dominions, where it was then proposed he should reside. The queen, altogether bent upon quieting the minds of her subjects, declared "She would not sign the peace till that person were removed;" although several wise men believed he could be nowhere less dangerous to Britain than in the place where he was.

The argument which most prevailed on the States to sign the new treaty of barrier and succession with Britain was her majesty's promise to procure Tournay for them from France; after which no more differences remained between us and that republic; and consequently they had no further temptations to any separate transactions with the French, who thereupon began to renew their litigious and haughty manner of treating with the Dutch. The satisfaction they extorted for the affront given by count Rechteren to Mons. Mesnager, although somewhat softened by the British ministers at Utrecht, was yet so rigorous that her majesty could not forbear signifying her resentment of it to the most christian king. Mons. Mesnager, who seemed to have more the genius of a merchant than a minister, began in his conferences with the plenipotentiaries of the States to raise new disputes upon points which both we and they had reckoned upon as wholly settled. The abbé de Polignac, a most accomplished person, of great generosity and universal understanding, was gone to France to receive the cardinal's cap; and the mareschal d'Uxelles was wholly guided by his colleague Mons. Mesnager, who kept up those brangles that for a time obstructed the peace; some of which were against all justice, and others of small importance, both of very little advantage to his country and less to the reputation of his master or himself. This low talent in business, which the cardinal de Polignac used in contempt to call a spirit of negotiating, made it impossible for the two lords plenipotentiaries, with all their abilities and experience, to bring Mesnager to reason in several points both with us and the States. His concessions were few and constrained, serving only to render him more tenacious of what he refused. In several of the towns which the States were to keep, he insisted "That France should retain the chatellanies, or extent of country depending on them, particularly that of Tournay;" a demand the more unjustifiable because he knew his master had not only proceeded directly contrary, but had erected a court in his kingdom where his own judges extended the territories about those towns he had taken as far as he pleased to direct them. Mons. Mesnager showed equal obstinacy in what his master expected for the elector of Bavaria, and in refusing the tariff of 1664: so that the queen's plenipotentiaries represented these difficulties as what might be of a dangerous consequence, both to the peace in general and to the States in particular, if they were not speedily prevented.

Upon these considerations her majesty thought it her shortest and safest course to apply directly to France, where she had then so able a minister as the duke of Shrewsbury.

The marquis de Torcy, secretary to the most christian king, was the minister with whom the duke was to treat, as having been the first who moved his master to apply to the queen for a peace, in opposition to a violent faction in that kingdom who were as eagerly bent to continue the war as any other could be, either here or in Holland.

It would be very unlike an historian to refuse this great minister the praise he so justly deserves of having treated through the whole course of so great a negotiation with the utmost candour and integrity; never once failing in any promise he made, and tempering a firm zeal to his master's interest with a ready compliance to what was reasonable and just. Mr. Prior, whom I have formerly mentioned, resided likewise now at Paris, with the character of a minister plenipotentiary, and was very acceptable to that court upon the score of his wit and humour.

The duke of Shrewsbury was directed to press the French court upon the points yet unsettled in the treaty of commerce between both crowns: to make them drop their unreasonable demands for the elector of Bavaria: to let them know "that the queen was resolved not to forsake her allies who were now ready to come in; and that she thought the best way of hastening the general peace was to determine her own particular one with France, until which time she could not conveniently suffer her parliament to meet."

The States were by this time so fully convinced of the queen's sincerity and affection to their republic, and how much they had been deceived by the insinuations of the factious party in England, that they wrote a very humble letter to her majesty to desire her assistance towards settling those points they had in dispute with France, and professing themselves ready to acquiesce in whatever explanation her majesty would please to make of the plan proposed in her speech to the parliament.

But the queen had already prevented their desires; and in the beginning of February, 1712-13, directed the duke of Shrewsbury to inform the French court, "That, since she had prevailed on her allies the Dutch to drop the demand of Condé, and the other of the four species of goods which the French had excepted out of the tariff of 1664, she would not sign without them: that she approved of the Dutch insisting to have the chatellanies restored with the towns; and was resolved to stand or fall with them until they were satisfied in this point."

Her majesty had some apprehensions that the French created these difficulties on purpose to spin out the treaty until the campaign should begin. They thought it absolutely necessary that our parliament should meet in a few weeks; which could not well be ventured until the queen were able to tell both houses that her own peace was signed: that this would not only facilitate what remained in difference between Britain and France, but leave the Dutch entirely at the mercy of the latter.

The queen, weary of these refined mistakes in the French politics and fully resolved to be trifled with no longer, sent her determinate orders to the duke of Shrewsbury to let France know "That her majesty had hitherto prorogued her parliament in hopes of accommodating the difficulties in her own treaties of peace and commerce with that crown, as well as settling the interests of her several allies; or at least that, the differences in the former being removed, the most christian king would have made such offers for the latter as might justify her majesty in signing her own peace, whether the confederates intended to sign theirs or not. But several points being yet unfinished between both crowns, and others between France and the rest of the allies, especially the States, to which the plenipotentiaries of that court at Utrecht had not thought fit to give satisfaction; the queen was now come to a final determination, both with relation to her own kingdoms and to the whole alliance, that, the campaign approaching, she would not willingly be surprised in case the war was to go on: that she had transmitted to the duke of Shrewsbury her last resolutions, and never would be prevailed on to reduce her own demands or those of her allies any lower than the scheme now sent over as an explanation of the plan laid down in her speech: that her majesty had sent orders to her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht to assume the character of ambassadors, and sign the peace immediately with the ministers of the most christian king, as soon as the duke of Shrewsbury should have sent them notice that the French had complied: that the queen had therefore further prorogued her parliament to the third of March, in hopes to assure them by that time of her peace being agreed on; for if the two houses meet while any uncertainty remained supplies must be asked as for a war."

The duke of Shrewsbury executed this important commission with that speed and success which could only be expected from an able minister. The French king immediately yielded to the whole scheme her majesty proposed; whereupon directions were sent to the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford to sign a peace between Great Britain and France without delay.

Upon the 2nd day of March the two British plenipotentiaries met those of the allies in the town-house of Utrecht; where the lord privy seal addressed himself to them in a short speech: "That the negotiation had now continued fourteen months with great slowness, which had proved very injurious to the interests of the allies: that the queen had stayed thus long and stopped the finishing of her own peace rather than leave her allies in any uncertainty: that she hoped they would now be all prepared to put an end to this great work; and therefore had commanded her plenipotentiaries to tell those of the allies that she found it necessary to conclude her own treaty immediately; and it was her opinion that the confederates ought to finish theirs at the same time; to which they were now accordingly invited by her majesty's orders." And lastly, his lordship declared, in the queen's name, "That whoever could not be ready on the day prefixed should have a convenient time allowed them to come in."

Although the orders sent by the queen to her plenipotentiaries were very precise, yet their lordships did not precipitate the performance of them. They were directed to appoint as short a day for the signing as they conveniently could; but, however, the particular day was left to their discretion. They hoped to bring over the Dutch and most of the other allies to conclude at the same time with the queen, which, as it would certainly be more popular to their country, so they conceived it would be more safe for themselves. Besides upon looking over their commission a scruple sprang in their minds that they could not sign a particular peace with France; their powers, as they apprehended, authorizing them only to sign a general one. Their lordships therefore sent to England to desire new powers; and in the mean time employed themselves with great industry between the ministers of France and those of the several allies, to find some expedient for smoothing the way to an agreement among them.

The earl of Strafford went for a few days to the Hague, to inform the States of her majesty's express commands to his colleague and himself for signing the peace as soon as possible; and to desire they would be ready at the same time, which the pensionary promised; and that their plenipotentiaries should be empowered accordingly, to the great contentment of Mons. Buys, who was now so much altered either in reality or appearance, that he complained to the earl of Mons. Heinsius's slowness, and charged all the delays and mismanagements of a twelvemonth past to that minister's account.

While the earl of Strafford stayed at the Hague he discovered that an emissary of the duke of Marlborough's had been there some days before, sent by his grace to dissuade the Dutch from signing at the same time with the ministers of the queen, which, in England, would at least have the appearance of a separate peace, and oblige their British friends, who knew how to turn so short a delay to very good account, as well as gratify the emperor; on whom it was alleged they ought to to rely much more than on her majesty. One of the States likewise told the earl, "that the same person employed by the duke was then in conference with the magistrates of Rotterdam (which town had declared for the continuance of the war), to assure them, if they would hold off a little, they should see an unexpected turn in the British parliament: that the duke of Marlborough had a list of the discontented members in both houses who were ready to turn against the court; and to crown all, that his grace had certain intelligence of the queen being in so ill a state of health as made it impossible for her to live above six weeks." So restless and indefatigable are avarice and ambition when inflamed by a desire of revenge!

But representations which had been so often tried were now offered too late. Most of the allies, except the emperor, were willing to put an end to the war upon her majesty's plan; and the further delay of three weeks must be chiefly imputed to that litigious manner of treating peculiar to the French, whose plenipotentiaries at Utrecht insisted with obstinacy upon many points which at Paris Mons. de Torcy had given up.

The emperor expected to keep all he had already possessed in Italy; that Port Langue, on the Tuscan coast, should be delivered to him by France; and lastly, that he should not be obliged to renounce Spain. But the queen, as well as France, thought his imperial majesty ought to sit down contented with his partage of Naples and Milan; and to restore those territories in Italy which he had taken from the rightful proprietors, and by the possession of which he has grown dangerous to the Italian princes by reviving antiquated claims upon them.

This prince had likewise objected to her majesty's expedient of suffering the elector of Bavaria to retain Luxembourg, under certain conditions, by way of security, until his electorate were restored. But the queen, supposing that these affected delays were intended only with a view of continuing the war, resolved to defer the peace no longer on the emperor's account.

In the middle of March, 1712-13, a courier arrived at Utrecht from France with the plan of a general peace, as it had been agreed between the duke of Shrewsbury and Mons. de Torcy; wherein every particular relating to the interests and pretensions of the several allies was brought so near to what each of them would accept, that the British plenipotentiaries hoped the peace would be general in ten or twelve days. The Portuguese and Dutch were already prepared, and others were daily coming in by the means of their lordships' good offices, who found Mons. Mesnager and his colleague very stubborn to the last. Another courier was despatched to France, upon some disputes about inserting the titles of her majesty and the most christian king; and to bring a general plan for the interests of those allies who should not be ready against the time prefixed. The French renunciations were now arrived at Utrecht; and it was agreed that those, as well as that of the king of Spain, should be inserted at length in every treaty; by which means the whole confederacy would become guarantees of them.

The courier last sent to France returned to Utrecht on the 27th of March with the concessions of that court upon every necessary point; so that, all things being ready for putting a period to this great and difficult work, the lord privy seal and the earl of Strafford gave notice to the ministers of the several allies "That their lordships had appointed Tuesday, the 31st inst., wherein to sign a treaty of peace and a treaty of commerce between the queen of Great Britain their mistress and the most christian king; and hoped the said allies would be prepared at the same time to follow their example." Accordingly their lordships employed the three intervening days in smoothing the few difficulties that remained between the French ministers and those of the several confederate powers.

The important day being now come, the lord bishop of Bristol and the earl of Strafford, having assumed the character of ambassadors extraordinary, gave a memorial in behalf of the French protestants to the mareschal d'Uxelles and his colleague, who were to transmit it to their court; and these delivered to the British ambassadors a declaration in writing that the pretender was actually gone out of France.

The conditions of peace to be allowed the emperor and the empire, as adjusted between Britain and France, were now likewise delivered to the count Zinzendorf. These and some other previous matters of smaller consequence being finished, the treaties of peace and commerce between her majesty of Britain and the most christian king were signed at the lord privy seal's house, between two and three of the clock in the afternoon. The ministers of the duke of Savoy signed about an hour after. Then the assembly adjourned to the earl of Strafford's, where they all went to dinner; and about nine at night the peace was signed by the ministers of Portugal, by those of Prussia at eleven, and when it was near midnight by the States.

Thus, after all the opposition raised by a strong party in France and by a virulent faction in Britain; after all the artifices of those who presided at the Hague, who for their private interest endeavoured, in conjunction with their friends in England, to prolong the war; after the restless endeavours of the imperial court to render the treaty ineffectual; the firm steady conduct of the queen, the wisdom and courage of her ministry, and the abilities of those whom she employed in her negotiations abroad, prevailed to have a peace signed in one day by every power concerned, except that of the emperor and the empire; for his imperial majesty liked his situation too well to think of a peace, while the drudgery and expenses of the war lay upon other shoulders, and the advantages were to redound only to himself.

During this whole negotiation the king of Spain, who was not acknowledged by any of the confederates, had consequently no minister at Utrecht; but the differences between her majesty and that prince were easily settled by the lord Lexington at Madrid and the marquis of Monteleon here; so that, upon the duke d'Ossuna's arrival at the congress some days after the peace, he was ready to conclude a treaty between the queen and his master. Neither is it probable that the Dutch, or any other ally except the emperor, will encounter any difficulties of moment, to retard their several treaties with his catholic majesty.

The treaties of peace and commerce between Britain and France were ratified here on the 7th of April; on the 28th the ratifications were exchanged; and on the 5th of May the peace was proclaimed in the usual manner, but with louder acclamations and more extraordinary rejoicings of the people than had ever been remembered on the like occasion.

SOME
FREE THOUGHTS
UPON THE
PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS.

1714.

About a month before the demise of queen Anne, the dean, having laboured to reconcile the ministers to each other without success, retired to the house of a friend in Berkshire, and never saw them more. But during this retreat he wrote the following treatise, which he thought might be of some use even in that juncture, and sent it up to London to be printed; but upon some difference in opinion between the author and the late lord Bolingbroke the publication was delayed till the queen's death, and then he recalled his copy; it was afterwards placed in the hands of alderman Barber, from whom it was obtained to be printed. The ruin of the ministry, by this animosity among themselves, was long foreseen and foretold by Swift; and it appears by lord Bolingbroke's letter to sir William Wyndham that in his heart he renounced his friendship for Oxford long before the conclusion of the peace, though it did not appear till afterwards. "The peace," says he, "which had been judged to be the only solid foundation whereupon we could erect a Tory system, and yet, when it was made, we found ourselves at a stand; nay, the very work which ought to have been the basis of our strength was in part demolished before our eyes, and we were stoned with the ruins of it." This event probably rendered the disunion of the ministry visible; some principally endeavouring to secure themselves, some still labouring to establish at all events the party they had espoused, which saw nothing but "increase of mortification and nearer approaches to ruin:" and it is not to be wondered at that when this treatise was written the dean's attempts to reconcile his friends were unsuccessful; for Bolingbroke declares that he abhorred Oxford to such a degree, that he would rather have suffered banishment or death than have taken measures in concert with him to have avoided either.

Whatever may be thought or practised by profound politicians, they will hardly be able to convince the reasonable part of mankind that the most plain, short, easy, safe, and lawful way to any good end, is not more eligible than one directly contrary to some or all of these qualities. I have been frequently assured by great ministers that politics were nothing but common sense; which, as it was the only true thing they spoke, so it was the only thing they could have wished I should not believe. God has given the bulk of mankind a capacity to understand reason when it is fairly offered; and by reason they would easily be governed if it were left to their choice. Those princes in all ages who were most distinguished for their mysterious skill in government found by the event that they had ill consulted their own quiet or the ease and happiness of their people; nor has posterity remembered them with honour: such as Lysander and Philip among the Greeks, Tiberius in Rome, pope Alexander the sixth and his son Cæsar Borgia, queen Catherine de Medicis, Philip II. of Spain, with many others. Nor are examples less frequent of ministers, famed for men of great intrigue, whose politics have produced little more than murmurings, factions, and discontents, which usually terminated in the disgrace and ruin of the authors.

I can recollect but three occasions in a state where the talents of such men may be thought necessary; I mean in a state where the prince is obeyed and loved by his subjects: first, in the negotiation of the peace; secondly, in adjusting the interests of our own country with those of the nations round us, watching the several motions of our neighbours and allies, and preserving a due balance among them: lastly, in the management of parties and factions at home. In the first of these cases I have often heard it observed that plain good sense and a firm adherence to the point have proved more effectual than all those arts which I remember a great foreign minister used in contempt to call the spirit of negotiating. In the second case, much wisdom and a thorough knowledge in affairs both foreign and domestic, are certainly required: after which I know no talents necessary beside method and skill in the common forms of business. In the last case, which is that of managing parties, there seems indeed to be more occasion for employing this gift of the lower politics whenever the tide runs high against the court and ministry; which seldom happens under any tolerable administration while the true interest of the nation is pursued. But here in England (for I do not pretend to establish maxims of government in general), while the prince and ministry, the clergy, the majority of landed men, and the bulk of the people, appear to have the same views and the same principles, it is not obvious to me how those at the helm can have many opportunities of showing their skill in mystery and refinement beside what themselves think fit to create.

I have been assured by men long practised in business that the secrets of court are much fewer than we generally suppose; and I hold it for the greatest secret of the court that they are so: because the first springs of great events, like those of great rivers, are so often mean and so little that in decency they ought to be hid: and therefore ministers are so wise to leave their proceedings to be accounted for by reasoners at a distance, who often mould them into systems that do not only go down very well in the coffeehouse, but are supplies for pamphlets in the present age, and may probably furnish materials for memoirs and histories in the next.

It is true indeed that even those who are very near the court and are supposed to have a large share in the management of public matters are apt to deduce wrong consequences by reasoning upon the causes and motives of those actions wherein themselves are employed. A great minister puts you a case and asks your opinion, but conceals an essential circumstance upon which the whole weight of the matter turns; then he despises your understanding for counselling him no better, and concludes he ought to trust entirely to his own wisdom. Thus he grows to abound in secrets and reserves, even towards those with whom he ought to act in the greatest confidence and concert: and thus the world is brought to judge that, whatever be the issue and event, it was all foreseen, contrived, and brought to pass by some masterstroke of his politics.

I could produce innumerable instances, from my own memory and observation, of events imputed to the profound skill and address of a minister, which in reality were either the mere effects of negligence, weakness, humour, passion, or pride, or at best but the natural course of things left to themselves.

During this very session of parliament a most ingenious gentleman, who has much credit with those in power, would needs have it, that in the late dissensions at court, which grew too high to be any longer a secret, the whole matter was carried with the utmost dexterity on one side and with manifest ill conduct on the other. To prove this he made use of the most plausible topics, drawn from the nature and disposition of the several persons concerned as well as of her majesty; all which he knows as much of as any man: and gave me a detail of the whole with such an appearance of probability as committed to writing would pass for an admirable piece of secret history. Yet I am at the same time convinced by the strongest reasons that the issue of those dissensions, as to the part they had in the court and the house of lords, was partly owing to very different causes and partly to the situation of affairs, whence in that conjuncture they could not easily terminate otherwise than they did, whatever unhappy consequences they may have for the future.

In like manner, I have heard a physician pronounce with great gravity that he had cured so many patients of malignant fevers, and as many more of the small-pox; whereas, in truth, nine parts in ten of those who recovered owed their lives to the strength of nature and a good constitution, while such a one happened to be their doctor.

But while it is so difficult to learn the springs and motives of some facts, and so easy to forget the circumstances of others, it is no wonder they should be so grossly misrepresented to the public by curious inquisitive heads who proceed altogether upon conjectures, and in reasoning upon affairs of state are sure to be mistaken by searching too deep. And as I have known this to be the frequent error of many others, so I am sure it has been perpetually mine whenever I have attempted to discover the causes of political events by refinement and conjecture;

which I must acknowledge has very much abated my veneration for what they call *arcana imperii;* whereof I dare pronounce that the fewer there are in any administration, it is just so much the better.

What I have hitherto said has by no means been intended to detract from the qualities requisite in those who are trusted with the administration of public affairs; on the contrary, I know no station of life where great abilities and virtues of all kinds are so highly necessary, and where the want of any is so quickly or universally felt. A great minister has no virtue for which the public may not be the better, nor any defect by which the public is not certainly a sufferer. I have known more than once or twice within four years past an omission in appearance very small prove almost fatal to a whole scheme and very hardly retrieved. It is not always sufficient for the person at the helm that he is intrepid in his nature, free from any tincture of avarice or corruption, and that he has great natural and acquired abilities.

I never thought the reputation of much secrecy was a character of any advantage to a minister, because it put all other men upon their guard to be as secret as he, and was consequently the occasion that persons and things were always misrepresented to him: because likewise too great an affectation of secrecy is usually thought to be attended with those little intrigues and refinements which among the vulgar denominate a man a great politician, but among others is apt, whether deservedly or not, to acquire the opinion of cunning: a talent which differs as much from the true knowledge of government as that of an attorney from an able lawyer. Neither indeed am I altogether convinced that this habit of multiplying secrets may not be carried on so far as to stop that communication which is necessary in some degree among all who have any considerable part in the management of public affairs: because I have observed the inconveniences arising from a want of love between those who were to give directions to have been of as ill consequence as any that could happen from the discovery of secrets. I suppose, when a building is to be erected, the model may be the contrivance only of one head; and it is sufficient that the under-workmen be ordered to cut stones into certain shapes, and place them in certain positions: but the several master-builders must have some general knowledge of the design, without which they can give no orders at all. And indeed I do not know a greater mark of an able minister than that of rightly adapting the several faculties of men; nor is anything more to be lamented than the impracticableness of doing this in any great degree under our present circumstances; while so many shut themselves out by adhering to a faction, and while the court is enslaved to the impatience of others who desire to sell their vote or their interest as dear as they can. But whether this has not been submitted to more than was necessary, whether it has not been dangerous in the example and pernicious in the practice, I will leave to the inquiry of those who can better determine.

It may be matter of no little admiration to consider in some lights the state of affairs among us for four years past. The queen, finding herself and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and insolence, the mistaken politics and destructive principles of her former ministers, calls to the service of the public another set of men, who by confession of their enemies had equal abilities at least with their predecessors, whose interest made it necessary for them (although their inclinations had been otherwise) to act upon those maxims which were most agreeable to the constitution in church and state: whose birth and patrimonies gave them weight in the nation; and who (I speak of those who were to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the strictest bonds of friendship: with all these advantages, supported by a vast majority of the landed interest and the inferior clergy almost to a man, we have several times seen the present administration in the greatest distress and very near the brink of ruin, together with the cause of the church and monarchy committed to their charge; neither does it appear to me at the minute I am now writing that their power or duration are upon any tolerable foot of security: which I do not so much impute to the address and industry of their enemies as to some failures among themselves, which I think have been full as visible in their causes as their effects.

Nothing has given me greater indignation than to behold a ministry, who came in with the advantages I have represented, acting ever since upon the defensive in the house of lords, with a majority on their side; and instead of calling others to account, as it was reasonably expected, misspending their time and losing many opportunities of doing good, because a struggling faction kept them continually in play. This courage among the adversaries of the court was inspired into them by various incidents, for every one of which I think the ministers, or (if that was the case) the minister alone, is to answer.

For, first, that race of politicians who in the cant phrase are called the *whimsicals*[a] was never so numerous or at least so active as it has been since the great change at court: many of those who pretended wholly to be in with the principles upon which her majesty and her new servants proceeded either absenting themselves with the utmost indifference in those conjunctions whereon the whole cause depended or siding directly with the enemy.

I very well remember, when this ministry was not above a year old, there was a little murmuring among such as are called the higher Tories or churchmen that quicker progress was not made in removing those of the discontented party out of employments. I remember likewise the reasonings upon this matter were various, even among many who were allowed to know a good deal of the inside of the court; some supposed the queen was at first prevailed upon to make that great change with no other view than that of acting for the future upon a moderating scheme, in order to reconcile both parties; and I believe there might possibly have been some grounds for this supposition. Others conceived the employments were left undisposed of, in order to keep alive the hopes of many more impatient candidates than ever could be gratified. This has since been looked on as a very high strain of politics, and to have succeeded accordingly; because it is the opinion of many that the numerous pretenders to places would never have been kept in order if all expectation had been cut off. Others were yet more refined, and thought it neither wise nor safe wholly to extinguish all opposition from the other side, because in the nature of things it was absolutely necessary that there should be parties in an English parliament; and a faction already odious to the people might be suffered to continue with less danger than any new one that could arise. To confirm this it was said that the majority in the house of commons was too great on the side of the high-church, and began to form themselves into a body (by the name of the October Club), in order to put the ministry under subjection. Lastly, the danger of introducing too great a number of unexperienced men at once into office was urged as an irrefragable reason for making changes by slow degrees. To discard an able officer from an employment, or part of a commission, where the revenue or trade were concerned, for no other reason but differing in some principles of government, might be of terrible consequence.

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[a] Deserters from either party, Whig or Tory.

However, it is certain that none of these excuses were able to pass among men who argued only from the principles of general reason. For, first, they looked upon all schemes of comprehension to be as visionary and impossible in the state as in the church. Secondly, while the spirit raised by the trial of Dr. Sacheverell continued in motion, men were not so keen upon coming in themselves as to see their enemies out and deprived of all assistance to do mischief: and it is urged further that this general ambition of hunting after places grew chiefly from seeing them so long undisposed of, and from too general an encouragement by promises to all who were thought capable of doing either good or hurt. Thirdly, the fear of creating another party in case the present faction were wholly subdued was in the opinion of plain men, and in regard to the situation of our affairs, too great a sacrifice of the nation's safety to the genius of politics; considering how much was to be done and how little time might probably be allowed. Besides the division of a house of commons into court and country parties, which was the evil they seemed to apprehend, could never be dangerous to a good ministry who had the true interest and constitution of their country at heart; as for the apprehension of too great a majority in the house of commons, it appeared to be so vain that upon some points of importance the court was hardly able to procure one. And the October Club, which appeared so formidable at first to some politicians, proved in the sequel to be the chief support of those who suspected them. It was likewise very well known that the greatest part of those men whom the former ministry left in possession of employments were loudly charged with insufficiency or corruption, over and above their obnoxious tenets in religion and government; so that it would have been a matter of some difficulty to make a worse choice; beside that the plea for keeping men of factious principles in employment upon the score of their abilities was thought to be extended a little too far and construed to take in all employments whatsoever, although many of them required no more abilities than would serve to qualify a gentleman-usher at court: so that this last excuse for the very slow steps made in disarming the adversaries of the crown was allowed indeed to have more plausibility but less truth than any of the former.

I do not here pretend to condemn the counsels or actions of the present ministry: their safety and interest are visibly united with those of the public; they are persons of unquestionable abilities, altogether unsuspected of avarice or corruption, and have the advantage to be farther recommended by the dread and hatred of the opposite faction. However it is manifest that the zeal of their friends has been cooling toward them for above two years past; they have been frequently deserted or distressed upon the most pressing occasions, and very near giving up in despair: their characters have been often treated with the utmost barbarity and injustice, in both houses, by scurrilous and enraged orators; while their nearest friends, and even those who must have a share in their disgrace, never offered a word in their vindication.

When I examine with myself what occasions the ministry may have given for this coldness, inconstancy, and discontent among their friends, I at the same time recollect the various conjectures, reasonings, and suspicions which have run so freely for three years past concerning the designs of the court: I do not only mean such conjectures as are born in a coffeehouse or invented by the malice of a party, but also the conclusions (however mistaken) of wise and good men, whose quality and station fitted them to understand the reason of public proceedings, and in whose power it lay to recommend or disgrace an administration to the people. I must therefore take the boldness to assert that all these discontents, how ruinous soever they may prove in the consequences, have most unnecessarily arisen from the want of a due communication and concert. Every man must have a light sufficient for the length of the way he is appointed to go: there is a degree of confidence due to all stations: and a petty constable will neither act cheerfully nor wisely without that share of it which properly belongs to him: although the main spring of a watch be out of sight there is an intermediate communication between it and the smallest wheel, or else no useful motion could be performed. This reserved mysterious way of acting upon points where there appeared not the least occasion for it, and towards persons who at least in right of their posts expected a more open treatment, was imputed to some hidden design, which every man conjectured to be the very thing he was most afraid of. Those who professed the height of what is called the church principle suspected that a comprehension was intended wherein the moderate men on both sides might be equally employed. Others went further, and dreaded such a comprehension as directly tending to bring the old exploded principles and persons once more into play. Again, some affected to be uneasy about the succession, and seemed to think there was a view of introducing that person, whatever he is, who pretends to claim the crown by inheritance. Others, especially of late, surmised on the contrary that the demands of the house of Hanover were industriously fomented by some in power, without the privity of the —— or ——. Now, although these accusations were too inconsistent to be all of them true, yet they were maliciously suffered to pass, and thereby took off much of that popularity of which those at the helm stood in need to support them under the difficulties of a long perplexing negotiation, a daily addition of public debts, and an exhausted treasury.

But the effects of this mystical manner of proceeding did not end here: for the late dissensions between the great men at court (which have been for some time past the public entertainment of every coffeehouse) are said to have arisen from the same fountain; while on one side very great reserve, and certainly very great resentment on the other, if we may believe general report (for I pretend to know no further), have inflamed animosities to such a height as to make all reconcilement impracticable. Supposing this to be true, it may serve for a great lesson of humiliation to mankind, to behold the habits and passions of men, otherwise highly accomplished, triumphing over interest, friendship, honour, and their own personal safety, as well as that of their country, and probably of a most gracious princess who had intrusted it to them. A ship's crew quarrelling in a storm or while their enemies are within gunshot is but a faint idea of this fatal infatuation: of which, although it be hard to say enough, some people may think perhaps I have already said too much.

Since this unhappy incident the desertion of friends and loss of reputation have been so great, that I do not see how the ministers could have continued many weeks in their stations if their opposers of all kinds had agreed about the methods by which they should be ruined: and their preservation hitherto seems to resemble his who had two poisons given him together of contrary operations.

It may seem very impertinent in one of my level to point out to those who sit at the helm what course they ought to steer. I know enough of courts to be sensible how mean an opinion great ministers have of most men's understandings; to a degree that in any other science would be called the grossest pedantry. However, unless I offer my sentiments in this point, all I have hitherto said will be to no purpose.

The general wishes and desires of a people are perhaps more obvious to other men than to ministers of state. There are two points of the highest importance wherein a very great majority of the kingdom appear perfectly hearty and unanimous. First, that the church of England should be preserved entire in all her rights, powers, and privileges; all doctrines relating to government discouraged which she condemns; all schisms, sects, and heresies discountenanced and kept under due subjection, as far as consists with the lenity of our constitution; her open enemies (among whom I include at least dissenters of all denominations) not trusted with the smallest degree of civil or military power; and her secret adversaries, under the names of Whigs, low church, republicans, moderation-men, and the like, receive no marks of favour from the crown but what they should deserve by a sincere reformation.

Had this point been steadily pursued in all its parts for three years past and asserted as the avowed resolution of the court, there must probably have been an end of faction, which has been able ever since with so much vigour to disturb and insult the administration. I know very well that some refiners pretend to argue for the usefulness of parties in such a government as ours; I have said something of this already, and have heard a great many idle wise topics upon the subject. But I shall not argue that matter at present: I suppose, if a man think it necessary to play with a serpent, he will choose one of a kind that is least mischievous; otherwise, although it appears to be crushed, it may have life enough to sting him to death. So I think it is not safe tampering with the present faction, at least in this juncture: first, because their principles and practices have been already very dangerous to the constitution in church and state; secondly, because they are highly irritated with the loss of their power, full of venom and vengeance, and prepared to execute everything that rage or malice can suggest; but principally because they have prevailed, by misrepresentations and other artifices, to make the successor look upon them as the only persons he can trust: upon which account they cannot be too soon or too much disabled: neither will England ever be safe from the attempts of this wicked confederacy until their strength and interests shall be so far reduced that for the future it shall not be in the power of the crown, although in conjunction with any rich and factious body of men, to choose an ill majority in the house of commons.

One step very necessary to this great work will be to regulate the army, and chiefly those troops which in their turns have the care of her majesty's person; who are most of them fitter to guard a prince under a high court of justice than seated on the throne. The peculiar hand of Providence has hitherto preserved her majesty, encompassed, whether sleeping or travelling, by her enemies: but since religion teaches us that Providence ought not to be tempted, it is ill venturing to trust that precious life any longer to those who, by their public behaviour and discourse, discover their impatience to see it at an end, that they may have liberty to be the instruments of glutting at once the revenge of their patrons and their own. It should be well remembered what a satisfaction these gentlemen (after the example of their betters) were so sanguine to express upon the queen's last illness at Windsor, and what threatenings they used of refusing to obey their general in case that illness had proved fatal. Nor do I think it a want of charity to suspect that in such an evil day an enraged faction would be highly pleased with the power of the sword, and with great connivance leave it so long unsheathed until they were got rid of their most formidable adversaries. In the mean time it must be a very melancholy prospect, that whenever it shall please God to visit us with this calamity, those who are paid to be defenders of the civil power will stand ready for any acts of violence that a junto, composed of the greatest enemies to the constitution, shall think fit to enjoin them.

The other point of great importance is the security of the protestant succession in the house of Hanover; not from any partiality to that illustrious house further than as it has had the honour to mingle with the blood royal of England, and is the nearest branch of our regal line reformed from popery. This point has one advantage over the former that both parties profess to desire the same blessing for posterity, but differ about the means of securing it. Whence it has come to pass that the protestant succession, in appearance the desire of the whole nation, has proved the greatest topic of slander, jealousy, suspicion, and discontent.

I have been so curious to ask several acquaintances among the opposite party whether they or their leaders did really suspect there had been ever any design in the ministry to weaken the succession in favour of the pretender or of any other person whatsoever. Some of them freely answered in the negative; others were of the same opinion, but added they did not know what might be done in time and upon further provocations; others again seemed to believe the affirmative, but could never produce any plausible grounds for their belief. I have likewise been assured by a person of some consequence that during a very near and constant familiarity with the great men at court for four years past he never could observe, even in those hours of conversation where there is usually least restraint, that one word ever passed among them to show a dislike to the present settlement; although they would sometimes lament that the false representations of theirs and the kingdom's enemies had made some impressions in the mind of the successor. As to my own circle of acquaintance, I can safely affirm that, excepting those who are nonjurors by profession, I have not met with above two persons who appeared to have any scruples concerning the present limitation of the crown. I therefore think it may very impartially be pronounced that the number of those who wish to see the son of the abdicated prince upon the throne is altogether inconsiderable. And further, I believe it will be found that there are none who so much dread any attempt he shall make for the recovery of his imagined rights as the Roman catholics of England; who love their freedom and properties too well to desire his entrance by a French army and a field of blood; who must continue upon the same foot if he changes his religion, and must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers if he should happen to fail.

As to the person of this nominal prince, he lies under all manner of disadvantages; the vulgar imagine him to have been a child imposed upon the nation by the fraudulent zeal of his parents and their bigoted counsellors; who took special care against all the rules of common policy to educate him in their hateful superstition, sucked in with his milk and confirmed in his manhood, too strongly to be now shaken by Mr. Lesley; and a counterfeit conversion will be too gross to pass upon the kingdom after what we have seen and suffered from the like practice in his father. He is likewise said to be of weak intellectuals and an unsound constitution; he was treated contemptibly enough by the young princes of France even during the war; is now wholly neglected by that crown, and driven to live in exile upon a small exhibition; he is utterly unknown in England, which he left in the cradle; his father's friends are most of them dead, the rest antiquated or poor. Six-and-twenty years have almost passed since the Revolution, and the bulk of those who are now most in action either at court, in parliament, or public offices, were then boys at school or the universities, and look upon that great change to have happened during a period of time for which they are not accountable. The logic of the highest Tories is now that this was the establishment they found as soon as they arrived at a capacity of judging; that they had no hand in turning out the late king, and therefore had no crime to answer for if it were any; that the inheritance to the crown is fixed in pursuance of laws made ever since their remembrance, by which all papists are excluded, and they have no other rule to go by; that they will no more dispute king William III.'s title than king William I.'s; since they must have recourse to history for both; that they have been instructed in the doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and hereditary right, and find them all necessary for preserving the present establishment in church and state and for continuing the succession in the house of Hanover, and must in their own opinion renounce all those doctrines by setting up any other title to the crown. This, I say, seems to be the political creed of all the high principled men I have for some time met with of forty years old and under; which, although I do not pretend to justify in every part, yet I am sure it sets the protestant succession upon a much firmer foundation than all the indigested schemes of those who profess to act upon what they call Revolution principles.

Neither should it perhaps be soon forgotten that, during the greatest licentiousness of the press, while the sacred character of the queen was every day insulted in factious papers and ballads, not the least reflecting insinuation ever appeared against the Hanover family, whatever occasion was offered to intemperate pens by the rashness or indiscretion of one or two ministers from thence.

From all these considerations I must therefore lay it down as an incontestable truth that the succession to these kingdoms in the illustrious house of Hanover is as firmly secured as the nature of the thing can possibly admit; by the oaths of all those who are intrusted with any office, by the very principles of those who are termed the high church, by the general inclinations of the people, by the insignificancy of that person who claims it from inheritance, and the little assistance he can expect either from princes abroad or adherents at home.

However, since the virulent opposers of the queen and her administration have so far prevailed by their emissaries at the court of Hanover, and by their practices upon one or two ignorant unmannerly messengers from thence, as to make the elector desire some further security, and send over a memorial here to that end, the great question is how to give reasonable satisfaction to his highness, and (what is infinitely of greater consequence) at the same time consult the honour and safety of the queen, whose quiet possession is of much more consequence to us of the present age than his reversion. The substance of his memorial, if I retain it right, is to desire that some one of his family might live in England, with such a maintenance as is usual to those of the royal blood, and that certain titles should be conferred upon the rest, according to ancient custom. The memorial does not specify which of the family should be invited to reside here; and if it had, I believe however her majesty would have looked upon it as a circumstance left to her own choice.

But as all this is most manifestly unnecessary in itself, and only in compliance with the mistaken doubts of a presumptive heir; so the nation would (to speak in the language of Mr. Steele) expect that her majesty should be made perfectly easy from that side for the future; no more to be alarmed with apprehensions of visits, or demands of writs, where she has not thought fit to give any invitation. The nation would likewise expect that there should be an end of all private commerce between that court and the leaders of a party here; and that his electoral highness should declare himself entirely satisfied with all her majesty's proceedings, her treaties of peace and commerce, her alliances abroad, her choice of ministers at home, and particularly in her most gracious condescensions to his request: that he would upon all proper occasions, and in the most public manner, discover his utter dislike of factious persons and principles, but especially of that party which under the pretence or shelter of his protection has so long disquieted the kingdom: and lastly, that he would acknowledge the goodness of the queen and justice of the nation in so fully securing the succession to his family.

It is indeed a problem which I could never comprehend, why the court of Hanover, who have all along thought themselves so perfectly secure in the affections, the principles, and the professions of the low church party, should not have endeavoured, according to the usual politics of princes, to gain over those who are represented as their enemies; since these supposed enemies had made so many advances, were in possession of all the power, had framed the very settlement to which that illustrious family owes its claim, had all of them abjured the pretender, were now employed in the great offices of state, and composed a majority in both houses of parliament. Not to mention that the queen herself, with the bulk of the landed gentry and commonalty throughout the kingdom, were of the number. This one would think might be a strength sufficient not only to obstruct but to bestow a succession: and since the presumed heir could not but be perfectly secure of the other party, whose greatest avowed grievance was the pretended danger of his future rights, it must therefore surely have been worth his while to have made at least one step toward cultivating a fair correspondence with the power in possession. Neither could those who are called his friends have blamed him, or with the least decency enter into any engagements for defeating his title.

But why might not the reasons of this proceeding in the elector be directly contrary to what is commonly imagined? Methinks I could endeavour to believe that his highness is thoroughly acquainted with both parties; is convinced that no true member of the church of England can easily be shaken in his principles of loyalty, or forget the obligation of an oath, by any provocation. That these are therefore the people he intends to rely upon, and keeps only fair with the others from a true notion he has of their doctrines, which prompt them to forget their duty upon every motive of interest or ambition. If this conjecture be right, his highness cannot sure but entertain a very high esteem of such ministers, who continue to act under the dread and appearance of a successor's utmost displeasure, and the threats of an enraged faction, whom he is supposed alone to favour, and to be guided entirely in his judgment of British affairs and persons by their opinions.

But to return from this digression: the presence of that infant prince among us could not, I think in any sort, be inconsistent with the safety of the queen; he would be in no danger of being corrupted in his principles, or exposed in his person by vicious companions; he could be at the head of no factious clubs and cabals, nor be attended by a hired rabble, which his flatterers might represent as popularity. He would have none of that impatience which the frailty of human nature gives to expecting heirs. There would be no pretence for men to make their court, by affecting German modes and refinements in dress or behaviour: nor would there be any occasion of insinuating to him how much more his levee was frequented than the antechamber of St. James's. Add to all this the advantages of being educated in our religion, laws, language, manners, nature of government, each so very different from those he would leave behind. By which likewise he might be highly useful to his father, if that prince should happen to survive her majesty.

The late king William, who, after his marriage with the lady Mary of England, could have no probable expectation of the crown, and very little even of being a queen's husband (the duke of York having a young wife), was no stranger to our language or manners, and went often to the chapel of his princess; which I observe the rather, because I could heartily wish the like disposition were in another court, and because it may be disagreeable to a prince to take up new doctrines on a sudden, or speak to his subjects by an interpreter.

An ill-natured or inquisitive man may still perhaps desire to press the question further, by asking what is to be done in case it should so happen that this malevolent working party at home has credit enough with the court of Hanover to continue the suspicion, jealousy, and uneasiness there, against the queen and her ministry; to make such demands be still insisted on as are by no means thought proper to be complied with; and in the mean time to stand at arms' length with her majesty and in close conjunction with those who oppose her.

I take the answer to be easy: in all contests the safest way is to put those we dispute with as much in the wrong as we can. When her majesty shall have offered such or the like concessions as I have above mentioned, in order to remove those scruples artificially raised in the mind of the expectant heir, and to divide him from that faction by which he is supposed to have been misled, she has done as much as any prince can do, and more than any other would probably do in her case, and will be justified before God and man whatever be the event. The equitable part of those who now side against the court will probably be more temperate; and if a due despatch be made in placing the civil and military power in the hands of such as wish well to the constitution, it cannot be any way for the quiet or interest of a successor to gratify so small a faction as will probably then remain at the expense of a much more numerous and considerable part of his subjects. Neither do I see how the principles of such a party, either in religion or government, will prove very agreeable, because I think Luther and Calvin seem to have differed as much as any two among the reformers; and because a German prince will probably be suspicious of those who think they can never depress the prerogative enough.

But supposing once for all as far as possible that the elector should utterly refuse to be upon any terms of confidence with the present ministry and all others of their principles, as enemies to him and the succession; nor easy with the queen herself but upon such conditions as will not be thought consistent with her safety and honour; and continue to place all his hopes and trust in the discontented party: I think it were humbly to be wished that whenever the succession shall take place the alterations intended by the new prince should be made by himself, and not by his deputies; because I am of opinion that the clause empowering the successor to appoint a latent, unlimited number, additional to the seven regents named in the act, went upon a supposition that the secret committee would be of such whose enmity and contrary principles disposed them to confound the rest. King William, whose title was much more controverted than that of her majesty's successor can ever probably be, did for several years leave the administration of the kingdom in the hands of lords-justices during the height of a war, and while the abdicated prince himself was frequently attempting an invasion; whence one might imagine that the regents appointed by parliament upon the demise of the crown would be able to keep the peace during an absence of a few weeks without any colleagues. However, I am pretty confident that the only reason why a power was given of choosing dormant viceroys was to take away all pretence of a necessity to invite over any of the family here during her majesty's life. So that I do not well apprehend what arguments the elector can use to insist upon both.

To conclude: the only way of securing the constitution in church and state, and consequently this very protestant succession itself, will be by lessening the power of our domestic adversaries as much as can possibly consist with the lenity of our government; and if this be not speedily done it will be easy to point where the nation is to fix the blame; for we are well assured that since the account her majesty received of the cabals, the triumphs, the insolent behaviour of the whole faction during her late illness at Windsor, she has been as willing to see them deprived of all power to do mischief as any of her most zealous and loyal subjects can desire.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE

CONSEQUENCES HOPED AND FEARED

FROM THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN

AUGUST 9, 1714.

In order to set in a clear light what I have to say upon this subject, it will be convenient to examine the state of the nation with reference to the two contending parties; this cannot well be done without some little retrospection into the five last years of her late majesty's reign.

I have it from unquestionable authority that the duchess of Marlborough's favour began to decline very soon after the queen's accession to the throne, and that the earl Godolphin's held not much above two years longer; although her majesty (no ill concealer of her affections) did not think fit to deprive them of their power until a long time after.

The duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin having fallen early into the interests of the lower party for certain reasons not seasonable here to be mentioned (but which may deserve a place in the history of that reign), they made large steps that way upon the death of the prince of Denmark, taking several among the warmest leaders of that side into the chief employments of state. Mr. Harley, then secretary of state, who disliked their proceedings and had very near overthrown their whole scheme, was removed with the utmost indignation; and about the same time sir Simon Harcourt and Mr. St. John, with some others, voluntarily gave up their employments.

But the queen, who had then a great esteem for the person and abilities of Mr. Harley (and in proportion of the other two, although at that time not equally known to her), was deprived of his service with some regret; and upon that and other motives well known at court, began to think herself hardly used; and several stories ran about, whether true or false, that her majesty was not always treated with that duty she might expect. Meantime the church party were loud in their complaints; surmising from the virulence of several pamphlets, from certain bills projected to be brought into parliament, from endeavours to repeal the sacramental test, from the avowed principles and free speeches of some persons in power, and other jealousies needless to repeat, that ill designs were forming against the religion established. These fears were all confirmed by the trial of Sacheverell, which drew the populace, as one man, into the party against the ministry and parliament.

The ministry were very suspicious that the queen had still a reserve of favour for Mr. Harley, which appeared by a passage that happened some days after his removal; for the earl of Godolphin's coach and his happening to meet near Kensington, the earl, a few hours after, reproached the queen that she privately admitted Mr. Harley, and was not without some difficulty undeceived by her majesty's asseverations to the contrary.

Soon after the doctor's trial this gentleman, by the queen's command and the intervention of Mrs. Masham, was brought up the back stairs, and that princess, spirited by the addresses from all parts, which showed the inclinations of her subjects to be very averse from the proceedings in court and parliament, was resolved to break the united power of the Marlborough and Godolphin families, and to begin this work by taking the disposal of employments into her own hands, for which an opportunity happened by the death of the earl of Essex, lieutenant of the Tower, whose employment was given to the earl Rivers, to the great discontent of the duke of Marlborough, who intended it for the duke of Northumberland, then colonel of the Oxford regiment, to which the earl of Hertford was to succeed. Some time after the chamberlain's staff was disposed of to the duke of Shrewsbury in the absence and without the privity of the earl of Godolphin. The earl of Sunderland's removal followed; and lastly, that of the high treasurer himself, whose office was put into commission, whereof Mr. Harley (made at the same time chancellor of the exchequer) was one. I need say nothing of other removals, which are well enough known and remembered: let it suffice that in eight or nine months' time the whole face of the court was altered, and very few friends of the former ministry left in any great stations there.

I have good reason to be assured that when the queen began this change she had no intentions to carry it so far as the church party expected, and have since been so impatient to see. For although she was a true professor of the religion established, yet the first motives to this alteration did not arise from any dangers she apprehended to that or the government, but from a desire to get out of the dominion of some who she thought had kept her too much and too long in pupilage. She was in her own nature extremely dilatory and timorous, yet upon some occasions positive to a great degree. And when she had got rid of those who had as she thought given her the most uneasiness, she was inclined to stop and entertain a fancy of acting upon a moderating scheme, whence it was very difficult to remove her. At the same time I must confess my belief that this imagination was put into her head, and made use of as an encouragement to begin that work, after which her advisers might think it easier to prevail with her to go as far as they thought fit. That these were her majesty's dispositions in that conjuncture may be confirmed by many instances. In the very height of the change she appeared very loth to part with two great officers of state of the other party, and some whose absence the new ministers most earnestly wished held in for above two years after.

Mr. Harley, who acted as first minister before he had the staff, as he was a lover of gentle measures and inclined to procrastination, so he could not with any decency press the queen too much against her nature, because it would be like running upon the rock where his predecessor had split. But violent humours running about in the kingdom and the new parliament against the principles and persons of the low-church party gave this minister a very difficult part to play. The warm members in both houses, especially among the commons, pressed for a thorough change, and so did almost all the queen's new servants, especially after Mr. Harley was made an earl and high treasurer. He could not in good policy own his want of power, nor fling the blame upon his mistress. And as too much secrecy was one of his faults, he would often upon these occasions keep his nearest friends in the dark. The truth is, he had likewise other views, which were better suited to the maxims of state in general than to that situation of affairs. By leaving many employments in the hands of the discontented party he fell in with the queen's humour; he hoped to acquire the reputation of lenity; and kept a great number of expectants in order, who had liberty to hope while anything remained undisposed of. He seemed also to think, as other ministers have done, that, since factions are necessary in such a government as ours, it would be prudent not altogether to lay the present one prostrate, lest another more plausible and therefore not so easy to grapple with might arise in its stead.

However, it is certain that a great part of the load he bore was unjustly laid on him. He had no favourites among the Whig party, whom he kept in upon the score of old friendship or acquaintance; and he was a greater object of their hatred than all the rest of the ministry together.

AN INQUIRY
INTO THE BEHAVIOUR OF
THE QUEEN'S LAST MINISTRY,
WITH RELATION TO THEIR QUARRELS AMONG THEMSELVES, AND THE DESIGN CHARGED UPON THEM OF ALTERING THE SUCCESSION OF THE CROWN.

SINCE the death of the queen it was reasonable enough for me to conclude that I had done with all public affairs and speculations, besides the scene and station I am in have reduced my thoughts into a narrow compass, and being wholly excluded from any view of favour under the present administration, upon that invincible reason of having been in some degree of trust and confidence with the former, I have not found the transition very difficult into a private life, for which I am better qualified both by nature and education.

The reading of and inquiring after news not being one of my diversions, having always disliked a mixed and general conversation, which however it fell to my lot is now in my power to avoid; and being placed by the duties of my function at a great distance from the seat of business, I am altogether ignorant of many common events which happen in the world; only from the little I know and hear it is manifest that the hearts of most men are filled with doubts, fears, and jealousies, or else with hatred and rage to a degree that there seems to be an end of all amicable commerce between people of different parties; and what the consequences of this may be let those consider who have contributed to the causes, which I thank God is no concern of mine.

There are two points with reference to the conduct of the late ministry much insisted on and little understood by those who write or talk upon that subject, wherein I am sufficiently qualified to give satisfaction, and would gladly do it, because I see very much weight laid upon each and most men's opinions of persons and things regulated accordingly.

About two months before the queen's death, having lost all hopes of any reconcilement between the treasurer and the rest of the ministry, I retired into the country to await the issue of that conflict, which ended, as every one had reason to foresee, in the earl of Oxford's disgrace, to whom the lord Bolingbroke immediately succeeded as first minister; and I was told that an earldom and the Garter were intended for him in a fortnight, and the treasurer's staff against the next session of parliament, of which I can say nothing certain, being then in Berkshire and receiving this account from some of his friends. But all these schemes became soon abortive, by the death of the queen, which happened in three days after the earl of Oxford's removal.

Upon this great event I took the first opportunity of withdrawing to my place of residence, and rejoiced as much as any man for his majesty's quiet accession to the throne, to which I then thought, and it has since appeared indisputable, that the peace procured by the late ministry had among other good effects been highly instrumental. And I thank God I have been ever since a loyal humble spectator during all the changes that have happened, although it were no secret to any man of common sagacity that his present majesty's choice of his servants, whenever he should happen to succeed, would be determined to those who most opposed the proceedings during the four last years of his predecessor's reign; and I think there has not since happened one particular of any moment which the ministers did not often mention at their tables as what they certainly expected from the disposition of the court at Hanover, in conjunction with the party at home, which, upon all occasions, publicly disapproved their proceedings, excepting only the attainder of the duke of Ormond, which indeed neither they nor I, nor I believe any one person in the three kingdoms, did ever pretend to foresee; and now it is done, it looks like a dream to those who consider the nobleness of his birth, the great merits of his ancestors, and his own; his long unspotted loyalty, his affability, generosity, and sweetness of nature. I knew him long and well, and excepting the frailties of his youth, which had been for some years over, and that easiness of temper which did sometimes lead him to follow the judgment of those who had by many degrees less understanding than himself, I have not conversed with a more faultless person; of great justice and charity; a true sense of religion without ostentation; of undoubted valour, thoroughly skilled in his trade of a soldier; a quick and ready apprehension, with a good share of understanding and a general knowledge in men and history, although under some disadvantage by an invincible modesty, which however could not but render him yet more amiable to those who had the honour and happiness of being thoroughly acquainted with him. This is a short imperfect character of that great person, the duke of Ormond, who is now attainted for high treason, and therefore I shall not presume to offer one syllable in his vindication upon that head against the decision of a parliament. Yet this I think may be allowed me to believe, or at least to hope, that when, by the direct and repeated commands of the queen his mistress, he committed those faults for which he has now forfeited his country, his titles, and his fortune, he no more conceived himself to be acting high treason than he did when he was wounded and a prisoner at Landen for his sovereign king William, or when he took and burned the enemy's fleet at Vigo.

Upon this occasion, although I am sensible it is an old precept of wisdom to admire at nothing in human life, yet I consider, at the same time, how easily some men arrive at the practice of this maxim, by the help of plain stupidity or ill nature, without any strain of philosophy; and although the uncertainty of human things be one of the most obvious reflections in morality, yet such unexpected, sudden, and signal instances of it as have lately happened among us are so much out of the usual form that a wise man may perhaps be allowed to start and look aside, as at a sudden and violent clap of thunder, which is much more frequent and more natural.

And here I cannot but lament my own particular misfortune, who, having singled out three persons from among the rest of mankind, on whose friendship and protection I might depend, whose conversation I most valued and chiefly confined myself to, should live to see them all within the compass of a year accused of high treason; two of them attainted and in exile, and the third under his trial, whereof God knows what may be the issue. As my own heart was free from all treasonable thoughts, so I did little imagine myself to be perpetually in the company of traitors. But the fashion of this world passeth away. Having already said something of the duke of Ormond, I shall add a little toward the characters of the other two. It happens to very few men, in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune as the late secretary Bolingbroke: descended from the best families in England, heir to a great patrimonial estate, of a sound constitution, and a most graceful, amiable person: but all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely inferior in degree to the accomplishments of his mind, which was adorned with the choicest gifts that God has yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men; a strong memory, a clear judgment, a vast range of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehension, an invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study, the latter of which he seldom omitted even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer; for although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree that he seemed rather abstemious, yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals, whereof I have reason to believe he began to be sensible. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both; upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would be gladly thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and perhaps not altogether without grounds; since it was hardly possible for a young man, with half the business of the nation upon him and the applause of the whole, to escape some tincture of that infirmity. He had been early bred to business, was a most artful negotiator, and perfectly understood foreign affairs. But what I have often wondered at in a man of his temper was his prodigious application whenever he thought it necessary; for he would plod whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office. His talent of speaking in public, for which he was so very much celebrated, I know nothing of except from the informations of others; but understanding men of both parties have assured me that, in this point, in their memory and judgment, he was never equalled.

The earl of Oxford is a person of as much virtue as can possibly consist with the love of power; and his love of power is no greater than what is common to men of his superior capacities; neither did any man ever appear to value it less after he had obtained it or exert it with more moderation. He is the only instance that ever fell within my memory or observation of a person passing from a private life, through the several stages of greatness, without any perceivable impression upon his temper or behaviour. As his own birth was illustrious, being descended from the heirs general of the Veres and the Mortimers, so he seemed to value that accidental advantage in himself and others more than it could pretend to deserve. He abounded in good nature and good humour, although subject to passion, as I have heard it affirmed by others and owned by himself; which, however, he kept under the strictest government, till toward the end of his ministry, when he began to grow soured and to suspect his friends, and perhaps thought it not worth his pains to manage any longer. He was a great favourer of men of wit and learning, particularly the former, whom he caressed without distinction of party, and could not endure to think that any of them should be his enemies: and it was his good fortune that none of them ever appeared to be so; at least if one may judge by the libels and pamphlets published against him, which he frequently read by way of amusement, with a most unaffected indifference: neither do I remember ever to have endangered his good opinion so much as by appearing uneasy when the dealers in that kind of writing first began to pour out their scurrilities against me; which he thought was a weakness altogether inexcusable in a man of virtue and liberal education. He had the greatest variety of knowledge that I have anywhere met with, was a perfect master of the learned languages, and well skilled in divinity. He had a prodigious memory and a most exact judgment. In drawing up any state-paper, no man had more proper thoughts, or put them in so strong and clear a light. Although his style were not always correct, which, however, he knew how to mend, yet often to save time he would leave the smaller alterations to others. I have heard that he spoke but seldom in parliament, and then rather with art than eloquence: but no man equalled him in the knowledge of our constitution; the reputation whereof made him be chosen speaker to three successive parliaments, which office I have often heard his enemies allow him to have executed with universal applause; his sagacity was such that I could produce very amazing instances of it, if they were not unseasonable. In all difficulties he immediately found the true point that was to be pursued, and adhered to it: and one or two others in the ministry have confessed very often to me that, after having condemned his opinion, they found him in the right and themselves in the wrong. He was utterly a stranger to fear; and consequently had a presence of mind upon all emergencies. His liberality and contempt of money were such that he almost ruined his estate while he was in employment; yet his avarice for the public was so great, that it neither consisted with the present corruptions of the age nor the circumstances of the time. He was seldom mistaken in his judgment of men, and therefore not apt to change a good or ill opinion by the representation of others, except toward the end of his ministry. He was affable and courteous, extremely easy and agreeable in conversation, and altogether disengaged; regular in his life, with great appearance of piety, nor ever guilty of any expressions that could possibly tend to what was indecent or profane. His imperfections were at least as obvious, although not so numerous, as his virtues. He had an air of secrecy in his manner and countenance by no means proper for a great minister, because it warns all men to prepare against it. He often gave no answer at all, and very seldom a direct one: and I rather blame this reservedness of temper, because I have known a very different practice succeed much better: of which, among others, the late earl of Sunderland and the present lord Somers, persons of great abilities, are remarkable instances; who used to talk in so frank a manner that they seemed to discover the bottom of their hearts, and by that appearance of confidence would easily unlock the breasts of others. But the earl of Oxford pleads, in excuse of this charge, that he has seldom or never communicated anything which was of importance to be concealed wherein he has not been deceived by the vanity, treachery, or indiscretion of those he discovered it to. Another of his imperfections, universally known and complained of, was procrastination or delay: which was, doubtless, natural to him, although he often bore the blame without the guilt, and when the remedy was not in his power; for never were prince and minister better matched than his sovereign and he upon that article: and, therefore, in the disposal of employments, wherein the queen was very absolute, a year would often pass before they could come to a determination. I remember he was likewise heavily charged with the common court vice of promising very liberally and seldom performing; of which, although I cannot altogether acquit him, yet I am confident his intentions were generally better than his disappointed solicitors would believe. It may be likewise said of him that he certainly did not value, or did not understand, the art of acquiring friends; having made very few during the time of his power, and contracted a great number of enemies. Some of us used to observe that those whom he talked well of or suffered to be often near him were not in a situation of much advantage; and that his mentioning others with contempt or dislike was no hinderance at all to their preferment. I have dwelt the longer upon this great man's character because I have observed it so often mistaken by the wise reasoners of both parties: besides, having had the honour for almost four years of a nearer acquaintance with him than usually happens to men of my level, and this without the least mercenary obligation, I thought it lay in my power, as I am sure it is in my will, to represent him to the world with impartiality and truth.

Having often considered the qualities and dispositions of these two ministers, I am at a loss to think how it should come to pass that men of exalted abilities when they are called to public affairs are generally drawn into inconveniences and misfortunes, which others of ordinary talents avoid; whereof there appear so many examples, both ancient and modern, and of our own as well as other countries. I cannot think this to have been altogether the effect of envy, as it is usually imputed in the case of Themistocles, Aristides, Scipio, and others; and of sir Walter Raleigh, the earls of Clarendon and Strafford, here in England. But I look upon it that God, intending the government of a nation in the several branches and subordinations of power, has made the science of governing sufficiently obvious to common capacities: otherwise the world would be left in a desolate condition, if great affairs did always require a great genius, whereof the most fruitful age will hardly produce above three or four in a nation; among which, princes, who of all other mortals are the worst educated, have twenty millions to one against them that they shall not be of the number; and proportionable odds, for the same reasons, are against every one of noble birth or great estates.

Accordingly we find that the dullest nations, ancient and modern, have not wanted good rules of policy or persons qualified for administration. But I take the infelicity of such extraordinary men to have been caused by their neglect of common forms, together with the contempt of little helps and little hinderances; which is made by Hobbes the definition of magnanimity: and this contempt, as it certainly displeases the people in general, so it gives offence to all with whom such ministers have to deal: for I never yet knew a minister who was not earnestly desirous to have it thought that the art of government was a most profound science; whereas, it requires no more in reality than diligence, honesty, and a moderate share of plain natural sense. And, therefore, men thus qualified may very reasonably and justly think that the business of the world is best brought about by regularity and forms wherein themselves excel. For I have frequently observed more causes of discontent arise from the practice of some refined ministers to act in common business out of the common road, than from all the usual topics of displeasure against men in power. It is the same thing in other scenes of life and among all societies or communities; where no men are better trusted, or have more success in business, than those who, with some honesty and a moderate portion of understanding, are strict observers of time, place, and method; and, on the contrary, nothing is more apt to expose men to the censure and obloquy of their colleages and the public than a contempt or neglect of these circumstances, however attended with a superior genius and an equal desire of doing good: which has made me sometimes say to a great person of this latter character that a small infusion of the alderman was necessary to those who are employed in public affairs. Upon this occasion I cannot forget a very trifling instance, that, one day observing the same person to divide a sheet of paper with a penknife, the sharpness of the instrument occasioned its moving so irregularly and crooked that he spoiled the whole sheet; whereupon I advised him to take example by his clerks, who performed that operation much better with a blunt piece of ivory, which directed by a little strength and a steady hand never failed to go right.

But to return from this long digression: about a fortnight after the queen's death I came to my place of residence, where I was immediately attacked with heat enough by several of my acquaintance of both parties, and soon learned that what they objected was the general sense of the rest. Those of the church side made me a thousand reproaches upon the slowness and inactivity of my friends, upon their foolish quarrels with each other for no visible cause, and thereby sacrificing the interests of the church and kingdom to their private piques; and that they had neglected to cultivate the favour and good opinion of the court at Hanover. But the weight of these gentlemen's displeasure fell upon the earl of Oxford: "That he had acted a trimming part; was never thoroughly in the interest of the church, but held separate commerce with the adverse party: that, either from his negligence, procrastinating nature, or some sinister end, he had let slip many opportunities of strengthening the church's friends; that he undertook more business than he was equal to, affected a monopoly of power, and would concert nothing with the rest of the ministers." Many facts were likewise mentioned which it may not now be very prudent to repeat: I shall only take notice of one relating to Ireland, where he kept four bishoprics undisposed of, though often and most earnestly pressed to have them filled; by which omission the church interest of that kingdom in the house of lords is in danger of being irrecoverably lost.

Those who discoursed with me after this manner did at the same time utterly renounce all regard for the pretender; and mentioned with pleasure the glorious opportunity then in his majesty's hands of putting an end to party distinctions for the time to come; and the only apprehension that seemed to give them any uneasiness was lest the zeal of the party in power might not perhaps represent their loyalty with advantage.

On the other side, the gainers and men in hopes by the queen's death talked with great freedom in a very different style: they all directly asserted "That the whole late ministry were fully determined to bring in the pretender," although they would sometimes a little demur upon the earl of Oxford; and by a more modern amendment they charged the same accusation without any reserve upon the late queen herself. "That if her majesty had died but a month later, our ruin would have been inevitable." But in that juncture it happened (to use their own term, which I could never prevail with them to explain) things were not ripe. "That this accusation would in a short time infallibly be proved as clear as the sun at noonday to all the world." And the consequences naturally following from these positions were, "That the leaders ought to lose their heads, and all their abettors be utterly stripped of power and favour."

These being the sentiments and discourses of both parties, tending to load the late ministry with faults of a very different nature, it may perhaps be either of some use or satisfaction to examine those two points; that is to say, first, how far these ministers are answerable to their friends for their neglect, mismanagement, and mutual dissensions; and secondly, with what justice they are accused by their enemies for endeavouring to alter the succession of the crown in favour of the pretender.

It is true, indeed, I have occasionally done this already in two several treatises, of which the one is a history,[a] and the other memoirs[b] of particular facts, but neither of them fit to see the light at present, because they abound with characters freely drawn and many of them not very amiable, and therefore intended only for the instructing of the next age and establishing the reputation of those who have been useful to their country in the present. At the same time I take this opportunity of assuring those who may happen some years hence to read the history I have written, that the blackest characters to be met with in it were not drawn with the least mixture of malice or ill-will, but merely to expose the odiousness of vice; for I have always held it as a maxim that ill men are placed beyond the reach of an historian, who indeed has it in his power to reward virtue but not to punish vice; because I never yet saw a profligate person who seemed to have the least regard in what manner his name should be transmitted to posterity; and I knew a certain lord [earl of Wharton], not long since dead, who I am very confident would not have disposed of one single shilling to have had it in his choice whether he should be represented to future ages as an Atticus or a Catiline.

However, being firmly resolved, for very material reasons, to avoid giving the least offence to any party or person in power, I shall barely set down some facts and circumstances during the four last years of queen Anne's reign which at present are little known; and whereby those of the church-party who object against the unsteadiness, neglect, and want of concert in the late ministry, may better account for their faults. Most of those facts I can bear witness of myself and have received the rest from sufficient authority.

It is most certain that when the queen first began to change her servants it was not from a dislike of things but of persons, and those persons were a very small number. To be more particular would be *incidere per ignes*. It was the issue of Dr. Sacheverell's trial that encouraged her to proceed so far; and several of the low-church party, knowing that her displeasure went no further than against one single family, did not appear to dislike what was done; of which I could give some extraordinary instances. But that famous trial had raised such a spirit in the nation against the parliament that her majesty thought it necessary to dissolve them, which I am confident she did not at first intend. Upon this resolution, delivered by the queen in council in a more determinate manner than was usual with her, as I was particularly informed by my lord Somers, then president, some who were willing to sacrifice one or two persons would not sacrifice their cause, but immediately flew off, and the great officers of the court and kingdom began to resign their employments, which the queen suffered most of them to do with the utmost regret, and which those who knew her best thought to be real, especially lord Somers and lord Cowper, for whom she had as great a personal regard and esteem as her nature was capable of admitting, particularly for the former. The new parliament was called during that ferment in the nation, and a great majority of the church-party was returned without the least assistance from the court: whether to gain a reputation of impartiality where they were secure, or, as Mr. Harley's detractors would have it (who was then minister), from a refinement of his politics, not to suffer upon the account of I know not what wise reasons too great an inequality in the balance.

When the parliament met they soon began to discover more zeal than the queen expected or desired. She had entertained the notion of forming a moderate or comprehensive scheme, which she maintained with great firmness, nor would ever depart from until half a year before her death; but this neither the house of commons nor the kingdom in general were then at all inclined to admit, whatever they may have been in any juncture since; several country members, to almost a third part of the house, began immediately to form themselves into a body under a fantastic name of the October Club. These daily pressed the ministry for a thorough change in employments, and were not put off without jealousy and discontent. I remember it was then commonly understood and expected that when the session ended a general removal would be made; but it happened otherwise, for not only few or none were turned out, but much deliberation was used in supplying common vacancies by death. This manner of proceeding in a prime minister, I confess, appeared to me wholly unaccountable and without example; and I was little satisfied with the solution I had heard and partly knew, "That he acted thus to keep men at his devotion by letting expectation lie in common;" for I found the effect did not answer, and that in the mean time he led so uneasy a life, by solicitations and pursuits, as no man would endure who had a remedy at hand. About the beginning of his ministry I did, at the request of several considerable persons, take the liberty of representing this matter to him. His answer was short and cold: "That he hoped his friends would trust him; that he heartily wished none but those who loved the church and queen were employed; but that all things could not be done on a sudden." I have reason to believe that his nearest acquaintance were then wholly at a loss what to think of his conduct. He was forced to preserve the opinion of power, without which he could not act, while in reality he had little or none; and, besides, he thought it became him to take the burden of reproach upon himself rather than lay it upon the queen his mistress, who was grown very positive, slow, and suspicious, and from the opinion of having been formerly too much directed fell into the other extreme and became difficult to be advised. So that few ministers had ever perhaps a harder game to play, between the jealousy and discontents of his friends on one side and the management of the queen's temper on the other.

There could hardly be a firmer friendship in appearance than what I observed between those three great men who were then chiefly trusted; I mean the lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Harcourt. I remember, in the infancy of their power, being at the table of the first, where they were all met, I could not forbear taking notice of the great affection they bore to each other; and said, "I would venture to prophesy that, however inconstant our court had hitherto been, their ministry would certainly last, for they had the church, the crown, and the people entirely on their side: then it happened that the public good and their private interest had the same bottom, which is a piece of good fortune that does not always fall to the share of men in power. But principally because I observed they heartily loved one another, and I did not see how their kindness could be disturbed by competition, since each of them seemed contented with his own district; so that, notwithstanding the old maxim which pronounces court friendships to be of no long duration, I was confident theirs would last as long as their lives." But it seems the inventor of that maxim happened to be a little wiser than I, who lived to see this friendship first degenerate into indifference and suspicion, and thence corrupt into the greatest animosity and hatred, contrary to all appearances and much to the discredit of me and my sagacity. By what degrees and from what causes their dissensions grew I shall, as far as it may be safe and convenient, very impartially relate.

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[a] Of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne.

[b] Relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry in 1710.

When Mr. Harley was stabbed by Guiscard, the writer of a weekly paper called the Examiner, taking occasion to reflect on that accident, happened to let fall an idle circumstance, I know not upon what grounds, "That the French assassin confessed he at first intended to have murdered Mr. secretary St. John; who sitting at too great a distance he was forced to vent his rage on the other." Whether the secretary had been thus informed or was content that others should believe it, I never yet could learn: but nothing could be more unfortunate than the tendency of such a report, which by a very unfair decision derived the whole merit of that accident to Mr. St. John, and left Mr. Harley nothing but the danger and the pain: of both which, although he had a sufficient share (his physicians being often under apprehensions for his life), yet I am confident the time of his illness was a period of more quiet and ease than he ever enjoyed during the rest of his administration. This report was not unresented by Mr. Harley's friends; and the rather because the fact was directly otherwise, as it soon appeared by Guiscard's confession.

While that minister lay ill of his wound and his life in question, the weight of business fell in some measure upon the secretary, who was not without ambition; which I confess I have seldom found among the wants of great men: and it was conceived that he had already entertained the thoughts of being at the head of affairs in case Mr. Harley should die; although at the same time I must do justice to Mr. St. John, by repeating what he said to me with great appearance of concern (and he was but an ill dissembler), "That if Mr. Harley's accident should prove fatal it would be an irreparable loss: that as things then stood, his life was absolutely necessary: that as to himself he was not master of the scheme by which they were to proceed, nor had credit enough with the queen; neither did he see how it would be possible for them in such a case to wade through the difficulties they were then under." However, not to be over particular in so nice a point, thus much is certain, that some things happened during Mr. Harley's confinement which bred a coldness and jealousy between those two great men, and these, increasing by many subsequent accidents, could never be removed.

Upon Mr. Harley's recovery, which was soon followed by his promotion to an earldom and the treasurer's staff, he was earnestly pressed to go on with the change of employments, for which his friends and the kingdom were very impatient; wherein, I am confident he was not unwilling to comply, if a new incident had not put further difficulties in his way. The queen having thought fit to take the key from the duchess of Marlborough, it was after some time given to another great lady, wholly in the interest of the opposite party; who by a most obsequious behaviour, of which she is a perfect mistress, and the privileges of her place, which gave her continual access, quickly won so far upon the affections of her majesty, that she had more personal credit than all the queen's servants put together. Of this lady's character and story, having spoken so much in other papers which may one day see the light, I shall only observe that, as soon as she was fixed in her station, the queen, following the course of her own nature, grew daily much more difficult and uncomplying. Some weak endeavours were indeed used to divert her majesty from this choice: but she continued steady, and pleaded "That, if she might not have liberty to choose her own servants, she could not see what advantage she had gotten by the change of her ministry:" and so little was her heart set upon what they call a high-church or Tory administration, that several employments in court and country and a great majority in all commissions remained in the hands of those who most opposed the present proceedings; nor do I remember that any removal of consequence was made till the winter following, when the earl of Nottingham was pleased to prepare and offer a vote in the house of lords against any peace while Spain continued in the hands of the Bourbon family. Of this vote the ministers had early notice; and by casting up the numbers concluded they should have a majority of ten to overthrow it. The queen was desired and promised to speak to a certain lord who was looked upon as dubious. That lord attended accordingly; but heard not a word of the matter from her majesty, although she afterward owned it was not for want of remembering, but from perfect indifference. The treasurer, who trusted to promises, and reckoned that others would trust to his, was by a most unseasonable piece of parsimony grossly deceived, and the vote carried against the court. The queen had the curiosity to be present at the debate; and appeared so little displeased at the event, or against those from whom she might have expected more compliance, that a person in high station among her domestics, who that day in her presence had shown his utmost eloquence (such as it was) against the ministers, received a particular mark of distinction and favour, which by his post he could not pretend to; and was not removed from her service but with exceeding difficulty many months after. And it is certain that this vote could not have been carried if some persons very near her majesty had not given assurances where they were proper that it would be acceptable to the queen; which her behaviour seemed to confirm.

But when the consequences of this vote were calmly represented to her—"That the limitation specified therein had wholly tied up her hands, in case the recovery of Spain should be found impossible, as it was frequently allowed and owned by many principal leaders of the opposite party, and had hitherto been vainly endeavoured either by treaty or war: that the kingdom was not in a condition to bear any longer its burden and charge, especially with annual additions: that other expedients might possibly be found for preventing France and Spain from being united under the same king, according to the intent and letter of the grand alliance: that the design of this vote was to put her majesty under the necessity of dissolving the parliament, beginning all things anew, and placing the administration in the hands of those whom she had thought fit to lay aside; and this by sacrificing her present servants to the rage and vengeance of the former;" with many other obvious considerations not very proper at this time to be repeated—her majesty, who was earnestly bent upon giving peace to her people, consented to fall upon the sole expedient that her own coldness or the treasurer's thrift and want or contempt of artifice had left her, which was, to create a number of peers sufficient to turn the balance in the house of lords. I confess that, in my history of those times, where this matter among others is treated with a great deal more liberty, and consequently very unfit for present perusal, I have refined so far as to conjecture that if this were the treasurer's counsel he might possibly have given it upon some further views than that of avoiding the consequences of my lord Nottingham's vote. And what those were I suppose I may offer without offence. It is known enough that, from the time of the Revolution to the period I am now speaking of, the favour of the court was almost perpetually turned toward those who in the party term are called Whigs, or the low-church; and this was a space of above 20 years, wherein great additions were made to the peerage, and the bishops' bench almost wholly renewed. But the majority of landed men still retaining the old church principles in religion and government, notwithstanding all endeavours to convert them, the late king was under many insuperable difficulties during the course of his reign; elections seldom succeeding so well as to leave the court side without strenuous opposition, sufficient to carry many points against him which he had much at heart. Upon the late queen's succeeding to the crown, the church party, who seemed to have grown more numerous under all discouragements, began to conceive hopes that her majesty, who had always professed to favour their principles, would make use of their service. And indeed upon that foot things stood for some time; but a new war being resolved on, three persons[a] who had most credit with her majesty, and who were then looked upon to be at least as high principled as could possibly consist with the protestant succession, having consulted their friends, began to conceive that the military spirit was much more vigorous in the other party, who appeared more keen against France, more sanguine upon the power and wealth of England, and better versed in the arts of finding out funds to which they had been so long used. There were some other motives for this transition of the ministers at that time, which are more proper for the history above mentioned, where they are faithfully recorded. But thus the queen was brought to govern by what they call a low-church ministry, which continued for several years; till at length grown weary of the war, although carried on with great glory and success, and the nation rising into a flame (whether justly or not) upon the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which in effect was a general muster of both parties, her majesty, following her own inclinations and those of her people, resolved to make some changes in the ministry and take Mr. Harley into her councils. This was brought about, as the charge against that minister says, by the basest insinuations; upon which, being a determination of parliament, I shall not dispute; although I confess to have received a very different account of that matter from a most excellent lady,[b] upon whose veracity I entirely depend; and who being then in chief confidence with her mistress, must needs know a particular fact wherein she was immediately concerned and trusted better than any one man or number of men, except the majority of a house of commons.

When the new parliament met, whose elections were left entirely to the people, without the least influence from the court, it plainly appeared how far the church party in the nation outnumbered the other, and especially in the several counties. But in the house of lords, even after some management, there was but a weak and crazy majority; nor even could this have been expected if several great lords, who were always reputed of the other party, had not only complied but been highly instrumental in the change; as the dukes of Shrewsbury and Argyle, the earls of Peterborough, Rivers, and some others, who certainly came into the queen's measures upon other motives than that of party. Now since the government of England cannot go on while the two houses of parliament are in opposition to each other, and that the people, whenever they acted freely, would infallibly return a majority of church-men, one of these two things was of necessity to be done; either first to dissolve that parliament and call another of the Whig stamp, by force of a prodigious expense, which would be neither decent nor safe, and perhaps at that time hardly feasible, or else to turn the balance in the house of lords; which, after the success of lord Nottingham's vote, was not otherwise to be done than by creating a sufficient number of peers, in order at once to make the queen and her people easy upon that article for the rest of her reign. And this I should be willing to think was the treasurer's meaning when he advised those advancements, which, however, I confess I did very much dislike.

But if after all I have said my conjecture should happen to be wrong, yet I do not see how the treasurer can justly be blamed for preserving his cause, his friends, and himself, from unavoidable ruin by an expedient allowed on all hands to be lawful. Perhaps he was brought under that necessity by the want of proper management; but when that necessity appeared he could not act otherwise without unravelling whatever had been done, which, in the language of those times, would have been called delivering the queen and kingdom back into the hands of a faction they had so lately got rid of. And I believe no minister of any party would, in his circumstances, have scrupled to take the same step when the *summa rerum* was at stake.

Although the queen was brought into this measure by no other motive than her earnest desire of a peace, yet the treasurer's friends began to press him anew for further changes in employments, concluding from what was past that his credit was great enough to compass whatever he pleased. But this proved to be ill reasoning, for the queen had no dislike at all to the other party (whatever personal piques she might bear to some among them) further than as she conceived they were bent upon continuing the war, to which her majesty resolved to put as speedy an end as she could with honour and safety to her kingdoms, and therefore fell with readiness enough into the methods proposed to her for advancing that great work. But in dispensing her favours she was extremely cautious and slow, and, after the usual mistake of those who think they have been often imposed on, became so very suspicious that she overshot the mark and erred in the other extreme. When a person happened to be recommended as useful for her service or proper to be obliged, perhaps after a long delay she would consent; but if the treasurer offered at the same time a warrant or other instrument to her, already prepared in order to be signed, because he presumed to reckon upon her consent beforehand, she would not, and thus the affair would sometimes lie for several months together, although the thing were ever so reasonable, or even although the public suffered by the delay. So that this minister had no other remedy but to let her majesty take her own time, which never failed to be the very longest that the nature of the thing could suffer her to defer it.

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[a] The duke of Marlborough and the earls of Godolphin and Sunderland.

[b] There can be no doubt that Mrs. Masham was the conductress of the whole intrigue.

When this promotion was made, Mr. secretary St. John, whose merits and pretensions as things then stood were far superior to any, was purposely left out, because the court had need of his great abilities the following session in the house of commons; and the peace being then upon the anvil, he was best able to explain and justify the several steps toward it, which he accordingly did with invincible reason and universal applause. When the session was over the queen thought fit to give him a title, and that he might not lose his rank created him viscount. There had been an earldom in his name and family lately extinct, though a barony fell to a collateral branch in the person of an infant, and the secretary, being of the same house, expected and desired the same degree. For he reasoned "that making him a viscount would be but rigorous justice; and he hoped he might pretend to some mark of favour." But the queen could not be prevailed with, because, to say the truth, he was not much at that time in her good graces, some women about the court having infused an opinion into her that he was not so regular in his life as he ought to be. The secretary laid the whole blame of this disappointment upon the earl of Oxford, and freely told me that he would never depend upon the earl's friendship as long as he lived, nor have any further commerce with him than what was necessary for carrying on the public service. And although I have good reason to be assured that the treasurer was wholly innocent in this point, as both himself and lady Masham then protested to me, yet my lord Bolingbroke thought the appearances were so strong that I was never able to bring him over to my opinion.

The divisions between these two great men began to split the court into parties. Harcourt lord-chancellor, the dukes of Shrewsbury and Argyle, sir William Wyndham, and one or two more, adhered to the secretary; the rest were either neuters or inclined to the treasurer, whether from policy or gratitude, although they all agreed to blame and lament his mysterious and procrastinating manner in acting, which the state of affairs at that time could very ill admit, and must have rendered the earl of Oxford inexcusable if the queen's obstinate temper had not put him under the necessity of exerting those talents wherewith it must be confessed his nature was already too well provided.

This minister had stronger passions than the secretary, but kept them under stricter government. My lord Bolingbroke was of a nature frank and open, and as men of great genius are superior to common rules he seldom gave himself the trouble of disguising or subduing his resentments, although he was ready enough to forget them. In matters of state, as the earl was too reserved, so perhaps the other was too free, not from any incontinency of talk, but from the mere contempt of multiplying secrets, although the graver counsellors imputed this liberty of speech to vanity or lightness. And upon the whole, no two men could differ more in their diversions, their studies, their ways of transacting business, their choice of company, or manner of conversation.

The queen, who was well informed of these animosities among her servants, of which her own dubious management had been the original cause, began to find and lament the ill consequences of them in her affairs both at home and abroad, and to lay the blame upon her treasurer, whose greatest fault in his whole ministry was too much compliance with his mistress, by which his measures were often disconcerted and himself brought under suspicion by his friends.

I am very confident that this alteration in the queen's temper toward the earl of Oxford could never have appeared if he had not thought fit to make one step in politics which I have not been able to apprehend. When the queen first thought of making a change among her servants, after Dr. Sacheverell's trial, my lady Masham was very much heard and trusted upon that point, and it was by her intervention Mr. Harley was admitted into her majesty's presence. That lady was then in high favour with her mistress, which I believe the earl was not so very sedulous to cultivate or preserve as if he had it much at heart, nor was altogether sorry when he saw it under some degree of declination. The reasons for this must be drawn from the common nature of mankind and the incompatibility of power, but the juncture was not favourable for such a refinement, because it was early known to all who had but looked into the court that this lady must have a successor who, upon pique and principle, would do all in her power to obstruct his proceedings. My lady Masham was a person of a plain sound understanding, of great truth and sincerity, without the least mixture of falsehood or disguise; of an honest boldness and courage superior to her sex; firm and disinterested in her friendship; and full of love, duty, and veneration for the queen her mistress; talents as seldom found or sought for in a court, as unlikely to thrive while they are there; so that nothing could then be more unfortunate to the public than a coldness between this lady and the first minister; nor a greater mistake in the latter than to suffer or connive at the lessening of her credit, which he quickly saw removed very disadvantageously to another object [the duchess of Somerset], and wanted the effects of when his own was sunk in the only domestic affair for which I ever knew him under any concern.

While the queen's favour to the earl was thus gradually lessening, the breaches between him and his friends grew every day wider, which he looked upon with great indifference, and seemed to have his thoughts only turned upon finding out some proper opportunity for delivering up his staff, but this her majesty would not then admit, because indeed it was not easy to determine who should succeed him.

In the midst of these dispositions at court, the queen fell dangerously sick at Windsor about Christmas, 1713. It was confidently reported in town that she was dead; and the heads of the expecting party were said to have various meetings thereupon, and a great hurrying of chairs and coaches to and from the earl of Wharton's house. Whether this were true or not, yet thus much is certain, that the expressions of joy appeared very frequent and loud among many of that party, which proceeding men of form did not allow to be altogether decent. A messenger was immediately despatched with an account of the queen's illness to the treasurer, who was then in town, and in order to stop the report of her death appeared next day abroad in his chariot with a pair of horses, and did not go down to Windsor till his usual time. Upon his arrival there the danger was over, but not the fright, which still sat on everybody's face, and the account given of the confusion and distraction the whole court had been under is hardly to be conceived, upon which the treasurer said to me, "Whenever anything ails the queen these people are out of their wits, and yet they are so thoughtless that as soon as she is well they act as if she were immortal." I had sufficient reason both before and since to allow his observation to be true, and that some share of it might with justice be applied to himself.

The queen had early notice of this behaviour among the discontented leaders during her illness. It was indeed an affair of such a nature as required no aggravation, which however would not have been wanting, the women of both parties who then attended her majesty being well disposed to represent it in the strongest light. The result was, that the queen immediately laid aside all her schemes and visions of reconciling the two opposite interests; and entered upon a firm resolution of adhering to the old English principles from an opinion that the adverse party waited impatiently for her death, upon views little consisting (as the language and opinion went then) with the safety of the constitution either in church or state. She therefore determined to fall into all just and proper methods that her ministers should advise her to, for the preservation and continuance of both. This I was quickly assured of, not only by the lord-chancellor and lord Bolingbroke, but by the treasurer himself.

I confess myself to have been then thoroughly persuaded that this incident would perfectly reconcile the ministers, by uniting them in pursing one general interest; and considering no further than what was fittest to be done, I could not easily foresee any objections or difficulties that the earl of Oxford would make. I had for some time endeavoured to cultivate the strictest friendship between him and the general [the duke of Ormond], by telling both of them (which happened to be the truth) how kindly they spoke of each other; and by convincing the latter of what advantage such a union must be to her majesty's service. There was an affair upon which all our friends laid a more than ordinary weight. Among the horse and foot guards appointed to attend on the queen's person, several officers took every occasion, with great freedom and bitterness of speech, to revile the ministry upon the subject of the peace and the pretender, not without many gross expressions against the queen herself; such as I suppose will hardly be thought on or attempted, but certainly not suffered, under the present powers; which proceeding, beside the indignity, begot an opinion that her majesty's person might be better guarded than by such keepers, who, after attending at court or at the levee of the general or first minister, adjourned to publish their disaffection in coffeehouses and gaming ordinaries, without any regard to decency or truth. It was proposed that ten or a dozen of the least discreet among these gentlemen should be obliged to sell their posts in the guards; and that two or three who had gone the greatest lengths should have a price fixed for their commissions somewhat below the exorbitant rate usually demanded for a few years past. The duke of Ormond desired but ten thousand pounds to make the matter easy to those officers who were to succeed; which sum his grace told me the treasurer had given him encouragement to expect, although he pleaded present want of money; and I cannot but say that, having often at the duke's desire pressed this minister to advance the money, he gave me such answers as made me think he really intended it. But I was quickly undeceived; for expostulating some days after with him upon the same subject, after great expressions of esteem and friendship for the duke of Ormond, and mentioning some ill treatment he had received from his friends, he said, "he knew not why he should do other people's work." The truth is, that except the duke, my lord Trevor, and Mr. secretary Bromley, I could not find he had one friend left of any consequence in her majesty's service. The lord-chancellor [Harcourt], lord Bolingbroke, and lady Masham, openly declared against him; to whom were joined the bishop of Rochester [Dr. Atterbury] and some others. Dartmouth, then privy-seal, and Poulett, lord-steward, stood neuters. The duke of Shrewsbury hated the treasurer, but sacrificed all resentments to ease, profit, and power, and was then in Ireland, acting a part directly opposite to the court, which he had sagacity enough to foresee might quickly turn to account, so that the earl of Oxford stood almost single and every day found a visible declension of the queen's favour toward him; which he took but little care to redress, desiring nothing so much as leave to deliver up his staff; which, however, as conjunctures then stood, he was not able to obtain, his adversaries not having determined where to place it; neither was it, upon several accounts, a work so proper to be done while the parliament sat, where the ministry had already lost too much reputation, and especially in the house of lords. By what I could gather from several discourses with the treasurer, it was not very difficult to find out how he reasoned with himself. The church party continued violently bent to have some necessary removals made in the guards, as well as a further change in the civil employments through the kingdom. All the great officers about the court or in her majesty's service, except the duke of Shrewsbury and one or two more, were in the same opinion. The queen herself, since her last illness at Windsor, had the like dispositions; and I think it may appear from several passages already mentioned that the blame of those delays so often complained of did not originally lie at the earl of Oxford's door. But the state of things was very much changed by several incidents. The chancellor, lord Bolingbroke, and lady Masham, had entirely forsaken him upon suspicions I have mentioned before: which, although they were founded on mistake, yet he never would be at the pains to clear. And as he first lessened his confidence with the queen by pressing her upon those very points for which his friends accused him that they were not performed, so upon her change of sentiments after her recovery he lost all favour and credit with her for not seconding those new resolutions from which she had formerly been so averse. Besides, he knew as well as all others who were near the court that it was hardly possible the queen could survive many months; in which case he must of necessity bring upon him the odium and vengeance of the successor, and of that party which must then be predominant, who would quickly unravel all he had done; or if her majesty should hold out longer than it was reasonable to expect, yet, after having done a work that must procure him many new enemies, he could expect nothing but to be discharged in displeasure. Upon these reasons he continued his excuses to the duke of Ormond for not advancing the money; and during the six last months of his ministry would enter into no affairs but what immediately concerned the business of his office. That whole period was nothing else but a scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel and misunderstanding, animosity and hatred, between him and his former friends. In the mean time the queen's countenance was wholly changed toward him; she complained of his silence and sullenness, and in return gave him every day fresh instances of neglect or displeasure.

The original of this quarrel among the ministers, which had been attended with so many ill consequences, began first between the treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, from the causes and incidents I have already mentioned, and might very probably have been prevented if the treasurer had dealt with less reserve or the lord Bolingbroke had put that confidence in him which so sincere a friend might reasonably have expected. Neither, perhaps, would a reconcilement have been an affair of much difficulty, if their friends on both sides had not too much observed the common prudential forms of not caring to intermeddle; which, together with the addition of a shrug, was the constant answer I received from most of them whenever I pressed them upon the subject. I cannot tell whether my lord Trevor may be excepted because I had little acquaintance with him, although I am inclined to the negative. Mr. Prior, who was much loved and esteemed by them both, as he well deserved, upon account of every virtue that can qualify a man for private conversation, might have been the properest person for such a work, if he could have thought it to consist with the prudence of a courtier; but, however, he was absent in France at those junctures when it was chiefly necessary. And to say the truth, most persons had so avowedly declared themselves on one side or the other, that these two great men had hardly a common friend left except myself. I had ever been treated with great kindness by them both; and I conceived that what I wanted in weight and credit might be made up with sincerity and freedom. The former they never doubted, and the latter they had constant experience of: I had managed between them for almost two years, and their candour was so great that they had not the least jealousy or suspicion of me. And I thought I had done wonders when, upon the queen's being last at Windsor, I put them in a coach to go thither by appointment, without other company, where they would have four hours' time to come to a good understanding; but in two days after I learned from them both that nothing was done.

There had been three bishoprics for some time vacant in Ireland; and I had prevailed on the earl of Oxford that one of them should be divided. Accordingly four divines of that kingdom were named to the queen and approved by her; but upon some difficulties not worth mentioning, the queen's mandatory letters to Ireland had been delayed. I pressed the treasurer every week while her majesty was at Windsor, and every day after her return, to finish this affair, as a point of great consequence to the church in that kingdom; and growing at length impatient of so many excuses I fell into some passion; when his lordship freely told me "that he had been earnest with the queen upon that matter about ten times the last fortnight, but without effect, and that he found his credit wholly at an end." This happened about eleven weeks before the queen died; and two nights after, sitting with him and lord Bolingbroke, in lady Masham's lodgings at St. James's for some hours, I told the treasurer "that, having despaired of any reconciliation between them, I had only stayed some time longer to forward the disposal of those bishoprics in Ireland; which since his lordship told me was out of his power, I now resolved to retire immediately, as from an evil I could neither help to redress nor endure the sight of: that before I left them, I desired they would answer me two questions: first, whether these mischiefs might not be remedied in two minutes? and secondly, whether upon the present foot the ministry would not be infallibly ruined in two months?" Lord Bolingbroke answered to each question in the affirmative, and approved of my resolution to retire; but the treasurer after his manner evaded both, and only desired me to dine with him next day. However, I immediately went down to a friend in Berkshire to await the issue, which ended in the removal of my lord-treasurer, and three days after in her majesty's death.

Thus I have with some pains recollected several passages, which I thought were most material for the satisfaction of those who appear so much at a loss upon the unaccountable quarrels of the late ministry. For indeed it looked like a riddle to see persons of great and undisputed abilities, called by the queen to her service in the place of others with whose proceedings she was disgusted, and with great satisfaction to the clergy, the landed interest, and body of the people, running on a sudden into such a common beaten court track of ruin, by divisions among themselves; not only without a visible cause but with the strongest appearances to the contrary, and without any refuge to the usual excuse of evil instruments or cunning adversaries, to blow the coals of dissension: for the work was entirely their own.

I impute the cause of these misfortunes to the queen; who, from the variety of hands she had employed and reasonings she had heard since her coming to the crown, was grown very fond of moderating schemes, which, as things then stood, were by no means reducible to practice. She had likewise a good share of that adherence to her own opinions which is usually charged upon her sex. And lastly (as I have before observed), having received some hints that she had formerly been too much governed, she grew very difficult to be advised.

The next in fault was the treasurer, who, not being able to influence the queen in many points, with relation to party, which his friends and the kingdom seemed to have much at heart, would needs take all the blame on himself, from a known principle of state prudence "That a first minister must always preserve the reputation of power." But I have ever thought that there are few maxims in politics which, at some conjectures, may not be very liable to an exception. The queen was by no means inclined to make many changes in employments; she was positive in her nature and extremely given to delay. And surely these were no proper qualities for a chief minister to personate toward his nearest friends, who were brought into employment upon very different views and promises. Nor could any reputation of power be worth preserving at the expense of bringing sincerity into question. I remember, upon a Saturday, when the ministers and one or two friends of the treasurer constantly met to dine at his house, one of the company attacked him very warmly, on account that a certain lord who perpetually opposed the queen's measures was not dismissed from a great employment,[a] which, beside other advantages, gave that lord the power of choosing several members of parliament. The treasurer evaded the matter with his usual answer, "That this was whipping-day." Upon which the secretary Bolingbroke, turning to me, said "It was a strange thing that my lord Oxford would not be so kind to his friends and so just to his own innocence as to vindicate himself where he had no blame; for to his knowledge and the chancellor's (who was then also present) the treasurer had frequently and earnestly moved the queen upon that very point without effect." Whereupon this minister, finding himself pressed so far, told the company "That he had at last prevailed with her majesty, and the thing would be done in two days:" which followed accordingly. I mention this fact as an instance of the earl of Oxford's disposition to preserve some reputation of power in himself, and remove all blame from the queen; and this to my particular knowledge was a frequent case; but how far justifiable in point of prudence I have already given my opinion. However, the treasurer's friends were yet much more to blame than himself: he had abundance of merit with them all; not only upon account of the public, the whole change of the ministry having been effected, without any intervention of theirs, by him and lady Masham; but likewise from the consequence of that change, whereby the greatest employments of the kingdom were divided among them; and therefore in common justice, as well as prudence, they ought to have been more indulgent to his real failings, rather than suspect him of imaginary ones, as they often did, through ignorance, refinement, or mistake: and I mention it to the honour of the secretary Bolingbroke, as well as of the treasurer, that, having myself upon many occasions joined with the former in quarrelling with the earl's conduct upon certain points, the secretary would in a little time after frankly own that he was altogether mistaken.

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[a] The duke of Somerset, master of the horse.

Lastly, I cannot excuse the remissness of those whose business it should have been, as it certainly was their interest, to have interposed their good offices for healing this unhappy breach among the ministers: but of this I have already spoken.

CHAPTER II.

Written about a year after.

Having proceeded thus far, I thought it would be unnecessary to say anything upon the other head, relating to the design of bringing in the pretender: for upon the earl of Oxford's impeachment, the gentlemen of the prevailing side assured me "That the whole mystery would be soon laid open to the world;" and were ready to place the merit of their cause upon that issue. This discovery we all expected from the report of the secret committee: but when that treatise appeared (whoever were the compilers) we found it to be rather the work of a luxuriant fancy, an absolute state pamphlet arguing for a cause, than a dry recital of facts or a transcript of letters: and for what related to the pretender, the authors contented themselves with informing the public that the whole intrigue was privately carried on in personal treaties between the earl of Oxford and the abbé Gualtier; which must needs be a doctrine hard of digestion to those who have the least knowledge either of the earl or the abbé, or upon what foot the latter stood at that time with the English ministry: I conceive that whoever is at distance enough to be out of fear either of a vote or a messenger, will be as easily brought to believe all the popish legends together. And to make such an assertion in a public report, delivered to the house of commons, without the least attempt to prove it, will some time or other be reckoned such a strain upon truth and probability as is hard to be equalled in a Spanish romance. I think it will be allowed that the articles of high treason drawn up against the earl were not altogether founded upon the report; or at least, that those important hints about bringing in the pretender were more proper materials to furnish out a pamphlet than an impeachment; since this accusation has no part even among the high crimes and misdemeanors.

But notwithstanding all this and that the earl of Oxford, after two years' residence in the tower, was at length dismissed without any trial, yet the reproach still went on that the queen's last ministry in concert with their mistress were deeply engaged in a design to set the pretender upon the throne. The cultivating of which accusation I impute to the great goodness of those in power, who are so gracious to assign a reason, or at least give a countenance, for that sudden and universal sweep they thought fit to make on their first appearance: whereas they might as well have spared that ceremony, by a short recourse to the royal prerogative, which gives every prince a liberty of choosing what servants he will.

There are two points which I believe myself able to make out. First, that neither the late queen nor her ministers did ever entertain a design of bringing in the pretender during her majesty's life, or that he should succeed after her decease.

Secondly, that, if they conceived such a design, it was absolutely necessary to prosecute it from the first year of their ministry; because, for at least a year before the queen's death, it was impossible to have put such a design in execution.

I must premise with three circumstances, which have a great effect on me, and must have the like upon those among my friends who have any tolerable opinion of my veracity; and it is only to those that I offer them.

I remember, during the late treaty of peace, discoursing at several times with some very eminent persons of the opposite side, with whom I had long acquaintance; I asked them seriously "Whether they or any of their friends did in earnest believe or suspect the queen or the ministry to have any favourable regards toward the pretender?" They all confessed for themselves "That they believed nothing of the matter:" and particularly, a person at present in great employment said to me with much frankness, "You set up the church and Sacheverell against us; and we set up trade and the pretender against you."

The second point I would observe is this, that during the course of the late ministry, upon occasion of the libels every day thrown about, I had the curiosity to ask almost every person in great employment "Whether they knew or had heard of any one particular man (except those who professed to be nonjurors) that discovered the least inclination toward the pretender?" And the whole number they could muster up did not amount to above five or six; among which, one was a certain old lord lately dead, and one a private gentleman of little consequence and of a broken fortune: yet I do not believe myself to have omitted any one great man that came in my way, except the duke of Buckingham, in whose company I never was above once or twice at most. I am therefore as confident as a man can be of any truth which will not admit a demonstration, that upon the queen's death, if we except papists and nonjurors, there could not be five hundred persons in England of all ranks who had any thoughts of the pretender; and among these not six of any quality or consequence: but how it has come to pass that several millions are said to have since changed their sentiments, it shall not be my part to inquire.

The last point is of the same strain; and I offer it, like the two former, to convince only those who are willing to believe me on my own word: that having been for the space of almost four years very nearly and perpetually conversant with those who had the greatest share of power, and this in their times of leisure as well as business, I could never hear one single word let fall in favour of the pretender, although I was curious enough to observe in a particular manner what passed upon that subject. And I cannot but think that, if such an affair had been in agitation, I must have had either very bad luck or a very small share of common understanding not to have discovered some grounds at least for suspicion: because I never yet knew a minister of state, or indeed any other man, so great a master of secrecy as to be able among those he nearly conversed with wholly to conceal his opinions, however he may cover his designs. This I say upon a supposition that they would have held on the mask always before me, which, however, I have no reason to believe. And I confess it is with the expense of some patience that I hear this matter summarily determined by those who had no advantages of knowing anything that passed, otherwise than what they found in a libel or a coffeehouse, or at best from general reasonings built upon mistaken facts. Now, although what I have hitherto said upon this point can have no influence further than my own personal credit reaches, yet I confess I shall never be brought to change my opinion till some one who had more opportunities than I will be able to produce any single particular from the letters, the discourses, or the actions of those ministers, as a proof of what they allege; which has not yet been attempted or pretended.

But I believe there may be several arguments of another nature produced, which can make it very evident to those who will hear reason that the queen's ministers never had it in their thoughts to alter the succession of the crown.

For first, when her majesty had determined to change her servants, it is very well known that those whom she appointed to succeed them were generally accounted favourers of what is called the low church party; not only my lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Harcourt, but a great majority of the rest: among which I can immediately name the dukes of Shrewsbury, Newcastle, and Argyle, the earls of Peterborough, Rivers, Strafford, Ilay, and Orrery, the lords Mansel and Masham, with several others whom I cannot at present recollect. Whereas, of the other party, the dukes of Ormond and Buckingham, and the earl of Dartmouth, were the only persons introduced at first, and very few afterward: which I suppose will clearly evince that the bringing in of the pretender was not the original scheme of such ministers, and that they were by no means proper instruments for such a work.

And whoever knew anything of the queen's disposition must believe she had no inclinations at all in favour of the pretender. She was highly and publicly displeased with my lord Bolingbroke, because he was seen under the same roof with that person at an opera when his lordship was sent to France upon some difficulties about the peace. Her majesty said "That he ought immediately to have withdrawn upon the appearance of the other:" wherein, to speak with freedom, I think her judgment was a little mistaken. And at her toilet among her women, when mention happened to be made of the chevalier, she would frequently let fall expressions of such a nature as made it manifest how little she deserved those reproaches which had been cast on her since her death upon that account.

Besides, I have already said that her majesty began those changes at court for no other cause than her personal displeasure against a certain family and their allies; and from the hope she had to obtain a peace by the removal of some whose interest it was to obstruct it: that when the former chancellor, president, and others came to her, determined to deliver up their employments, she pressed them somewhat more than it became her dignity to continue in their stations; of which I suppose my lord Cowper is yet a living witness.

I am forced to repeat what I have before observed, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could be ever persuaded to dismiss any person upon the score of party; and that she drove her ministers into the greatest distress, upon my lord Nottingham's vote against any peace without Spain, for want of speaking to one or two depending lords, although with the last danger of breaking the measures she was most fond of toward settling the repose of Europe. She had besides, upon the removal of the duchess of Marlborough, chosen another great lady to succeed [the duchess of Somerset], who quickly grew into higher credit than all her ministers together: a lady openly professing the utmost aversion for the persons, the principles, and measures of those who were then in power, and excelling all even of her own sex in every art of insinuation: and this her majesty thought fit to do, in opposition to the strongest representations that could possibly be made to her of the inconveniences which would ensue. Her only objection against several clergymen recommended to her for promotions in the church was their being too violent in party. And a lady in high favour with her has frequently assured me, "That whenever she moved the queen to discard some persons who upon all occasions with great virulence opposed the court, her majesty would constantly refuse, and at the same time condemn her for too much party zeal."

But besides all this, there never was a more stale or antiquated cause than that of the pretender at the time when her majesty chose her last ministers, who were most of them children or youths when king James II. abdicated. They found a prince upon the throne before they were of years to trouble themselves with speculations upon government; and consequently could have no scruples of conscience in submitting to the present powers, since they hardly remembered any other. And truly this was in general the case of the whole kingdom; for the adherents of king James II. were all either dead or in exile or sunk in obscurity, laden with years and want; so that if any guilt were contracted by the revolution, it was generally understood that our ancestors were only to answer for it. And I am confident (with an exception to professed nonjurors) there was not one man in ten thousand through England who had other sentiments. Nor can the contrary opinion be defended by arguing the prodigious disaffection at present; because the same thing has happened before from the same cause, in our own country, and within the memory of man, although not with the same event.

But such a disaffection could hardly have been raised against an absent prince who was only in expectation of the throne; and indeed I cannot but reckon it as a very strong argument for the good disposition, both in the ministry and kingdom, toward the house of Hanover, that during my lord Oxford's administration there was never thrown out the least reflection against that illustrious house in any libel or pamphlet; which would hardly have happened if the small party writers could have thought that by such a performance they would have made their court to those in power, and which would certainly have been a very useful preliminary if any attempt had been intended toward altering the succession to the crown. But however, to say the truth, invectives against the absent and with whom we have nothing to do, although they may render persons little and contemptible, can hardly make them odious; for hatred is produced by motives of a very different nature, as experience has shown. And although politicians affirm it more eligible for a prince to be hated than despised, yet that maxim is better calculated for an absolute monarchy than for the climate of England. But I am sensible this is a digression; therefore I return.

The treaties made by her majesty with France and Spain were calculated in several points directly against the pretender, as he has now found to his cost and as it is manifest to all the world. Neither could anything be more superficial than the politics of those who could be brought to think that the regent of France would ever engage in measures against the present king of England; and how the grimace of an ambassador's taking or not taking his public character, as in the case of the earl of Stair, should serve so long for an amusement, cannot be sufficiently wondered at. What can be plainer than that the chief interest of the duke of Orleans is woven and twisted with that of king George; and this, whether it shall be thought convenient to suffer the young king of France to live longer or not? For in the second case, the regent perfectly agrees with our present king in this particular circumstance, that the whole order of succession has been broken for his sake; by which means he likewise will be encumbered with a pretender, and thereby engaged, upon the strongest motives, to prevent the union of France and Spain under one monarch. And even in the other case, the chance of a boy's life and his leaving heirs male of his body is so dubious, that the hopes of a crown to the regent or his children will certainly keep that prince as long as his power continues very firm in his alliance with England.

And as this design was originally intended and avowed by the queen's ministers in their treaties with France and Spain, so the events have fully answered in every particular. The present king succeeded to these crowns with as hearty and universal a disposition of the people as could possibly consist with the grief for the loss of so gracious and excellent a princess as her late majesty. The parliament was most unanimous in doing everything that could endear them to a new monarch. The general peace did entirely put an end to any design which France or Spain might probably have laid to make a diversion by an invasion upon Scotland, with the pretender at the head, in case her majesty had happened to die during the course of the war; and upon the death of the late French king, the duke of Orleans fell immediately into the strictest measures with England; as the queen and her ministers easily foresaw it would be necessary for him to do, from every reason that could regard his own interest. If the queen had died but a short time before the peace, and either of the two great powers engaged against us had thought fit to have thrown some troops into Scotland, although it could not have been a very agreeable circumstance to a successor and a stranger, yet the universal inclinations at that time in England toward the house of Hanover would in all probability have prevented the consequences of such an enterprise. But on the other side, if the war had continued a year longer than her majesty's life and the same causes had been applied to produce the same effects upon the affections of the people, the issue must inevitably have been either a long and bloody civil war or a sudden revolution. So that no incident could have arrived more effectual to fortify the present king's title and secure his possession than that very peace so much exploded by one party and so justly celebrated by the other; in continuing to declare which opinions under the present situation of things it is not very improbable that they may both be in jest.

But if any articles of that peace were likely to endanger the protestant succession, how could it come to pass that the Dutch, who were guarantees of that succession and valued for zealous defenders of it, should be so ready with their offers to comply with every article; and this for no greater a reward than a share in the assiento trade, which the opposers of peace represented to be only a trifle? That the fact is true I appeal to M. de Buys, who upon some difficulties the ministry were under by the earl of Nottingham's vote against any peace while Spain continued in the Bourbon family, undertook to make that matter easy by getting a full approbation from the States, his masters, of all her majesty's proceedings, provided they might be sharers in that trade. I can add this further, that some months after the conclusion of the peace and amid all the appearing discontents of the Dutch, a gentleman who had long resided in Holland and was occasionally employed by the ministers here assured me "That he had power from the pensionary to treat with the earl of Oxford about sending hither an extraordinary embassy from Holland, to declare that the States were fully satisfied with the whole plan of the peace, upon certain conditions which were easy and honourable and such as had no relation at all to the pretender." How this happened to fail I never inquired, nor had any discourse about it with those in power; for then their affairs were growing desperate, by the earl of Oxford's declination in the queen's favour; both which became so public, as well as her majesty's bad state of health, that I suppose those circumstances might easily cool the Dutch politicians in that pursuit.

I remember to have heard it objected against the last ministry, as an instance of their inclination toward the pretender, "That they were careless in cultivating a good correspondence with the house of Hanover." And, on the other side, I know very well what continual pains were employed to satisfy and inform the elector and his ministers in every step taken by her majesty, and what offers were made to his highness for any further securities of the succession in him and his family that could consist with the honour and safety of the queen. To this purpose were all the instructions given to earl Rivers, Mr. Thomas Harley, lord Clarendon, and some others. But all endeavours were rendered abortive by a foolish circumstance, which has often made me remember the common observation of the greatest events depending frequently upon the lowest, vilest, and obscurest causes; and this is never more verified than in courts and the issues of public affairs, whereof I could produce from my own knowledge and observation three or four very surprising instances. I have seen an old bed-maker, by officiously going to one door when gratitude as well as common sense should have sent her to another, become the instrument of putting the nation to the expense of some thousand lives and several millions of money. I have known as great an event from the stupidity or wilfulness of a beggarly Dutchman,[a] who lingered on purpose half an hour at a visit when he had promised to be somewhere else. Of no greater dignity was that circumstance which rendered ineffectual all endeavours of the late ministry to establish themselves in the good graces of the court of Hanover, as I shall particularly relate in another work. It may suffice to hint at present that a delay in conveying a very inconsiderable sum to a very inconsiderable French vagrant[b] gave the opportunity to a more industrious party of corrupting that channel through which all the ideas of the dispositions and designs of the queen, the ministers, and the whole British nation, were conveyed.

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[a] Carew lord Hunsdon, born and bred in Holland.

[b] Robethon, then at Hanover, but in the service of some other German prince, it is not known how, got into some credit with the elector.

The second point which I conceived myself able to make out is this, that if the queen's ministers had, with or without the knowledge of their mistress, entertained any thoughts of altering the succession in favour of the pretender, it was absolutely necessary for them to have begun and prosecuted that design as soon as they came into her majesty's service.

There were two circumstances which would have made it necessary for them to have lost no time. First, because it was a work that could not possibly be done on a sudden; for the whole nation, almost to a man, excepting professed nonjurors, had conceived the utmost abhorrence of a popish successor; and as I have already observed, the scruple of conscience upon the point of loyalty was wholly confined to a few antiquated nonjurors who lay starving in obscurity; so that, in order to have brought such an affair about in a parliamentary way, some years must have been employed to turn the bent of the nation, to have rendered one person odious and another amiable, neither of which is to be soon compassed toward absent princes, unless by comparing them with those of whom we have had experience, which was not then the case.

The other circumstance was the bad condition of the queen's health, her majesty growing every day more unwieldy, and the gout with other disorders increasing on her, so that whoever was near the court for about the two last years of her reign might boldly have fixed the period of her life to a very few months without pretending to prophecy. And how little a time the ministers had for so great a work as that of changing the succession of the crown, and how difficult the very attempt would have been may be judged from the umbrage taken by several lords of the church party in the last year of her reign, who appeared under an apprehension that the very quarrels among the ministers might possibly be of some disadvantage to the house of Hanover. And the universal declaration, both among lords and commons at that time, as well in favour of the elector as against the pretender, are an argument beyond all conviction that some years must have been spent in altering the dispositions of the people. Upon this occasion I shall not soon forget what a great minister then said to me, and which I have been since assured was likewise the duke of Shrewsbury's opinion: "That there could be no doubt of the elector's undisturbed succession; but the chief difficulty lay in the future disaffection of the church and people and landed interest from that universal change of men and measures which he foresaw would arrive." And it must be to all impartial men above a thousand witnesses, how innocent her majesty's servants were upon this article; that, knowing so well through what channels all favour was to pass upon the queen's demise, they by their coming into power had utterly and for ever broken all measures with the opposite party, and that in the beginning of their administration there wanted not, perhaps, certain favourable junctures which some future circumstances would not have failed to cultivate. Yet their actions showed them so far from any view toward the pretender that they neglected pursuing those measures which they had constantly in their power, not only of securing themselves but the interest of the church, without any violence to the protestant succession in the person of the elector. And this unhappy neglect I take to have been the only disgrace of their ministry. To prevent this evil was, I confess, the chief point wherein all my little politics terminated; and the methods were easy and obvious. But whoever goes about to gain favour with a prince by a readiness to enlarge his prerogative, although out of principle and opinion, ought to provide that he be not outbid by another party, however professing a contrary principle. For I never yet read or heard of any party, acting in opposition to the true interest of their country, whatever republican denominations they affected to be distinguished by, who would not be contented to chaffer public liberty for personal power or for an opportunity of gratifying their revenge, of which truth Greece and Rome, as well as many other states, will furnish plenty of examples. This reflection I could not well forbear, although it may be of little use further than to discover my own resentment. And yet perhaps that misfortune ought rather to be imputed to the want of concert and confidence than of prudence or of courage.

I must here take notice of an accusation charged upon the late ministry by the house of commons, that they put a lie or falsehood into the queen's mouth, to be delivered to her parliament. Mr. Thomas Harley was sent to the elector of Hanover with instructions to offer his highness any further securities for settling the succession in him and his family that could consist with her majesty's honour and safety. This gentleman writ a letter to the secretary of state a little before his return from Hanover, signifying in direct terms "That the elector expressed himself satisfied in the queen's proceedings, and desired to live in confidence with her." He writ to the same purpose to one of the under-secretaries; and mentioned the fact as a thing that much pleased him, and what he desired might be as public as possible. Both these letters I have read, and the queen, as she had reason to suppose, being sufficiently authorised by this notice from her minister, made mention of that information in a speech from the throne. If the fact were a lie it is what I have not heard Mr. Harley to have been charged with. From what has since passed in the world I should indeed be inclined to grant it might have been a compliment in his highness, and perhaps understood to be so by the queen; but, without question, her majesty had a fair excuse to take the elector according to the literal meaning of his words. And if this be so the imputation of falsehood must remain where these accusers of that excellent princess's veracity will, I suppose, not profess at least an inclination to place it.

I am very willing to mention the point wherein as I said all my little politics terminated, and wherein I may pretend to know that the ministers were of the same opinion, and would have put it in practice if it pleased God to let them continue to act with any kind of unanimity.

I have already observed how well it was known at court what measures the elector intended to follow whenever his succession should take place, and what hands he would employ in the administration of his affairs. I have likewise mentioned some facts and reasons which influenced and fixed his highness in that determination notwithstanding all possible endeavours to divert him from it. Now, if we consider the dispositions of England at that time, when almost the whole body of the clergy, a vast majority of the landed interest and of the people in general, were of the church party, it must be granted that one or two acts, which might have passed in ten days, would have put it utterly out of the power of the successor to have procured a house of commons of a different stamp, and this with very little diminution to the prerogative; which acts might have been only temporary. For the usual arts to gain parliaments can hardly be applied with success after the election against a majority at least of three in four, because the trouble and expense would be too great, beside the loss of reputation. For neither could such a number of members find their account in point of profit, nor would the crown be at so much charge and hazard, merely for the sake of governing by a small party against the bent and genius of the nation. And as to all attempts of influencing electors, they would have been sufficiently provided for by the scheme intended. I suppose it need not be added that the government of England cannot move a step while the house of commons continues to dislike proceedings or persons employed; at least in an age where parliaments are grown so frequent and are made so necessary; whereas a minister is but the creature of a day, and a house of lords has been modelled in many reigns by enlarging the number as well as by other obvious expedients.

The judicious reader will soon comprehend how easily the legislature at that time could have provided against the power and influence of a court or ministry in future elections, without the least injury to the succession and even without the modern invention of perpetuating themselves; which, however, I must needs grant to be one of the most effectual, vigorous, and resolute proceedings that I have yet met with in reading or information. For the long parliament under king Charles I., although it should be allowed of good authority, will hardly amount to an example.

I must again urge and repeat that those who charge the earl of Oxford and the rest of that ministry with a design of altering the succession of the crown in favour of the pretender will perhaps be at some difficulty to fix the time when that design was in agitation; for if such an attempt had begun with their power it is not easy to assign a reason why it did not succeed; because there were certain periods when her majesty and her servants were extremely popular, and the house of Hanover not altogether so much, upon account of some behaviour here and some other circumstances that may better be passed over in silence; all which however had no other consequence than that of repeated messages of kindness and assurance to the elector. During the last two years of the queen's life her health was in such a condition that it was wondered how she could hold out so long: and then as I have already observed it was too late and hazardous to engage in an enterprise which required so much time, and which the ministers themselves had rendered impracticable by the whole course of their former proceedings, as well as by the continuance and heightening of those dissensions which had early risen among them.

The party now in power will easily agree that this design of overthrowing the succession could not be owing to any principle of conscience in those whom they accuse; for they know very well, by their own experience and observation, that such kind of scruples have given but small disturbance of late years in these kingdoms. Since interest is therefore the only test by which we are to judge the intentions of those who manage public affairs, it would have been but reasonable to have shown how the interest of the queen's ministers could be advanced by introducing the pretender before they were charged with such an intention. Her majesty was several years younger than her intended successor; and at the beginning of that ministry had no disorders except the gout, which is not usually reckoned a shortener of life; and those in chief trust were, generally speaking, older than their mistress; so that no persons had ever a fairer prospect of running on the natural life of an English ministry; considering likewise the general vogue of the kingdom, at that time in their favour. And it will be hard to find an instance in history of a set of men in full possession of power so sanguine as to form an enterprise of overthrowing the government without the visible prospect of a general defection, which (then at least) was not to be hoped for. Neither do I believe it was ever heard of that a ministry in such circumstances durst engage in so dangerous an attempt without the direct commands of their sovereign. And as to the persons then in service, if they may be allowed to have common sense, they would much sooner have surrendered their employments than hazard the loss of their heads at so great odds before they had tried or changed the disposition of the parliament; which is an accusation that I think none of their libellers have charged upon them, at least till toward the end of their ministry; and then very absurdly, because the want of time and other circumstances rendered such a work impossible, for several reasons which I have already related.

And whoever considers the late queen, so little enterprising in her nature, so much given to delay, and at the same time so obstinate in her opinions (as restiness is commonly attended with slowness), so great a pursuer of peace and quiet, and so exempt from the two powerful passions of love and hatred, will hardly think she had a spirit turned for such an undertaking; if we add to this the contempts she often expressed for the person and concerns of the chevalier her brother, of which I have already said enough to be understood.

It has been objected against the late queen and her servants, as a mark of no favourable disposition toward the house of Hanover, that the electoral prince was not invited to reside in England; and at the same time it ought to be observed that this objection was raised and spread by the leaders of that party who first opposed the counsel of inviting him; offering among other arguments against it the example of queen Elizabeth, who would not so much as suffer her successor to be declared, expressing herself that she would not live with her grave-stone always in her sight; although the case be by no means parallel between the two queens. For in her late majesty's reign the crown was as firmly settled on the Hanover family as the legislature could do it; and the question was only whether the presumptive heir of distant kindred should keep his court in the same kingdom and metropolis with the sovereign, while the nation was torn between different parties, to be at the head of that faction which her majesty and the body of her people utterly disapproved; and therefore the leaders on both sides, when they were in power, did positively determine this question in the negative. And if we may be allowed to judge by events, the reasons were cogent enough; since differences may happen to arise between two princes the most nearly allied in blood; although it be true indeed that where the duty to a parent is added to the allegiance of a subject the consequence of family dissensions may not always be considerable.

For my own part I freely told my opinion to the ministers; and did afterward offer many reasons for it in a discourse intended for the public, but stopped by the queen's death, that the young grandson (whose name I cannot remember) should be invited over to be educated in England; by which I conceived the queen might be secure from the influence of cabals and factions; the zealots, who affected to believe the succession in danger, could have no pretences to complain; and the nation might one day hope to be governed by a prince of English manners and language, as well as acquainted with the true constitution of church and state. And this was the judgment of those at the helm before I offered it; neither were they nor their mistress to be blamed that such a resolution was not pursued. Perhaps, from what has since happened, the reader will be able to satisfy himself.

I have now said all I could think convenient (considering the time wherein I am writing) upon those two points which I proposed to discourse on, wherein I have dealt with the utmost impartiality, and I think upon the fairest supposition, which is that of allowing men to act upon the motives of their interests and their passions; for I am not so weak as to think one ministry more virtuous than another, unless by chance or by extraordinary prudence and virtue of the prince; which last, taking mankind in the lump, and adding the great counterbalance of royal education, is a very rare accident; and where it happens is even then of little use when factions are violent. But it so falls out that, among contending parties in England, the general interest of church and state is more the private interest of one side than the other; so that whoever professes to act upon a principle of observing the laws of his country may have a safe rule to follow by discovering whose particular advantage it chiefly is that the constitution should be preserved entire in all its parts. For there cannot, properly speaking, be above two parties in such a government as ours; and one side will find themselves obliged to take in all the subaltern denominations of those who dislike the present establishment in order to make themselves a balance against the other; and such a party, composed of mixed bodies, although they differ widely in the several fundamentals of religion and government, and all of them from the true public interest, yet whenever their leaders are taken into power under an ignorant, unactive, or ill-designing prince, will probably, by the assistance of time or force, become the majority, unless they be prevented by a steadiness which there is little reason to hope; or by some revolution, which there is much more reason to fear. For abuses in administration may last much longer than politicians seem to be aware of, especially where some bold steps are made to corrupt the very fountain of power and legislature; in which case, as it may happen in some states, the whole body of the people are drawn in by their own supposed consent to be their own enslavers; and where will they find a thread to wind themselves out of this labyrinth? or will they not rather wish to be governed by arbitrary power after the manner of other nations? For whoever considers the course of the Roman empire after Cæsar's usurpation, the long continuance of the Turkish government, or the destruction of the Gothic balance in most kingdoms of Europe, will easily see how controllable that maxim is that *res nolunt diu malè administrari;* because, as corruptions are more natural to mankind than perfections, so they are more likely to have a longer continuance. For the vices of men, considered as individuals, are exactly the same when they are moulded into bodies; nor otherwise to be withheld in their effects than by good fundamental laws, in which when any great breaches are made, the consequence will be the same as in the life of a particular man, whose vices are seldom known to end but with himself.

A TRUE NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED AT THE EXAMINATION OF

THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD,

AT THE COCKPIT, MARCH 8, 1710-11;

FOR HIS STABBING MR. HARLEY; AND OTHER PRECEDENT AND SUBSEQUENT FACTS, RELATING TO THE LIFE OF THE SAID GUISCARD.

"Yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis;[a] and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style; only THE FIRST PAGE IS LEFT AS I WAS BEGINNING IT. But I am afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances ARE ALL TRUE."—*Journal to Stella*, April 16, 1711. "Guiscard, and what you will read in the Narrative, I ordered to be written." *Ibid.* April 28. The facts in this Narrative are confirmed by several other passages in the dean's works; particularly in the Examiner, No. 33, and the share he had in it is acknowledged in "Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry."

There is nothing received with more pleasure in history than the minute passages and circumstances of such facts as are extraordinary and surprising. We often lament to see an important accident nakedly told, stripped of those particularities which are most entertaining and instructive in such relations. This defect is frequent in all historians, not through their own fault but for want of information. For while facts are fresh in memory nobody takes care to record them, as thinking it idle to inform the world in what they know already; and by this means the accounts we have of them are only traditional, the circumstances forgotten, and perhaps supplied with false ones or formed upon probabilities according to the genius of the writer.

But beside the informing posterity on such occasions there is something due to the present age. People at distance are curious and concerned to know the particulars of great events as well as those in the metropolis, and so are the neighbouring nations. And the relations they receive are usually either very imperfect or misrepresented on purpose by the prejudice of party in the relaters.

I shall endeavour to avoid both these errors in the fact I am going to relate; and having made use of some good opportunities to be informed from the first hands of several passages not generally known, I hope it will be in my power to give some satisfaction to the public. About six years ago there came into England a French papist, the younger brother of a noble family in that kingdom, called Antoine de Guiscard, abbot de Borly, near the Cevennes in France. And as it is the usual custom for cadets of quality there to betake themselves to the army or the church, Guiscard chose the latter and had an abbey given him of a considerable revenue; but being of a vicious and profligate nature he fell into the most horrible crimes that a man can commit. Among other instances, it is said that he seduced a nun. It is likewise reported that he and his younger brother, suspecting their receiver had cheated, got

[a] Mrs. Manley was also employed by Dr. Swift in "A learned Comment upon Dr. Hare's excellent Sermon, preached before the Duke of Marlborough, on the Surrender of Bouchain;" "A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Queen Elizabeth's Birthday;" and in "A modest Inquiry into the Reasons of the Joy expressed by a certain set of People, upon the spreading a Report of Her Majesty's Death;" and wrote "A New Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, &c.;" see *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 3, 1711.—Beside these four tracts she was supposed to have written "A Letter to the Examiner, concerning the Barrier Treaty vindicated (by Dr. Hare);" and "An Answer to Baron Bothmar's Memorial;" from hints suggested by the dean.

the poor man to their house and put him to the torture to force a discovery from him. Beside keeping a *serrail* in his abbey, when he used to receive a sum together from his revenue, his custom was to go to Tholouse and lavish it in all sorts of excesses. A young lady of a good family was so unhappy to be prevailed on, to her dishonour, by his brother. Monsieur de Guiscard was afterwards employed to steal her from her father; but falling in love with her himself, he carried her off from his rival into Switzerland. Satiety not long after succeeding, he was so inhuman to poison the poor unfortunate lady. After his flight, he was hanged in effigy by the magistrates at the principal town in Rouergue for his intended rebellion. It is agreed on all hands that upon account of his many enormities (but, as himself terms them in his Memoirs,[a] "private domestic concerns and the crying injustice done his family"), he withdrew to his own lands in the province of Rouergue, contiguous to that part of Languedoc called The Cevennes; where he endeavoured to raise insurrections among the discontented people, of which he has published a very foolish account; but having neither credit nor ability for such an undertaking his success was answerable. He was forced to fly into Switzerland, without taking any measures for the safety of those poor wretches involved with him, and who had been so unhappy to be wrought by his insinuations. Thirty of the Roman catholic persuasion (seduced by Guiscard into the design of rebelling for liberty, not religion) fell under the sentence of the magistrate, and were broken upon the wheel; though it is said if Monsieur de Guiscard, upon whom they depended for intelligence, had but delayed his flight only so long as to send notice to those gentlemen of the danger impending, they might all, or at least the greater number of them, have escaped as well as himself.

The marquis de Guiscard had an early, an undoubted propensity to mischief and villany, but without those fine parts useful in the cabinet; he had not capacity to conduct a design, though he might have brain enough to form one; was wholly unacquainted with war, had never been in the army, a profligate abbot, who knew nothing of the soldier. Yet this man we find immediately made a colonel of a regiment of horse, and lieutenant-general, with a pension as it is said from Holland as well as from us. To do all this for one wholly ignorant of a camp was foolish as well as scandalous.

Nor had adversity made any impression upon his manners. His behaviour here was expensive, luxurious, vicious; lavishing at play and upon women what was given him for his own support. Beside his continual good fortune with other ladies, he kept two in constant pay, upon whom he made a profuse and regular expense: one of those creatures was married, whom, that he might possess with the greater ease, he procured her husband to be pressed and sent away into the service: a transcript of that state cunning sometimes practised by great politicians (when they would disencumber themselves of an *incommode*) in affairs of the like emergency.

At first there was none more caressed than our foreign favourite. A late minister seldom saw a levee without him, though we admit *that* is not always a proof of being a favourite of those to whom they make their court. There are who crowd themselves where they have done the most sensible injuries, and against whom they have been guilty of the highest offence: but want of shame is one part of an ill man's character, as another branch is that he can submit to the meanest things.

Monsieur de Guiscard had the misfortune to sink under his character, even to those great men who at first had most indulged him. His parts were too mean to balance or uphold him against a just contempt; he was found a useless villain whose inferior understanding could not answer expectation. Proving unserviceable he was consequently discountenanced, dropped by degrees, and afterward totally neglected, his pension ill paid, and himself reduced to extremity. This put him upon making his peace with France: a common practice of such villains, whose only business being to support an infamous life in fulness of luxury, they never weigh what stands between them and the end.

The marquis de Guiscard had no religion, knew nothing of principles, or indeed humanity: brutish, bold, desperate, an engine fit for the blackest mischief; revengeful, busy to design, though full of inconsistencies and preposterous in his management; his schemes impracticable to any less rash and inconsiderate, as may be seen at large in those his ill-formed projects of rebellion against his prince; his aspect gloomy and forbidding, no false indication of the malignancy within. Nor could the evil in his nature be diverted by benefits. The present ministry, regarding him as a man of family, one who had been caressed in England, though they liked neither his principles nor his practice, thought it against the glory of the queen (who is the sanctuary of distressed foreigners) to let a gentleman of such birth want the supports of life, and therefore entered upon measures to pay him four hundred pounds a-year as part of that pension which at first was granted him and had been for some time discontinued. He could no longer with any pretence be a malecontent, but he would not forego his treacherous design nor his desire to make his peace at home. Mr. Harley discovered his correspondence: he knew he had wrote three letters to France with advice of our affairs. This discovery was made a fortnight before Monsieur de Guiscard's seizure. Mr. Harley was willing to convict him under his own hand, and accordingly took all necessary precaution to have what letters he should write brought to the secretary's office. In the mean time persons were employed that should give an account of all his motions; such who played with him, drank with him, walked with him, in a word those who under the pretence of diversion and friendship should never lose sight of him till that day, when he went to a merchant of his acquaintance to the city, and gave him a letter with this request, "that he would be pleased to forward it and let it be sent away with his own foreign letters."

This letter was brought to Mr. Harley; where he read Monsieur Guiscard's advice to the ministers of France, "That they should invade England as soon as possible, whether they succeed or no, because the mischief it would do us would be irreparable: it would disconcert and divide us, ruin our credit, and do us a vast deal of hurt," &c.

On the 8th of March, the queen's inauguration day, Monsieur de Guiscard, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon was seized in the Mall in St. James's Park, by a warrant of high treason form Mr. secretary St. John, and carried by the queen's messengers to the Cockpit. He seemed then to have taken his resolution, and to determine that his ruin should be fatal to those persons who occasioned it, by desiring leave to send for a glass of sack, some bread and butter, and a *knife*. The woman of the coffeehouse sent him all but the knife, which was accidentally omitted. He was brought into the clerks' room, and kept there till the cabinet council was assembled; in that room he found a *penknife*, and took it away unperceived; which as it is supposed he hid in his sleeve, for there was none found in his pockets, which were searched before his examination.

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[a] "Authentic memoirs, being secret transactions in the southern provinces of France, to rescue that nation from slavery; dedicated to the queen of Great Britain. By the marquis de Guiscard, Lieutenant-General of the Forces gone upon the present descent."

There were present at the committee of cabinet council, the lord keeper, lord president, duke of Ormond, duke of Newcastle, duke of Buckingham, duke of Queensberry, earl Poulet, lord Dartmouth, Mr. Harley, Mr. secretary St. John.

[Mr. Tilson, Mr. Hare, under-secretaries, sat at a table by themselves.]

Monsieur de Guiscard being brought in to be examined, Mr. secretary St John, whose business it was to interrogate him, asked him some questions about his corresponding with France, and whether he had not sent letters thither? Monsieur de Guiscard denied it boldly: mean time his colour came and went. Earl Poulet, before he was brought in, had desired Mr. St. John to change places with Mr. Harley, that Guiscard's face might be full in the light, and his countenance better perceived in any alteration that might happen at the questions that should be asked him.

The presence of that august assembly, the obligations the criminal had to some in particular who had honoured him with their favour, and to all in general, as they were of the first rank among a people who had so generously refuged him in his misfortunes; his own guilt and dread of being detected; might well cause an emotion in the mind and face of the most resolved, most hardened person. He flushed and turned pale, the posture of his feet restless and unassured, his hands in perpetual motion, fumbling in his pocket; which some of that noble assembly reflecting on, could yet well account for by remembering it was his usual manner: a French air which has been long since received in England, among some of our fine gentlemen, to a great degree of imitation.

Could one have looked into Guiscard's guilty soul, how terrible at that moment had been the prospect! His dread of conviction, his ingratitude, his treachery, his contempt or desire of death, his despair of heaven, his love of his native country, his spirit of revenge, embroiled his thoughts, fermented his blood, roused his shame, and worked up his resolution to a pitch of doing all the service to France and mischief he could to England. Like falling Sampson, to involve in his fate the strength of the enemy: yet he would make one push for life, and till proof were produced not give up a cause he could defend so easily as by denying the crime he was charged with; which he did with an undaunted assurance, till Mr. secretary asked him "If he knew such a gentleman?" naming the merchant with whom he had left the letter. At that Guiscard rolled his eyes, assured of his ruin, yet surprised and shocked at the approach. The same question being repeated, he answered "Yes, what of that?" Being pressed again to discover what he knew of his corresponding with France, he continued obstinate in his pretended ignorance; when Mr. secretary St. John produced his letter, and with a force of eloquence inseparable from what he speaks represented to Monsieur de Guiscard the baseness, the blackness of his crime; "to betray the queen, his benefactress; Britain, the country that had refuged, supported, trusted, honoured him by the command of her troops with such noble confidence, that made it double villany in him to be a villain:" exhorting him "yet to be sincere, and give up to their information what he knew of the treacherous design he had formed."

While the secretary's words were making an irresistible impression upon every mind but his to whom they were addressed, the criminal formed to himself the destruction of those two dreadful enemies of France, Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John. It seemed to him too hazardous to attempt the design at the full board; not in regard of his own life (that was already devoted), but lest they should not be both involved. It appeared reasonable to him, that if upon the pretence of discovery, he could get Mr. St. John to withdraw, Mr. Harley might possibly be of the party, and he have a chance to murder both before they could be assisted. Accordingly, when he was pressed to discover, he desired to speak with Mr. St. John apart. The secretary told him, "That was impracticable: he was before the whole committee as a criminal, and what he had to say must be said to all." Upon Guiscard's persisting to speak only to the secretary, they went to ring the bell, to call in the messengers to carry him away; which he observing, cried out "That is hard! not one word! *pas un mot!*" and stooping down, said "*J'en veux donc à toi.* Then have at thee!" so stabbed Mr. Harley. Redoubling the stroke the penknife broke, which he was not sensible of; but rushing on toward Mr. St. John, overthrew the clerks' table that stood between. Mr. St. John saw Mr. Harley fall; and cried out "The villain has killed Mr. Harley!" Then he gave him a wound, as did the duke of Ormond and the duke of Newcastle. Mr. St. John was resolved to have killed him, but that he saw Mr. Harley got up and walking about, and heard earl Poulet cry out, "not to kill Guiscard." The messengers laid hold of him and tore his coat. He raged, he struggled, he overthrew several of them with the strength of one desperate or frantic, till at last they got him down by pulling him backward by the cravat. Like a lion taken in the toils, he foamed, he grinned, his countenance seemed despoiled of the aspect of anything human; his eyes gleamed fire, despair, and fury. He cried out to the duke of Ormond, whilst they were binding him, amid his execrations and his raving, "My lord Ormond, *Pourquoi ne moi dépêchez vouz?* Why do you not dispatch me?"[a] The noble duke made this memorable answer, "*Ce n'est pas l'affair des honnêtes gens; c'est l'affair d'un autre.* It is not the work of gentlemen; it is the work of others."

Let us turn our eyes from so detestable an object to another not less surprising, though of a quite different kind; where we shall behold a gentleman, arrived by long practice to that difficult attainment of possessing his soul in all conditions, in all accidents, whether of life or death, with moderation. This is the man that may truly be said to know himself, whom even assassination cannot surprise; to whom the passions are in such obedience, they never contend for sway nor attempt to throw him from his guard Mr. Harley, falling back in his chair by the redoubled stroke that was given him, and seeing them busy about taking Guiscard, by whom he imagined himself killed, did not call or cry for help; but getting up as well as he could of himself, applied his handkerchief to the wound to stop the blood and keep out the air, walking about the room till they had time to come to him, not complaining nor accusing, nor encouraging them to revenge him upon Guiscard; his countenance serene, unaltered; so that from his own behaviour, all his friends, particularly his tenderest, Mr. St. John, hoped he was but slightly hurt. When Busiere, the surgeon, searched the wound, they were all surprised to find it so dangerous; the penknife was struck aslant and buried in the wound, which Mr. Harley himself took out, wiped, called for the handle, and said "They belong to me." He asked "if the wound were mortal, as he had affairs to settle." Even in our incredulous age, we may term his escape a miracle: the blow was struck exactly upon his breast-bone, which broke the knife; had it been an inch lower, it had touched the *diaphragma*, and all the world could not have saved his life: or a nail's breadth deeper it would have reached his heart. I have heard it affirmed, "that if one should attempt a thousand times at an imitation of Guiscard's design, without his rage and force, not once in that thousand times would it be probable that a life could escape the blow, as Mr. Harley's has done." He had a double deliverance, first from the knife striking upon the breast-bone and then from its breaking there; he must else have infallibly been murdered by the repetition of the blow. Neither was the cure less doubtful; the contusion was more dangerous than the wound itself: about a week after the bruised blood fell down, which held his life in suspense. He had been ill for some time before, and was not as yet recovered.

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[a] Monsieur Mesnager says, Mr. Harley was stabbed "by *un scélérat François*, a French miscreant, at the council-board, where that wretch was brought to be examined;" and adds, in a strain of national vanity, "They may take notice in England how good judges we are of men in France, and believe they have reason to be wary how they entertain any, whom the wisest prince on earth, than whom none sees further into the merits of men, has determined to be worthless and not fit to be employed."—Extracted from the Negotiations of Mesnager.

As soon as Mr. Harley was dressed he ordered the surgeon to take care of Monsieur de Guiscard; and was himself carried home in a chair, followed by the lamentations and prayers of the people for his recovery, who attended him to his own door with their sighs and sorrows.

The bold marquis, though subdued, was still untamed: his fury, despair, and desire of instant death made him use his efforts to prevent the good intentions of the surgeon and the assistants. They were forced to keep him down by strength of hand whilst his wounds were searched and dressed, after which he was sent to Newgate, where he continued in the same violence of mind. He begged to die, he strove to die by rubbing the plasters from his wounds; to prevent which there were persons perpetually employed to watch on each side the bed.

If we read his sentiments in his own Memoirs we may find they were always disposed to violence. Speaking to those whom he would draw into a confederacy against the king, "That it was better to die once for all, than to die in a manner a thousand times a-day, always at the mercy of men who made it their business to embitter their life and make it insupportable."—p. 8. In another place, "How can we better spend some few and uncertain days, which every moment are ended by some disease, by misfortune or old age, than by making our name famous and immortal?"—p. 14. And thus, "Pusillanimous men, who for want of courage dare not attempt anything at their peril, will never see an end of their misfortune."—p. 46.

These being his avowed tenets may give us some light into a design so execrable that it were sin to look into it with any other eyes but detestation. Monsieur de Guiscard was to reconcile himself to France, which could not probably be done but by something more notorious than his disaffection. Upon his deathbed examination he told the lords "There was something horrible he had to tell them!—for which he ought to be torn in pieces!—something inconceivable!—exceeding all barbarity!"—There he stopped as if for breath, a reanimation of spirits, or to recollect what he had to say. After awhile, seeing he did not proceed, they reminded him to go on. He repeated those and many more such expressions. Being pressed to proceed, he fell into something very trifling, which he knew they knew already; said, "It was no matter—content—content"—meaning to die.

Upon their examination of him in Newgate he seemed to boast his resolution and performance; bade them "judge what he was able to do in a good cause had they thought fit to employ and trust him, since he could go so far in an ill one." The vanity of his nation kept him company to the last: he valued himself upon his intrepidity, his contempt of death, and thirst of honour, &c. The last time the lords were with him, he desired Mr. St. John's hand, and said "*Pardonne, pardonne.*" Mr. St. John replied, "*Je vous pardonne—Dieu vous pardonne!*"—Guiscard repeating, "Content—content"—he became delirious.

The roughness of his nature seems to have hindered him from encouraging that remorse which approaching death might occasion, else we should doubtless have had disclosed the blackest scene that any age has shown. It is very well known the eager desire he had for some time expressed to see the queen alone; the pretence of that audience he so earnestly importuned was, "To get his pension assured." He was of late often found in the antechamber and at the back stairs. He generally carried a bottle of poison about him, supposed to answer the disappointment of some foreseen event. This compared with his own words and several letters from France and Holland at that time, mentioning it was expected they should hear of a *coup d'éclat en Angleterre*, makes it almost past doubt that he did design to kill the queen, and failing of his attempt there stabbed Mr. Harley, as by his own confession he would have done Mr. St. John, because they were the two important lives that gave dread and anguish to that monarch who has so long and often been the terror of others.

The queen, all merciful and saintlike as she is, had herself the goodness (notwithstanding appearances were against him in the supposition of his horrible intentions to destroy her) to appoint two surgeons and two physicians to attend him in Newgate, with whatever was befitting a man of family. This gracious treatment could depart only from a mind so conversant with heaven, so near of kindred, as that of our pious queen.

Her cares and prayers were the balm that healed Mr. Harley's wound. The honour that was done him by the address of parliament will never be forgotten, nor her majesty's gracious answer. It is remarkable that when it was brought into the house of lords the Whigs all went out except one, who raised a weak objection "that Monsieur de Guiscard was not a papist convict."

Notwithstanding the surgeon's and physician's art and care, Monsieur de Guiscard died in Newgate. His wounds, of which he received four in the forepart of his body, were cured; the fifth was in his back, which the surgeons deposed was not mortal. The jury gave in their verdict "That his bruises were the cause of his death." It appeared upon the examination of Mr. Wilcox, the queen's messenger, that it was he that wounded the marquis in the back and gave him those bruises of which he died. Monsieur de Guiscard in struggling with Wilcox threw him against a window, which caused him to void above a quart of blood the same night.

His resolution or rather obstinacy continued to the last: he would not permit his wounds to be dressed nor accepted of any nourishment but what was forced upon him: he made no profession of religion, had no show of remorse or contrition, nor desired the assistance of a priest. He was privately interred by order from the court—a mercy no nation but ours would have conferred upon a spy, a traitor, and an assassin.

Is it not obvious to all England what had been our distress in the confusion wherein so long a run of mismanagement has plunged us, if heaven had permitted the knife of a barbarous foreigner to have robbed us of a minister whose conduct, wise, steadfast, vigorous, extricates our affairs and embroils the enemy? Does not the flourishing church of England owe him all things for her deliverance from presbytery and atheism; a miracle no less seasonable than when she was assaulted by all the force of Rome? Were he not a sincere worshipper at our increasing altars, would he not reduce rather than multiply?[a] Is not even our gracious sovereign indebted to him for scattering those persons from about her whose excessive tyranny strove to ruin all those who aimed to come at the queen but by them? Does he not sacrifice his quiet to the good of his country without enriching his own family with her treasure or decking himself with her honours, though the has none but what with pride and joy she is ready to bestow upon him? Was not his blood (even now devoted to the restless genius of France), spilt in dread of his pursuits and endeavours to reduce that monarch to humanity and reason? Is not his modesty so excessive that he conceals from those persons who have treated him as a traitor the extent of his power, lest he should seem to insult their disgrace? Free from that false delicacy which so often makes people uneasy at what either the mistaken or our enemies say of us; his actions have their foundation on solid judgment, propped by a most extensive genius, unlimited foresight, and immoveable prudence. France records her Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louvois: we talk with veneration of the Cecils; but posterity shall boast of Harley as a prodigy in whom the spring is pure as the stream; not troubled by ingratitude or avarice, nor its beauty deformed by the feature of any vice. The coming age will envy ours a minister of such accumulated worth; they will see and know how happy we were. Why then should we ourselves be wilfully blind or wilfully ignorant of it? Is it not his distress to be born among a people so divided? Could he in any other country have failed of universal love and veneration? How long shall our divisions make us the sport and proverb of the neighbouring nations? Monsieur Quillet, by the purity of his Latin, has diffused our character throughout the world; and when the curious would be informed of the genius of the British people, the learned refer to him: it is thought the most beautiful part of his Callipædia, and however the spirit of the author may have suffered by the change, I will present it to the reader in the English translator's words:

"If then from Calais you design to land
On England's vile, unhospitable strand,
There you shall find a race of monstrous men,
Where mangled princes strew the cyclops' den.
A false, ungrateful, and rebellious brood,
New from a slaughter'd monarch's sacred blood.
They break all laws, all fancies they pursue,
And follow all religions but the true.
All there are priests, each differently prays,
And worships heaven ten thousand different ways
If by the mob the canting fool's admired,
The brother's gifted, and the saint inspired.
Hence the fanatics rave, and wildly storm,
Convert by pistol, and by pike reform.
Nor are th' enthusiasts so abhorrent grown
To holy ceremonious rites alone:
An Englishman on all extremes will run,
And by consent be wilfully undone.
If an opinion thwart what ancients wrote,
He catches it, and bosoms up the thought.
Alcides would his club as soon resign,
As he a darling heresy decline.
"Yet we must do the sons of England right:
Some stars shine through the horror of the night.
For navigation, and for skill renown'd,
In sailing the terraqueous globe around.
To them no shore's untried, no sea's unknown,
Where waves have murmur'd and where winds have blown.
Typhis and Jason, who in Argo came,
Lay no pretensions to so just a fame,
As Ca'endish, Willoughby, and Drake's immortal name."

Is it not time to redeem our character, that the world in applauding our courage may no longer object our divisions? Though we disagree in religion, yet for common good, we should methinks be glad to unite in politics. Our ceremonies may differ, but our essentials are the same; and to people of reason, one would imagine there needed not much persuasion to join in those advantageous particulars, reputation and interest.

Parties break their force against one another, do the work of our foes, are weakened by perpetual animosities, hate their adversary at home much more strenuously than a foreign enemy, incapacitate themselves from doing all the injury they should to France, all the good they ought to England. Our piques and distastes for trifles have run us up to frenzy; the world beholds the hatred and aversion among us as lunacy in our blood, incurable but by letting forth; they foresee and long for a civil war, to reduce us to misery and reason; they flatter themselves that our dissensions tend that way, and prophesy they can have no end but with our ruin.

It is ourselves only can disappoint the hopes of our enemies, and extricate ourselves. The very Mahometans claim our pity for being misled by the grand impostor; and shall a fellow-christian be hated? Have we no arguments but bitterness and reproach? must we continue as violent against our neighbour at home, as brave in the field abroad? If we were not all Britons, or had different interests, something might be said for that eager desire of ruin so conspicuous in the contending parties.

How ridiculous it appears to a reasonable man, who reflects how greatly our happy constitution is envied by our enemies and how little valued or enjoyed by ourselves! We boast of liberty, and yet do all we can to enslave others to our opinions; meanwhile the common interest of the island is lost or forgotten in the desire of gratifying our particular revenge and aversions.

We have now a queen and ministry of consummate piety, prudence, and abilities, who know the true interest of England and will pursue it. The church is delivered from oppression and fears; religion secured according to every Englishman's heart's desire. What should we next consider but the interest of the body politic? Which way can that be so effectually carried on as by calming our heats and animosities, by taking off the veil of prejudice and party which so long has blinded us; to have every individual consider what would be for the good of the whole and sincerely to give into it? Were these measures faithfully pursued, France could never be formidable to England; nor the protestant religion here be under any apprehension from the restless and encroaching spirit of the Roman.

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[a] Alluding to the bill for building fifty new churches.

A LEARNED COMMENT

UPON DR. HARE'S EXCELLENT SERMON,

PREACHED (SEPT. 9, 1711) BEFORE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, ON THE SURRENDER OF BOUCHAIN;

BY AN ENEMY TO PEACE.

Et multis utile bellum.

"I HAVE got a set of Examiners; and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the 'Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough,' and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis."—*Journal to Stella*, Oct. 22, 1711.

"Comment on Hare's[a] sermon by the same woman; only hints sent to the printer from Presto, to give her."—*Ibid.* Nov. 3.

I HAVE been so well entertained by reading Dr. Hare's sermon, preached before the duke of Marlborough and the army, in way of thanksgiving for passing the lines and taking Bouchain, that I cannot forbear giving part of my thoughts thereupon to the public. If a colonel had been to preach at the head of his regiment, I believe he would have made just such a sermon; which before I begin with, I must beg leave to consider the preface, and that stale topic in the publisher of "printing a discourse without the author's leave, by a copy got from a friend; being himself so modest that he would by no means hear of printing what was drawn up in so much haste." If the thing be not worth publishing, either the author is a fool or his friend a knave. Besides, the apology seems very needless for one that has so often been complimented upon his productions; of which we have seen several without either art or care, though published with this famous doctor's consent. A good argument indeed is not the worse for being without art or care; but an ill one is nothing without both. If plainness and honesty made amends for every hasty foolish composition, we should never have an end, and every dunce that blotted paper would have the same plea. But the good doctor's zeal for the continuation of the war must atone for the rest of his defects. His politics and his divinity seem to be much of a size; there is no more of the last in his sermon than what is to be found in the text; he is so great an enemy to a partition that he scorns to divide even that.

He begins p. 62,[b]—"I cannot but think that one of the properest acknowledgments to God, for the manifest tokens we receive of his good providence, is to consider their natural tendency, and what is the true use which he has put into our power to make of them." May we not very well query whether this be sense or truth? The properest acknowledgments to God for the manifest tokens, &c., is to offer him thanks and praise and obey his laws.

P. 63.—"Persevere bravely in the just and necessary war we are engaged in, till we can obtain such a peace as the many successes he has given us naturally lead to, and by the continuance of the divine favour must end in, if we be content to wait his leisure, and are not by our impatience and misgiving fears wanting to ourselves." At this rate when must we expect a peace? May we not justly inquire whether it be God's or the duke of Marlborough's leisure he would have us wait? He is there in an army well paid, sees nothing but plenty, nay profuseness in the great officers and riches in the general. Profuseness, when they every day in their turns receive the honour of his grace's company to dinner with them. At that sumptuous table which his grace once a week provides for himself and them, the good doctor never considers what we suffer at home, or how long we shall be able to find them money to support their magnificence. I should think the queen and ministry next under God the best judges what peace we ought to make. If by our impatience he meant the army, it was needless and absurd; if he meant our impatience here at home, being so far removed from the scene and in quite another view, he can be no judge of that.

P. 64.—"One would think a people who by such a train of wonderful successes were now brought to the very banks of Jordan, could not be so fearful as to stop there, or doubt with themselves whether or no they should try to pass the river, (quere, Senset or Scheldt?) and get possession of the land which God had promised them; that they could with their own eyes take a view of it (applied to Picardy), and behold it was exceeding good," &c. Our case and the Israelites' is very different. What they conquered they got for themselves; we take a view of the land as they did, and "behold it to be exceeding good," but good for others. If Joshua had spent many years in conquering the Amorites (with the loss of infinite blood and treasure), and then delivered the land over to the Gibeonites, the Israelites might have had good reason to murmur; and that has been our case.

Ibid.—"It seems incredible that men should for many years together struggle with the greatest difficulties, and successfully go through innumerable dangers in pursuit of a noble end, an end worthy of all the pains and trouble they are at, and yet lose their courage as they gain ground," &c. Though this be a falsity, yet to lose courage as we gain ground may very probably happen, if we squander our courage by the yard and gain ground by the inch.

Ibid.—"Of all the virtues human nature would aspire to, constancy seems to be that it is least made for. A steady pursuit of the same end for any long time together hath something in it that looks like immortality," (hath not this flight something in it that looks like nonsense?) "and seems to be above the reach of mortal man." (How does a steady pursuit look like immortality? If it looks like immortality, it certainly seems to be above the reach of mortal man.) The "earth we live on, the air we breathe, the nourishment we take, everything about us is by nature subject to continual change; our bodies themselves are in a perpetual flux, and not a moment together the same as they were. What place then can there be for a constant steady principle of action amidst so much inconstancy?" If these reasons were true, it would be impossible not to be inconstant. With this old beaten trash of a flux he might go on a hundred pages on the same subject without producing anything new: it is a wonder we had not the grave observation, "That nothing is constant but inconstancy." What does all this end in? His first heat and edge shows us indeed a flux of what we did not expect.

P. 66.—"And though the end we aim at be the same it was, and certainly nearer." This puts me in mind of a divine, who preaching on the day of judgment said, "There was one thing he would be bold to affirm, that the day of judgment was nearer now than ever it was since the beginning of the world." So the war is certainly nearer an end to-day than it was yesterday, though it does not end these twenty years.

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[a] Dr. Francis Hare, bred at Eaton, was a fellow of King's college, Cambridge, where he had the tuition of the marquis of Blandford, only son to the duke of Marlborough; who appointed him chaplain general to her majesty's forces in the Low Countries. He afterward obtained first the deanery of Worcester, and then that of St. Paul's; in 1727 was advanced to the see of St. Asaph, and in 1731 translated to Chichester; which he held till his death, in 1740. "He has written three small pamphlets upon the management of the war, and the treaty of peace," says Swift, Examiner, No. 29. He was author of "The Barrier Treaty Vindicated;" and of four treatises against "The Conduct of the Allies." He was also a writer in the Bangorian controversy; and drew upon himself the severest of bishop Hoadly's treatises, under the title of "The dean of Worcester still the same." His works were collected, in four volumes, 8vo., 1746.—N.

[b] Adapted to the bishop's works, 4 vols. 8vo.

Ibid.—"Such fickle, inconstant, irresolute creatures are we in the midst of our bravest resolutions. When we set out, we seem to look at what we are aiming at through that end of the perspective that magnifies the object, and it brings it nearer to us; but when we are got some way, before we are aware we turn the glass, and looking through the little end, what we are pursuing seems to be at a vast distance and dwindled almost into nothing." This is strange reasoning. Where does his instrument-maker live? We may have the same constancy, the same desire to pursue a thing and yet not the same abilities. For example, in hunting, many accidents happen; you grow weary, your horse falls lame, or in leaping a hedge throws you: you have the same reason to pursue the game but not the same ability.

P. 67.—"Their zeal, perhaps, flames at first; but it is the flame of straw, it has not strength to last. When the multitude once begin to be weary and indifferent, how easily are they then seduced into false measures! how readily do they give into suspicions against those who would encourage them to persevere, while they are fond of others who, to serve themselves, fall in with their complaints, but at the bottom mean nothing but their own interest!" How base and false soever this reproach be, I have set it almost at length that I may not be charged with unfair quotation. By the company the doctor keeps and the patrons he has chosen, I should think him an undoubted judge when people mean their own interest, but that I know conversing only on one side generally gives our thoughts the same turn; just as the jaundice makes those that have it think all things yellow. This writer is prejudiced, and looks upon the rest of the world to be as self-interested as those persons from whom he has taken his observation. But if he means the present ministry, it is certain they could find their own interest in continuing the war as well as other people; their capacities are not less, nor their fortunes so great, neither need they be at a loss how to follow in a path so well beaten. Were they thus inclined, the way is open before them; the means that enriched their predecessors gave them pretence to continue their power, and made them almost necessary evils to the state, are now no longer a secret. Did their successors study their own interest with the same zeal as they do that of the public, we should not have the doctor in these agonies for fear of a peace; things would be then as he would have them; it would be no longer a flame of straw, but a solid fire likely to last as long as his poor countrymen had any materials to feed it. But I wonder he would talk of those who mean their own interest; in such an audience, especially before those "who fall in with their complaints," unless he had given it quite another turn and bestowed some of his eloquence in showing what he really thinks, that nothing in nature is so eligible as self-interest, though purchased at the price of a lasting war, the blood and treasure of his fellow-subjects, and the weal of his native country.

P. 68.—"This is a misfortune which free assemblies and popular or mixed governments are almost unavoidably exposed to; and it is for this reason, so few nations have ever steadily pursued for any long time, the measures at first resolved on, were they never so right and just; and it is for the same reason that a single power seldom fails at long run to be too hard for a confederacy." A very good argument for this war; a good overture and warning to make a general for life. It is an excellent panegyric upon arbitrary power; at this rate, the French king is sure to get the better at last. This preacher must certainly be an admirable judge of popular assemblies by living in an army. Such poor writers get a rote and common place of talking by reading pamphlets, and from thence presume to make general observations upon government and set up for statesmen. If the duke of Marlborough be Moses, what promised land is he bringing us to, unless this sermon be preached only to the Dutch? He may have promised them land and they him something else, and both been as good as their words. In his allegory of the people brought out of Egypt does the doctor mean our army? The parallel must then be drawn to make the war last forty years, or else it can be no parallel: we may easily see how near the comparison grows. Moses was accused by certain Israelites; "Is it a small thing," say they, "that thou hast brought us out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, to kill us in the wilderness, except thou make thyself altogether a prince over us?" Hath the duke of Marlborough been suspected of any such design? Moses was wroth, and said unto the Lord, "Respect not thou their offering: I have not taken one ass from them, neither have I hurt one of them." (Num. xvi. 15.) And to the same purpose Samuel, "Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes with? and I will restore it you!" (1 Sam. xii. 3.) Does the British Moses speak thus to the people? is there any sort of agreement between them? Nor are we sure of God's commands to go up against the Amorites, p. 69, as the Israelites were; and we have fifty times more reason to murmur. They were carried from the wilderness "into a land flowing with milk and honey;" we from such a land into the wilderness, that is, poverty and misery, and are like to be kept in the wilderness till this generation and the next too are consumed by mortgages, anticipations, &c.

P. 71.—Where the doctor says, "The country itself was much too narrow for them," he must certainly mean the Dutch, who never think their frontiers can be too much extended.

The doctor tells us, p. 72, "The justice and necessity of our cause is little short of the force of a command." Did God command to fight because the chaplain-general will have no peace? He asks, "What is bidding us go on if our successes are not?" At this rate, whenever any new success is gained or a town taken, no peace must be made. The whole exhortation against peace which follows, is very proper for the chaplain of an army; it looks like another Essay of the Management of the War. "These successes have generally been so much wanted and so little expected." If we have been ten years at this vast expense, getting successes that we could not expect, we were mad to begin this war, which hath ruined us with all this success. But why this acclamation? Is taking one small town such great success as points out to us the finger of God? Who is his God? I believe the general has no little share in his thoughts, as well as the present ministry, though upon a quite different consideration. "The clouds have never this war thickened more or looked blacker than this year: things looked so black on every side as not to leave us the faintest glimpse of light. We apprehended nothing less than the dissolution of the alliance." Whatever the doctor may be for a preacher, he has proved but an indifferent prophet. The general and army may be obliged to him for the dissipation of these clouds, though the ministry are not. Were they the cause that such clouds gathered, "as made him fear an universal storm which could no way be fenced against?" To hear him run on in praise of the wonders of this campaign, one would scarce believe he was speaking to those very persons who had formerly gained such memorable victories, and taken towns of so much greater importance than Bouchain. Had the French no lines before? I thought Mons, Lisle, &c. had been once esteemed considerable places. But this is his youngest child: he does like most mothers when they are past the hopes of more; they doat upon the youngest, though not so healthy nor praiseworthy as the rest of the brethren. Is it our fault, that "three of the princes in alliance with us resolved to recall their troops?" p. 76. We brought our *quotas*, if our allies did not. By whose indulgence was it that some of them have not been pressed more closely upon that head, or rather have been left to do as they please? It is no matter how hard a bargain people pretend to make if they are not tied to the performance.

P. 75.—"If the enemy are stronger than they were," how are we so near our great hopes, the promised land? The affectation of eloquence, which carries the doctor away by a tide of words, makes him contradict himself and betray his own argument. Yet by all those expressions, p. 75, we can only find that whatever succcess we have must be miraculous; he says "we must trust to miracles for our success," which, as I take it, is to tempt God: though, p. 77, he thinks "the most fearful cannot doubt of God's continuance." We have had miraculous success these nine years by his own account; and this year, he owns, "we should have been all undone without a new miracle; black clouds, &c., hanging over our heads." And why may not our sins provoke God to forsake us and bring the black clouds again? greater sins than our inconstancy; avarice, ambition, disloyalty, corruption, pride, drunkenness, gaming, profaneness, blasphemy, ignorance, and all other immoralities and irreligion! These are certainly much greater sins; and whether found in a court or in a camp, much likelier to provoke God's anger than inconstancy.

Ibid.—"If we have not patience to wait till he has finished by gradual steps this great work, in such a manner as he in his infinite wisdom shall think fit." I desire the doctor would explain himself upon the business of gradual steps, whether three-and-twenty years longer will do, or what time he thinks the general and himself may live: I suppose he does not desire his gradual steps should exceed their date, as fond as he seems of miracles. I believe he is willing enough they should be confined to his grace's life and his own.

What does he mean, p. 78, by the natural and moral consequences that must lead us? If those moral consequences are consequences upon our morals, they are very small. "Whatever reason there can be for putting an end to the war but a good one, was a stronger reason against beginning it." Right! so far we allow. "And yet those very reasons, that make us in so much haste to end it, show the necessity there was for entering into it." I am in mighty hope to get out of a squabble, and therefore I had reason to get into it; generally the contrary is true. "What condition should we have now been in had we tamely let that prodigious power settle and confirm itself without dispute?" It could never settle and confirm itself but by a war.

P. 79. "Did we not go into the war in hopes of success? The greatest argument for going on with the war is that we may have more success." According to the doctrine laid down by our author, we must never be inclined to peace till we lose a battle: every victory ought to be a motive to continue the war. Upon this principle I suppose a peace was refused after the battle of Ramillies.

Ibid. "How can we doubt that we shall not still succeed, or that an enemy that grows every day weaker and weaker," &c. The doctor's zeal overbears his memory: just now the enemy was stronger than ever.

P. 80. "If we consider that our strength is from God," &c. Though all men ought to trust in God; yet our Saviour tells us, we ought to regard human means: and in the point before us, we are told, "that a king going forth to war against another king, sitteth down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand; or else while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an embassage, and desireth conditions of peace." [Luke xiv. 31, 32]. Our Saviour was a preacher of peace; "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," &c. [John xiv. 27]. But the doctor chooseth rather to drive on furiously with Jehu. He answers to the question, "Is it peace?" as that king did to the horsemen, "What hast thou to do with peace? Get thee behind me." He saith, "Our ingratitude and impenitence may defeat the surest prospects we have." May we not ask him, whose ingratitude? As to impenitence, I think this paragraph is the only one wherein he vouchsafes and that but very slightly in his whole sermon, to remind the people of repentance and amendment; but leaves a subject "so little suited to a day of joy," p. 81, to encourage them to "go on to obtain the end toward which they have made so many happy steps." We differ about that end; some desire peace, others war, that so they may get money and power. It is the interest of some to be in action, others to be at rest: some people clap their finger upon one point, and say that alone can be a good peace; we say there be many sorts of good peace, of all which we esteem the queen and ministry to be the best judges. The doctor tells us, "Our sins may force us to put an ill end to the war." He should explain what he calls an ill end; I am apt to think, he will think nothing good that puts an end to it, since he saith, "Vengeance may affect not only us but generations yet unborn." That they have taken care of already. We have pretty well mortgaged posterity, by the expenses of this devouring war: and must we never see an end to it, till there is not an enemy left to contend with? for so our author would intimate. In what a condition must we expect to be long before that? It is very happy for the nation that we do not lie at the mercy of this gentleman; that his voice is not necessary toward the great end we pant after, the unloading of our burden and the mitigation of our taxes. A just and necessary war is an ostentatious theme, and may bear being declaimed on. Let us have war; what have we to do with peace? We have beaten our enemy; let us beat him again. God has given us success; he encourages us to go on. Have we not won battles and towns, passed the lines, and taken the great Bouchain; what avails our miseries at home; a little paltry wealth, the decay of trade increase of taxes, dearness of necessaries, expense of blood, and lives of our countrymen? Are there not foreigners to supply their places? have not the loss of so many brave soldiers been offered to the legislature as a reason for calling in such numbers of poor Palatines, as it were to fill up the chasm of war and atone for desolation among our subjects? If we continue thus prodigal of our blood and treasure, in a few years we shall have as little of the one as the other left; and our women, if they intend to multiply, must be reduced, like the Amazons, to go out of the land or take them husbands at home of those wretched strangers whom our piety and charity relieved. Of the natives there will be scarce a remnant preserved; and thus the British name may be endangered once more to be lost in the German.

Were it not for fear of offending the worthy doctor I should be tempted to compare his sermon with one that some time since made so much noise in the world [that of Sacheverell]; but I am withheld by the consideration of its being so universally condemned, nay prosecuted, on one side. Perhaps the chaplain-general will not like the parallel; there may be found the same heat, the same innuendoes, upon different subjects, though the occasion be not so pressing. What necessity was there of preaching up war to an army who daily enrich themselves by the continuation of it? Does he not think loyalty and obedience would have been a properer subject? To have exhorted them to a perseverance in their duty to the queen, to prepare and soften their minds, that they may receive with resignation if not applause whatever her majesty shall think fit to transact. The doctor without suspicion of flattery, might very well have extolled their great actions, and congratulated with them upon the peace we are likely to enjoy; by which they will be at leisure to reap the harvest of their blood and toil, take their rest at home, and be relieved from the burden and danger of a cruel war. And as our gratitude will be ever due to them for delivering us from our distant enemy the French, so shall we have reason to bless whoever are the authors of peace to these distressed nations, by which we may be freed from those nearer and much more formidable enemies, discontent and poverty at home.

A NEW VINDICATION

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH:

IN ANSWER TO A PAMPHLET, LATELY PUBLISHED, CALLED BOUCHAIN;

Or, a Dialogue between the Medley and the Examiner.

"'The Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough' is entirely of the author of the Atalantis."[a]—*Journal to Stella*, Oct. 22, and Nov. 3, 1711.

I WAS always satisfied of the stupidity and disingenuity of the author who called himself "The Medley;" but never till now so thoroughly convinced of his assurance. He (or one who personates him) appears, in a little book called "Bouchain," as if he were in close conference and great intimacy with the Examiner; where according to the unfair manner of modern dialogue he reserves all the wit and reasoning for himself, and makes the poor Examiner one of the silliest, dullest rogues that ever pretended to speak or hear of politics; nay, he has even treated him worse than the real Medley did; who, though hired by the party to call him names by the week, had still so much modesty not to take away his understanding, though he did his integrity. But here he is made just as stupid as was necessary to introduce all the fine things that are thought fit to be said of this campaign; and is directed to ask those questions which none that reads and lives in any part of England can be supposed to be ignorant of, on purpose to heighten the glory of the general and abuse the capacities of the present ministry. This method of his seems to be copied from that great genius and champion of their cause, the Observator; and our Examiner acts the part of his countryman Roger, which how agreeable to the spirit and sense of the Examiner may be easily judged from his writings, which have met with a general approbation for their wit and learning.

But leaving the falseness and improbability of the diction, I shall only consider the malice and design of this *boute-feu*, that would set the people on flame, and advance the general to a height where none had ever been hoisted before, only for the bare consequences that attend his being at the head of an army so often victorious, so well paid and encouraged, with no enemies in view but those whom it was familiar to them to overcome, and who, though superior in number (as indeed they were), yet are wholly dispirited by continued losses, and at present restrained by the positive commands of their monarch; who has given it in charge to Monsieur Villars, not to venture the army but upon manifest advantages; so that nothing might be left to fortune, which had appeared so contrary to them of late, and seems to have so great a hand in the rise and fall of empires, and that period which is set to human glory.

This new Medley would bespeak our compassion for his hero, by telling of "the hard usage he has met with, and the sufficient reason he has had to be disgusted; his scandalous manner of treatment from the Examiner and his party; for," he says, "he is sensible the usage he gave him was not wholly from himself." And again, "That the duke of Marlborough is divested of all interest and authority both at home and in the army, whom so much pains have been taken to mortify, that he might

[a] Mrs. Manley, daughter of sir Roger Manley, a zealous Royalist, was early in life cheated into marriage with a near relation of the same name, who had at the same time a former wife living. Deserted by her husband, she was patronized by the duchess of Cleveland, a mistress of Charles II.; but the duchess being of a fickle temper, grew tired of Mrs. Manley in six months, and discharged her on pretence that she intrigued with her son. Retiring into solitude, she wrote her first tragedy, "The Royal Mischief." This play being acted in 1696 with great success, she received such unbounded incense from admirers that her apartment was crowded with men of wit and gaiety, which in the end proved fatal to her virtue. In the same year, she also published "The Lost Lover, or Jealous Husband," a comedy. In her retired hours she wrote the "Atalantis;" for which, she having made free in it with several distinguished characters, her printer was apprehended by a warrant from the secretary's office. Mrs. Manley, unwilling an innocent person should suffer, presented herself before the court of king's bench as the author. Lord Sunderland, then secretary of state, being curious to know from whom she got information of several particulars which were supposed above her own intelligence; she replied, with great humility, "that she had no design in writing further than her own amusement and divesrion in the country, without intending particular reflections and characters; and did assure them that nobody was concerned with her." When this was not believed, and the contrary urged against her by several circumstances, she said, "then it must be by inspiration; because, knowing her own innocence, she could account for it no other way." Whether those in power were ashamed to bring a woman to trial for a few amorous trifles, or whether (her characters being under feigned names) the laws did not actually reach her, she was discharged after several public examinations. On the change of the ministry she lived in reputation and gaiety, and amused herself in writing poems and letters, and conversing with the wits. A second edition of a volume of her letters was published in 1713. "Lucius," a well received tragedy, was written by her, and acted in 1717. It was dedicated to sir Richard Steele, who was then on such friendly terms with her that he wrote the prologue to her play, as Mr. Prior did the epilogue. She died July 11, 1724.

either in discontent throw up his command or continue in it without honour; whom we laboured to make the mark of public hatred; as if it were impossible for liberty and gratitude to consist together, and men were to be ill used for no other reason but because they could not be used so well as they deserve." And further, "Your friends may use the duke of Marlborough as ill as they please; but let them be assured in the end this will certainly turn upon themselves; and the time will come when it will be as safe to speak truth of the present ministry, as it is now to belie the old! and then, my friend, you may hear further from me." Who, after this, would not conclude the duke of Marlborough had been turned out of all, his estate confiscated, and himself under the most rigid sentence? Nothing less should have provoked this audacious person to have taken such liberty of speech, and been guilty of such threatenings against the persons the queen is pleased to honour and trust. Yet, that we may examine things more coolly than this incendiary, what hardships has this great man to complain of? I believe we shall scarce find any precedent among the Romans, that their generals abroad ever thought themselves disobliged upon the removal of a quæstor at home or the changing one secretary for another; and yet this is the height of that discontent they so much complain against. The queen, who seems directed by heaven as a reward for her piety, in the choice of her ministers and officers, did herself set the duke of Marlborough at the head of her army; she knew his long experience in military affairs; that he had run through all the several degrees of service, and either had a genius for war or nothing. No man ever entered upon his command with greater encouragement; the love and smiles of his sovereign, the good wishes of the people, and if not the personal love of the soldiers, yet the hatred they had for the enemy and their sufferings during the late peace gave them a double edge to war, and made them gain such glorious victories which all must own were got by the bravery of the English. Their personal valour proved of use, when neither genius in the general nor extraordinary conduct was required; though none will dispute his excelling in either, it has chanced that our greatest victories have been obtained more by the courage of the soldiers than the *finesse* of the commander; yet he has reaped all the advantage. Is he not the richest and greatest subject in Christendom? Has there not been a more than ordinary application, since the troops under his command first took the field, to supply them with everything that was necessary? Whoever of her majesty's subjects were left unpaid, care was taken that money should not be wanting for the war in Flanders. Even upon the change of ministry, it was almost the first act of power in the new, to borrow money to send to the army under the duke of Marlborough's command. He was so far from being "divested of all authority both at home and abroad," that there was not any change in what related to his grace's family, save the golden key; which after long waiting was thought necessary to be bestowed upon a person who would not think herself grown too great for the indispensable attendance of the place. The queen, nay the new ministers, used his grace with the same goodness and confidence in relation to his charge as the former did. What occasion was there for discontent? Did he ask any favour and was refused it? Had not her majesty forgiven, nay forgot, that supreme mark of arrogance in the duke of Marlborough, when he durst show himself disobliged at her giving away one regiment without first obtaining his leave as general? Was there any remembrance but in his own thoughts, of all that had been done by his party to perpetuate his command? If he was really disgusted because one of his sons-in-law [the earl of Sunderland], and the father of another [the earl of Godolphin], were removed, how ungrateful and undutiful was that behaviour to the person that had so wonderfully raised him; to a sovereign who had honoured him with such superlative marks of her favour! It is possible he might only seem discontented to please his family, though it has been shown without reason; to which they interpreted his going to Blenheim just before the queen's birth-day, from whence he returned the day after; as if he purposely chose to omit paying his duty and respects upon so remarkable an occasion.

But what mortifications, what hardships are these which our author complains of? Was his commission limited? had he not power to advance or retreat? was he forbidden to besiege or fight? was he commanded to take no steps but what were directed from above? wherein was he divested of his authority? when was this barbarous usage? was there any person hired to assassinate his fame or take away his life? what conspiracy, what confederacy, to make criminals accuse him? did any of his enemies tamper with Monsieur de Guiscard, and offer him his life, pardon, and money, to lay his villany upon the duke? Had the persons here in power a mind that his designs this campaign should miscarry, how easy would it have been for them to have effectually disappointed them and without being discovered! An artful hand can make more wonderful, though concealed movements. But instead of such usage, has he not been supplied with all possible vigour? was not a young general [the duke of Ormond] sent off, that the duke of Marlborough might have no occasion of discontent, nor appearance for complaint? were not his soldiers flushed with many victories eager and impatient to be led on to more? did he not very well know, as I have said before, that Monsieur Villars durst not fight him, though he had greater numbers than the duke, since the king had forbidden his venturing his army without evident advantages? are not the French dispirited and overawed by the superior genius of the English, by whom they have been so often vanquished? is it then such a wonder, after all the glorious victories the duke of Marlborough has obtained, that with the same fortune, the same cause, the same army, and against the same enemy, his grace has added one inferior fortress to his greater conquests? are the Senset and the Scheldt more formidable rivers than the Danube or the Rhine? are only passing the lines near Bouchain more wonderful then beating the French in their lines near Brabant? or have our former campaigns been so barren of great actions, that we need so much cry up the passing of two rivers and one morass where none durst oppose them; as if the general's glory were never consummate till now, or as if indeed he could have done less, except he had been resolved to do nothing, which could scarce have been with an army so full of ardour to fight? These flights of joy upon so small an occasion seem to me just as reasonable as if some great conqueror should land in England, beat all her armies, and take London in one campaign; and yet reserve his triumphs and the people's acclamations for the next, only upon the taking of Islington.

Whether this action, in respect to those the duke of Marlborough had performed before, deserves to be valued at that height our author carries it, may be gathered from what Sir W. Temple says: "In

May, 1676, the king of France sent the duke of Orleans to besiege Bouchain, with some part of his troops, being a small though strong place, considerable for its situation to the defence of the Spanish Netherlands. The king, with the strength of his army, posted himself so advantageously as to hinder the prince of Orange from being able to relieve it or to fight without disadvantage. The armies continued some days facing one another, and several times drawing out in order to battle, which neither of them thought fit to begin. Bouchain was surrendered the eighth day of the siege." Behold the same circumstance, attended with the same conquest, differing only in the number of days, in which the disadvantage lies by many on his grace's side!

I can never believe the duke of Marlborough will think himself obliged to the author of this paper for representing him as "a mortified person, and one divested of all authority both at home and abroad;" no more than I do imagine that his grace can, in his own nature, be undutiful to that power that has raised him; however accidentally he might once be wanting in that respect he owed the queen in the business of the regiment belonging to the late earl of Essex. Nor when I remember how much he did formerly for conscience' sake and the interest of the church of England, can I persuade myself he will now engage against it. How seasonably did he decline king James's service, when the papists and dissenters were united in interests to destroy the church; king James, to whom the duke of Marlborough was engaged by the highest gratitude! He had saved his life in the Gloucester frigate, and honoured his grace's family so far as to mingle his own royal blood with it. Did not the duke of Marlborough forego the interests of his sister and her children, his nephews and nieces that he was so fond of before, for the good of his country and the security of the Protestant religion? was he not contriving to deliver up the king to the prince of Orange, if the design had not been prevented? and did he not withdraw himself from his benefactor to serve against him under his greatest enemy; protesting in his letter to the king, "that his desertion from his majesty proceeded from no other cause than the inviolable dictates of conscience and a high and necessary concern for his religion, with which he was instructed that nothing could come in competition?" Did the duke do all this for the church of England; and will our author, or any of the Whiggish side, persuade us he can so far recede from his former principles to take party against that very church he has helped to preserve? to join in opposition to her with her bitterest foes when he is already as great and rich as a subject ought to be.

No! no! such restless spirits as this writer, who in the words of Mr. Dryden, "fire that world which they were sent by preaching to warm," those "Phaëtons of mankind," abuse the reputation of the greatest persons, and do themselves honour at the expense of others who, being equally ignorant of many things, yet pretend to determine of all the affairs of war and the cabinet; to inflame the people, abuse the ministry, and the queen through them; to trouble the waters, in hopes crowns and mitres may be found floating on the surface and ready to fall to the share of the boldest hand.

We shall next consider the "scandalous manner of treatment" the duke of Marlborough, as this writer tells us, "has met with from the Examiner and his party:" for he is sensible the usage he gave him was "not wholly from himself." How can he be sensible of that? for to this day it does not appear who the Examiner is, nor that he had instructions to talk of Crassus, Catiline, or Anthony. That pen still remains concealed; neither rewards nor presents have been given to any that we can suppose was author of those papers. Whoever he were he has had the modesty not to reveal himself, though his remarks were only against those persons whom the queen had thought fit to dispense with from further serving her: the general excepted, as this writer would have us believe, but he is the satirist who makes the application. Cannot a person treat of the excessive avarice and sordid behaviour of Marcus Crassus, but because the duke of Marlborough is known to be an extreme good husband of his money, he must needs intend his grace as a parallel? Indeed! does this libeller think there is so near a resemblance between them? Why, where then is the injustice? To show that there has been any let him convince us that his grace is become generous or less in love with riches, and the comparison will cease. But till then, though he were the conqueror of Europe instead of Flanders, the people will be apt to detest a vice they are sure to suffer by; regarding it as a counterpoise to the bravest actions, or indeed the only motive to the performance of them; and where interest is suspected to be the spur to glory, the reputation will always be less clear and shining. As to the comparison with Catiline, I find not the least ground for it; nor can it be so intended, though the old Medley with his unfair quotation has charged it upon the Examiner. The passage is in the fourth Examiner, to which I refer the reader, which can never I hope be applicable to England; for, how ambitious soever a general may prove, a brave true English army cannot create either fear or danger of their becoming a mercenary army. But the author further tells us, the Examiner was "pleased to make the civil comparison of the duke of Marlborough and his duchess to Anthony and Fulvia." What is there said of Anthony is so little that it is scarce worth anybody's taking it to themselves. I am sorry an author cannot introduce a figure, though in poetry, of a haughty, proud, wrathful, and envious woman, but the application must be presently made to his hand, as if there were no vices in history but what could be paralleled in life! In such a case I must say, as I did just before in that of Crassus, with this addition, that sure there must be some sort of resemblance or one's very friends would never dare to make the ready comparison!

Behold here the utmost of that charge this author has drawn up of what has been done by way of mortification to the duke of Marlborough. Alas! this is but one instance of the liberty of the press! whereas the present ministry may complain of a hundred; but their heads are too strong to be shaken by such impotent blasts or disordered by every libeller's malice. What clouds of pointless arrows, though sent with a good will, have flown from the Observator, the Review, and Medley! How have great and mean geniuses united to asperse their conduct, and turn the management of the late persons in power upon these! Humours, senseless ballads, foolish parallels, the titles of Oxford and Mortimer, have been an ample field. Who but must despise such wretched wits! I could quote several others if it were not reviving them from their obscurity, or rather giving new life to those still-born shapeless births which but just appeared and perished. Nor do I remember any person to have so far gloried in those monstrous productions as to own being a parent to them but the renowned Dr. Hare. The close of his fourth letter of the "Management of the War" is indeed very extraordinary; where he tells, "If they should describe the duke of Marlborough to be a short, black, fattish, ill-shaped man, that loves to drink hard, never speaks to be understood, is extremely revengeful and ill-bred; if they should represent his mind to be a complication of all ill qualities," &c. Here is more malice, though less wit and truth, than anything they accuse in the Examiner. In times of liberty and faction we must expect that the best persons will be libelled; the difference lies in the skill of the libeller. One draws near the life, another must write the name under or else we cannot understand; for as yet I never met one person that could find out who Dr. Hare designed by his short, black, fattish, ill-shaped man, though he has so far exceeded the liberty the Examiner has taken as to pretend to paint the very lineaments of the body as well as those of the mind.

Thus far you see what little reason our author has to complain for the duke of Marlborough's hard usage; but he grows bolder, and in just despair of the continuation of a war from which he reaps so many advantages, attacks what (notwithstanding the many refinements of some late patriots) I take still to be an undoubted prerogative of the crown, the power of making peace and war. This author, treating the queen with as little consideration as his patrons used to do, does not so much as consult her majesty's wisdom and inclination; but supposes, "no British parliament will ever be chosen here that will ratify an ill peace or will not crush the bold man who shall propose it." This is like what he says, "That the time will come when it will be as safe to speak truth of the present ministry as it is to belie the old." What can one suppose from these threatenings? They are such as in wisdom should never be made, scarce with an army to back them: did I not know the loyalty of ours I should fear, from our author's great intelligence, that they were in the secret to frighten the ministry and parliament from taking into consideration the unanimous wishes and wants of our people, who have sustained so long a war to the ruin of their trade and a vast expense of their blood and treasure, upon such disinterested views as sure no people besides ever did. We very well know his reasons for providing peace should not be made without Spain; yet when all those kingdoms and dependencies were united to the empire, the house of Austria was more terrible to Europe than the house of Bourbon has been since; and a confederate war was then successfully carried on as now to fix the balance of power. Let us but consider what wonderful things this ministry has already done; let us enter into their character and capacity, their true love of their country, and sincere endeavours for its welfare; and then may our hearts be at rest: and conclude that whatever peace they shall think fit to advise will be the best that they could obtain for the safety of the church, the glory of their sovereign, and the ease and happiness of her whole people. Let them that would oppose it consider how many millions this one year's war hath cost us, when all the great actions performed by a great army, with a greater general at their head, hath been only gaining one single fortress; an action so much gloried in and so far magnified that we are made to think it is of equal importance to the most fortunate campaigns! Let us consider how long we shall be able to pay such a price for so small a conquest! I speak only of our money; having learned by good example not to value the blood of those poor wretches that are yearly sacrificed in vast numbers in trenches and at the foot of walled towns. But say we were even at the gates of Paris, nay that Paris were ours,—what allay would that be to our personal sufferings at home? Let us look into our gazettes for the number of bankrupts; along the streets of our metropolis and observe but the decay of trade, the several shops shut up, and more in daily apprehension of failing. Let us remove ourselves into the country and see the penury of country gentlemen with small estates and numerous families that pay in such large proportions to the war; and there let us inquire how acceptable, nay, how indispensable, peace is to their further subsisting. True! there is still a great deal of money in England: but in whose hands? Those who have had the management of such prodigious sums as have been given these last three-and-twenty years, on pretence of carrying on the war. Inquire what sums the late lord-treasurer [lord Godolphin] left the exchequer, and what immense debts in the navy and elsewhere: how the funds were all anticipated or loaded. Observe but what industry has been used that the late party should part with none of their vast wealth to assist the present exigency, and then let us wonder at the wisdom and conduct of that ministry which has been able to wade through all these difficulties, restore credit, and uphold the armies abroad: and can we doubt after this of their entering into the true interests of the nation or dispute the peace they shall think fit to advise the queen to make? How can our malicious author say, "That it will be a severe mortification for so great and successful a general to see the fruits of his victories thrown all away at once by a shameful and scandalous peace; after a war of nine years, carried on with continued successes, greater than have been known in story? And how grievous must it be to him to have no footstep remain except the building at Woodstock, of all the great advantages which he has obtained for the queen and the British nation against their dangerous enemy; and consequently of his own extraordinary merit to her majesty and his country?" No! are they about to take the Garter from him? to unprince, unduke him? to confiscate all his large possessions except Woodstock? those vast sums in the banks of Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam? His stately moveables, valuable paintings, costly jewels, and in a word, those immense riches of which himself and his lady (as good an accountant as she is) do not yet know the extent of? Are all these, I say, to be resumed, and nothing remaining but that edifice or *memento* of a subject's ambition, the stately walls of Blenheim, built while his gracious benefactress is contented to take up her residence in an old patched-up palace, during the burden of a heavy war, without once desiring to rebuild Whitehall till by the blessing of peace her subjects shall be capacitated to undergo the necessary taxes? I am ashamed to enumerate those obligations the duke has to his queen and country, while he has such wretched and ungrateful advocates, who bellow his uneasiness and exaggerate his mortifications. It is the misfortune of the times that we cannot explain to our own people the occasion we have for a peace without letting our enemies into our necessities, by which they may rise in their demands. Could there be a poll made and voices collected from house to house, we should quickly see how unanimous our people are for a peace; those excepted who either gain by the war or, concealing their hoards, pay but small proportions toward it; an art well known and practised in this great city, where a person worth many thousands shall get himself rated at but one, two, or three hundred pounds stock; while the poor landed man is forced to pay to the extent because his estate is known and accordingly valued.

To conclude: I think in the hands we are in we

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need not dispute our safety; and if, as this author would insinuate, even a separate peace should be intended by some of our allies, after the example of our wise neighbours the Dutch at the treaty of Nimeguen, the generality of the people will be easily brought to agree that it is better than no peace at all. They know that our ministry are so well acquainted with the true interest of the nation and are so tender of its welfare, that they will not consent to take one step in this affair but what makes for the glory of the queen and the happiness of her subjects.

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A TRUE RELATION

OF THE SEVERAL FACTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE INTENDED RIOT AND TUMULT ON QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTH-DAY:

Gathered from authentic accounts; and published for the information of all true lovers of our constitution in church and state.

The Journal to Stella has the following passages concerning this designed riot and the pamphlet which contains an account of it:

"This is queen Elizabeth's birth-day, usually kept in this town by prentices, &c. But the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight; and had laid out a thousand pounds, to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, &c., and carry them with torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas. But they were seized last night by order from the secretary."

"I am told the owners are so impudent that they intend to replevy them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord treasurer as they could."

"I saw to-day the pope, the devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an understrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet, to give an account of the whole design."

London, Nov. 24, 1711.

Sir,—I am very sorry so troublesome a companion as the gout delays the pleasure I expected by your conversation in town. You desire to know the truth of what you call "a ridiculous story," inserted in "Dyer's Letter"[a] and "The Postboy," concerning the figures that were seized in Drury-lane, and seemed only designed for the diversion of the mob, to rouse their old antipathy to popery and create new aversion in them to the pretender. If indeed this had been their only intent your reflections would be reasonable, and your compassion pardonable. It is an odd sort of good nature to grieve at the rabble's being disappointed of their sport, or as you please to term it, "of what would for the time being have certainly made them very happy." But, Sir, you will not fail to change your opinion when I shall tell you that there was never a blacker design formed unless it were blowing up the parliament house. No mortal can foresee what might have been the ill effects if it had once come to execution. We are well assured, that under pretence of custom and zeal and what they call an innocent diversion, lurked a dangerous conspiracy: for whoever goes about to disturb the public peace and tranquillity must needs be enemies to the queen and her government.

You have been informed of the surprising generosity and fit of housekeeping the German princess has been guilty of this summer at her country seat, in direct contradiction to her former thrifty management; yet, to do her justice, she is not so parsimonious as her lord nor sets half that value upon a guinea: though her dexterity in getting be as great as his, he outdoes her in preserving. She has had a wonderful address in some things! witness the known story of the diamond, which is as great an instance of good management on her side as my lord's making one suit of clothes serve three sets of buttons can be of his frugality. She seems to have forgotten or rather outlived all the softer passions, those beautiful blemishes for which they are often pitied by our sex but never really hated. Wrath, ill nature, spleen, and revenge, are those with whom her ladyship has been in league for many months; she has even fallen into the common weakness of unfortunate women, who have recourse to silly fellows called conjurors, or perhaps in imitation of her mother her ladyship wanted a very witch; she would give anything to converse with a real witch: at last she took up with a wizard, an ignorant creature who pretends to deal with the stars, and by corresponding with thief-catchers helps people to their goods when they have been stolen. To please her highness he revived an old cheat of making an image like the person she most hated, upon which image he would so far work by enchantment, that him it represented from that moment should grow distempered and languish out his short life in diverse sort of pains. Since the wizard was taken into the lady's pay a certain great man has happened to be indisposed, by which means she remains very well satisfied with the experiment, and imagines this accident to be owing to the force of her enchantment, from which she promises herself still greater events. Though we laugh at the folly, we cannot but remark the malice of the attempt.

On Friday the 16th of November, the heads of the party met at the new palace, where the late viceroy recounted to them the happy disposition of affairs, and concluded "That notwithstanding all their misfortunes they had still to-morrow for it." This person who had so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *lillibullero* song, with which if you will believe himself he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms, was resolved to try if by the cry of "No peace, high church, popery, and the pretender," he could halloo another in. There were several figures dressed up; fifteen of them were found in an empty house in Drury-lane; the pope, the pretender, and the devil, seated under a state whereof the canopy was scarlet stuff trimmed with deep silver fringe; the pope was as fine as a pope need to be, the devil as terrible, the pretender habited in scarlet laced with silver, a full fair long periwig, and a hat and feather. They had all white gloves, not excepting the very devils, which whether quite so proper I leave to the learned. This machine was designed to be borne upon men's shoulders; the long trains dependant from the figures were to conceal those that carried them. Six devils were to appear as drawing the chariot, to be followed by four cardinals in fine proper habits; four jesuits and four Franciscan friars, each with a pair of white gloves on, a pair of beads, and a flaming or if you please a bloody falchion in their hands. Pray judge if such a parade should at any time appear without the proper disposition of lights, &c., as was here intended; do you not believe it would be a sufficient call to the multitude; and that they would never forsake it till their curiosity had been satisfied to the full? Any man in his senses may find this was a deliberate as well as a great expense. To prepare men's minds for sedition one Stoughton's sermon (which was burnt by the common hangman in Ireland by order of the house of lords), preached at St. Patrick's in

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[a] Newspapers read by the Tories, especially by the country gentlemen.

Dublin and printed there, was that very week reprinted here and handed about with extreme diligence: and to fill the people with false fear and terror they had some days before reported that the queen was dangerously ill of the gout in her stomach and bowels. The very day of the designed procession it was whispered upon the Exchange and all over the city that she was dead. A gentlewoman that makes wax-work declares "That some time before, certain persons of quality as she judged, who called one another sir Harry, sir John, sir James, &c., came to her house and bespoke several wax-work figures, one for a lady; they agreed to her price, paid half in hand and the rest when they fetched them away." These figures are not yet taken. One was designed to represent the lord-treasurer, the lady Mrs. Masham, and the rest the other great officers of the court, with Dr. Sacheverell, which the workwoman was ordered to make as like his picture as possibly she could. A certain lady renowned for beauty[a] at the princess's palace desired that she might have the dressing up of the young handsome statesman[b] whose bright parts are so terrible to the enemies of his country; in order to it she proposed borrowing from the playhouse Æsop's large white horsehair periwig. Her lord[c] furnished out the rest of the materials from the queen's wardrobe. No wonder he should be an enemy to peace when his father gains so much by the continuance of the war, nor that a certain young duchess was so eager to have him go in disguise with the viceroy when his absence was convenient!

Further to convince you that this was a premeditated design, and carried on in all it forms, proper persons had been busy beforehand to secure a thousand mob, to carry lights at this goodly procession.[d] One of these agents came to a victualling-house in Clare Market; he called for drink and the master of the house, of whom he inquired, "If he could procure him forty stout fellows to carry flambeaux on Saturday the 17th instant, to meet there at one o'clock? They should have a crown apiece in hand, and whatever they drank till five he would be there to see discharged." At such a proposal mine host pricked up his ears, and told his honour, "His honour need not fear but that he might have as many as his honour pleased at that price." Accordingly he fetched in several from the market, butchers, tripe-men, poulterers' prentices, who joyfully listed themselves against the day, because it was to be a holiday and they should not stand in need of their masters' leave; "for on queen Bess's day," they said, "they always went out of course." The landlord promised to make up the complement by the appointed time with honest lads, who would be glad to get their bellies full of drink and a crown apiece in an honest way. All was agreed upon, the gentleman paid the reckoning, which came to a considerable sum in beer and brandy for his mob, and departed with assurance of being there at one o'clock to meet his myrmidons; but the matter being discovered he has not been heard of since, to the great disappointment of the good man and the people he had engaged. The like was done in several parts of the town. They had secured to the number as I told you of one thousand persons, who were so hired to carry lights, though they knew not to what end, doubtless for a burial, among whom were many of the very foot guards. Drinking from one to five, it is plain they were to be made drunk, the better to qualify them for what mischief was designed by their proper leaders. The viceroy [lord Wharton], with some others of as good and two or three of better rank than himself, were resolved to act in disguise; the viceroy like a seaman, in which he hoped to outdo Massaniello of Naples, whose fame he very much envies for the mighty mischief he occasioned. His busy head was the first inventor of the design, and he would take it very ill if he were robbed of the glory. He had lately proved the power of an accidental mob,[a] and therefore hoped much better from a premeditated one; he did not doubt inflaming them to his wish by the noise of popery and the pretender, by which they would be put into a humour to burn even Dr. Sacheverell and the other effigies. At their several bonfires where the parade was to make a stand, the preliminary articles were to be thrown in, with a cry of "No peace;" and proper messengers were to come galloping as if like to break their necks, their horses all in a foam, who should cry out, "The queen, the queen, was dead at Hampton Court." At the same time the duke of Marlborough was to make his entry through Aldgate where he was to be met with the cry of "Victory, Bouchain, the lines, no peace, no peace." If matters had once come to this pass, I do not see what could have hindered the leaders from doing all the mischief they desired, from exalting and pulling down whom they pleased, nor from executing during the rage of the people, prepossessed as they would be with the news of the queen's death, whatever violence, injustice, and cruelty, they should think fit. They had resolved before what houses should be burnt. They were to begin with one in Essex-street, where the commissioners of accounts meet, from whence a late discovery has been made of vast sums annually received by a great man for his permission to serve the army with bread. They said, "Harley should have better luck than they expected if he escaped de Witting; they would set people to watch him all that day that they might know where to find him when they had occasion." And truly who can answer for the consequence of such a tumult, the rage of a mad drunken populace, fomented by such incendiaries (for the whole party, to a man, were engaged to be there)? I do not see how the city could have escaped destruction. There were many to kindle fires, none to put them out. The Spectator who ought to be but a looker on, was to have been an assistant, that seeing London in a flame, he might have opportunity to paint after the life, and remark the behaviour of the people in the ruin of their country, so to have made a diverting Spectator. But I cannot but look up to God Almighty with praise for our deliverance, and really think we have very much need of a thanksgiving; for in all probability, the mischief had been universal and irremediable. I tremble to think what lengths they would have gone: I dare not so much as imagine it. They had taken Massaniello's insurrection for a precedent, by which all who were not directly of their own party had suffered, as may be gathered from what we know of their nature, and by what is already discovered, though there is doubtless a great deal more behind. As soon as the figures were seized, they dispatched away a messenger express to the place where it was known the duke intended to land, to tell him he might now take his own time; there was no occasion "for his being on the 17th instant, by seven at night, at Aldgate;" and so he lay that night five miles short of the town.

However the viceroy may value himself upon this design, he seems but to have copied my lord Shaftesbury in 1679, on the same anniversary. It is well known, by the favour of the mob, they hoped then to have made the duke of Monmouth king, who was planted at sir Thomas Fowls's at Temple bar, to wait the event; while the rest of the great men of his party were over the way at Henry VIII's tavern. King Charles had been persuaded to come to sir Francis Child's to see the procession; but before it began, he had private notice given him to retire, for fear of what mischief the mob might be wrought up to. He did so; which ruined the design they had to seize on his person and proclaim the duke king. This was the scheme our modern politicians went upon. One of them was heard to say, "They must have more diversions than one, *i. e.* burning, for the good people of London; since the mob loved to create as well as to destroy."

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[a] Lady Mary Churchill, duchess of Montague, youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

[b] Mr. secretary St. John.

[c] John, the second duke of Montague.

[d] Illuminated by flambeaux.

[a] The riots in the cause of Dr. Sacheverell.

By this time, I do not doubt, sir, but you are thoroughly convinced of the innocence of this intended procession, which they publicly avow, and tell the ministry they are welcome to make what they can of it, knowing themselves safe by having only intended not acted the mischief; if it had once come to that, they would have been so far above the fear of punishment for their own crimes as to become executioners of the innocent.

Truly I think the malice of that party is immortal, since not to be satiated with twenty-three years' plunder, the blood of so many wretches, nor the immense debt with which they have burdened us. Through the unexampled goodness of the queen and the lenity of the other parts of the legislature, they are suffered to sit down unmolested, to bask and revel in that wealth they have so unjustly acquired: yet they pursue their principles with unwearied industry, club their wit, money, politics, toward restoring their party to that power from whence they are fallen; which, since they find so difficult, they take care by all methods to disturb and vilify those who are in possession of it. Peace is such a bitter pill they know not how to swallow; to poison the people against it they try every nail, and have at last hit of one they think will go, and that they drive to the head. They cry, "No peace!" till the trade of our nation be entirely given up to our neighbours. Thus they would carry on the public good of Europe at the expense of our private destruction. They cry, "Our trade will be ruined if the Spanish West Indies remain to a son of France;" though the death of his father may cause Philip to forget his birth and country, which he left so young. After the decease of his grandfather he will be only the brother of a haughty rough-natured king, who in all probability may give him many occasions to become every day more and more a Spaniard.

They do not allow the dauphin's or the emperor's death have made an alteration in affairs, and confide all things to the supine temper of the Austrian princes; from whence they conclude there can be no danger in trusting half Europe to the easy unactive hands of such an emperor. But may not another Charles V. arise? another Philip II.? who, though not possessed of the Austrian territories, gave more trouble and terror to England than ever she felt from France; inasmuch as had not the seas and winds fought our battles, their invincible Armada had certainly brought upon us slavery and a popish queen! Neither is it a new thing for princes to improve as well as degenerate. Power generally brings a change of temper. Philip de Comines tells us, "That the great duke of Burgundy in his youth hated the thoughts of war and the fatigue of the field. After he had fought and gained one battle he loved nothing else; and could never be easy in peace, but led all his life in war, and at length died in it; for want of other enemies fighting against the poor barren Swissers, who were possessed of nothing worth contending for."

But it is not reason, or even facts, that can subdue this stubborn party. They bear down all by noise and misrepresentation. They are but will not seem convinced, and make it their business to prevent others from being so. If they can but rail and raise a clamour they hope to be believed, though the miserable effects of their mal-administration are ten thousand to one against them; a festering obvious sore, which when it can be healed we know not, though the most famous artists apply their constant skill to endeavour at a cure. Their aversion to any government but their own is unalterable; like some rivers that are said to pass through without mingling with the sea, though disappearing for a time, they rise the same and never change their nature.

I am, sir, &c.

The preceding tract will be best illustrated by the following account of the subject of it, transcribed from a folio half-sheet published in 1711:—

"An account of the mock procession of burning the pope and the chevalier de St. George, intended to be performed on the 17th instant, being the anniversary of queen Elizabeth of pious and glorious memory.

"The owners of the pope, the chevalier de St. George, fourteen cardinals, and as many devils, which were taken out of a house in Drury-lane at midnight between the 16th and 17th instant, and exposed to view at the Cockpit for nothing (on the latter of those days), think fit to acquaint the world that their intention in making them was, with those and other images (in case their goods had not been forcibly taken away), to have formed the following procession:—

"Twenty watchmen to clear the way, with link-boys lighting them on each side.

"Twenty-four bagpipes marching four and four, and playing the memorable tune of Lillibullero.

"Ten watchmen marching two and two, to prevent disorder.

"Four drums in mourning, with the pope's arms in their caps.

"A figure representing cardinal Gualteri, lately made by the pretender protector of the English nation, looking down on the ground in a sorrowful posture; his train supported by two missionaries from Rome, supposed to be now in England.

"Two pages, throwing beads, bulls, pardons, and indulgences.

"Two jack-puddings sprinkling holy water.

"Twelve hautboys playing the tune of the Greenwood-tree.

"Two lackeys on each side of them bearing streamers, with these words, *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutare*, being the device on the colours of the right reverend the bishop of London's troops when he marched into Oxford in the year 1688.

"Six beadles with protestant flails in their hands.

"These followed by four persons bearing streamers, each with the pictures of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower.

"Twelve monks, representing the fellows who were put into Magdalen-college in Oxford on the expulsion of the protestants.

"Twelve streamer-bearers with different devices, representing sandals, ropes, beads, bald pates, and big-bellied nuns.

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"A lawyer, representing the clerk of the high commission court.

"Twelve heralds marching one after another at a great distance, with pamphlets setting forth king James II.'s power of dispensing with the test and penal laws.

"On each side of the heralds fifty links.

"After these four fat friars in their habits, streamers carried over their heads, with these words, 'Eat and pray.'

"Four Jesuits in English habits, with flower-de-luces on their shoulders, inscribed, 'Indefeasible,' and masks on their faces, on which is writ 'The house of Hanover.'

"Four Jesuits in their proper habits.

"Four cardinals of Rome in their red hats curiously wrought.

"The pope under a magnificent canopy, with a right silver fringe, accompanied by the chevalier St. George on the left and his counsellor the devil on his right.

"The whole procession closed by twenty streamers, on each of which was wrought these words:

God bless queen Anne, the nation's great defender!
Keep out the French, the pope, and the pretender.

"In this order it was intended, with proper reliefs of lights at several stations in the march, to go through Drury-lane, Long-acre, Gerrard-street, Piccadilly, Germain-street, St. James's-square, Pell-mell, Strand, Catherine-street, Russell-street, Drury-lane, Great Queen-street, Little Queen-street, Holbourn, Newgate-street, Cornhill, Bishopsgate-street, where they were to wheel about and return thorough to St. Paul's-churchyard to Fleet-street. And at the Temple, before the statue of that illustrious lady whose anniversary was then celebrated, that queen wearing a veil, on which are drawn the picture of her present majesty, and under it the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and the passes of the lines in this present year, 1711, after proper ditties were sung, the pretender was to have been committed to the flames, being first absolved by the cardinal Gualteri. After that the said cardinal was to be absolved by the pope, and burnt. And then the devil was to jump into the flames with his holiness in his arms.

"And let all the people say—*Amen.*"

THE NEW WAY

30

OF SELLING PLACES AT COURT:

IN A LETTER FROM A SMALL COURTIER TO A GREAT STOCKJOBBER.

"——Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.——"—JUVENAL, iii. 183.

"DID I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place for 7000*l.*, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The vice chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's."—*Journal to Stella*, March 24, 1711-12.

IN that friendly dispute which happened between us some time ago, wherein you endeavoured to prove that the city politics outdid those of the court, I remember there was nothing upon which you seemed to pride yourself more than that mystery of your brethren in Exchange Alley, which is usually called "selling the bear's skin;" whereby a very beneficial trade is daily driven with imaginary stocks, and many thousands bought and sold to great advantage by those who were not worth a groat. This you challenged me to match with all my knowledge in the lower arts of the court. I confess, you had then the better of the argument; and I was forced to yield, which I would hardly do at present if the controversy were to be resumed: I could now make you acknowledge that what you in the city call "selling the bear's skin," does not deserve the name, when compared with the dexterity of one of our artists. I shall leave the decision of this matter to yourself, after you have received the following story, which I shall most faithfully relate.

There is a certain petty retainer to the court who has no employment at all himself, but is a partner for life to one that has. This gentleman resides constantly with his family among us, where being wholly at leisure he is consequently very speculative, perpetually turning his thoughts to improve those happy talents that nature has given him. He has maturely considered with himself the strange opinions that people at distance have of courts. Strangers are apt to think that whoever has an apartment in the royal palace can go through the lodgings as if he were at home and talk familiarly with every one he meets, must needs have at any time a dozen or two of employments in his power; the least word from him to a great man, or upon extraordinary occasions to the queen herself, would certainly do the business! This ignorance has often been made very good use of by dexterous men among us. Old courtiers will tell you twenty stories of Harry Killigrew, Fleetwood, Sheppard,[a] and others, who would often sell places that were never in being and dispose of others a good pennyworth before they were vacant; how the privy garden at Whitehall was actually sold and an artist sent to measure it; how one man was made curtain-lifter to the king and another his majesty's goldfinder; so that our predecessors must be allowed their due honour. Neither do I at all pretend that the hero I am now celebrating was the first inventor of that art; wherein it must however be granted that he hath made most wonderful improvements.

This gentleman, whom I take leave to call by the name of Guzman, in imitation of a famous Spanish deceiver of that name, having been formerly turned out of one or two employments for no other crime than that of endeavouring to raise their value, has ever since employed his credit and power for the service of others; and where he could not secure them in reality has been content to feed their imaginations, which to a great part of mankind is full as well. It is true, he hath done all this with a prudent regard to his own interest; yet whoever has trafficked with him cannot but own that he sells at reasonable rates, and is so modest withal that he is content the credit of taking your money should rest on the greatest men in England rather than himself. He begged a small employment for one of his customers from a lord of the admiralty, then told his client "that the great man must have a hundred guineas presented him in a handsome manner." Our placejobber brought an old lame horse of his own, and said "the admiral asked a hundred guineas for it:" the other bought the horse without offering to cheapen him or look in his mouth.

Two or three such achievements as these gave our adventurer the courage for some time past to deal by the great and to take all employments at court into his own hands. And though he and his family are firm adherents to the honest party and furious against the present ministry (as I speak it to our honour, no small number of us are), yet in the disposal of places he was very impartial and gave every one their choice. He had a standing agent, to whom all people applied themselves that wanted any employment, who had them ready of all sizes, to fit whatever customer came, from twenty to a thousand pounds a-year.

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[a] Well known as men of pleasure, wit, and humour, in the court of Charles II.

If the question be asked, Why he takes no employment himself? he readily answers, That he might, whenever he pleased, be in the commission of the customs, the excise, or of trade: but does not think it worth his while; because, without stirring from court or giving himself any trouble, he can by his credit oblige honest gentlemen with employments, and at the same time make better advantage to himself. He hath several ways to establish a reputation of his interest at court. Sometimes, as I have already observed, he hath actually begged small offices and disposed of them to his clients. Besides, by living in her majesty's palace and being industrious at picking out secrets, he often finds where preferment is likely to go even before those who are to be preferred can have any notice of it themselves; then he immediately searches out for them, tells them of their merits, asks them how they would like of such an employment, and promises by his power at court to get it for them: but withal gives them a hint that great men will take money, though they will not be known to do it; that it therefore must be done by a second hand, for which he proffers his service, tells them what sum will be convenient, and then sinks it in his own pocket, beside what is given to him in gratitude for his solicitations and good will: this gives him credit to pursue his trade of placejobbing. Whoever hath a mind for an employment at court or anywhere else, goes to Guzman's agent, and he reads over to the candidate a list of places with their profit and salaries. When one is fixed upon, the agent names the known Don Guzman as a person to be depended upon, tells the client he must send his honour a hamper of wine; if the place they are in treaty for be considerable, a hogshead. At next meeting the price is agreed on; but unfortunately this employment is half promised to another: however, he believes that that difficulty may be removed for twenty or thirty guineas; which being but a trifle, is immediately given. After two or three meetings more, perhaps, the bubble hath access to the don himself; who assumes great airs, says the thing shall be done, he has already spoken to the queen or lord treasurer. At parting, the agent tells the officer elect there is immediate occasion for forty or fifty guineas, to be given among clerks, or servants, or some great minister. Thus the poor placehunter is drilled on from one month to another, perpetually squeezed of ready money, and nothing done. This trade Don Guzman has carried on for many years and frequently with five or six dupes in hand at a time, and perhaps all of them for one place. I know it will be the wonder of many people, as it has been mine, how such impostures as these could be so frequently repeated, and how so many disappointed people could be kept from making a noise and clamour that may ruin the trade and credit of this bold projector; but it is with him as with almanack makers, who gain more reputation by one right guess than they lose by a thousand wrong ones. Besides, I have already observed that once or twice in his life, he did actually provide for one or two persons; further, it was his constant rule, whatever employment was given away, to assure his clients that he had the chief hand in disposing of it. When a man had no more to give or was weary of attending, the excuse was, either that he had some private enemies or the queen was engaged for that turn or that he must think of something else: and then it was a new business, required new fees, and new hampers of wine; or lastly, Don Guzman was not to be seen, or talked cold and dry, or in very great haste, and so the matter dwindled to nothing: the poor pretender to an employment discovered the cheat too late, was often ashamed to complain, and was only laughed at when he did.

Having thus described some few of the qualifications which have so much distinguished this worthy manager, I shall crown all with informing you of the particulars of a late achievement that will give him an everlasting renown. About two months ago, a gentleman of a good fortune had a mind to buy some considerable employment in the court, and sent a solicitor to negotiate this affair with Don Guzman's agent, who after one or two meetings told him the vice-chamberlain's employment was to be disposed of, the person who now enjoyed it being wholly out of favour with the queen [Thomas Coke, esq.]; that the choice of his successor was in Don Guzman's power; that 7000*l.* was the price, whereof 4000*l.* was to be given to a lady who was foster-sister to the queen; 2000*l.* to the present vice-chamberlain in consideration of his being turned out; and the remaining thousand to be divided between the great don and the two small agents: this was the result after several meetings, after two or three hampers of wine had been sent to St. James's, and some guineas given to facilitate the putting off a bargain which, as pretended, was begun for the employment to another person. This matter went so far, that notes were interchangeably given between the two agents and their principal, as well relating to the thousand pounds which was to be divided among them as to the main sum. Our projector was likewise very curious to know whether the new vice-chamberlain could speak French, which he said was absolutely necessary to his office; whether he was well-fashioned, had a genteel manner and polite conversation; and directed that the person himself should upon an appointed day be seen walking in the garden before St. James's house, that the lady, the queen's foster-sister, might judge of his mien whether he were a sightly man and by his appearance qualified for so great an employment. To carry the imposture further, one Sunday when, in the lord-chamberlain's [the duke of Shrewsbury] absence, Mr. vice-chamberlain led her majesty to chapel, Don Guzman being there with his solicitor, said to him with an expressive sneer and a sort of rapture, "Ah sir, what happiness! I am ravished to think of it. I wish your friend was here now to see the vice-chamberlain handing the queen: I would make him give the other thousand pounds for his employment."

These are the circumstances of this story as near as I can remember. How the ingenious don could have got off clean from this business I cannot possibly imagine: but it unfortunately happened that he was not put to the trial of showing his dexterity; for the vice-chamberlain, by what means I could never yet learn, got a little light into the matter. He was told that somebody had been treating for his place, and information given him where to find the solicitor of the person who was to succeed him. He immediately sent for the man; who (not conceiving himself to be engaged in a dishonest action and therefore conscious of no guilt) very freely told him all that he knew; and as he had good reason, was as angry at the cheat put upon him and his friend as the vice-chamberlain himself; whereupon poor don Guzman and his two agents were, at Mr. Vice-chamberlain's request, examined before a principal secretary of state, and their examinations taken in writing. But here I must with shame confess that our hero's behaviour was much below his character; he shuffled and dodged, denied and affirmed, contradicted himself every moment, owned the fact, yet insisted on his honour and innocency. In short his whole demeanour was such that the rawest stock-jobber in Exchange-alley would blush to see it. It is true he hath since in some manner recovered his reputation; he talks boldly wherever he comes as if he were the party injured, and as if he expected satisfaction; and what is still more heroical, goes on in his old trade of disposing places, though not of such great consideration.

How the affair will end I cannot tell; the vice-chamberlain, between generosity and contempt, not being hitherto very forward in carrying it to a formal prosecution; and the rest of the court contenting themselves, some with laughing and some in lifting up their eyes with admiration.

However I think the matter well deserves to be recorded, both for the honour of the manager and to let you and the world know that great abilities and dexterity are not confined to Exchange-alley.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

THE STORY

OF THE ST. ALBAN'S GHOST;

OR, THE APPARITION OF MOTHER HAGGY.

Collected from the best manuscripts.

> Sola, Novum Dictuq., Nefas, Harpyia Celæno
> Prodigium canit, et tristes denuntiat Iras.—VIRGIL.

THE FOURTH EDITION: FROM A COLLECTION OF TRACTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The following *jeu d'esprit* is thus alluded to by the reputed author, who affects to disavow it, in his Journal to Stella, Feb. 22: "I went to lord Masham's to-night, and lady Masham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet just published, called 'The St. Alban's Ghost.' I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not."

I CAN scarcely say whether we ought to attribute the multitude of ghosts and apparitions which were so common in the days of our forefathers to the ignorance of the people or the impositions of the priest. The Romish clergy found it undoubtedly for their interest to deceive them, and the superstition of the people laid themselves open to receive whatsoever they thought proper to inculcate. Hence it is that their traditions are little else than the miracles and achievements of unbodied heroes, a sort of spiritual romance, so artfully carried on and delivered in so probable a manner as may easily pass for truth on those of an uncultivated capacity or a credulous disposition. Our sectarists indeed still retain the credulity as well as some of the tenets of that church; and apparitions and such-like are still the bugbears made use of by some of the most celebrated of their holders forth to terrify the old women of their congregation (who are their surest customers), and enlarge their quarterly subscriptions. I know one of these ambidexters who never fails of ten or twenty pounds more than ordinary by nicking something wonderful in due time; he often clothes his whole family by the apparition of a person lately executed at Tyburn, or a whale seen at Greenwich or thereabouts; and I am credibly informed that his wife has made a visit with a brand new sable tippet on, since the death of the Tower lions.

But as these things will pass upon none but the ignorant and superstitious, so there are others that will believe nothing of this nature even upon the clearest evidence. There are it must be owned but very few of these accounts to be depended on; some however are so palpable, and testified by so good authority, by those of such undoubted credit and so discerning a curiosity, that there is no room to doubt of their veracity, and which none but a sceptic can disbelieve. Such is the following story of Mother Haggy of St. Alban's in the reign of king James I.: the mighty pranks she played in her lifetime, and her apparition afterwards, made such a noise both at home and abroad and were so terrible to the neighbourhood, that the country people to this day cannot hear the mention of her name without the most dismal apprehensions. The injuries they received from the sorceries and incantations of the mother, and the injustice and oppression of the son and daughter, have made so deep an impression upon their minds and begot such an hereditary aversion to their memory, that they never speak of them without the bitterest curses and imprecations.

I have made it my business, being at St. Alban's lately, to inquire more particularly into this matter, and the helps I have received from the most noted men of erudition in this city have been considerable, and to whom I make my public acknowledgment. The charges I have been at in getting manuscripts and labour in collating them, the reconciling the disputes about the most material circumstances and adjusting the various readings, as they have taken me a considerable time, so I hope they may be done to the satisfaction of my reader. I wish I could have time to distinguish by an asterism the circumstances delivered by tradition only from those of the manuscripts, which I was advised to do by my worthy friend the rev. Mr. Whiston, who had he not been employed otherwise might have been a very proper person to have undertaken such a performance.

The best manuscripts are now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Garth, where they are left for the curious to peruse, and where any clergyman may be welcome; for however he may have been abused by those who deny him to be the author of the Dispensary, and taxed by others with principles and practices unbecoming a man of his sense and probity, yet I will be bold to say in his defence that I believe he is as good a christian as he is a poet, and if he publishes anything on the late D——d M——y I don't question but it will be interspersed with as many precepts of revealed religion as the subject is capable of. Those refined pieces that the doctor has been pleased to own since the writing of the Dispensary have been looked upon by the lewd debauched critics of the town to be dull and insipid, for no other reason but because they are grave and sober; but this I leave for others to determine, and can say for his sincerity that I am assured he believes the following relation as much as any of us all.

Mother Haggy was married to a plain homespun yeoman of St. Alban's, and lived in good repute for some years; the place of her birth is disputed by some of the most celebrated moderns, though they have a tradition in the country that she was never born at all, and which is most probable. At the birth of her daughter Haggite something happened very remarkable, and which gave occasion to the neighbourhood to mistrust she had a correspondence with Old Nick, as was confirmed afterwards beyond the possibility of disproof. The neighbours were got together at a merry-making, as they term it in the country, when the old woman's high-crowned hat, that had been thrown upon the bed's tester during the heat of the engagement, leaped with a wonderful agility into the cradle, and being catched at by the nurse was metamorphosed into a coronet, which, according to her description, was not much unlike that of a German prince: but it soon broke into a thousand pieces. "Such," cries old Mother Haggy, "will be the fortune of my daughter, and such her fall." The company took but little notice of what she said, being surprised at the circumstance of the hat. But this is fact, says the reverend and honourable Lumley Lloyd, and my grandmother, who was a person of condition, told me, says he, she knew the man who knew the woman who was, said she, in the room at that instant. The very same night I saw a comet, neither have I any occasion to tell a lie as to this particular, says my author, brandishing its tail in a very surprising manner in the air; but upon the breaking of a cloud I could discern, continues he, a clergyman at the head of a body of his own cloth, and followed by an innumerable train of laity, who coming towards the comet it disappeared.

This was the first time mother Haggy became suspected, and it was the opinion of the wisest of the parish that they should petition the king to send her to be tried for a witch by the presbytery of Scotland. How this passed off I cannot tell, but certain it is that some of the great ones of the town were in with her, and it is said she was serviceable to them in their amours; she had a wash that would make the skin of a blackamoor as white as alabaster, and another that would restore the loss of a maidenhead without hinderance of business or the knowledge of any one about them. She tried this experiment so often upon her daughter Haggite that more than twenty were satisfied they had her virginity before marriage.

She soon got such a reputation all about the country that there was not a cow, a smock, or a silver spoon lost, but they came to her to inquire after it; all the young people flocked to have their fortunes told, which, they say, she never missed. She told Haggite's husband he should grow rich and be a great man, but by his covetousness and griping of the poor should come to an ill end: all which happened so exactly that there are several old folks in our town who can remember it as if it was but yesterday.

She has been often seen to ride full gallop upon a broomstick at noonday, and swim over a river in a kettledrum. Sometimes she would appear in the shape of a lioness, and at other times of a hen or a cat; but I have heard could not turn herself into a male creature, or walk over two straws across. There were never known so many great winds as about that time, or so much mischief done by them; the pigs grunted and the screech-owls hooted oftener than usual; a horse was found dead one morning with hay in his mouth, and a large overgrown jack was caught in a fish-pond thereabouts with a silver tobacco-box in his belly; several women were brought to bed of two children, some miscarried, and old folks died very frequently.

These things could not choose but breed a great combustion in the town, as they call it, and everybody certainly had rejoiced at her death had she not been succeeded by a son and daughter, who, though they were no conjurors, were altogether as terrible to the neighbourhood. She had two daughters, one of which was married to a man who went beyond sea; the other, her daughter Haggite, to Avaro [Marlborough], whom we shall have occasion to mention in the sequel of this story.

There lived at that time in the neighbourhood two brothers of a great family, persons of a vast estate and character and extremely kind to their servants and dependants. Haggite, by her mother's interest, was got into this family, and Avaro, who was afterwards her husband, was the huntsman's boy. He was a lad of a fine complexion, good features, and agreeable to the fair sex, but wanted the capacity of some of his fellow-servants; though he got a reputation afterwards for a man of courage, but upon no other grounds than by setting the country fellows to cudgelling or boxing, and being a spectator of a broken head and a bloody nose.

There are several authentic accounts of the behaviour of these two in their respective stations, and by what means they made an advancement of their fortunes. There are several relations, I say, now extant that tell us how one of these great brothers took Avaro's sister for his mistress, which was the foundation of his preferment, and how Haggite, by granting her favours to any one who would go to the expense of them, became extremely wealthy, and how both had gained the art of getting money out of everybody they had to do with, and by the most dishonourable methods. Never, perhaps, was any couple so matched in everything as these or so fit for one another; a couple so linked by the bonds of iniquity as well as marriage, that it is impossible to tell which had the greatest crimes to answer for.

It will be needless to relate the fortune of the brothers, who were their successive masters, and the favours they bestowed on them. It is sufficient that the estate came at last to a daughter of the younger brother, a lady who was the admiration of the age she lived in and the darling of the whole country, and who had been attended from her infancy by Haggite.

Then it was Avaro began his tyranny; he was intrusted with all the affairs of consequence, and there was nothing done without his knowledge. He married his daughters to some of the most considerable estates in the neighbourhood, and was related by marriage to one Baconface [Godolphin], a sort of bailiff to his lady. He and Baconface and Haggite got into possession as it were of their lady's estate, and carried it with so high a hand, were so haughty to the rich and oppressive to the poor, that they quickly began to make themselves odious; but for their better security they formed a sort of confederacy with one Dammyblood [Wharton]; Clumzy [Sunderland], their son-in-law; Splitcause [Somers], an attorney; and Mouse [Halifax], a noted balladmaker, and some others. As soon as they had done this they began so to domineer that there was no living for those who would not compliment or comply with them in their villany. Haggite cried, Lord, madam, to her mistress, it must be so; Avaro swore, by G—d; and Baconface shook his head and looked dismally. They made every tenant pay a tax, and every servant considerably out of his wages, toward the mounding their lady's estate as they pretended, but most part of it went into their own pockets. Once upon a time the tenants grumbling at their proceedings, Clumzy, the son-in-law, brought in a parcel of beggars to settle upon the estate. Thus they lived for some years, till they grew richer than their mistress, and were perhaps the richest servants in the world: nay, what is the most remarkable and will scarcely find belief in future ages, they began at last to deny her title to the estate and affirm she held it only by their permission and connivance.

Things were come to this pass when one of the tenants' sons from Oxford [Sacheverell] preached up obedience to their lady, and the necessity of their downfall who opposed it. This opened the eyes of all the honest tenants, but enraged Avaro and his party to that degree that they had hired a pack of managed bull-dogs with a design to bait him, and had done it infallibly had not the gentry interposed, and the country people run in to his assistance. These with much ado muzzled the dogs and petitioned their lady to discard the mismanagers, who consented to it.

Great were the endeavours and great the struggles of the faction, for so they were called, to keep themselves in power, as the histories of those times mention. They stirred up all their lady's acquaintance to speak to her in their behalf, wrote letters to and fro, swore and cursed, laughed and cried, told the most abominable and inconsistent lies, lavished away their beef, pudding, and October most unmercifully, and made several jointed babies to show for sights and please the tenants' sons about Christmas.

Old Drybones [Burnet] was then the parson of the parish, a man of the most notorious character, who would change his principles at any time to serve a turn, preach or pray *extempore*, talk nonsense or anything else, for the advancement of Avaro and his faction. He was looked upon to be the greatest artist in legerdemain in that country, and had a way of showing the pope and little master in a box, but the figures were so very small it was impossible to discern them. He was hired it is supposed to tax the new servants with popery, together with their mistress, which he preached in several churches thereabouts; but his character was too well known to make anything credited that came from him.

There are several particulars related both by tradition and the manuscripts concerning the turning out of these servants, which would require greater volumes than I design. It is enough that notwithstanding their endeavours they were discarded, and the lady chose her new servants out of the most honest and substantial of her tenants, of undoubted abilities, who were tied to her by inclination as well as duty. These began a reformation of all the abuses committed by Avaro and Baconface, which discovered such a scene of roguery to the world that one would hardly think the most mercenary favourites could be guilty of.

Avaro now began to be very uneasy, and to be affrighted at his own conscience; he found nothing would pacify the enraged tenants, and that his life would be but a sufficient recompence for his crimes. His money, which he relied on and which he lavished away to bribe off his destruction, had not force enough to protect him. He could not as it is reported sit still in one place for two minutes, never slept at all, eat little or nothing, talked very rambling and inconsistent of merit, hardships, accounts, perquisites, commissioners, bread, and bread-waggons, but was never heard to mention any cheese.

He came and made a confession in his own house to some people he never saw before in his life, and which shows no little disorder in his brain, that whatever they might think of him he was as dutiful a servant as any his mistress had. Haggite raved almost as bad as he, and had got St. Anthony's fire in her face; but it is a question, says Dr. Garth, whether there was anything ominous in that, since it is probable the distemper only changed its situation.

Meanwhile it was agreed by Baconface and others that a consultation should be called at Avaro's house, something decisive resolved on in order to prevent their ruin; and accordingly Jacobo the messenger was sent to inform the cabal of it.

Dismal and horrid was the night of that infernal consultation! nothing heard but the melancholy murmuring of winds and the croaking of toads and ravens; everything seemed wild and desert, and double darkness overspread the hemisphere: thunder and lightning, storms and tempest and earthquakes, seemed to presage something more than ordinary and added to the confusion of that memorable night. Nature sickened and groaned as it were under the tortures of universal ruin. Not a servant in the house but had the strangest dreams, and Haggite herself had seen a stranger in the candle. The fire languished and burnt blue and the crickets sung continually about the oven. How far the story is true concerning the warming-pan and dishes, I cannot say, but certain it is a noise was heard like that of rolling peas from the top of the house to the bottom; and the windows creaked and the doors rattled in a manner not a little terrible. Several of their servants made affidavit that Haggite lost a red petticoat, a ruff, and a pair of green stockings that were her mother's, but the night before, and a diamond-cross once given her by a great man.

It was about midnight before this black society got together, and no sooner were they seated when Avaro opened to them in this manner: We have tried, says he, my friends, all the artifices we could invent or execute, but all in vain. Our mistress has discovered plainly our intentions, and the tenants will be neither flattered, nor frighted, nor bribed into our interest. It remains, therefore—and what though we perish in the attempt? we must perish otherwise—that once for all we make a push at the very life of ——; when, lo! says the manuscript, an unusal noise interrupted his discourse, and Jacobo cried out, The devil, the devil at the door. Scarce had he time to speak or they to listen, when the apparition of mother Haggy entered; but who can describe the astonishment they were then in? Haggite fainted away in the elbow chair as she sat, and Avaro notwithstanding his boasted courage slunk under the table in an instant; Baconface screwed himself into a thousand postures; and Clumzy trembled till his very water trickled from him. Splitcause tumbled over a joint-stool, and Mouse the ballad-maker broke a brandy-bottle that had been Haggite's companion for some years; but Dammyblood, Dammyblood only was the man that had the courage to cry out, G-d d-mn your bl--d, what occasion for all this bustle? Is it not the devil, and is he not our old acquaintance? This revived them in some measure, but the ghastliness of the spectacle made still some impression on them. There was an unaccountable irregularity in her dress, a wanness in her complexion, and a disproportion in her features. Flames of fire issued from her nostrils, and a sulphurous smoke from her mouth, which, together with the condition some of the company were in, made a very noisome and offensive smell; and I have been told, says a very grave alderman of St. Alban's, some of them saw her cloven foot.

I come, says she at length (in a hollow voice more terrible than the celebrated Stentor or the brawny Caledonian), I come, O ye accomplices in iniquity, to tell you of your crimes, to bid you desist from these cabals, for they are fruitless, and prepare for punishment. I have as long as I could assisted you in your glorious execrable attempts, but time is now no more, the time is coming when you must be delivered up to justice. As to you, O son and daughter, said she, turning to them, 'tis but a few revolving moons ere you must both fall a sacrifice to your avarice and ambition, as I have told you heretofore, but your mistress will be too merciful, and though your ready money must be refunded your estate in land will descend unto your heirs. But you, O Baconface, you have merited nothing to save either your life or your estate; be contented, therefore, with the loss of both; and Clumzy, says she, you must share the same fate: your insolence to your lady and the beggars you brought in upon the tenants will require it. Dammyblood, continues she, turning towards him, you must expect a considerable fine; but Splitcause and Mouse may come off more easily. She said, gave a shriek, and disappeared; and the cabal dispersed with the utmost consternation.

THE CHARACTER
OF RICHARD STEELE, Esq.;
WITH SOME REMARKS.

BY TOBY, ABEL'S KINSMAN; OR, ACCORDING TO MR. CALAMY, A.F. & N.

IN A LETTER TO HIS GODFATHER.

The Fourth Edition.

Bella inter Geminos plusquam civilia Fratres.—Epigr.

This satire was attributed to Swift at its first appearance in 1713, and was reprinted in the Gulliveriana, 1728, with the following preface:—

"The reader is to understand that captain Gulliver's first attachments in England were to the Whigs; that he wrote the 'Contest of Athens and Rome,' and many other pieces, on Whiggish principles; that his patron was a Whig; that the captain gave into his patron's ways of thinking; and the reader is to know, lastly, that at the captain's first appearing in public and in print at London, he conversed only with Whigs, particularly lord Wharton, Addison, and Steele.

"But when the late queen changed her successful and victorious ministry she changed the whole captain; and the captain changed his opinions, changed his conscience, changed his company, and betook to O—d, O—h, B—k, P—e, A—t, M—y, and G—; changing his style at the same time, and writing continually in opposition to the persons and principles which he had espoused from his youth.

"While the captain flourished, in the height and heat of his labours to favour the jacobite cause, in Examiners, Conducts, Toby's Remarks, Ballads, and all kinds of writing, public and private, sir Richard Steele was the chief protestant hero of the press, who, by his Englishman, Guardian, Crisis, Dunkirk, and other approved writings in favour of the house of Hanover, stemmed the tide, in the judgment of all unprejudiced readers, and turned the hearts of the people against the then managers for the pretender.

"This success of sir Richard Steele so incensed the party that they took every measure to distress him; they turned him out of his employment, and they expelled him the house of commons. His fortune was broke, and his person and life were reckoned to be in danger; and it was under these prosperous circumstances that the pious and humane captain sends Toby, in his ridiculous way, to support and comfort him. That very captain! who was Steele's old friend and fellow-writer; that captain, whom Steele loved, and never disobliged, unless it could be by his writing in favour of our constitution against the pretender.

"But I'll detain you no longer from the entertainment of master Toby, alias Gulliver, alias Swift, alias Examiner, alias dean of St. Patrick's, alias Drapier, alias Bickerstaff, alias Kemarker, alias Journalist, alias Sonnetteer, alias Scriblerus."

Titulo res digna sepulchri.—Juv.

Sir,—I have sent you the late performances of Mr. Steele, who, in my opinion, has, after all the false glosses that have been put upon him, drawn his own picture to the life, and given us a better sketch of his mind than ever we had of his short face. You will excuse me, sir, if I interrupt you a little in making my observations upon one who has so freely made his observations upon his queen and government: it will be no injury I am persuaded to the Examiner to borrow him a little upon promise of returning him safe; as children do their playthings when their mirth is over, and they have done with them; I cannot, I must confess, but promise myself a little merriment, and, in imitation of a laudable custom of our countrymen at Hockley, shall endeavour, after Bruin has been sufficiently baited in another manner, to give the company the diversion of a wheelbarrow.

All that Mr. Steele contends for at present is to be thought the politician of the company, and though an infant and a pigmy in his profession, to deal with statesmen of a gigantic stature and surpassing his upholsterer in argument; and he has behaved himself with such mighty prowess in his first encounters that it is suspected he writes by the direction of Mr. Ridpath, and that his shield and his sword are the gift of some famous necromancer, and equal in virtue to Mambrino's helmet. I would desire you, sir, to take notice I say it is *suspected* only he writes by the assistance of Mr. Ridpath, since I would by no means offer that gentleman an injury now he is dead and gone, who perhaps, if he was alive, would be unwilling to be concerned with Mr. Steele. If the jay borrowed a feather from the peacock, another from the bullfinch, and another from the magpie, it is no argument that Dick is made of borrowed colours, that he borrowed his humour of Estcourt, his criticism of Addison, his poetry of Pope, or his politics of Ridpath; and that his qualifications as a man of sense, like Mr. Thompson's as a member of parliament, lie in thirteen parishes.

It may be disputed perhaps whether the Irish or Scotch rogue has passed the most editions, or who has the best claim to preferment, since the same vein of knavery is the subject of them both. Affinity of sense is no argument that they both are concerned in writing the same piece, or that the Englishman is equivocally generated by the copulation of the Scotch and Irish, and like a mule, inherits an equal share of the virtues of each of its progenitors. Two persons of different nations and the same principle may sometimes jump in their ideas of men and things, but it is a wrong inference to suppose that none but a Scotchman would give the Flying Post the character of honest, as if standing in the pillory was no test of his integrity with an Irish evidence. Wise men are always cautious of the character of those who have trod the paths of honour and virtue before them, who have been conspicuous in those preferments they are solicitous to ascend.

I have sent you the best information of the reasons of the conduct of our upstart, and have endeavoured to solve all the phenomena of his turning politician; and if, in giving you the history of his late proceedings, I should say something that may occasion him to call me graceless rogue or rascal, or give me any other appellation adapted to the mouth of a political reformer, if he falls into passion with any man of quality, instead of returning me an answer, you must not say he is rude or angry or giving ill language; you must approve of his behaviour and his management; it is the method lately of political controversy and an admirable artifice of evading an antagonist. A man of late years is thought as much a conqueror when he runs out of the field and escapes as if he kills his adversary upon the spot.

Mr. Steele, sir, having lately had a Welsh estate left him by his wife's mother, began to look upon himself as a considerable person in land as well as sense, as is natural for those who have been indigent and necessitous all their lives. He was told by the minor poets, his companions at Button's, that a man of his sense must undoubtedly advance himself by being in the senate, and that he knew the world, as Dick himself insinuates in his Treatise upon Demolition, as well as any man in England, and had all the qualifications requisite for a minister of state. There was no great occasion to press him to anything of this nature: he embraced it with all the eagerness imaginable, but offered at first a sort of *nolo episcopari*, that it might go down the more plausibly. He considered wisely that his wit and credit began to run very low, that the chief of his assistants had deserted him, that C. Lilly had lately refused to lend him half-a-crown, Jacob [Tonson] dunned him more than was consistent with good manners, and if he got into the house he could not be arrested. What seduced him more than all these considerations was a pension from the party double the income of the stamp-office, at present, and in hand, for speaking in the house; and he has amassed together a multitude of set speeches, which he designs to get extempore for that purpose. He is at this time so elated I am told that he has already promised several places under him when he is secretary or lord-treasurer. Mr. Button is an auditor of the exchequer, and Mr. Bat. Pigeon, in the room of sir Clement, master of the ceremonies. He has declared publicly he does not question overturning the ministry, and doing that before the first sessions of parliament is over which my lords Wharton and Somers have been foiled at for three years together.

I need not tell you, sir, how exulted he seemed at Stockbridge, and after what manner he addressed the bailiff and his brethren. There was nothing there to perplex him but the payment of a 300*l.* bond, which lessened the sum he carried down, and which an odd dog of a creditor had intimation of and took this opportunity to recover. But, alas! alas! We may date the ruin of the man and the loss of his intellects from this juncture; as soon as he came to town the political *cacoethes* began to break out upon him with greater violence because it had been suppressed, and he who had lived so long upon the lucubrations of others was resolved at last to do something. Mr. John Snow has since received such marks of his favour and esteem that he has appealed to him in the dispute betwixt himself and his prince whether it was expedient to demolish Dunkirk or not, and has chosen himself and the bailiff of a petty corporation to be directors of her majesty. To convince his electors he can write, he has dedicated a book to their bailiff, and for their civility in attempting to choose him has inflicted the punishment of reading it upon the corporation.

There is no occasion at this time to animadvert on the argument of his letter, so well refuted by the demolition itself; and as the case stood then the whole dispute was frivolous and of no importance. The person of monsieur Tugghe was obscure if not feigned; his memorial inconsiderable, if not written by Mr. Steele; her majesty steadfast in her resolution to demolish the town and harbour, and her ministry declaring it: but all this was not enough for our champion's satisfaction: he had promised to oblige Mr. Snow with some diversion at his own expense, and like the renowned [knight of] La Mancha singles out a windmill to encounter. Dreadful and bloody was the battle on both sides, and that insolent burgher of a foreign corporation deserved to be chastised for affronting her majesty, when none but a senator or a subject who is not accountable to his queen ought to be allowed that liberty.

I know not, I must confess, by what means he will evade the charge of insolence and ingratitude; he ought undoubtedly to have been very certain that her majesty was resolved never to demolish Dunkirk, that the sieur Tugghe's memorial was wrote by the direction of the ministry, and that her majesty had no reason for deferring the demolition. This would have been proper I say, for him to have inquired, and when he had been ascertained of these things, if he had given his opinion of the importance of demolishing that place with modesty and submission as a private author, he ought not to have told the queen that the representative body of the whole nation immediately expected it, when he had no commission from them. If he was insolent and ungrateful to her majesty under the name of Mr. Ironside, he ought not to father his spurious brats or his libels upon the nation or parliament; and however unaccountable he may think himself, he may have an opportunity to repent it.

But he remembers a certain person who wished the necks of all mankind consolidated in one, that he might the more commodiously demolish the whole species at once, and endeavours, in imitation of this great example, to cut off the constitution of Great Britain at a blow.

A man of such a charity and public spirit is heroically illustrious: our ancestors of forty-one brought on the civil war by the same stratagem of setting the king and parliament at variance.

You will find, sir, in the packet I have sent you, that the Examiner has answered all his reasons, if they can be called so, beyond the possibility of a reply; but our new politician, who knows the world and himself better than to take an answer, has recourse to another stratagem; and instead of replying one word to the Examiner, without any sense of handsome language or good manners falls a throwing dirt and abusing the unblemished character of a minister of state, by whose interest alone he has been continued three years in the stamp-office.

This, sir, is that gentleman of merit! that hero of good sense! that man of charity and public spirit! that censor of Great Britain! that venerable Nestor!

O, ye literati of Button's coffeehouse! Ye ladies of St. James's! Ye milliners of the Exchange! Ye upholsterers of the city! Ye stock-jobbers of Jonathan's! Ye neighbours of sir Roger, and ye family of the Lizards!—Behold the patron of learning! the encourager of arts and sciences! the dispenser of morality and philosophy! the demolisher of tuckers and hooped petticoats! the terror of politicians! and the debellator of news-writers! dwindled on a sudden into an author below the character of Dunton [a bookseller]! below the politics of Ridpath! Ungratefully insulting his queen, and committing petty-larceny upon the reputation of a great man! See the man who talked like an oracle, who had all the gay, the delicate, the humorous, at his command, calling names and daubing his style with the language of a scavenger!

O tempora! O mores! More phlebotomy and fresh straw—

> For the man in the moon drinks claret,
> Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot.

Is this that Richard Steele, esq., who published the Tatlers and Spectators, who was believed to be one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the world? It is impossible! 'Tis some impostor, some enemy to that gentleman, some savage miscreant who had his birth and education in a place more barbarous than Carrickfergus.

If Mr. Steele, sir, was ever a man of parts he is strangely degenerated, and has undergone a greater alteration on a sudden than any in Ovid's Metamorphoses, though the following account in my opinion may be as properly applied to Apollo and Mr. Ironside as to the person spoken of by that author, which for the benefit of the city politicians I shall leave in the original :—

—— Nec Delius aures
Humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram,
Sed trahit in spatium ; villisque albentibus implet ;
Induiturque aures lentè gradientis Aselli.—Ovid.

Our author has given his reputation such a stab that I can scarely think but he is in some measure guilty of self-murder, and as dead as Dr. Partridge or any other person he killed formerly. If the coroner's inquest was to examine him the Welsh estate would in all probability be in danger, was it not for the *salvo* of *non compos*. It is a miserable consideration when a man exposes his morals and integrity to sale, when he lets his wit by the day and jades and hackneys down his genius to supply his luxury. I should have thought Mr. Steele might have had the example of his friend [Dr. Garth] before his eyes, who had the reputation of being author of the Dispensary, till by two or three unlucky afterclaps he proved himself incapable of writing it.

But we ought to have another opinion of our adviser of princes if we reflect on what he tells us in his Importance, that an honest, though a mean man, gives her majesty to understand that the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk: "Expects it," says he, "from the duty they owe their queen, from their care of the preservation of her sacred life, her crown, and dignity, from the honour and integrity of her councils, from the glorious advantages of her arms, from the faith and sincerity of her treaties, from the veneration and regard due to her from his most christian majesty, and from the duty they owe themselves and their posterity; and is this insolence and ingratitude?" If we had leisure to examine this construction it would open to us a field of incongruity; but I shall rather give you the true reasons of the expectations of himself and his party, abstracted from the false meanings he has put upon them. The party then expects it,—from a particular care of the Dutch trade and from an apprehension that England should be too powerful; from the duty they owe the Dutch and their posterity; from an endeavour to blacken and asperse the peace; from a jealousy that the present ministry are in the interest of the church; from an uneasiness they are under because of her majesty's administration, and from a desire of seeing her successor upon the throne; and is *this* insolence and ingratitude?

You may imagine, sir, perhaps I wrong the demolisher in my interpretation of this passage, especially if we consider him as one who professes that the highest pleasure of a human soul consists in charity. As to laying aside, says he, those common views by which the mistaken world are actuated, a man of liberal education can easily surmount those low considerations; and when he considers himself from the moment he was born into this world as an immortal though a changeable being, he will form his interests and prospects accordingly, and not make provision for eternity with perishable things. When a man has planted such a sentiment as this for the rule of his conduct the pursuits of avarice and ambition will be as contemptible as the sports of children; and there can be no honours, no riches, no pleasures, which can possibly come in competition with the satisfactions of an enlarged and public spirit.

Was Mr. Steele the person he here would represent himself I would allow the sense he puts upon his own words. This is such a gift of virtue and philosophy which a man of liberal education can hardly ever arrive to, how easily soever he may surmount those low considerations, and is never perhaps to be found in any person, much less in one who bestows it upon himself. I wish indeed I could find any one who would give him this character; I have hunted everywhere, I have conversed with his companions and creditors, with his friends and enemies, and I must confess I never yet met the man who had so good an opinion of his veracity as to believe him in trifles and matters of the least importance.

You may blame me perhaps for reminding our author of his debts; and I should justly think myself blamable were they not the effects of his luxury, his vanity, and ambition, and not of accident or misfortune. I could easily excuse and pity a man for being poor, but not when he labours by his vices to undo himself; not when he endeavours to make a figure or become a senator at the expense of his creditors. Some civilians look upon such chemists who are searchers only of the philosopher's stone as unfit to be tolerated in any community, because they reduce not only themselves and families to beggary but several other people; and certainly spendthrifts and projectors of any sort are equally pernicious, and are so far from having any spice of public spirit, so much boasted of by some, that they are useless members to the government they live under and a nuisance to the public. Where is the public spirit of such a man who will be bribed to recommend a barber, a buffoon, or a perfumer to the world, to carry on intrigues which a man of honour would blush to hear of, and to pimp in print? Where is his charity and benevolence to mankind who is squandering away a handsome competency among the illegitimate, who is running into everybody's debt and paying nobody? Where is his disinterest who votes for more than double an equivalent of the stamp-office? Are the pursuits of avarice and ambition contemptible to such an one? And is this laying aside the common views by which the mistaken world are actuated?

Pardon me, sir, however merry I have been I can contain no longer: public spirit, charity, benevolence to mankind, and disinterest, are virtues known to our mushroom patriot by name only, and it raises the contempt and indignation of every honest man to hear a person of the vilest principles, and the most mercenary hireling who ever prostituted his pen in the defence of any faction, giving himself such an air of sanctity and virtue. A man of such a public and enlarged spirit is as well qualified as any Judas of them all to betray his friend, his benefactress, or his sovereign, if you bait with a bribe considerable enough to reach his conscience; and he may very well be careless what ideas are affixed to the letters of his name when it is impossible for the worst to sully him.

I have dwelt the longer, sir, upon Mr. Steele's character because it seems to be the main argument at present; Dunkirk is now *demolishing*, and the *importance* of no consideration; and I beg leave only to make a remark or two upon the Englishman which may serve to confirm what I have already hinted.

He assumes at first the name of an Englishman in a burlesque manner, as if the character and charge of a man of experience and a patriot was matter of comedy and ridicule. It may indeed, sir, as he manages it, but methinks every Englishman ought to have understood himself and his country better than to abuse the only man who, if any one deserves that title, has proved himself more an Englishman than any minister who has gone before him. We all of us, sir, are sensible of the happy influence of his counsel, who has rescued our constitution out of such hands as engrossed the monarchy to themselves and plundered its revenue; as exposed the wealth of our nation to the depredations of foreigners and the scorn and derision of its confederates.

But these incongruities are pardonable if we consider him as a Frenchman, a Dutchman lately naturalized, or an acquaintance of Mr. Steele's, and he may be allowed to publish a letter from himself to a certain peer, complaining of his footman and calling him such names he learned formerly in footmen's company. Neither is it at all surprising he should fancy it incompatible with the character of a statesman to laugh, or whisper, or writhe his head, or that my lord's footman appeared the worst man that ever had the education of a gentleman. I refer you, sir, to the Englishman at large, and beseech you to read with attention and not throw it aside before you have read it over.

Mr. Steele in short has neither a head nor a style for politics; there is no one political Englishman but contains either some notorious blunder in his notions or his language, and he seems himself so well aware of this that he is already run from his purpose. I should be glad to find any signs of conversion in him, and I could wish he would follow the example of Midas, who after the transformation of his ears was ashamed, and endeavoured to cover his ignominy from the world.

If I might advise him I should think it his best way to retire into Wales and live upon his estate, for by these means he may keep his circumstances within bounds; and when his head is cool and purged of his politics he may now and then revisit and divert the town by publishing the works of his friends, and retrieve the little reputation he had gained by them. Whatever hopes the party may have given him, or whatever promises they have made, he may depend upon it they will never answer: he will prove their cully and their tool and ruined in the end, and if he persists in his purpose I dare engage, if I can be sure of anything in futurity, that I shall live to see him in jail or under the hands of Longbottom in Bedlam, and his works exposed in that neighbourhood for years together to the inclemency of the seasons. I know not I must confess whether his misfortunes will deserve our pity. Such a fate will be the genuine product of his indiscretion and ill principles, and his stupidity a curse upon his ingratitude.

Neither Mr. Baker, Mrs. Baldwin, or any other English publisher, ever obtained so great a character as the person we have been speaking of, or received more encouragement from people of condition, and it would have been as much a crime but a little time since to have spoken against him as now it is to speak for him. Some historians have observed that Alexander was as fortunate in his death as in any action of his life; he died soon after he had subdued the world, nor lived to hazard the glory he had gained in any rebellion that might have been formed against him. How happy had it been for our politician had he died in such a manner! had he followed his friend sir Roger soon after he published his death, and left no Guardians, no Englishmen behind him as the monuments of his ignorance and indiscretion!

I have subjoined, sir, a few paragraphs by way of postscript from those papers, that you may make a judgment of his style: I will engage there is scarce any of his compositions out of which I cannot pick some sentences of false grammar or inconsistence. How honourable soever or praiseworthy the ancients thought it to die for their country, I never knew a man was obliged to talk nonsense in defence of it. Abusive language and fustian are as unfair in controversy as poisoned arrows or chewed bullets in a battle, and he deserves indeed to be thought an Englishman who is ignorant of the English language! Indolence, attitude, public spirit, liberal education, and benevolence, with a thousand other expressions, are cant and nonsense when applied too often and upon all occasions; and it is supposed a certain scribbler can no more write without these words than a certain bishop can preach when his hands are tied behind him.

I see, sir, in the advertisements that Mr. Steele is about to publish by subscription a treatise justifying the revolution and in favour of the Hanover succession. I could wish his subscribers would weigh the consequence of such an undertaking, or the government suppress it. I know no greater injury that can be done to that illustrious house than by employing such a pen in their service; and it may be accounted the peculiar happiness of her majesty and the present ministry that Mr. Steele has been hired to write against them. A man who is so good a lawyer, and knows the constitution of Great Britain so very well, as to tell us that as a member and in the house he is accountable to no man, but the greatest man in England is accountable to him, cannot choose but descant very prettily upon such subjects as require all the nicety of the common and civil law.

I beg your pardon, sir, for detaining you so long; the world perhaps will expect that after I have said so much of my antagonist I should say something of myself; and as I am neither ashamed of my name or my face I shall oblige them with my picture as my brother has done before me. I have the honour, you know, to be a member with him of the same society of Short Faces, and we differ very little in the lineaments of our visage notwithstanding we disagree in our opinions. My pen, I thank God, has never yet been employed in the defence of faction or to insult my queen, and whenever it is I desire to have as ill a character as the author of the Importance. As to my abilities, however mean, I dare engage to write upon any subject with my celebrated brother upon this condition, that we may be turned into a room by ourselves, with pen, ink, and paper, without books or the assistance of Mr. Ridpath on the one side, or my uncle Abel on the other.

I am, sir, &c.,

TOBY.

Will's Coffeehouse, Oct. 27th.

POSTSCRIPT.

IMPORTANCE, page 21.—"Monsieur Tugghe supposes us to a most notorious degree ignorant of common geography when he asserts that Dunkirk is the only port from Ostend westward by which commodities can be brought into the provinces of the Austrian Low Countries and Germany. There runs from Calais a navigable river to Graveling; the river of Graveling runs to St. Omer; from the east side of this river runs two canals, one through Bourbourg to Dunkirk, the other directly to Winoxberg. There is a canal," &c.

REMARK.—These observations, as Mr. Steele insinuates, are something above common geography, communicated if the truth was known by the very man who has discovered the longitude, and are a confirmation of the English adage that the farthest way about is the nearest way home. My good friend Mr. Tonson was arguing in this manner the other day at his shop, when I told him I could not get through Temple-bar into Fleet-street because the gate was shut; it would be well, says he, if that way was always stopped; there is a shorter cut for all passengers, for there runs from the Strand a street called Catherine-street, and at the end of that street is another which runs to Drury-lane, and at the end of Drury-lane are two ways, one by St. Giles's church on the left and the other down Holborn on the right; a little below the Black Swan in Holborn you turn down Fetter-lane, which leads you directly into Fleet-street.

Importance, page 32.—"When such was our case and such is our case, men lately preferred and grown too delicate would have men of liberal education, that know the world as well as themselves, afraid, for fear of offending them in their new clothes, to speak when they think their queen and country is ill treated."

Remark.—This sentence is scarcely intelligible without inquiring what a man of liberal education is. Now a man of liberal education, according to Mr. Steele's acceptation of that word, is one of mean parentage, who was bred at school till he could almost construe Latin, and has since improved himself in the knowledge of the world by riding in the guards, by conversing with porters, carmen, foot-soldiers, players, bullies, bawds, pimps, and whores of all sorts and sizes; who has been arrested for the maintenance of his bastards, and afterwards printed a proposal that the public should take care of them. One who has no invention, no judgment, no style, no politics, no gratitude, and no honesty. In short, a man of liberal education is one who, after he knows he is all this, has the impudence to say that as to his morals, if there was anything very flagrant, he has friends enough in town who would oblige the world with them. It is observable, notwithstanding Dr. Walker so often flogged our author when he was at school for false grammar, he continues to affront Lilly almost in every word, viz. "men of liberal education that knows"—"his queen and country is ill treated—;" "if there is anything very flagrant, oblige the world with them." This is also a characteristic of a man of liberal education!

Englishman, No. III.—"The king of England is no other than a very good man vested with all the opportunities, and tied down by the most solemn oath to be such, in the most eminent manner that all the power that ought to attend human nature can enable him."

Remark.—Though the interpretation of this paragraph may be plain to the present age, yet lest Mr. Steele, who I am sure designs his works shall be delivered down to posterity, should hereafter be misunderstood, it may not be unnecessary to give them to understand that this phraseology is adapted to the peculiar way of thinking of the finest wits amongst us, and may sometimes be understood in quite a different acceptation from what the words import, and is sometimes of no signification at all, but intended as a bite upon the reader. I have no leisure at present to describe what a sort of creature a man is who is "vested with opportunities," or the essence of that "power which ought to attend human nature in the most eminent manner." It is sufficient that our author has a meaning in these words, but affects a mysterious way of speaking like the oracles of old, in order to preserve the majesty of his ideas from the profanation of the vulgar; and it is a thousand pities that such an admirable talent at riddles and enigmas should be thrown away to no purpose, which might prove of most prodigious emolument, could Mr. Steele reconcile himself to Dr. Partridge and obtain the liberty of publishing them as an appendix to his almanac.

Englishman, No. V.—"The earth we see is visited all around; in some parts of the world men are seized with a contagion of their bodies, in others with the infatuation of their minds. This is a plain observation, and grows into the common sense of mankind; and this seasonable querist will find to his confusion that this glorious spot of liberty will no more be imposed upon by general suggestions and insinuations against its true welfare and interest. It is come to that, that people must prove what they say if they would be believed."

Remark.—How happy is Mr. Steele in his transitions! Connection has been believed a necessary ingredient of good writing; but he has shown a new way, and how to arrive to be an author without coherence. In the beginning of the passages before us he gives us a sketch of the terrible, then he descends to consider the laws of vegetation, and shows how a plain observation "grows into the common sense of mankind;" and from both these considerations together very fairly concludes that a "glorious spot of liberty" can never be imposed upon by suggestions against its true interest, and after this clenches the sense of the whole by telling us of an hardship put upon the writers of this age: "It is come to that," says he, "that people must prove what they say if they would be believed." These Mr. Steele may call new conceptions very properly; every rustic can draw consequences, and make what the logicians call a natural syllogism; but none but so refined a reasoner and a critic can hit the unintelligible. Had the Examiner talked in this manner he might have been justly said to go on in a serene exuberance of something neither good nor bad. "A man," says Mr. Steele of that author, "may go on in writing such stuff as this to his life's end, without ever troubling himself for any new conception, or putting the imagination or judgment to the least labour. There will be no danger of his wanting store of absurdities, and I allow he can dress them up in tolerable language and with a seeming coherence."

Englishman, No. V.—"And all, as one man, will join in a common indignation against all who would perplex our obedience."

Remark.—Whatever contradiction there is, as some suppose, in *all* joining against *all*, our author has good authority for what he says, and considering he means well, I think myself obliged to defend him in this particular. How *all* "joining in a common indignation" will be construed I cannot well determine; but certainly it may be proved, in spite of Euclid or sir Isaac, that everything consists of two *alls*, that these *alls* are capable of being divided and subdivided into as many *alls* as you please, and so *in infinitum*. The following lines may serve for an illustration of this matter:—

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they *all* fell in,
The *rest*—they ran away.

Though this polite author does not directly say there are two *alls*, yet he implies as much; for I would ask any reasonable man what can be understood by *the rest* they ran away, but the other *all* we have been speaking of? I have considered Mr. Steele in this view, that the world should not think I have so much malice against him but that I can exhibit the beauties as well as quarrel with the faults of his compositions; and I hope for the future, for his own sake and to avoid an uncorrect way of writing, he will not value himself upon his hasty productions because he can write a paper in a pas sion and rejoin upon the Examiner in less than a day's time; but that the admonition of his friend sir Marmaduke to his coachman will be his constant rule—John, remember I am never in haste.

Advertisement.—In a letter I have received from Mr. Longbottom, that gentleman informs me he is making a curious collection of all the rarities both of matter and language throughout the works of the ingenious captain Steele, with a true copy of Mr. Steele's letter to the collar-maker's wife of Stockbridge and her answers, the originals being both under his custody, and to be perused at his shop near Charing-cross. He has already he tells me extracted several words contributing to a smooth style, flowers of rhetoric, smart sentences, and knock-down arguments. In the latter end of his letter he makes some observations upon what he calls knock-down arguments, and gives a specimen how the repetition of divers words may be looked upon as a full answer to all the arguments contained in them; and this, that ingenious anti-demolisher of the countenance terms "perstringing the controversy," or "spitting his adversary's words into his mouth." His instances are as follow:—

"After having with the greatest fluency, gravity, and earnestness imaginable, spoken unintelligibly against me, uttering the words Ghent, Bruges, Transito, Insulting; he at last—"

So again, "He runs on with my name among the words whig, politician, cross purposes, book slavery shamming and bantering."

As this work may be of vast improvement to the English language, Mr. Longbottom assures me he designs to print it upon the same paper and character with Mr. Steele's Crisis, and that subscriptions will be shortly taken in at Mr. Buckley's [the publisher].

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ABSTRACT OF THE
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CÆSAR TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.
With an account of the
COURT AND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

TO THE COUNT DE GYLLENBORG.[a]

Dublin, Nov. 2, 1719.

Sir,—It is now about sixteen years since I first entertained the design of writing a history of England, from the beginning of William Rufus to the end of queen Elizabeth; such a history, I mean, as appears to be most wanted by foreigners and gentlemen of our own country; not a voluminous work, nor properly an abridgment, but an exact relation of the most important affairs and events without any regard to the rest. My intention was to inscribe it to the king[b] your late master, for whose great virtues I had ever the highest veneration as I shall continue to bear to his memory. I confess it is with some disdain that I observe great authors descending to write any dedications at all; and for my own part, when I looked round on all the princes of Europe, I could think of none who might deserve that distinction from me beside the king your master (for I say nothing of his present Britannic majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger and likely to continue so); neither can I be suspected of flattery on this point, since it was some years after that I had the honour of an invitation to his court before you were employed as his minister in England, which I heartily repent that I did not accept; whereby, as you can be my witness, I might have avoided some years' uneasiness and vexation during the last four years of our late excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country and among a most profligate and abandoned people.

I was diverted from pursuing this history partly by the extreme difficulty, but chiefly by the indignation I conceived at the proceedings of a faction which then prevailed; and the papers lay neglected in my cabinet until you saw me in England, when you know how far I was engaged in thoughts and business of another kind. Upon her majesty's lamented death I returned to my station in this kingdom, since which time there is not a northern curate among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the commonest transactions of the world. It is but very lately that I found the following papers, which I had almost forgotten. I publish them now for two reasons: first, for an encouragement to those who have more youth[a] and leisure and good temper than I toward pursuing the work as far as it was intended by me, or as much further as they please; the second reason is, to have an opportunity of declaring the profound respect I have for the memory of your royal master, and the sincere regard and friendship I bear to yourself; for I must bring to your mind how proud I was to distinguish you among all the foreign ministers with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. I am a witness of the zeal you showed, not only for the honour and interest of your master but for the advantage of the protestant religion in Germany, and how knowingly and feelingly you often spoke to me on that subject. We all loved you, as possessed of every quality that could adorn an English gentleman, and esteemed you as a faithful subject to your prince and an able negotiator; neither shall any reverse of fortune have power to lessen you either in my friendship or esteem; and I must take leave to assure you further that my affection toward persons has not been at all diminished by the frown of power upon them. Those whom you and I once thought great and good men continue still so in my eyes and my heart, only with a * * * * *

Cætera desiderantur.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
FROM THE INVASION BY JULIUS CÆSAR. TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The most ancient account we have of Britain is, that the island was full of inhabitants, divided into several petty kingdoms, as most nations of the world appear to have been at first. The bodies of the Britons were painted with a sky-coloured blue, either as an ornament or else for terror to their enemies. In their religion they were heathens, as all the world was before Christ except the Jews.

Their priests were called druids: these lived in hollow trees, and committed not their mysteries to writing but delivered them down by tradition, whereby they were in time wholly lost.

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[a] He married the widow of Elias Derritt, esq , deputy of the great wardrobe, niece to John Allen, esq., of Gretton, in Northamptonshire. Her daughter, miss Derritt, was afterwards created countess Gyllenborg, and married baron Sparre.

[b] Charles XII. king of Sweden, who was unfortunately killed by a cannon-ball at the siege of Fredericshall, Dec. 11, 1718. Immediately after his death, baron Gotz, his prime minister, was arrested, tried, and executed at Stockholm, being charged by the senate with all the oppressive measures of the late reign. Having been deeply engaged in the Swedish conspiracy against George I. in the year 1716, baron Gotz, at the desire of that prince, had been arrested at the Hague, and at the same time count Gylleuborg was seized and sent out of England.

[a] The author was then in his fifty-second year.

The Britons had wives in common, so many to a particular tribe or society; and the children were in common to that society.

About fifty years before Christ, Julius Cæsar, first Roman emperor, having conquered Gaul or France, invaded Britain rather to increase his glory than conquests; for having overcome them in one or two battles he returned.

The next invasion of Britain by the Romans (then masters of most of the known world) was in the reign of the emperor Claudius; but it was not wholly subdued till that of Nero. It was governed by lieutenants or deputies sent from Rome, as Ireland is now by deputies from England, and continued thus under the Romans for about 460 years; till that empire being invaded by the Goths and Vandals, the Romans were forced not only to recall their own armies but also to draw from hence the bravest of the Britons, for their assistance against those barbarians.

The Roman conquests in this island reached no farther northward than to that part of Scotland where Stirling and Glasgow are seated. The region beyond was held not worth the conquering: it was inhabited by a barbarous people called Caledonians and Picts, who being a rough fierce nation daily infested the British borders. Therefore the emperor Severus built a wall from Stirling to Glasgow to prevent the invasions of the Picts: it is commonly called the Picts' Wall.

These Picts and Caledonians or Scots, encouraged by the departure of the Romans, do now cruelly infest and invade the Britons by sea and land; the A. D. 455. Britons choose Vortigern for their king, who was forced to invite the Saxons (a fierce northern people) to assist him against those barbarians. The Saxons come over and beat the Picts in several battles; but at last pick quarrels with the Britons themselves, and after a long war drive them into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, and establish themselves in seven kingdoms in Britain, now called England. The seven kingdoms are usually styled the Saxon Heptarchy.

460. About this time lived king Arthur (if the whole story be not a fable), who was so famous for beating the Saxons in several battles.

The Britons received christianity very early, and as is reported from some of the disciples themselves; so that when the Romans left Britain the Britons were generally christians. But the Saxons were heathens till pope Gregory the Great sent over 600. hither Austin the monk, by whom Ethelbert king of the South Saxons, and his subjects, were converted to christianity, and the whole island soon followed the example.

After many various revolutions in this island among the kingdoms of the Saxons, Egbert, descended 800. from the West-Saxon kings, became sole monarch of England.

The language in Britain was British (now called Welsh) or Latin; but with the Saxons English came in, although extremely different from what it is now. The present names of towns, shires, &c., were given by them; and the whole kingdom was called England, from the Angles, who were a branch of the Saxons.

As soon as the Saxons were settled the Danes began to trouble and invade them, as they (the Saxons) had before done the Britons.

These Danes came out of Germany, Denmark, and Norway; a rough, warlike people, little different from the Saxons, to whom they were nigh neighbours.

After many invasions from the Danes, Edgar king of England sets forth the first navy. He was entitled "king of all Albion" (an old name of this island), and was the first absolute monarch. He made peace with the Danes and allowed them to live in his dominions mixed with the English.

In this prince's time there were five kings in Wales who all did him homage for their country.

These Danes began first to make their invasions here about the year 800; which they after renewed at several times and under several leaders, and were as often repulsed. They used to come with vast numbers of ships, burn and ravage before them, as the cities of London, Winchester, &c. Encouraged by success and prey, they often wintered in England, fortifying themselves in the northern parts, from whence they cruelly infested the Saxon kings. In process of time they mixed with the English (as was said before), and lived under the Saxon government: but Ethelred, then king of England, 978. growing weary of the Danish insolence, a conspiracy is formed, and the Danes massacred in one day all over England.

Four years after, Sweyn king of Denmark, to revenge the death of his subjects, invades England; and after battles fought and much cruelty exercised, he subdues the whole kingdom, forcing Ethelred to fly into Normandy.

Sweyn dying, his son Canutus succeeds in the kingdom; but Ethelred returning with an army, Canutus is forced to withdraw to Denmark for succour.

Ethelred dies, and his son Edmund Ironside succeeds; but Canutus returning with fresh forces from Denmark, after several battles the kingdom is parted between them both. Edmund dying, his sons are sent beyond sea by Canutus, who now is sole king of England.

Hardicanute, the last Danish king, dying without issue, Edward son of Ethelred is chosen king. For his great holiness he was surnamed the Confessor, and sainted after his death. He was the first of our princes that attempted to cure the king's evil by touching. He first introduced what is now called the common law. In his time began the mode and humour among the English gentry of using the French tongue and fashions, in compliance with the king, who had been bred up in Normandy.

The Danish government in England lasted but twenty-six years, under the three kings.

Edward the Confessor married the daughter of earl Godwin, an English nobleman of great power, but of Danish extraction; but wanting issue he appointed Edgar Atheling, grandson to his brother, to succeed him, and Harold, son of earl Godwin, to be governor of the young prince. But upon Edward's death Harold neglected Edgar Atheling and usurped the crown for himself.

Edward, while he was in Normandy, met so good reception that it was said he made a promise to that duke, that in case he recovered his kingdom and died without issue he would leave it to him. Edward dying, William duke of Normandy sends to Harold to claim the crown; but Harold, now in possession, resolves to keep it. Upon which duke William, having prepared a mighty fleet and army, invades England, lands at Hastings, and sets fire to his fleet, to cut off all hope from his men of returning. To Harold he sent his messenger, demanding the kingdom and his subjection: but Harold returned him this answer, "That unless he departed his land he would make him sensible of his just displeasure." So Harold advanced his forces into Sussex, within seven miles of his enemy. The Norman duke, to save the effusion of blood, sent these offers to Harold: "either wholly to resign the kingdom to him, or to try the quarrel with him in single combat." To this Harold did not agree.

Then the battle joined. The Normans had gotten the worst if it had not been for a stratagem they invented, which got them the day. In this engagement Harold was killed, and William duke of Normandy became king of England under the name of William the Conqueror. 1066.

THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE SECOND,

SURNAMED RUFUS.

AT the time of the Conqueror's death his eldest son Robert, upon some discontent with his father, being absent in France, William, the second son, made use of this juncture, and without attending his father's funeral hastened to England; where, pursuant to the will of the deceased prince, the nobility, although more inclined to favour Robert, were prevailed with to admit him king; partly by his promises to abate the rigour of the late reign and restore the laws and liberties which had been then abolished, but chiefly by the credit and solicitations of Lanfranc; for that prelate had formerly a share in his education and always a great affection for his person. At Winchester he took possession of his father's treasure:[a] in obedience to whose command, as well as to ingratiate himself with the people, he distributed it among churches and religious houses, and applied it to the redeeming of prisoners and other acts of popularity.

In the mean time Robert returned to Normandy, took possession of that duchy with great applause and content of his people, and spited at the indignity done him by his father, and the usurpation of his brother in consequence thereof, prepared a great fleet and army to invade England; nor did there want any occasion to promote his interest, if the slowness, the softness, and credulity of his nature, could have suffered him to make a right improvement of it.

Odo bishop of Baieux, of whom frequent mention is made in the preceding reign, a prelate of incurable ambition, either on account of his age or character being restored to his liberty and possessions in England, grew into envy and discontent, upon seeing Lanfranc preferred before him by the new king in his favour and ministry. He therefore formed a conspiracy with several nobles of Norman birth to depose the king, and sent an invitation to Robert to hasten over. Meantime the conspirators, in order to distract the king's forces, seized on several parts of England at once; Bristol, Norwich, Leicester, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Bath, and Durham, were secured by several noblemen: Odo himself seized Rochester, reduced the coasts of Kent, and sent messages to Robert to make all possible speed.

The king, alarmed at these many and sudden defections, thought it the best course to begin his defence by securing the good will of the people. He redressed many grievances, eased them of certain oppressive taxes and tributes, gave liberty to hunt in his forest with other marks of indulgence, which, however forced from him by the necessity of the time, he had the skill or fortune so to order as they neither lost their good grace nor effect; for immediately after he raised great forces both by land and sea, marched into Kent, where the chief body of his enemies was in arms, recovered Tunbridge and Pevensey, in the latter of which Odo himself was taken prisoner and forced to accompany the king to Rochester. This city refused to surrender at the king's summons; Odo undertook to prevail with the obstinacy of the inhabitants; but being admitted into the town, was there detained either by a real or seeming force; however, the king, provoked at their stubbornness and fraud, soon compelled them to yield, retook his prisoner, and forcing him for ever to abjure England sent him into Normandy.

By these actions performed with such great celerity and success, the preparations of duke Robert were wholly disappointed; himself, by the necessity of his affairs, compelled to a treaty with his brother upon the terms of a small pension and a mutual promise of succeeding to each other's dominions on failure of issue, forced to resign his pretensions, and return with a shattered fleet to Normandy.

About this time died archbishop Lanfranc; by whose death the king, loosed from that awe and constraint he was under, soon began to discover those irregularities of his nature which till then he had suppressed and disguised, falling into those acts of oppression and extortion that have made his name and memory infamous. He kept the see of Canterbury four years vacant, and converted the revenues to his own use, together with those of several other bishoprics and abbeys, and disposed of all church preferments to the highest bidder. Nor were his exactions less upon the laity, from whom he continually extorted exorbitant fines for pretended transgression of certain penal laws, and entertained informers to observe men's actions and bring him intelligence.

It is here worth observation that these corrupt proceedings of the prince have, in the opinion of several learned men, given rise to two customs, which are a long time grown to have the force of laws. For, first, the successors of this king continuing the custom of seizing on the accruing rents in the vacancy of sees and abbeys, it grew in process of time to be exacted as a right or acknowledgment to the king as founder; whence the revenues of vacant bishoprics belong at this day to the crown. The second custom had an original not unlike. Several persons, to avoid the persecutions of the king's informers and other instruments of oppression, withdrew themselves and their effects to foreign countries; upon which the king issued a proclamation forbidding all men to leave the kingdom without his licence; from whence, in the judgment of the same authors, the writ *ne exeat regno* had its beginning.

By these and the like arbitrary methods having amassed great treasures, and finding all things quiet at home, he raised a powerful army to invade his brother in Normandy; but upon what ground or pretext the writers of that age are not very exact; whether it were from a principle frequent among unjust princes that old oppressions are best justified by new, or whether, having a talent for sudden enterprises and justly apprehending the resentment of duke Robert, he thought it the wiser course to prevent injuries than to revenge them. In this expedition he took several cities and castles from his brother, and would have proceeded further if Robert had not desired and obtained the assistance of Philip king of France, who came with an army to his relief. King William, not thinking it safe or prudent to proceed further against his enemy, supported by so great an ally, yet loth to lose the fruits of his time and valour, fell upon a known and old expedient, which no prince ever practised oftener or with greater success, and that was to buy off the French king with a sum of money. This had its effect; for that prince, not able to oppose such powerful arms, immediately withdrew himself and his forces, leaving the two brothers to concert the measures of a peace.

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[a] Which was 60,000*l.* in silver, beside gold, jewels, and plate.

This was treated and agreed with great advantages on the side of king William; for he kept all the towns he had taken, obliged his brother to banish Edgar Atheling out of Normandy, and for a further security brought over with him to England the duke himself to attend him in his expedition against Malcolm king of Scotland, who during his absence had invaded the borders. The king, having raised great forces both by sea and land, went in person to repel the inroads of the Scots; but the enterprise was without success; for the greatest part of his fleet was destroyed by a tempest, and his army very much diminished by sickness and famine, which forced him to a peace of little honour; by which, upon the condition of homage from that prince, the king of England agreed to deliver him up those twelve towns (or manors) in England which Malcolm had held under William the Conqueror; together with a pension of 12,000 marks.

At this time were sown the seeds of another quarrel between him and duke Robert, who, soliciting the king to perform some covenants of the last peace and meeting with a repulse, withdrew in great discontent to Normandy.

King William in his return from Scotland fell dangerously sick at Gloucester, where, moved by the seasonable exhortations of his clergy or rather by the fears of dying, he began to discover great marks of repentance, with many promises of amendment and retribution, particularly for his injuries to the church. To give credit to which good resolutions he immediately filled several vacant sees, giving that of Canterbury to Anselm, a foreigner of great fame for piety and learning. But as it is the disposition of men who derive their vices from their complexions that their passions usually beat strong and weak with their pulses, so it fared with this prince; who upon recovery of his health soon forgot the vows he had made in his sickness, relapsing with greater violence into the same irregularities of injustice and oppression, whereof Anselm, the new archbishop, felt the first effects. This prelate, soon after his promotion, offered the king a sum of money by way of present; but took care it should be so small that none might interpret it to be a consideration of his late preferment. The king rejected it with scorn; and as he used but little ceremony in such matters insisted in plain terms for more. Anselm would not comply; and the king enraged sought all occasions to make him uneasy; until at length the poor archbishop, tired out with perpetual usurpations (or at least what was then understood to be such) upon his jurisdiction, privileges, and possessions, desired the king's licence for a journey to Rome, and upon a refusal went without it. As soon as he was withdrawn the king seized on all his revenues, converting them to his own use, and the archbishop continued in exile until the succeeding reign.

The particulars of this quarrel between the king, and archbishop are not, in my opinion, considerable enough to deserve a place in this brief collection, being of little use to posterity and of less entertainment; neither should I have mentioned it at all but for the occasion it gives me of making a general observation, which may afford some light into the nature and disposition of those ages. Not only this king's father and himself, but the princes for several successions of the fairest character, have been severely taxed for violating the rights of the clergy, and perhaps not altogether without reason. It is true this character has made the lighter impression as proceeding altogether from the party injured, the contemporary writers being generally churchmen; and it must be confessed that the usurpations of the church and court of Rome were in those ages risen to such heights as to be altogether inconsistent either with the legislature or administration of any independent state; the inferior clergy, both secular and regular, insisting upon such immunities as wholly exempted them from the civil power; and the bishops removing all controversies with the crown by appeal to Rome; for they reduced the matter to this short issue, that God was to be obeyed rather than men; and consequently the bishop of Rome, who is Christ's representative, rather than an earthly prince. Neither does it seem improbable that all Christendom would have been in utter vassalage, both temporal and spiritual, to the Roman see, if the Reformation had not put a stop to those exorbitancies, and in a good measure opened the eyes of those princes and states who still adhere to the doctrines and discipline of the church.

While the king continued at Gloucester, Malcolm king of Scotland came to his court, with intentions to settle and confirm the late peace between them. It happened that a controversy arose about some circumstances relating to the homage which Malcolm was to pay; in the managing whereof king William discovered so much haughtiness and disdain, both in words and gestures, that the Scottish prince provoked by such unworthy treatment returned home with indignation; but soon came back at the head of a powerful army, and entering Northumberland with fire and sword laid all waste before him. But as all enterprises have in the progress of them a tincture of those passions by which they were spirited at first, so this invasion, begun upon private revenge, which is a blind ungovernable passion, was carried on with equal precipitation and proved to be ruinous in the event; for Robert Mowbray earl of Northumberland, to prevent the destruction of his own country where he had great possessions, gathering what forces he could suddenly raise, and without waiting any directions from the king, marched against the Scots, who were then set down before Alnwick-castle: there by an ambush Malcolm and his eldest son Edward were slain, and the army, discouraged by the loss of their princes, entirely defeated. This disaster was followed in a few days by the death of queen Margaret, who not able to survive her misfortunes died for grief. Neither did the miseries of that kingdom end till, after two usurpations, the surviving son of Malcolm, who had fled to England for refuge, was restored to his crown by the assistance of king William.

About this time the hidden sparks of animosity between the two brothers, buried but not extinguished in the last peace, began to flame out into new dissensions: duke Robert had often sent his complaints to the king for breach of articles, but without redress; which provoked him to expostulate in a rougher manner, till at length he charged the king in plain terms with injustice and perjury; but no men are found to endure reproaches with less temper than those who most deserve them: the king, at the same time filled with indignation and stung with guilt, invaded Normandy a second time, resolving to reduce his brother to such terms as might stop all further complaints. He had already taken several strongholds by force either of arms or of money, and intending entirely to subdue the duchy, gave orders to have 20,000 men immediately raised in England and sent over to him. The duke, to defend himself against these formidable preparations had recourse again to his old ally the king of France, who very readily advanced with an army to his assistance, as an action wherein he could every way find his own account; for besides the appearance of glory and justice by protecting the injured, he fought indeed his own battle by preserving his neighbouring state in the hands of a peaceful prince from so powerful and restless an enemy as the king of England; and was largely paid for his trouble into the bargain; for king William, either loth to engage in a long and dangerous war, or hastened back by intelligence of some troubles from Wales, sent offers to his army, just ready to embark for Normandy, that upon payment of 10*s.* a man they might have leave to return to their own homes. This bargain was generally accepted: the money was paid to the king of France, who immediately withdrew his troops; and king William, now master of the conditions, forced his brother to a peace upon much harder terms than before.

In this passage there are some circumstances which may appear odd and unaccountable to those who will not give due allowances for the difference of times and manners; that an absent prince, engaged in an unjust war with his own brother and ill-beloved at home, should have so much power and credit as by his commission to raise 20,000 men on a sudden, only as a recruit to the army he had already with him; that he should have a fleet prepared ready and large enough to transport so great a number; that upon the very point of embarking he should send them so disgraceful an offer; and that so great a number of common soldiers should be able and willing to pay such a sum of money equal to at least twelve times as much in our times, and that after being thus deluded and spoiled at once they should peaceably disband and retire to their several homes. But all this will be less difficult to comprehend when we reflect on the method of raising and supporting armies, very different from ours, which was then in use, and so continued for many ages after. All men who had lands *in capite* were bound to attend the king in his wars, with a proportioned number of soldiers, who were their tenants on easy rents in consideration of military service. This was but the work of a few days, and the troops consisted of such men as were able to maintain their own charges either at home or abroad; neither was there any reason to apprehend that soldiers would ever become instruments for introducing slavery, who held so great a share in the property.

The king upon his return from Normandy made an unsuccessful expedition against the Welsh, who upon the advantages of his absence had, according to their usual custom, made cruel inroads upon the adjoining counties of Chester, Shrewsbury, and Hereford. Upon the king's approach they fled into their fastnesses among the mountains, where he pursued them for some time with great rage and vexation as well as the loss of great numbers of his men to no purpose. From hence he was recalled by a more formidable enemy nearer home; for Robert earl of Northumberland, overrating his late services against the Scots as much perhaps and as unjustly as they were undervalued by the king, refused to come to his court, which in those days was looked on as the first usual mark of discontent in a nobleman, and was often charged by princes as a formal accusation. The earl, having disobeyed the king's summons and concerted matters with other accomplices, broke out into open rebellion, with intentions to depose king William and set up Stephen earl of Albemarle, son of a sister to William the Conqueror, but all was prevented by the celerity of this active prince, who, knowing that insurrections are best quelled in their beginnings, marched with incredible speed and surprised the rebels at Newcastle, took the castles of Tinmouth and Bamburgh, where the obstinacy of the defendants provoked him contrary to his nature to commit cruelties upon their persons by cutting off their hands and ears and other the like inhumanities. The earl himself was taken prisoner as he endeavoured to make his escape, but suffered no other punishment than to be confined for the rest of his life [thirty years].

About this time began the holy war for the recovering of Palestine; which having not been the enterprise of any one prince or state, but that wherein most in Christendom had a share, it cannot with justice be silently passed over in the history of any nation.

Pope Urban II., in a council at Clermont, made a pathetic exhortation, showing with what danger and indignity to Christendom the Turks and Saracens had for some ages not only overrun all Asia and Africa, where christianity had long flourished, but had also made encroachments into Europe, where they had entirely subdued Spain and some other parts; that Jerusalem, the holy city, where our Saviour did so many miracles and where his sepulchre still remained, to the scandal of the christian name, lay groaning under the tyranny of infidels; that the swords which christian princes had drawn against each other ought to be turned against the common enemy of their name and religion; that this should be reckoned an ample satisfaction for all their past sins; that those who died in this expedition should immediately go to heaven, and the survivors would be blessed with the sight of our Lord's sepulchre.

Moved by these arguments and the influence of the person who delivered them, several nobles and prelates immediately took upon them the cross; and the council dissolving in this high fit of zeal, the clergy upon their return home prevailed so far in their several countries that in most parts of Europe some great prince or lord became a votary for the Holy Land; as Hugh the Great, brother to the king of France; Godfrey duke of Lorrain; Reimond count of Toulouse; Robert duke of Normandy, and many others. Neither ought it to be forgotten that most of these noble and generous princes, wanting money to maintain the forces they had raised, pawned their dominions to those very prelates who had first engaged them in this enterprise; doubtless a notable mark of the force of oratory in the churchmen of those ages, who were able to inspire that devotion into others whereof they seemed so little sensible themselves.

But a great share in the honour of promoting this religious war is attributed to the zeal and industry of a certain French priest, commonly called Peter the Hermit, who, being at Jerusalem upon pilgrimage some time before and entering often into private treaty with the patriarch of that city, came back fully instructed in all the measures necessary for such a war: to these was joined the artifice of certain dreams and visions that might pass for divine admonition; all which added to the piety of his exhortations gave him such credit with the pope and several princes of Christendom that he became in his own person the leader of a great army against the infidels, and was very instrumental for engaging many others in the same design.

What a spirit was thus raised in Christendom among all sorts of men cannot better be conceived than from the vast numbers of these warlike pilgrims, who at the siege of Nice are said to have consisted of 600,000 foot and 100,000 horse; and the success at first was answerable to the greatness of their numbers, the valour of their leaders, and the universal opinion of such a cause; for besides several famous victories in the field, not to mention the towns of less importance, they took Nice, Antioch, and at last Jerusalem, where duke Godfrey was chosen king without competition. But zeal, with a mixture of enthusiasm, as I take this to have been, is a composition only fit for sudden enterprises, like a great ferment in the blood, giving double courage and strength for the time, until it sink and settle by nature into its old channel; for in a few years the piety of these adventurers began to slacken and give way to faction and envy, the natural corruptions of all confederacies: however, to this spirit of devotion there succeeded a spirit of honour which long continued the vein and humour of the times, and the Holy Land became either a school wherein young princes went to learn the art of war, or a scene wherein they affected to show their valour and gain reputation when they were weary of peace at home.

The christians held possession of Jerusalem above eighty years, and continued their expeditions to the Holy Land almost as many more, with various events; and after they were entirely driven out of Asia the popes have almost in every age endeavoured in vain to promote new croisadoes, neither does this spirit seem extinct among us even to this day; the usual projects of sanguine men for uniting Christendom against the Turk being without doubt a traditional way of talk derived to us from the same fountain.

Robert, in order to furnish himself out for this war, pawned his duchy to the king for 10,000 marks of gold,[a] which sum was levied with so many circumstances of rigour and exaction toward the church and laity as very much increased the discontents of both against the prince.

1099. I shall record one act of this king's which, being chiefly personal, may pass rather for a part of his character than a point of history.

As he was hunting one day in the New Forest a messenger express from Normandy brought him intelligence that Helie count de la Fleche had laid close siege to Mans, and expected to carry the town in a few days. The king leaving his chase commanded some about him to point whereabout Mans lay, and so rode straight on without reflection until he came to the coast. His attendants advised him to wait until he had made preparations of men and money; to which he only returned, "They that love me will follow me." He entered the ship in a violent storm, which the mariners beholding with astonishment, at length in great humility gave him warning of the danger, but the king commanded them instantly to put off to sea and not be afraid, for he had never in his life heard of any king that was drowned. In a few days he drove the enemy from before the city and took the count himself prisoner, who raging at his defeat and captivity exclaimed[b] "That this blow was from fortune; but valour could make reprisals, as he should show if ever he regained his liberty." This being told the king, he sent for the count, let him understand that he had heard of his menaces, then gave him a fine horse, bid him begone immediately, and defied him to do his worst.

It would have been an injury to this prince's memory to let pass an action by which he acquired more honour than from any other in his life, and by which it appeared that he was not without some seeds of magnanimity had they been better cultivated or not overrun by the number or prevalency of his vices.

I have met with nothing else in this king's reign that deserved to be remembered; for as to an unsuccessful expedition or two against Wales, either by himself or his generals, they were very inconsiderable both in action and event, nor attended with any circumstances that might render a relation of them of any use to posterity either for instruction or example.

His death was violent and unexpected, the effect of casualty, although this perhaps is the only misfortune of life to which the person of a prince is generally less subject than that of other men. Being at his beloved exercise of hunting in the New Forest in Hampshire, a large stag crossed the way before him; the king hot on his game cried out in haste to Walter Tyrrel, a knight of his attendants, to shoot; Tyrrel immediately let fly his arrow, which glancing against a tree struck the king through the heart, who fell dead to the ground without speaking a word. Upon the surprise of this accident all his attendants, and Tyrrel among the rest, fled different ways, until the fright being a little over some of them returned, and causing the body to be laid in a collier's cart for want of other conveniency, conveyed it in a very unbecoming, contemptuous manner to Winchester, where it was buried the next day without solemnity, and which is worse without grief.

I shall conclude the history of this prince's reign with a description and character of his body and mind, impartially, from the collections I have made, which method I shall observe likewise in all the succeeding reigns.

He was in stature somewhat below the usual size and big-bellied; but he was well and strongly knit. His hair was yellow or sandy, his face red, which got him the name of Rufus, his forehead flat; his eyes were spotted and appeared of different colours; he was apt to stutter in speaking, especially when he was angry; he was vigorous and active and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good constitution of health and the frequent exercise of hunting; in his dress he affected gaiety and expense, which having been first introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom grew in succeeding reigns an intolerable grievance. He also first brought in among us the luxury and profusion of great tables. There was in him as in all other men a mixture of virtues and vices and that in a pretty equal degree, only the misfortune was that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For being entirely a man of pleasure, this made him sacrifice all his good qualities and gave him too many occasions of producing his ill ones. He had one very singular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promise; he was of undoubted personal valour, whereof the writers in those ages produce several instances, nor did he want skill and conduct in the process of war. But his peculiar excellency was that of great despatch, which, however usually decried and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often answer all the ends of secrecy and counsel in a great commander by surprising and daunting an enemy when he least expects it, as may appear by the greatest actions and events upon the records of every nation.

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[a] Equal to 1,400,400*l.* as money passes now.

[b] There is so much pleasantry and humour, as well as spirit and heroism, in this story, as we have it recorded by William de Malmesbury, who represents the menace as thrown out in the king's presence, that I shall make no apology for setting down his words at length. "Author turbarum Helias capitur; cui ad se adducto rex ludibundus, 'Habeo te, magister,' inquit. At ille, cujus alta nobilitas nesciret etiam in tanto periculo sapere; 'Fortuitò,' inquit, 'me cepisti; si possum evadere, novi quid facerem.' Tunc Willielmus, præ furore ferè extra se profitus, et obtuens Heliam, 'Tu,' inquit, 'nebulo, tu quid faceres! Discede; abi; fuge. Concedo tibi ut facias quicquid poteris: et per vultum de Luca, nihil, si me viceris, nihil pro hâc veniâ tecum paciscar.'" *i. e.* By the face of St. Luke, if thou should'st have the fortune to conquer me, I scorn to compound with thee for my release.

He was a man of sound natural sense, as well as of wit and humour upon occasion. There were several tenets in the Romish church he could not digest, particularly that of the saints' intercession, and living in an age overrun with superstition he went so far into the other extreme as to be censured for an atheist. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream which seemed to forbode him some misfortune, the king being told the matter turned it into a jest; said the man was a monk and dreamt like a monk, for lucre sake; and therefore commanded Fitzhamon to give him 100*s*. that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpose.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body than any original depravity of his mind, for being of a sanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleasures and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expenses. To supply these the people were perpetually oppressed with illegal taxes and exactions; but that sort of avarice which arises from prodigality and vice, as it is always needy, so it is much more ravenous and violent than the other, which put the king and his evil instruments (among whom Ralph bishop of Durham is of special infamy) upon those pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagancies by all manner of oppression, whereof some are already mentioned, and others are too foul to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for discovering a contempt of religion in his common discourse and behaviour, which I take to have risen from the same fountain, being a point of art and a known expedient for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at least to banish all reflection that may disturb them in the enjoyment, which must be done either by not thinking of religion at all, or if it will obtrude by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one instance that might show him to have some sense of religion as well as justice. When two monks were outvying each other in canting[a] the price of an abbey, he observed a third at some distance who said never a word; the king demanded why he would not offer? the monk said he was poor, and besides would give nothing if he were ever so rich; the king replied, then you are the fittest person to have it, and immediately gave it him. But this is perhaps with reason enough assigned more to caprice than conscience, for he was under the power of every humour and passion that possessed him for the present, which made him obstinate in his resolves and unsteady in the prosecution.

He had one vice or folly that seemed rooted in his mind and of all others most unbefitting a prince; this was a proud, disdainful manner, both in his words and gesture, and having already lost the love of his subjects by his avarice and oppression, this finished the work by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his servants, so that few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill beloved or so little lamented.

He never married, having an invincible abhorrence for the state, although not for the sex.

He died in the thirteenth year of his reign, the forty-third of his age, and of Christ 1100, August 2.

His works of piety were few, but in buildings he was very expensive, exceeding any king of England before or since: among which Westminster-hall, Windsor-castle, the tower of London, and the whole city of Carlisle, remain lasting monuments of his magnificence.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

This prince was the younger son of William the Conqueror, and bred to more learning than was usual in that age or to his rank, which got him the surname of Beauclerk, the reputation whereof, together with his being born in England and born son of a king, although of little weight in themselves, did very much strengthen his pretensions with the people. Besides, he had the same advantage of his brother Robert's absence which had proved before so successful to Rufus, whose treasures he likewise seized on immediately at his death after the same manner and for the same end as Rufus did those of his father the Conqueror. Robert had been now five years absent in the Holy War, where he acquitted himself with great glory, and although he was now in Apulia, upon his return homeward, yet the nobles pretending not to know what was become of him, and others giving out that he had been elected king of Jerusalem, Henry laid hold of the occasion, and calling together an assembly of the clergy, nobles, and people of the realm at London, upon his promises to restore king Edward's laws and redress the grievances which had been introduced by his father and brother, they consented to elect him king. Immediately after his coronation he proceeded upon reforming the abuses of the late reign; he banished dissolute persons from the court who had long infested it under the protection and example of Rufus; he restored the people to the use of lights in the night, which the Conqueror had forbidden after a certain hour by the ringing of a bell. Then he published his charter and ordered a copy thereof to be taken for every county in England. This charter was in substance—the freedom of mother church from former oppressions, leave to the heirs of nobles to succeed in the possession of their the lands without being obliged to redeem them, only paying to the king a moderate relief, abolition of fines for licence of marriage to their heiresses, a promise of not refusing such licence unless the match proposed be with the king's enemy,[a] &c., the next of kin to be guardians of the lands of orphans, punishments for coiners of false money, a confirmation of St. Edward's laws, and a general amnesty.

About the same time he performed two acts of justice, which by gratifying the revenge and the love of the people gained very much upon their affections to his person; the first was to imprison Ralph bishop of Durham, who, having been raised by the late king from a mean and sordid birth to be his prime confident and minister, became the chief instrument as well as contriver of all his oppressions; the second was in recalling and restoring archbishop Anselm, who, having been forced by the continual persecutions of the same prince to leave England, had lived ever since in banishment and deprived of all his revenues.

The king had not been many months on his throne when the news came that duke Robert returned from the Holy Land was received by his subjects with great marks of joy and honour, and in universal reputation for his valour and success against the infidels; soon after which Ralph bishop of Durham, either by the negligence or corruption of his keepers, escaped out of prison and fled over to the duke, whom he stirred up to renew and solicit his pretensions to the crown of England, by writing to several nobles, who, either through old friendship or new discontent or an opinion of his title, gave him promises of their assistance as soon as he should land in England, but the duke, having returned exceeding poor from the Holy Land, was not yet in a condition for such an undertaking, and therefore thought fit to defer it to a more seasonable opportunity.

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[a] An Irish phrase for selling or buying by auction.

[a] *i. e.* With a traitor or malcontent.

As the king had hitherto with great industry sought all occasions to gratify his people, so he continued to do in the choice of a wife. This was Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the late king of Scots, a lady of great piety and virtue; who by the power of persuasion of her friends was prevailed with to leave her cloister for a crown, after she had, as some writers report, already taken the veil. Her mother was sister to Edgar Atheling, the last heir-male of the Saxon race; of whom frequent mention has been made in the two preceding reigns; and thus the Saxon line to the great contentment of the English nation was again restored.

Duke Robert, having now with much difficulty and oppression of his subjects raised great forces and gotten ready a fleet to convey them, resolved once more to assert his title to the crown of England: to which end he had for some time held a secret correspondence with several nobles, and lately received fresh invitations. The king, on the other side, who had received timely intelligence of his brother's preparations, gave orders to his admirals to watch the seaports and endeavour to hinder the enemy's landing; but the commanders of several ships, whether Robert had won them by his bribes or his promises, instead of offering resistance became his guides and brought his fleet safe into Portsmouth, where he landed his men, and from thence marched to Winchester, his army hourly increasing by great numbers of people, who had either an affection for his person, an opinion of his title, or hatred to the king. In the mean time Henry advanced with his forces, to be near the duke and observe his motions; but like a wise general forbore offering battle to an invader until he might do it with manifest advantage. Besides, he knew very well that his brother was a person whose policy was much inferior to his valour, and therefore to be sooner overcome in a treaty than a fight; to this end, the nobles on both sides began to have frequent interviews, to make overtures, and at last concert the terms of a peace, but wholly to the advantage of the king; Robert renouncing his pretensions in consideration of a small pension and of succeeding to the crown on default of male issue in his brother.

The defection of nobles and other people to the duke was so great, that men generally thought if it had come to a battle the king would have lost both the victory and his crown. But Robert, upon his return to Normandy after this dishonourable peace, grew out of all reputation with the world as well as into perfect hatred and contempt among his own subjects, which in a short time was the cause of his ruin.

The king, having thus by his prudence got rid of a dangerous and troublesome rival, and soon after by his valour quelled the insurrections of the earls of Shrewsbury and Mortain, whom he forced to fly into Normandy, found himself in full peace at home and abroad, and therefore thought he might venture a contention with the church about the right of investing bishops; upon which subject many other princes at that time had controversy with their clergy; but after long struggling in vain, were all forced to yield at last to the decree of a synod in Rome and to the pertinacy of the bishops in the several countries. The form of investing a bishop was by delivery of a ring and a pastoral staff; which at Rome was declared unlawful to be performed by any lay hand whatsoever; but the princes of Christendom pleaded immemorial custom to authorize them; and king Henry, having given the investiture to certain bishops, commanded Anselm to consecrate them. This the archbishop refused with great firmness, pursuant to what he understood to be his duty and to several immediate commands of the pope. Both sides adhering to their own sentiments, the matter was carried to Rome, where Anselm went in person by the king's desire; who at the same time sent ambassadors thither to assert and defend his cause; but the pope still insisting, Anselm was forbidden to return to England. The king seized on all his revenues and would not restore him until, upon other concessions of the pope, Henry was content to yield up his pretensions to the investiture; but however kept the right of electing still in his own hands.

Whatever might have been the method of electing bishops in the more primitive ages, it seems plain to me that in these times and somewhat before, although the election was made *per clerum et populum*, yet the king always nominated at first or approved afterward, and generally both, as may be seen by the style in which their elections ran, as well as by the persons chosen, who were usually churchmen of the court or in some employment near the king. But whether this were a gradual encroachment of the regal upon the spiritual power I would rather leave others to dispute.

1104. About this time duke Robert came to England upon a visit to the king, where he was received with much kindness and hospitality; but at the same time the queen had private directions to manage his easy temper and work him to a consent of remitting his pension: this was compassed without much difficulty; but upon the duke's return to Normandy he was severely reproved for his weakness by Ralph bishop of Durham, and the two earls of Mortain and Shrewsbury. These three, having fled from England for rebellion and other treasons, lived exiles in Normandy; and bearing an inveterate hatred to the king, resolved to stir up the duke to a resentment of the injury and fraud of his brother. Robert, who was various in his nature and always under the power of the present persuader, easily yielded to their incitements; reproached the king in bitter terms, by letters and messages that he had cozened and circumvented him; demanding satisfaction and withal threatening revenge. At the same time, by the advice of the three nobles already mentioned, he began to arm himself as formidably as he could, with the design to seize upon the king's possessions in Normandy: but as this resolution was rashly taken up, so it was as faintly pursued, and ended in his destruction; neither has any prince reason to expect better fortune that engages in a war against a powerful neighbour upon the counsel or instigation of exiles, who, having no further view than to serve their private interest or gratify their revenge, are sure to succeed in one or the other if they can embark princes in their quarrel, whom they fail not to incite by the falsets representations of their own strength and the weakness of their enemy: for, as the king was now settled in his throne too firmly to be shaken, so Robert had wholly lost all credit and friendship in England; was sunk in reputation at home; and by his unlimited profuseness reduced so low that, having pawned most of his dominions, he had offered Rouen, his capital city, in sale to the inhabitants. All this was very well 1105. known to the king, who, resolving to make his advantage thereof, pretended to be highly provoked at the disgraceful speeches and menaces of his brother, which he made the formal occasion of a quarrel: therefore, he first sent over some forces to ravage his country; and understanding that the duke was coldly supported by his own subjects, many of whom came over to the king's army, he soon followed in person with more, took several towns, and placing garrisons therein, came back to England, designing with the first pretext or opportunity to return with a more potent army and wholly subdue the duchy to his obedience.

Robert, now grown sensible of his weakness, became wholly dispirited; and following his brother into England, in a most dejected manner begged for a peace: but the king, now fully determined upon his ruin, turned away in disdain, muttering at the same time some threatening words. This indignity roused up once more the sinking courage of the duke; who, with bitter words, detesting the pride and insolence of Henry, withdrew in a rage, and hasting back to Normandy made what preparations he could for his own defence. The king, observing his nobles very ready to engage with him in this expedition, and being assured that those in Normandy would upon his approach revolt from the duke, soon followed with a mighty army and the flower of his kingdom. Upon his arrival he was attended, according to his expectation, by several Norman lords; and with this formidable force sat down before Tinchebray: the duke, accompanied by the two exiled earls, advanced with what strength he had, in hopes to draw the enemy from the siege of so important a place, although at the hazard of a battle. Both armies being drawn out in battalia, that of the king's, trusting to their numbers, began
1106. to charge with great fury but without any order. The duke, with forces far inferior, received the enemy with much firmness; and finding they had spent their first heat, advanced very regularly against their main body before they could recover themselves from the confusion they were in. He attacked them with so much courage that he broke their whole body, and they began to fly on every side. The king, believing all was lost, did what he could, by threats and gentle words, to stop the flight of his men, but found it impossible: then he commanded two bodies of horse which were placed on either wing to join, and, wheeling about, to attack the enemy in rear. The duke, who thought himself so near a victory, was forced to stop his pursuit, and, ordering his men to face about, began the fight anew: meantime, the scattered parts of the main body which had so lately fled, began to rally and pour in upon the Normans behind, by which duke Robert's army was almost encompassed; yet they kept their ground awhile and made several charges, until at length, perfectly overborne by numbers, they were utterly defeated. There duke Robert, doing all the parts of a great captain, was taken prisoner, together with the earl of Mortain, and almost his whole army; for, being hemmed in on all sides, few of them could make their escape.
1107. Thus, in the space of forty years, Normandy subdued England and England Normandy; which are events perhaps hardly to be paralleled in any other ages or parts of the world.

The king having stayed a while to settle the state of Normandy returned with his brother into England, whom he sent prisoner to Cardiff castle, with orders that he should be favourably used, which for some time were duly observed; until, being accused of attempting to make his escape (whether it were real or feigned), he had his eyes put out with a burning basin by the king's express commands, in which miserable condition he lived for six-and-twenty years.

It is believed the king would hardly have engaged in this unnatural and invidious war with so little pretence or provocation if the pope had not openly approved and sanctified his cause, exhorting him to it as a meritorious action; which seems to have been but an ill return from the vicar of CHRIST to a prince who had performed so many brave exploits for the service of the church, to the hazard of his person and ruin of his fortune. But the very bigoted monks who have left us their accounts of those times do generally agree in heavily taxing the Roman court for bribery and corruption. And the king had promised to remit his right of investing bishops, which he performed immediately after his reduction of Normandy, and was a matter of much more service to the pope than all the achievements of duke Robert in the Holy Land, whose merits as well as pretensions were now antiquated and out of date.

1109. About this time the emperor Henry V. sent to desire Maude the king's daughter in marriage, who was then a child about eight years old. That prince had lately been embroiled in a quarrel with the see of Rome, which began upon the same subject of investing bishops, but was carried to great extremities; for, invading Italy with a mighty army, he took the pope prisoner, forced him to yield to whatever terms he thought fit to impose, and to take an oath of fidelity to him between his hands: however, as soon as Henry had withdrawn his forces, the pope, assembling a council, revoked all his concessions as extorted by compulsion, and raised great troubles in Germany against the emperor, who, in order to secure himself, sought this alliance with the king.

About this time likewise died archbishop Anselm, a prelate of great piety and learning, whose zeal for the see of Rome as well as for his own rights and privileges should in justice be imputed to the errors of the time, and not of the man. After his death, the king, following the steps of his brother, held the see vacant five years, contenting himself with an excuse which looked like a jest, That he only waited until he could find another so good a man as Anselm.

In the fourteenth year of this king's reign the Welsh after their usual manner invaded the marches with great fury and destruction; but the king, hoping to put a final end to those perpetual troubles and vexations given to his kingdom by that unquiet people, went in person against them with a powerful army; and to prevent their usual stratagem of retreating to their woods and mountains and other fastnesses, he ordered the woods to be cut down, beset all their places of security, and, hunting them like wild beasts, made so terrible a slaughter that, at length observing them to fling down their arms and beg for quarter, he commanded his soldiers to forbear; then receiving their submissions and placing garrisons where he thought necessary, he returned in great triumph and satisfaction to London.

1114. The princess Maude, being now marriageable, was delivered to the emperor's ambassador; and for a portion to the young lady a tax was imposed of 3*s.* upon every hide of land in England, which grew afterward into a custom, and was in succeeding times confirmed by acts of parliament under the name of "reasonable aid for marrying the king's daughter," although levied after a different manner.

As the institution of parliaments in England is agreed by several writers to be owing to this king, so the date of the first has been assigned by some to the fifteenth year of his reign; which however is not to be affirmed with any certainty: for great councils were convoked not only in the two preceding reigns, but for time immemorial by the Saxon princes, who first introduced them into this island, from the same original with the other Gothic forms of government in most parts of Europe. These councils or assemblies were composed according to the pleasure of the prince who convened them, generally of nobles and bishops, sometimes were added some considerable commoners; but they seldom met except in the beginning of a reign, or in times of war, until this king came to the crown; who, being a wise and popular prince, called these great assemblies upon most important affairs of his reign, and ever followed their advice; which if it proved successful the honour and advantage redounded to him, and if otherwise he was free from the blame: thus when he chose a wife for himself and a husband for his daughter, when he designed his expedition against Robert, and even for the election of an archbishop to the see of Canterbury, he proceeded wholly by the advice of such general assemblies summoned for the purpose. But the style of these conventions as delivered by several authors is very various: sometimes it is *comites, barones, et cleri* [Brompton]; his marriage was agreed on, *consilio majorum natu et magnatum terræ.* One author [Polydore Virgil] calls it *concilium principium, sacerdotum, et reliqui populi.* And for the election of an archbishop the Saxon Chronicle says, that he commanded by letters all bishops, abbots, and thanes to meet him at Gloucester, *ad procerum conventum.* Lastly, some affirm these assemblies to have been an imitation of the three estates in Normandy. I am very sensible how much time and pains have been employed by several learned men to search out the original of parliaments in England, wherein I doubt they have little satisfied others or themselves. I know likewise that to engage in the same inquiry would neither suit my abilities nor my subject. It may be sufficient for my purpose if I be able to give some little light into this matter for the curiosity of those who are less informed.

The institution of a state or commonwealth out of a mixture of the three forms of government received in the schools, however it be derided as a solecism and absurdity by some late writers on politics, has been very ancient in the world and is celebrated by the gravest authors of antiquity. For although the supreme power cannot properly be said to be divided, yet it may be so placed in three several hands as each to be a check upon the other; or formed into a balance which is held by him that has the executive power, with the nobility and people in counterpoise in each scale. Thus the kingdom of Media is represented by Xenophon before the reign of Cyrus; so Polybius tells us the best government is a mixture of the three forms, *regno, optimatium, et populi imperio;* the same was that of Sparta in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, made up of *reges, seniores, et populus;* the like may be asserted of Rome, Carthage, and other states; and the Germans of old fell upon the same model, from whence the Goths their neighbours with the rest of those northern people did perhaps borrow it. But an assembly of the three estates is not properly of Gothic institution; for these fierce people, when, upon the decline of the Roman empire, they first invaded Europe and settled so many kingdoms in Italy, Spain, and other parts, were all heathens; and when a body of them had fixed themselves in a tract of land left desolate by the flight or destruction of the natives, their military government by time and peace became civil; the general was king, his great officers were his nobles and ministers of state, and the common soldiers the body of the people; but these were freemen, and had smaller portions of land assigned them. The remaining natives were all slaves; the nobles were a standing council; and upon affairs of great importance the freemen were likewise called by their representatives to give their advice. By which it appears that the Gothic frame of government consisted at first but of two states or assemblies under the administration of a single person. But after the conversion of these princes and their people to the christian faith, the church became endowed with great possessions, as well by the bounty of kings as the arts and industry of the clergy winning upon the devotion of their new converts: and power by the common maxim always accompanying property, the ecclesiastics began soon to grow considerable, to form themselves into a body, and to call assemblies or synods by their own authority, or sometimes by the command of their princes, who in an ignorant age had a mighty veneration for their learning as well as piety. By such degrees the church arrived at length by very justifiable steps to have her share in the commonwealth, and became a third estate in most kingdoms of Europe; but these assemblies as we have already observed were seldom called in England before the reign of this prince, nor even then were always composed after the same manner: neither does it appear from the writers who lived nearest to that age that the people had any representative at all beside the barons and other nobles, who did not sit in those assemblies by virtue of their birth or creation, but of the lands or baronies they held. So that the present constitution of the English parliament has by many degrees and alterations been modeled to the frame it is now in: which alterations I shall observe in the succeeding reigns as exactly as I can discover them by a diligent search into the histories of the several ages, without engaging in the controverted points of law about this matter, which would rather perplex the reader than inform him.

1116. But to return: Lewis the Gross, king of France, a valiant and active prince, in the flower of his age, succeeding to that crown that Robert was deprived of—Normandy, grew jealous of the neighbourhood and power of king Henry, and began early to entertain designs either of subduing that duchy to himself, or at least of making a considerable party against the king, in favour of William son of Robert, whom for that end he had taken into his protection. Pursuant to these intentions, he soon found an occasion for a quarrel, expostulating with Henry that he had broken his promise by not doing homage for the duchy of Normandy, as well as by neglecting to raze the castle of Gisors, which was built on the French side of the river Epte, the common boundary between both dominions.

But an incident soon offered which gave king Henry a pretext for retaliating almost in the same manner; for it happened that upon some offence taken against his nephew Theobald count of Blois by the French king, Lewis in great rage sent an army to invade and ravage the earl's territories. Theobald defended himself for a while with much valour; but at length, in danger to be overpowered, requested aid of his uncle the king of England, who supported him so effectually with men and money that he was able not only to defend his own country but very much to infest and annoy his enemy. Thus a war was kindled between the two kings: Lewis now openly asserted the title of William the son of Robert, and entering into an alliance with the earls of Flanders and Anjou, began to concert measures for driving king Henry out of Normandy.

The king, having timely intelligence of his enemy's designs, began with great vigour and despatch to prepare for war: he raised, with much difficulty and discontent of his people, the greatest tax that had ever been known in England; and passing over into Normandy with a mighty army, joined his nephew Theobald. The king of France, who had entertained hopes that he should overrun the duchy before his enemy could arrive, advanced with great security towards the frontiers of Normandy; but observing an enemy of equal number and force already prepared to engage him, he suddenly stopped his march. The two armies faced one another for some hours, neither side offering battle: the rest of the day was spent in light skirmishes, begun by the French and repeated for some days following with various success; but the remainder of the year passed without any considerable action.

1119. At length the violence of the two princes brought it to a battle: for Lewis, to give a reputation to his arms, advanced towards the frontiers of Normandy, and after a short siege took Gue Nicaise;[a] there the king met him, and the fight began, which continued with great obstinacy on both sides for nine hours. The French army was divided into two bodies and the English into three; by which means that part where the king fought in person, being attacked by a superior number, began to give way; and William Crispin, a Norman baron, singling out the king of England (whose subject he had been, but banished for treason), struck him twice on the head with so much violence that the blood gushed out of his mouth. The king, inflamed with rage and indignation, dealt such furious blows that he struck down several of his enemies, and Crispin among the rest, who was taken prisoner at his horse's feet. The soldiers, encouraged by the valour of their prince, rallied and fell on with fresh vigour; and the victory seemed doubtful when William, the son of king Henry, to whom his father had intrusted the third body of his army, which had not yet engaged, fell on with this fresh reserve upon the enemy, who was already very much harassed with the toil of the day: this quickly decided the matter; for the French, though valiantly fighting, were overcome, with the slaughter of several thousand men; their king quitted the field and withdrew to Andely; but the king of England recovering Gue Nicaise returned triumphant to Rouen.

This important victory was followed by the defection of the earl of Anjou to king Henry, and the earl of Flanders fell in the battle; by which the king of France was at once deprived of two powerful allies. However, by the intercession of the former, a peace was soon after made between both crowns. William the king's son did homage to Lewis for the dukedom of Normandy; and the other William, following the fortunes of his father, was left to his pretensions and complaints.

It is here observable that from this time until Wales was subdued to the English crown the eldest sons of England were called dukes of Normandy, as they are now princes of Wales.

1120. The king, having stayed some time in Normandy for the settlement of his duchy after the calamities and confusions of a war, returned to England, to the very great satisfaction of his people and himself. He had enlarged his dominions by the conquest of Normandy; he had subdued all his competitors, and forced even the king of France, their great protector, after a glorious victory, to his own conditions of a peace; he was upon very good terms with the pope, who had a great esteem and friendship for his person, and made him larger concessions than was usual from that see and in those ages. At home he was respected by the clergy, reverenced by the nobles, and beloved by the people; in his family he was blessed with a son of much hopes, just growing to years of manhood, and his daughter was an empress; so that he seemed to possess as great a share of happiness as human life is capable to admit. But the felicity of man depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, which are all subject to various accidents, and every single accident is able to dissolve the whole contexture; which truth was never verified more than in this prince, who, by one domestic misfortune, not to be prevented or foreseen, found all the pleasure and content he proposed to himself by his prudence, his industry, and his valour, wholly disappointed and destroyed; for William, the young prince, having embarked at Barfleur some time after his father, the mariners, being all drunk, suffered the ship to run upon a rock, where it was dashed to pieces: the prince made a shift to get into the boat, and was making to the shore until forced back by the cries of his sister, whom he received into the boat; so many others crowded in at the same time that it was immediately overturned. There perished, beside the prince, a natural son and daughter of the king, his niece, and many other persons of quality, together with all their attendants and servants, to the number of 140, beside 50 mariners; but one person escaping.

Although the king survived this cruel misfortune many years, yet he could never recover his former humour, but grew melancholy and morose; however, in order to provide better for the peace and settlement of the kingdom after his death, about five months after the loss of his son, his former queen having died three years before, he married Adelais, a beautiful young lady of the family of Lorrain,[a] in hopes of issue by her; but never had any.

The death of the prince gave occasion to some new troubles in Normandy, for the earls of Meulant and Evreux, Hugh de Montfort, and other associates, began to raise insurrections there, which were thought to be privately fomented by the French king, out of enmity to king Henry, and in favour of William the son of Robert, to whom the earl 1124. of Anjou had lately given his daughter in marriage. But William of Tankerville, the king's lieutenant in Normandy, surprising the enemy's forces by an ambush, entirely routed them, took both the earls prisoners, and sent one of them (Meulant) to his master; but the count d'Evreux made his escape.

1126. King Henry having now lost hope of issue by his new queen, brought with him, on his return to England, his daughter Maude, who by the emperor's death had been lately left a widow and childless; and in a parliament or general assembly which he had summoned at Windsor he caused the crown to be settled on her and her issue, and made all his nobles take a solemn oath to defend her title. This was performed by none with so much forwardness as Stephen earl of Boulogne, who was observed to show a more than ordinary zeal in the matter. This young lord was the king's nephew, being second son of the earl of Blois by Adela, the Conqueror's daughter. He was in high favour with the king his uncle, who had married him to the daughter and heiress of the earl of Boulogne, given him great possessions in England, and made him indeed too powerful for a subject.

The king, having thus fixed the succession of the crown in his daughter by an act of settlement and an oath of fealty, looked about to provide her with a second husband, and at length determined his choice in Geoffry Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, the son of Fulk, lately deceased.

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[a] At that time reckoned an important fortress on the river Epte.

[a] She was daughter of Godfrey duke of Louvain, or the Lower Lorrain.

This prince, whose dominions confined on France and Normandy, was usually courted for an ally by both kings in their several quarrels; but having little faith or honour he never scrupled to change sides as often as he saw or conceived it for his advantage. After the great victory over the French he closed in with king Henry, and gave his daughter to the young prince William; yet at the same time, by the private encouragement of Lewis, he prevailed on the king of England to be easy in the conditions of a peace. Upon the unfortunate loss of the prince and the troubles in Normandy thereupon, he fell again from the king, gave his other daughter to William the son of Robert, and stuck up with France to take that prince again into protection. But dying soon after and leaving his son Geoffry to succeed in that earldom, the king was of opinion he could not anywhere bestow his daughter with more advantage, both for the security and enlargement of his dominions, than by giving her to this earl; by which marriage Anjou would become an acquisition to Normandy, and thus be a more equal match to so formidable a neighbour as France. In a short time the marriage was concluded, and this earl Geoffry had the honour to introduce into the royal family of England the surname of Plantagenet, borne by so many succeeding kings, which began with Henry II., who was the eldest son of this marriage.

But the king of France was in great discontent at this match: he easily foresaw the dismal consequences to himself and his successors from such an increase of dominion united to the crown of England: he knew what impressions might be made in future times to the shaking of his throne by an aspiring and warlike king, if they should happen in a weak reign or upon any great discontents in that kingdom. Which conjectures being highly reasonable (and since often verified by events), he cast about to find some way of driving the king of England entirely out of France; but having neither pretext nor stomach in the midst of a peace to begin an open and formal quarrel, there fell out an accident which gave him plausible occasion of pursuing his designs.

Charles the Good, earl of Flanders, having been lately murdered by some of his subjects upon private revenge, the king of France went in person to take revenge of the assassins, which he performed with great justice and honour. But the late earl leaving no heir of his body, and several competitors appearing to dispute the succession, Lewis rejected some others who seemed to have a fairer title and adjudged it to William the son of Robert, the better to secure him to his interests upon any design he might engage in against the king of England. Not content with this, he assisted the earl in person, subdued his rivals, and left him in peaceable possession of his new dominion.

King Henry, on the other side, was very apprehensive of his nephew's greatness, well knowing to what end it was directed; however, he seemed not to regard it, contenting himself to give the earl employment at home by privately nourishing the discontents of his new subjects, and abetting underhand another pretender, for William had so entirely lost the hearts of his people by his intolerable avarice and exactions that the principal towns in Flanders revolted from him and invited Thierrie earl of Alsace to be their governor. But the king of France generously resolved to appear once more in his defence, and took his third expedition into Flanders for that purpose. He had marched as far as Artois when he was suddenly recalled to defend his own dominions from the fury of a powerful and provoked invader; for Henry king of England, moved with indignation to see the French king, in the midst of a peace, so frequently and openly supporting his most dangerous enemy, thought it the best way to divert Lewis from kindling a fire against him abroad by forcing him to extinguish one at home: he therefore entered into the bowels of France, ravaging and laying waste all before him, and quickly grew so formidable that the French king to purchase a peace was forced to promise never more to assist or favour the earl of Flanders: however, as it fell out, this article proved to be wholly needless, for the young earl soon after gave battle to Thierrie and put his whole army to the rout; but pursuing his victory he received a wound in his wrist, which by the unskilfulness of a surgeon cost him his life.

This one slight inconsiderable accident did in all probability put a stop to very great events, for if that young prince had survived his victory it is hardly to be doubted but through the justness of his cause, the reputation of his valour, and the assistance of the king of France, he would in a little time have recovered Normandy, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two designs he had in agitation; nor could he well have missed the crown of England after the king's death, who was now in his decline, when he had so fair a title and no competitor in view but a woman and an infant.

1129. Upon the king's return from Normandy a great council of the clergy was held at London for the punishing of priests who lived in concubinage, which was the great grievance of the church in those ages, and had been condemned by several canons. This assembly. thinking to take a more effectual course against that abomination as it was called, decreed severe penalties upon those who should be guilty of breaking it, entreating the king to see the law put in execution, which he very readily undertook, but performed otherwise than was expected, eluding the force of the law by an evasion to his own advantage; for, exacting fines of the delinquent priests, he suffered them to keep their concubines without further disturbance; a very unaccountable step in so wise a body for their own concernments as the clergy of those times is looked upon to have been; and although perhaps the fact be not worth recording, it may serve as a lesson to all assemblies never to trust the execution of a law in the hands of those who will find it more to their interests to see it broken than observed.

1132. The empress Maude was now happily delivered of a son, who was afterward king of England by the name of Henry II.; and the king, calling a parliament, had the oath of fealty repeated by the nobles and clergy to her and her issue, which in the compass of three years they all broke or forgot.

1134. I think it may deserve a place in this history to mention the last scene of duke Robert's life, who, either through the poorness or greatness of spirit, having outlived the loss of his honour, his dominions, his liberty, his eyesight, and his only son, was at last forced to sink under the load of eighty years, and must be allowed for the greatest example either of insensibility or contempt of earthly things that ever appeared in a sovereign or private person. He was a prince hardly equalled by any in his time for valour, conduct, and courtesy: but his ruin began from the easiness of his nature, which whoever knew how to manage were sure to be refused nothing they could ask. By such profusion he was reduced to those unhappy expedients of remitting his rights for a pension, of pawning his towns, and multiplying taxes, which brought him into hatred and contempt with his subjects; neither do I think any virtue so little commendable in a sovereign as that of liberality, where it exceeds what his ordinary revenues can supply; where it passes those bounds his subjects must all be oppressed to show his bounty to a few flatterers, or he must sell his towns, or basely renounce his rights, by becoming pensioner to some powerful prince in the neighbourhood, all which we have lived to see performed by a late monarch in our own time and country.

1135. Since the reduction of Normandy to the king's obedience he found it necessary for his affairs to spend in that duchy some part of his time almost every year, and a little before the death of Robert he made his last voyage there. It was observable in this prince that, having some years past very narrowly escaped shipwreck in his passage from Normandy into England, the sense of his danger had made very deep impressions on his mind, which he discovered by a great reformation in his life, by redressing several grievances, and doing many acts of piety; and to show the steadiness of his resolutions he kept them to the last, making a progress through most parts of Normandy, treating his subjects in all places with great familiarity and kindness, granting their petitions, easing their taxes, and, in a word, giving all possible marks of a religious, wise, and gracious prince.

Returning to St. Denys le Forment from his progress a little indisposed, he there fell into a fever, upon a surfeit of lamprey, which in a few days ended his life. His body was conveyed to England and buried at Reading, in the abbey-church himself had founded.

It is hard to affirm anything peculiar of this prince's character, those authors who have attempted it mentioning very little but what was common to him with thousands of other men, neither have they recorded any of those personal circumstances or passages which only can discover such qualities of the mind as most distinguish one man from another. These defects may perhaps appear in the stories of many succeeding kings, which makes me hope I shall not be altogether blamed for sometimes disappointing the reader in a point wherein I could wish to be the most exact.

As to his person, he is described to be of middle stature, his body strong set and fleshy, his hair black, his eyes large, his countenance amiable and very pleasant, especially when he was merry. He was temperate in meat and drink, and a hater of effeminacy, a vice or folly much complained of in his time, especially that circumstance of long artificial hair, which he forbade upon severe penalties. His three principal virtues were prudence, valour, and eloquence. These were counterbalanced by three great vices, avarice, cruelty, and lust, of which the first is proved by the frequency of his taxes, the second by his treatment of duke Robert, and the last was notorious. But the proof of his virtues does not depend on single instances, manifesting themselves through the whole course of a long reign, which was hardly attended by any misfortune that prudence, justice, or valour could prevent. He came to the crown at a ripe age, when he had passed thirty years, having learned in his private life to struggle with hardships, whereof he had his share, from the capriciousness and injustice of both his brothers; and by observing their failures he had learned to avoid them in himself, being steady and uniform in his whole conduct, which were qualities they both seemed chiefly to want.' This likewise made him so very tenacious as he was observed to be in his love and hatred. He was a strict observer of justice, which he seems never to have violated but in that particular case which political casuists are pleased to dispense with, where the dispute is about a crown. In that he[a] * * * * * *

Considering him as a private man, he was perhaps the most accomplished person of his age, having a facetious wit, cultivated by learning, and advanced with a great share of natural eloquence, which was his peculiar talent: and it was no doubt the sense he had of this last perfection in himself that put him so often upon calling together the great councils of the nation, where natural oratory is of most figure as well as use.

THE REIGN OF STEPHEN.

THE veneration which people are supposed naturally to pay to a right line and a lawful title in their kings must be upheld by a long uninterrupted succession, otherwise it quickly loses opinion, upon which the strength of it, although not the justice, is entirely founded: and where breaches have been already made in the lineal descent there is little security in a good title (though confirmed by promises and oaths) where the lawful heir is absent and a popular aspiring pretender near at hand. This I think may pass for a maxim, if any consequences drawn from history can pretend to be called so, having been verified successively three times in this kingdom—I mean by the two preceding kings and by the prince whose reign we are now writing. Neither can this observation be justly controlled by any instances brought of future princes who being absent at their predecessor's death have peaceably succeeded, the circumstances being very different in every case, either by the weakness or justice of pretenders, or else by the long establishment of lineal succession.

1135. Stephen earl of Boulogne, whose descent has been already shown in the foregoing reign, was the second of three brothers, whereof the eldest was Theobald earl of Blois, a sovereign prince, and Henry, the youngest, was bishop of Winchester and the pope's legate in England. At the time of king Henry's death his daughter the empress was with her husband the earl of Anjou, a grave and cautious prince, altogether unqualified for sudden enterprises; but earl Stephen, who had attended the king in his last expedition, made so great despatch for England,[b] that the council had not time to meet and make any declaration about a successor. When the lords were assembled, the legate had already by his credit and influence among them brought over a great party to his brother's interests; and the earl himself, knowing with what success the like methods were used by his two last predecessors, was very liberal of his promises to amend the laws, support the church, and redress grievances, for all which the bishop undertook to be guarantee. And thus was Stephen elected by those very persons who had so lately, and in so solemn a manner, more than once sworn fealty to another.

The motives whereby the nobility was swayed to proceed after this manner were obvious enough. There had been a perpetual struggle between them and their former kings in the defence of their liberties; for the security whereof they thought a king elected without other title would be readier to enter into any obligations, and being held in constant dependence would be less tempted to break them; therefore, as at his coronation they obtained full security by his taking new and additional oaths in favour of their liberties, their oath of fealty to him was but conditional, to be of force no longer than he should be true to those stipulations.

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[a] Here the sentence breaks off short, and is left unfinished.

[b] Stephen was at Boulogne when he received the news of Henry's death.

But other reasons were contrived and given out to satisfy the people; they were told it was an indignity for so noble a nation to be governed by a woman; that the late king had promised to marry his daughter within the realm and by consent of parliament, neither of which was observed; and lastly, Hugh Bigod, steward to king Henry, took a voluntary oath before the archbishop of Canterbury, that his master in his last sickness had upon some displeasure disinherited his daughter.

He received the crown with one great advantage that could best enable him to preserve it; this was the possession of his uncle's treasures, amounting to 100,000*l.*, and reckoned as a prodigious sum in those days; by the help of which, without ever raising one tax upon the people, he defended an unjust title against the lawful heir during a perpetual contest of almost twenty years.

In order to defend himself against any sudden invasion, which he had cause enough to expect, he gave all men licence to build castles upon their lands, which proved a very mistaken piece of politics, although grounded upon some appearance of reason. The king supposed that no invader would venture to advance into the heart of his country without reducing every castle in his way, which must be a work of much time and difficulty, nor would be able to afford men to block them up and secure his retreat; which way of arguing may be good enough to a prince of an undisputed title and entirely in the hearts of his subjects; but numerous castles are ill defenders of an usurpation, being the common retreat of malcontents, where they can fly with security and discover their affections as they please; by which means the enemy, although beaten in the field, may still preserve his footing in the bowels of a country, may wait supplies from abroad and prolong a war for many years; nor while he is master of any castles can he ever be at mercy by any sudden misfortune, but may be always in a condition of demanding terms for himself. These and many other effects of so pernicious a counsel the king found through the whole course of his reign; which was entirely spent in sieges, revolts, surprises, and surrenders, with very few battles but no decisive action; a period of much misery and confusion, which affords little that is memorable for events or useful for the instruction of posterity.

1136. The first considerable enemy that appeared against him was David king of Scots, who, having taken the oath of fealty to Maude and her issue, being further engaged by the ties of blood and stirred up through the persuasions of several English nobles, began to take up arms in her cause, and invading the northern parts took Carlisle and Newcastle; but upon the king's speedy approach with his forces a peace was presently made and the towns restored. However, the Scottish prince would by no means renounce his fidelity to the empress by paying homage to Stephen; so that an expedient was found to have it performed by his eldest son, in consideration of which the king gave, or rather restored, to him the earldom of Huntington.

Upon his return to London from this expedition he happened to fall sick of a lethargy, and it was confidently given out that he was dead. This report was with great industry and artifice dispersed by his enemies, which quickly discovered the ill inclination of several lords, who, although they never believed the thing, yet made use of it for an occasion or pretext to fortify their castles, which they refused to surrender to the king himself; but Stephen was resolved, as he said, to convince them that he was alive and well; for coming against them before he was expected, he recovered Exeter, Norwich, and other fortified places, although not without much difficulty.

It is obvious enough to wonder how a prince of so much valour and other excellent endowments, elected by the church and state after a compliance with all conditions they could impose on him, and in an age when so little regard was had to the lineal descent, lastly confirmed by the pope himself, should be soon deserted and opposed by those very persons who had been the most instrumental to promote him. But beside his defective title and the undistinguished liberty of building castles, there were three circumstances which very much contributed to those perpetual revolts of the nobles against him: first, that upon his coming to the crown he was very liberal in distributing lands and honours to several young gentlemen of noble birth who came to make their court, whereby he hoped to get the reputation of a generous prince and to strengthen his party against the empress; but by this encouragement the number of pretenders quickly grew too fast upon him; and when he had granted all he was able he was forced to dismiss the rest with promises and excuses; who, either out of envy or discontent, or else to mend their fortunes, never failed to become his enemies upon the first occasion that offered. Secondly, when he had reduced several castles and towns which had given the first example of defection from him, he hardly inflicted the least punishment on the authors, which unseasonable mercy, that in another prince and another age would have been called greatness of spirit, passed in him for pusillanimity and fear, and is reckoned by the writers of those times to have been the cause of many succeeding revolts. The third circumstance was of a different kind; for, observing how little good effect he had found by his liberality and indulgence, he would needs try the other extreme, which was not his talent. He began to infringe the articles of his charter, to recall or disown the promises he had made, and to repulse petitioners with rough treatment, which was the more unacceptable by being new and unexpected.

1137. Meantime the earl of Anjou, who was not in a condition to assert his wife's title to England, hearing Stephen was employed at home, entered Normandy with small force, and found it no difficult matter to seize several towns. The Normans, in the present distraction of affairs not well knowing what prince to obey, at last sent an invitation to Theobald earl of Blois, king Stephen's eldest brother, to accept their dukedom upon the condition of protecting them from the present insults of the earl of Anjou. But before this matter could come to an issue, Stephen, who upon reduction of the towns already mentioned had found a short interval of quiet from his English subjects, arrived with unexpected speed in Normandy, where Geoffry of Anjou soon fled before him, and the whole duchy came over to his obedience, for the farther settlement whereof he made peace with the king of France, constituted his son Eustace duke of Normandy, and made him swear fealty to that prince and do him homage. His brother Theobald, who began to expostulate upon this disappointment, he pacified with a pension of 2000 marks;[a] and even the earl of Anjou himself, who in right of his wife made demands of Stephen for the kingdom of England, finding he was no equal match at present, was persuaded to become his pensioner for 5000 more.[a]

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[a] The mark of Normandy is to be understood here. Such a pension in that age was equivalent to one of 31,000*l.* sterling in the present.

Stephen upon his return to England met with an account of new troubles from the north, for the king of Scots, under pretence of observing his oath of fealty to the empress, infested the borders, and frequently making cruel inroads plundered and laid waste all before him.

1138. In order to revenge this base and perfidious treatment the king in his march northward sat down before Bedford, and took it after a siege of twenty days. This town was part of the earldom of Huntington, given by Stephen in the late peace to the eldest son of the Scottish king, for which the young prince did homage to him; and it was upon that account defended by a garrison of Scots. Upon intelligence of this surrender king David, overcome with fury, entered Northumberland, where, letting loose the rage of his soldiers, he permitted and encouraged them to commit all manner of inhumanities, which they performed in so execrable a manner as would scarce be credible if it were not attested by almost the universal consent of writers: they ripped up women with child, drew out the infants, and tossed them upon the points of their lances; they murdered priests before the altars; then, cutting the heads from off the crucifixes, in their stead put on the heads of those they had murdered; with many other instances of monstrous barbarity too foul to relate: but cruelty being usually attended with cowardice, this perfidious prince upon the approach of king Stephen fled into places of security. The king of England, finding no enemy on whom to employ his revenge, marched forward into the country, destroying with fire and sword all the southern parts; and would in all probability have made terrible impressions into the heart of Scotland if he had not been suddenly recalled by a more dangerous fire at home, which had been kindled in his absence and was now broken out into a flame.

Robert earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, came into England some time after the advancement of Stephen to the crown; and, yielding to the necessity of the time, took the oath of fealty upon the same condition used by the other nobles, to be of force so long as the king should keep his faith with him and preserve his dignity inviolate; but, being in his heart wholly devoted to the interests of the empress his sister, and moved by the persuasions of several religious men, he had with great secrecy and application so far practised upon the levity or discontent of several lords as to gain them to his party, for the king had of late very much alienated the nobles against him; first, by seizing several of their persons and dispossessing them of their lands; and secondly, by taking into his favour William d'Ypres, a Flemish commander of noble birth, but banished by his prince. This man, with many of his followers, the king employed chiefly both in his councils and his armies, and made him earl of Kent, to the great envy and displeasure of his English subjects. The earl of Gloucester therefore, and his accomplices, having prepared all things necessary for an insurrection, it was agreed among them that while the king was engaged against the Scots each of them should secure what towns and castles they could and openly declare for the empress. Accordingly, earl Robert suddenly fortified himself in Bristol; the rest followed his example: Hereford, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Dover, and many other places were seized by several lords; and the defection grew so formidable that the king, to his great grief, was forced to leave his Scottish expedition unfinished, and return with all possible speed to suppress the rebellion begun by his subjects, having first left the care of the north to Thurstan archbishop of York, with orders carefully to observe the motions of the Scots.

Whilst the king was employed in the south in reducing his discontented lords and their castles to his obedience, David, presuming upon the distance between them, re-entered England with more numerous forces and greater designs than before; for, without losing more time than what was necessary to pillage and destroy the country as he marched, he resolved to besiege York; which, if he could force to surrender, would serve as a convenient frontier against the English. To this end, advancing near the city and having pitched his tents, he sat down before it with his whole army. In the mean time archbishop Thurstan, having already summoned the nobles and gentry of the shire and parts adjacent, had, by powerful persuasions, incited them to defend their country against a treacherous, bloody, and restless enemy; so that before the king of Scotland could make any progress in the siege the whole power of the north was united against him under the earl of Albemarle and several other nobles. Archbishop Thurstan happening to fall sick could not go in person to the army, but sent the bishop of Durham in his stead; by whose encouragements the English, although in number far inferior, advanced boldly toward the enemy and offered them battle, which was as readily accepted by the Scots, who, sending out a party of horse to secure the rising ground, were immediately attacked by the English, and after a sharp dispute entirely defeated. In the heat of the battle the king of Scots, and his son Henry earl of Huntington, gave many proofs of great personal valour. The young prince fell with such fierceness upon a body of the English that he utterly broke and dispersed them, and was pursuing his victory when a certain man, bearing aloft the head of an enemy he had cut off, cried out it was the head of the Scottish king; which being heard and believed on both sides, the English, who had lately fled, rallied again, assaulting their enemies with new vigour; the Scots on the other side, discouraged by the supposed death of their prince, began to turn their backs: the king and his son used all endeavours to stop their flight, and made several brave stands against the enemy; but the greatest part of their army being fled, and themselves almost encompassed, they were forced to give way to fortune, and with much difficulty made their escape.

The loss of the English side was inconsiderable; but of Scots, by general consent of writers, 10,000 were slain. And thus ended the War of the Standard, as it was usually called by the authors of that age: because the English upon a certain engine raised the mast of a ship, on the top whereof in a silver box they put the consecrated wafer and fastened the standards of St. Peter and other saints; this gave them courage, by remembering they were to fight in the presence of God, and served likewise for a mark where to reassemble when they should happen to be dispersed by any accident or misfortune.

1139. Meantime the king was equally successful against his rebellious lords at home, having taken most of their castles and strongholds; and the earl of Gloucester himself, no longer able to make any resistance, withdrew into Normandy, to concert new

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[b] Five thousand marks of silver coin was, in this reign, of the same value as the sum of 77,500*l.* modern currency is now. Here again the Normanic mark seems to be used.

measures with the empress his sister. Thus the king had leisure and opportunity for another expedition into Scotland, to pursue and improve his victory, where he met with no opposition: however, he was at length persuaded with much difficulty to accept his own conditions of a peace, and David delivered up to him his eldest son Henry as hostage for performance of articles between them.

The king in his return homeward laid siege to Ludlow Castle, which had not been reduced with the rest: here prince Henry of Scotland, boiling with youth and valour, and exposing his person upon all occasions, was lifted from his horse by an iron grapple let down from the wall, and would have been hoisted up into the castle if the king had not immediately flown to his assistance and brought him off with his own hands by main force from the enemy, whom he soon compelled to surrender the castle.

1140. Stephen, having thus subdued his inveterate enemies the Scots and reduced his rebellious nobles, began to entertain hopes of enjoying a little ease. But he was destined to the possession of a crown with perpetual disturbance, for he was hardly returned from his northern expedition when he received intelligence that the empress, accompanied by her brother the earl of Gloucester, was preparing to come for England, in order to dispute her title to the kingdom. The king, who knew by experience what a powerful party she already had to espouse her interests, very reasonably concluded the defection from him would be much greater when she appeared in person to countenance and reward it; he therefore began again to repent of the licence he had granted for building castles, which were now likely to prove so many places of security for his enemies and fortifications against himself; for he knew not whom to trust, vehemently suspecting his nobles ever since their last revolt. He therefore cast about for some artifice to get into his hands as many of their castles as he could, in the strength and magnificence of which kind of structures the bishops had far outdone the rest, and were upon that as well as other accounts very much maligned and envied by the temporal lords, who were extremely jealous of the church's increasing power, and glad upon all occasions to see the prelates humbled. The king, therefore, having formed his project, resolved to make trial where it would be least invidious, and where he could foresee least danger in the consequences. At a parliament or assembly of nobles at Oxford it was contrived to raise a quarrel between the servants of some bishops and those of Alan count of Dinan in Bretagne, upon a contention of rooms in their inns. Stephen took hold of this advantage, sent for the bishops, taxed them with breaking his peace, and demanded the keys of their castles, adding threats of imprisonment if they dared to disobey. Those whom the king chiefly suspected, or rather who had built the most and strongest castles, were Roger bishop of Salisbury, with his nephew and natural son the bishops of Ely and Lincoln, whom the king by many circumstances of rigour compelled to surrender, going himself in person to seize the Devizes, then esteemed the noblest structure of Europe, and built by the forementioned bishop Roger, whose treasure to the value of 40,000 marks,[a] there likewise deposited, fell at the same time into the king's hand, which in a few days broke the bishop's heart, already worn with age and infirmity.

It may perhaps not be thought a digression to say something of the fortunes of this prelate, who from the lowest beginnings came to be without dispute the greatest churchman of any subject in his age. It happened that the late king Henry, in the reign of his brother, being at a village in Normandy, wanted a priest to say mass before him and his train; when this man, who was a poor curate thereabouts, offered his service, and performed it with so much dexterity and speed that the soldiers who attended the prince recommended him to their master upon that account as a very proper chaplain for military men. But it seems he had other talents, for having gotten into the prince's service he soon discovered great application and address, much order and economy in the management of his master's fortunes, which were wholly left to his care. After Henry's advancement to the crown this chaplain grew chief in his favour and confidence; was made bishop of Salisbury, chancellor of England, employed in all his most weighty affairs, and usually left vicegerent of the realm while the king was absent in Normandy. He was among the first that swore fealty to Maude and her issue, and among the first that revolted from her to Stephen, offering such reasons in council for setting her aside as by the credit and opinion of his wisdom were very prevalent. But the king in a few years forgot all obligations, and the bishop fell a sacrifice in his old age to those treasures he had been so long heaping up for its support. A just reward for his ingratitude towards the prince that raised him, to be ruined by the ingratitude of another whom he had been so very instrumental to raise.

But Henry bishop of Winchester, the pope's legate, not able to endure this violation of the church, called a council of all the prelates to meet at Winchester, where the king being summoned appeared by his advocate, who pleaded his cause with much learning; and the archbishop of Rouen, coming to the council, declared his opinion, that, although the canons did allow the bishops to possess castles, yet in dangerous times they ought to deliver them up to the king. This opinion Stephen followed very steadily, not yielding a tittle, although the legate, his brother, used all means both rough and gentle to work upon him.

The council of bishops broke up without other effect than that of leaving in their minds an implacable hatred to the king in a very opportune juncture for the interest of Maude, who about this time landed at Portsmouth with her brother Robert earl of Gloucester. The whole force she brought over for this expedition consisted but of 140 knights; for she trusted altogether in her cause and her friends. With this slender attendance she went to Arundel and was there received into the castle by the widow of the late king; while earl Robert, accompanied only by twenty men, marched boldly to his own city of Gloucester, in order to raise forces for the empress, where the townsmen turned out the king's garrison as soon as they heard of his approach.

King Stephen was not surprised at the news of the empress's arrival, being a thing he had always counted upon, and was long preparing himself against. He was glad to hear how ill she was provided, and resolved to use the opportunity of her brother's absence; for hasting down to Arundel with a sufficient strength he laid siege to the castle, in hopes by securing her person to put a speedy end to the war.

But there wanted not some very near about the king who, favouring the party of Maude, had credit enough to prevail with him not to venture time and reputation against an impregnable fortress, but rather by withdrawing his forces permit her to retire to some less fortified place, where she might more easily fall into his hands. This advice the king took against his own opinion; the empress fled out of Arundel by night, and after frequent shifting her stages through several towns, which had already declared in her favour, fixed herself at last at Lincoln, where having all things provided necessary for her defence she resolved to continue, and expect either a general revolt of the English to her side or the decision of war between the king and her brother.

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[a] This prelate's treasure is doubtless computed by the smaller or Saxon mark, the use of which still prevailed in England; and, even thus computed, it amounts to a vast sum, equal to about 116,350*l.* of modern money.

1141. But Stephen, who had pursued the empress from place to place, hearing she had shut herself up in Lincoln, resolved to give her no rest; and to help on his design it fell out that the citizens, in hatred to the earl of Chester, who commanded there for the empress, sent a private invitation to the king, with promise to deliver the town and their governor into his hands. The king came accordingly and possessed himself of the town, but Maude and the earl made their escape a few days before. However many great persons of Maude's party remained prisoners to the king, and among the rest the earl of Chester's wife, who was daughter to the earl of Gloucester. These two earls resolving to attempt the relief of their friends marched with all their forces near Lincoln, where they found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive them. The next morning, after battle offered by the lords and accepted by the king, both sides made ready to engage. The king, having disposed his cavalry on each wing, placed himself at the head of his foot, in whom he reposed most confidence. The army of the lords was divided in three bodies; those whom king Stephen had banished were placed in the middle, the earl of Chester led the van, and the earl of Gloucester commanded the rear. The battle was fought at first with equal advantage and great obstinacy on both sides; at length the right wing of the king's horse, pressed by the earl of Chester, galloped away, not without suspicion of treachery; the left followed the example. The king beheld their flight, and encouraging those about him fell with undaunted valour upon the enemy, and being for some time bravely seconded by his foot did great execution. At length, overpowered by numbers, his men began to disperse, and Stephen was left almost alone with his sword in his hand, wherewith he opposed his person against a whole victorious army, nor durst any be so hardy to approach him: the sword breaking, a citizen of Lincoln put into his hands a Danish battle-axe, with which he struck to the ground the earl of Chester,[a] who presumed to come within his reach. But this weapon likewise flying in pieces with the force of those furious blows he dealt on all sides, a bold knight of the empress's party named William de Keynes laid hold on his helmet, and immediately cried out to his fellows, "I have got the king!" Then the rest ran in and he was taken prisoner.

The king being thus secured was presented to the empress, then at Gloucester, and by her orders conveyed to Bristol, where he continued in strict custody nine months, although with honourable treatment for some time, until either upon endeavouring to make his escape or in malice to the Londoners, who had a great affection for their king, he was by express command from the empress laid in irons and used with other circumstances of severity.

This victory was followed by a general defection of almost the whole kingdom; and the earl of Anjou, husband to the empress, upon the fame of the king's defeat and imprisonment, reduced without any difficulty the whole duchy of Normandy to his obedience.

The legate himself, although brother to king Stephen, received her at Winchester with great solemnity, accepted her oath for governing with justice, redressing grievances, and supporting the rights of the church, and took the old conditional one of fealty to her; then, in an assembly of bishops and clergy convoked for the purpose, he displayed the miscarriages of his brother and declared his approbation of the empress to be queen; to which they unanimously agreed. To complete all he prevailed by his credit with the Londoners, who stood out the last of any, to acknowledge and receive her into the city, where she arrived at length in great pomp and with general satisfaction.

But it was the misfortune of this princess to possess many weaknesses that are charged to the sex, and very few of its commendable qualities: she was now in peaceable possession of the whole kingdom, except the county of Kent, where William d'Ypres pretended to keep up a small party for the king; when by her pride, wilfulness, indiscretion, and a disobliging behaviour, she soon turned the hearts of all men against her, and in a short time lost the fruits of that victory and success which had been so hardly gained by the prudence and valour of her excellent brother. The first occasion she took to discover the perverseness of her nature was in the treatment of Maude, the wife of king Stephen, a lady of great virtue and courage above her sex; who, coming to the empress an humble suitor in behalf of her husband, offered, as a price of his liberty, that he should resign all pretensions to the crown, and pass the rest of his life in exile or in a convent. But this request was rejected with scorn and reproaches; and the queen finding all entreaties to no purpose writ to her son Eustace to let him understand the ill success of her negotiation, that no relief was to be otherwise hoped for than by arms; and therefore advised him to raise immediately what forces he could for the relief of his father.

Her next miscarriage was towards the Londoners, who presented her a petition for redressing certain rigorous laws of her father and restoring those of Edward the Confessor. The empress put them off for a time with excuses, but at last discovered some displeasure at their importunity. The citizens, who had with much difficulty been persuaded to receive her against their inclinations, which stood wholly for the king, were moved with indignation at her unreasonable refusal of their just demands, and entered into a conspiracy to seize her person. But she had timely notice of their design, and leaving the city by night in disguise fled to Oxford.

A third false step the empress made was in refusing her new powerful friend the legate a favour he desired in behalf of Eustace, the king's son, to grant him the lands and honours held by his father before he came to the crown. She had made large promises to this prelate that she would be directed in all things by his advice; and to be refused upon his first application a small favour for his own nephew stung him to the quick; however, he governed his resentments a while, but began at the same time to resume his affection for his brother. These thoughts were cultivated with great address by queen Maude, who prevailed at last so far upon the legate that private measures were agreed between them for restoring Stephen to his liberty and crown. The bishop took leave of the empress upon some plausible pretence and retired to Winchester, where he gave directions for supplying with men and provision several strong castles he had built in his diocese, while the queen, with her son Eustace, prevailed with the Londoners and men of Kent to rise in great numbers for the king; and a powerful army was quickly on foot under the command of William d'Ypres earl of Kent.

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[a] The earl of Chester lived nevertheless to fight other battles, and died twelve years after by poison.

In the mean time the empress began to be sensible of the errors she had committed; and in hope either to retrieve the friendship of the legate or take him prisoner, marched with her army to Winchester, where being received and lodged in the castle she sent immediately for the legate, spoke much in excuse of what was past, and used all endeavours to regain him to her interests. Bishop Henry, on the other side, amused her with dubious answers, and kept her in suspense for some days; but sent privately at the same time to the king's army, desiring them to advance with all possible speed, which was executed with so much diligence that the empress and her brother had only time with their troops to march a back way out of the town. They were pursued by the enemy so close in the rear that the empress had hardly time, by counterfeiting herself dead, to make her escape; in which posture she was carried as a corpse to Gloucester; but the earl her brother, while he made what opposition he could with design to stop her pursuers, was himself taken prisoner, with great slaughter of his men. After the battle the earl was in his turn presented to queen Maude, and by her command sent to Rochester to be treated in the same manner with the king.

Thus the heads of both parties were each in the power of his enemy, and Fortune seemed to have dealt with great equality between them. Two factions divided the whole kingdom, and, as it usually happens, private animosities were inflamed by the quarrel of the public; which introduced a miserable face of things throughout the land, whereof the writers of our English story give melancholy descriptions, not to be repeated in this history; since the usual effects of civil war are obvious to conceive and tiresome as well as useless to relate. However, as the quarrel between the king and empress was grounded upon a cause that in its own nature little concerned the interests of the people, this was thought a convenient juncture for transacting a peace, to which there appeared a universal disposition. Several expedients were proposed; but earl Robert would consent upon no other terms than the deposing of Stephen and immediate delivery of the crown to his sister. These debates lasted for some months, until the two prisoners, weary of their long constraint, by mutual consent were exchanged for each other, and all thoughts of agreement laid aside.

The king, upon recovery of his freedom, hastened to London to get supplies of men and money for renewing the war. He there found that his brother of Winchester had, in a council of bishops and abbots, renounced all obedience to the empress, and persuaded the assembly to follow his example. The legate, in excuse for this proceeding, loaded her with infamy, produced several instances wherein she had broken the oath she took when he received her as queen, and upon which his obedience was grounded; and said he had received information that she had a design upon his life.

It must be confessed that oaths of fealty in this prince's reign were feeble ties for binding the subject to any reasonable degree of obedience; and the warmest advocates for liberty cannot but allow, from those examples here produced, that it is very possible for people to run upon great extremes in this matter; that a monarch may be too much limited, and a subject too little; whereof the consequences have been fully as pernicious for the time as the worst that can be apprehended from arbitrary power in all its heights, although not perhaps so lasting or so hard to be remedied; since all the miseries of this kingdom during the period we are treating of were manifestly owing to that continual violation of such oaths of allegiance as appear to have been contrived on purpose by ambitious men to be broken at pleasure, without the least apprehension of perjury, and in the mean time keep the prince in a continual slavish dependence.

The earl of Gloucester soon after his release went over into Normandy, where he found the earl of Anjou employed in completing the conquest of that duchy; there he delivered him the sons of several English noblemen to be kept as hostages for their fathers' fidelity to the empress, and used many arguments for persuading him to come over in person with an army to her assistance; but Geoffry excused himself by the importance of other affairs, and the danger of exposing the dominions he had newly acquired to rebellions in his absence. However, he lent the earl of Gloucester a supply of 400 men, and sent along with him his eldest son Henry to comfort his mother and be shown to the people.

During the short absence of the earl of Gloucester the empress was closely besieged in Oxford by the king; and provision beginning to fail she was in cruel apprehensions of falling into his hands. This gave her occasion to put in practice the only talent wherein she seemed to excel, which was that of contriving some little shift or expedient to secure her person upon any sudden emergency. A long season of frost had made the Thames passable upon the ice, and much snow lay on the ground: Maude, with some few attendants, clad all in white to avoid being discovered from the king's camp, crossed the river at midnight on foot, and travelling all night, got safe to Wallingford-castle, where her brother and young son Henry, newly returned from France, arrived soon after, to her great satisfaction; but Oxford, immediately upon the news of her flight, surrendered to the king.

However, this disgrace was fully compensated soon after by another of the same kind which happened to king Stephen; for while he and his brother of Winchester were fortifying a nunnery at Wilton, to bridle his enemies at Salisbury, who very much harassed those parts by their frequent excursions, the earl of Gloucester, who watched all opportunities, came unaware with a strong body of men, and set fire to the nunnery while the king himself was in it. Stephen, upon the sudden surprise of the thing, wholly lost or forgot his usual courage, and fled shamefully away, leaving his soldiers to be cut in pieces by the earl.

During the rest of the war, although it lasted nine years longer, there is little memorable recorded by any writer; whether the parties, being pretty equal and both sufficiently tired with so long a contention, wanted vigour and spirit to make a thorough conquest, and only endeavoured to keep what they had, or whether the multitude of strong castles, whose numbers daily increased, made it very difficult to end a war between two contending powers almost in balance; let the cause be what it will, the whole time passed in mutual sieges, surprises, revolts, surrenders of fortified places, without any decisive action or other event of importance to be related. By which at length the very genius of the people became wholly bent upon a life of spoil, robbery, and plunder; many of the nobles, although pretending to hold their castles for the king or the empress, lived like petty independent princes in a perpetual state of war against their neighbours; the fields lay uncultivated, all the arts of civil life were banished, no veneration left for sacred persons or things; in short, no law, truth, or religion among men, but a scene of universal misery, attended with all the consequences of an embroiled and distracted state.

About the eleventh year of the king's reign young Henry, now growing toward a man, was sent for to France by a message from his father, who was desirous to see him, but left a considerable party in England to adhere to his interests; and in a short time after (as some write) the empress herself, grown weary of contending any longer in a cause where she had met with nothing but misfortunes of her own procuring, left the kingdom likewise and retired to her husband. Nor was this the only good fortune that befel Stephen; for before the year ended the main prop and pillar of his enemies was taken away by death: this was Robert earl of Gloucester, than whom there have been few private persons known in the world that deserve a fairer place and character in the registers of time for his inviolable faith, disinterested friendship, indefatigable zeal, firm constancy to the cause he espoused, and unparalleled generosity in the conduct thereof: he adhered to his sister in all her fortunes, to the ruin of his own; he placed a crown upon her head; and when she had lost it by her folly and perverseness refused the greatest offers from a victorious enemy who had him in his power, and chose to continue a prisoner rather than recover his liberty by any hazard to her pretensions: he bore up her sinking title in spite of her own frequent miscarriages, and at last died in her cause, by a fever contracted with perpetual toils for her service. An example fit to be shown the world, although few perhaps are likely to follow it; but however, a small tribute of praise justly due to extraordinary virtue may prove no ill expedient to encourage imitation.

But the death of this lord, together with the absence of the empress and her son in France, added very little to the quiet or security of the king. For the earl of Gloucester, suspecting the fidelity of the lords, had, with great sagacity, delivered their sons to the earl of Anjou, to be kept as pledges for their fathers' fidelity, as we have before related; by which means a powerful party was still kept up against Stephen, too strong to be suddenly broken. Besides, he had by an unusual strain of his conduct lately lost much good will, as well as reputation, in committing an act of violence and fraud on the person of the earl of Chester, a principal adherent of the empress. This nobleman, of great power and possessions, had newly reconciled himself to Stephen, and came to his court at Northampton, where, against all laws of hospitality as well as common faith and justice, he was committed to prison, and forced to buy his liberty with the surrender of Lincoln and all his other places into the king's hands.

Affairs continued in this turbulent posture about two years, the nobles neither trusting the king nor each other. The number of castles still increased, 1149. which every man who had any possessions was forced to build or else become a prey to his powerful neighbours. This was thought a convenient juncture by the empress and her friends for sending young prince Henry to try his fortune in England, where he landed at the head of a considerable number of horse and foot, although he was then but sixteen years old. Immediately after his arrival he went to Carlisle, where he met his cousin David king of Scots, by whom he was made a knight after the usual custom of young princes and noblemen in that age. The king of England, who had soon intelligence of Henry's landing and motions, marched down to secure York, against which he expected the first attempt of his enemy was designed. But, whatever the cause might be (wherein the writers of those ages are either silent or unsatisfactory), both armies remained at that secure distance for 1150. three months; after which Henry returned back to Normandy, leaving the kingdom in the state of confusion he found it at his coming.

The fortunes of this young prince, Henry Fitzempress, now began to advance by great and sudden steps, whereof it will be no digression to inform the reader, as well upon the connexion they have with the affairs at home about this time, as because they concern the immediate successor to the crown.

1151. Prince Henry's voyage to France was soon followed by the death of his father Geoffry earl of Anjou, whereby the son became possessed 1152. of that earldom together with the duchy of Normandy; but in a short time after he very much enlarged his dominions by a marriage, in which he consulted his reputation less than his advantage. For Lewis the Young, king of France, was lately divorced from his wife Eleanor, who, as the French writers relate, bore a great contempt and hatred to her husband and had long desired such a separation. Other authors give her not so fair a character; but whatever might be the real cause, the pretext was consanguinity in the fourth degree. Henry was content to accept this lady with all her faults, and in her right became duke of Aquitain and earl of Poitou, very considerable provinces added to his other dominions.

But the two kings of France and England began to apprehend much danger from the sudden greatness of a young ambitious prince; and their interests were jointly concerned to check his growth. Duke Henry was now ready to sail for England in a condition to assert his title upon more equal terms; when the king of France, in conjunction with Eustace king Stephen's son, and Geoffry the duke's own brother, suddenly entered into his dominions with a mighty army, took the castle of Neumarché by storm and laid siege to that of Angers. The duke, by this incident, was forced to lay aside his thoughts of England, and marching boldly toward the enemy resolved to relieve the besieged; but finding they had already taken the castle, he thought it best to make a diversion by carrying the war into the enemy's country; where he left all to the mercy of his soldiers, surprised and burnt several castles, and made great devastations wherever he came. This proceeding answered the end for which it was designed; the king of France thought he had already done enough for his honour, and began to grow weary of a ruinous war which was likely to be protracted. The conditions of a peace, by the intervention of some religious men, were soon agreed. The duke, after some time spent in settling his affairs and preparing all things necessary for his intended expedition, set sail for England, where he landed the same year in the depth of winter with 140 knights and 3000 foot.

Some time before Henry landed, the king had conceived a project to disappoint his designs by confirming the crown upon himself and his own posterity. He sent for the archbishop of Canterbury with several other prelates, and proposed that his son Eustace should be crowned king with all the usual solemnity; but the bishops absolutely refused to perform the office by express orders from the pope, who was enemy to Stephen, partly upon account of his unjust or declining cause, but chiefly for his strict alliance with the king of France, who was then engaged in a quarrel against that see, upon a very tender point relating to the revenues of vacant churches. The king and his son were both enraged at the bishops' refusal, and kept them prisoners in the chamber where they assembled, with many threats to force them to a compliance, and some other circumstances of rigour; but all to no purpose, so that he was at length forced to desist. But the archbishop, to avoid further vexation, fled the realm.

This contrivance of crowning the son during the life and reign of the father, which appears so absurd in speculation, was actually performed in the succeeding reign, and seems to have been taken up by those two princes of French birth and extraction, in imitation of the like practice in their native country, where it was usual for kings grown old and infirm, or swayed by paternal indulgence, to receive their eldest son into a share of the administration with the title of king; a custom borrowed, no doubt, from the later emperors of Rome, who adopted their Cæsars after the like manner.

1153. The king was employed in his usual exercise of besieging castles when the news was brought of Henry's arrival. He left the work he was about and marched directly against the duke, who was then set down before Malmesbury. But Stephen forced him to raise the siege and immediately offered him battle. The duke, although his army was much increased by continual revolts, thought it best to gain time, being still in number far inferior to the king, and therefore kept himself strongly intrenched. There is some difference among writers about the particulars of this war: however, it is generally agreed that, in a short time after, the two armies met and were prepared for battle, when the nobles on both sides, either dreading the consequences or weary of a tedious war, prevailed with the king and duke to agree to a truce for some days in order to a peace; which was violently opposed by Eustace the king's son, a youth of great spirit and courage, because he knew very well it could not be built but upon the ruin of his interests: and therefore, finding he could not prevail, he left the army in a rage, and attended by some followers endeavoured to satiate his fury by destroying the country in his march: but in a few days, as he sat at dinner in a castle of his own, he fell suddenly dead, either through grief, madness, or poison.

The truce was now expired and the duke began to renew the war with fresh vigour, but the king was wholly dispirited upon this fatal accident and now first began to entertain real thoughts of a peace. He had lost a son whom he dearly loved, and with him he likewise lost the alliance of the French king, to whose sister the young prince was married. He had indeed another son left, but little esteemed by the nobles and people, nor as it appears much regarded by his father. He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forsaken by his friends, who, since the death of Eustace, fell daily from him; and having no further care at heart for his posterity, he thought it high time to seek repose for his person. The nobles soon observed this disposition in their king, which was so agreeable to their own; therefore, by general consent, Theobald archbishop of Canterbury was appointed mediator between both princes. All matters were soon agreed; an assembly of lords was convened at Winchester, where the king received the duke with great marks of courtesy and kindness. There the peace was confirmed by the king's charter, wherein are expressed the terms of agreement. But I shall relate only the principal.

The king by this charter acknowledged Henry for lawful successor to the crown, in which capacity all the nobles paid him homage, and Henry himself with his party paid homage to Stephen. There is likewise a reservation for William, the king's son, of all the honours possessed by his father before he came to the crown. The king likewise acknowledges the obedience of his subjects to be no longer due to him than he shall observe the conditions of this charter. And for the performance of these articles the archbishops and bishops were appointed guarantees. There were some other articles agreed on which are not mentioned in the charter; as a general pardon; a restitution, to the right owners, of those lands and possessions which had been usurped in the time of the troubles; that all castles built during the war should be razed to the ground, which are said to have been above 1100; that the rights of the church should be preserved; with other matters of less moment.

Thus, by the prudence of archbishop Theobald, the moderation of the two princes engaged, and the universal inclination of the people, a happy period was put to this tedious and troublesome war: men began to have the prospect of a long peace; nor was it easy to foresee what could possibly arise to disturb it, when discovery was made by accident of a most horrible piece of treachery which, if it had met with success, would have once more set the whole nation in a flame. The duke, after the peace, attended the king to London, to be shown to the people as the undoubted successor to the crown; and having made a progress together through some other parts of the kingdom, they came to Canterbury, where Henry received private notice of a design upon his life. It has been already observed that the king employed in his wars a body of Flemings, to the great discontent of his own subjects, with whom they were very ungracious. These foreigners were much discontented at the peace, whereby they were likely to become useless and burdensome to the present king and hateful to the successor. To prevent which, the commanders among them began to practise upon the levity and ambition of William the king's son. They urged the indignity he had received in being deprived of his birthright; offered to support his title by their valour, as they had done that of his father; and as an earnest of their intentions, to remove the chief impediment by despatching his rival out of the world. The young prince was easily wrought upon to be at the head of this conspiracy: time and place were fixed; when, upon the day appointed, William broke his leg by a fall from his horse, and the conspirators wanting their leader immediately dispersed. This disappointment and delay, as it usually happens among conspirators, were soon followed by a discovery of the whole plot; whereof the duke, with great discretion, made no other use than to consult his own safety; therefore, without any show of suspicion or displeasure, he took leave of the king and returned to Normandy.

1154. Stephen lived not above a year to share the happiness of this peace with his people; in which time he made a progress through most parts of the kingdom, where he gained universal love and veneration by a most affable and courteous behaviour to all men. A few months after his return he went to Dover to have an interview with the earl of Flanders; where after a short sickness he died of the iliac passion, together with his old distemper the hemorrhoids, upon the 25th of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the nineteenth of his reign

He was a prince of wonderful endowments, both in body and mind: in his person tall and graceful, of great strength as well as vigour: he had a large portion of most virtues that can be useful in a king toward the happiness of his subjects or himself; courtesy and valour, liberality and clemency, in an eminent degree; especially the last, which he carried to an extreme, though very pardonable, yet hardly consisting with prudence or his own safety. If we except his usurpation of the crown, he must be allowed a prince of great justice; which most writers affirm to have been always unblemished, except in that single instance: for, as to his treatment of the bishops and the earl of Chester, it seems very excusable by the necessity of the time; and it was the general opinion, if he had not used that proceeding with the latter, it would have cost him his crown. Perhaps his injustice to the empress might likewise admit a little extenuation. Four kings successively had sat on the throne without any regard to lineal descent—a period beyond the memory of most men then alive; whereby the people had lost much of that devotion they were used to bear toward an established succession: besides, the government of a woman was then a thing unknown, and for that reason disliked by all who professed to hate innovations.

But the wisdom of this prince was by no means equal to the rest of his virtues. He came to the crown upon as fair a title as his predecessor, being elected by the general consent of the nobles, through the credit of his brother and his own personal merit. He had no disturbance for some time, which he might easily have employed in settling the kingdom and acquiring the love of his people. He had treasure enough to raise and pay armies without burdening the subject. His competitor was a woman, whose sex was the least of her infirmities, and with whom he had already compounded for his quiet by a considerable pension: yet with all these advantages he seldom was master of above half the kingdom at once, and that by the force of perpetual struggling, and with frequent danger of losing the whole. The principal difficulties he had to encounter appear to have been manifest consequences of several most imprudent steps in his conduct, whereof many instances have been produced in the history of his reign; such as the unlimited permission of building castles; his raising the siege of a weak place where the empress was shut up, and must in a few days have fallen into his hands; his employing the Flemings in his wars, and favouring them above his own subjects; and lastly, that abortive project of crowning his son, which procured him at once the hatred and contempt of the clergy, by discovering an inclination to violence and injustice that he durst not pursue: whereas it was nothing else but an effect of that hasty and sudden disposition usually ascribed to those of his country, and in a peculiar manner charged to this prince: for authors give it as a part of his character to be hot and violent in the beginning of an enterprise, but to slacken and grow cold in the prosecution.

He had a just sense of religion, and was frequent in attending the service of the church, yet reported to be no great friend of the clergy; which, however, is a general imputation upon all the kings of this realm in that and some succeeding reigns, and by no means personal to this prince, who deserved it as little as any.

I do not find any alterations during this reign in the meetings of general assemblies, further than that the commons do not seem to have been represented in any of them · for which I can assign no other reason than the will of the king or the disturbance of the time. I observed the word parliament is used promiscuously among authors for a general assembly of nobles, and for a council of bishops, or synod of the clergy; which renders this matter too perplexed to ascertain anything about it.

As for affairs of the church that deserve particular mention, I have not met with any; unless it should be worth relating that Henry bishop of Winchester, the pope's legate, who held frequent synods during this reign, was the first introducer of appeals to Rome in this kingdom; for which he is blamed by all the monkish historians who give us the account.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.

A FRAGMENT.

1154. The spirit of war and contention which had for a long time possessed the nation became so effectually laid during the last year of king Stephen's reign, that no alteration or disturbance ensued upon his death, although the new king after he had received intelligence of it was detained six weeks by contrary winds: besides the opinion of this prince's power and virtues had already begotten so great an awe and reverence for him among the people, that upon his arrival he found the whole kingdom in a profound peace. He landed at Hostreham about the beginning of December, was received at Winchester by a great number of the nobility, who came there to attend and swear fealty to him, and three weeks after was crowned at Westminster, about the twenty-third year of his age.

For the further settling of the kingdom, after the long distractions in the preceding reign, he seized on all the castles which remained undestroyed since the last peace between him and king Stephen; whereof some he demolished, and trusted others to the government of persons in whom he could confide.

But that which most contributed to the quiet of the realm and the general satisfaction of his subjects was a proclamation published, commanding all foreigners to leave England; enforced with a most effectual clause whereby a day was fixed after which it should be capital for any of them to appear: among these was William d'Ypres earl of Kent, whose possessions the king seized into his own hands.

These foreigners, generally called Flemings by the writers of the English story, were a sort of vagabond soldiers of fortune, who in those ages, under several denominations, infested other parts of Europe as well as England: they were a mixed people, natives of Arragon, Navarre, Biscay, Brabant, and other parts of Spain and Flanders. They were ready to be hired to whatever prince thought fit to employ them; but always upon condition to have full liberty of plunder and spoil. Nor was it an easy matter to get rid of them when there was no farther need of their service. In England they were always hated by the people, and by this prince in particular, whose continual enemies they had been.

After the expulsion of these foreigners, and forcing a few refractory lords to a surrender of their castles, king Henry, like a wise prince, began to consider that a time of settled peace was the fittest juncture to recover the rights of the crown which had been lost by the war. He therefore resumed by his royal authority all crown-lands that had been alienated by his predecessor, alleging that they were unalienable in themselves, and besides that the grants were void as coming from a usurper.

Whether such proceedings are agreeable with justice I shall not examine; but certainly a prince cannot better consult his own safety than by disabling those whom he renders discontent, which is effectually done no other way but by depriving them of their possessions.

1156. While the king was thus employed at home, intelligence came that his brother Geoffry was endeavouring by force to possess himself of the earldom of Anjou, to which he had fair pretensions; for their father, considering what vast dominions would fall to his eldest son, bequeathed that earldom to the second in his last sickness, and commanded his nobles then about him to take an oath that they would not suffer his body to be buried until Henry (who was then absent) should swear to observe his will. The duke of Normandy, when he came to assist at his father's obsequies, and found that without his compliance he must draw upon himself the scandal of keeping a father unburied, took the oath that was exacted for observance of his will, though very much against his own. But after he was in possession of England, whether it were that his ambition enlarged with his dominions, or that from the beginning he had never intended to observe what he had sworn, he prevailed with pope Adrian (of English birth) to dispense with his oath; and in the second year of his reign went over into Normandy, drove his brother entirely out of Anjou, and forced him to accept a pension for his maintenance. But the young prince, through the resentment of this unnatural dealing, in a short time died of grief.

Nor was his treatment more favourable to the king of Scots, whom upon a slight pretence he took occasion to dispossess of Carlisle, Newcastle, and other places granted by the empress to that prince's father for his services and assistance in her quarrel against Stephen.

Having thus recovered whatever he had any title to demand, he began to look out for new acquisitions. Ireland was in that age a country little known in the world. The legates sent sometimes thither from the court of Rome for urging the payment of annats or directing other church affairs represented the inhabitants as a savage people, overrun with barbarism and superstition: for indeed no nation of Europe where the christian religion received so early and universal admittance was ever so late or slow in feeling its effects upon their manners and civility.[a] Instead of refining their manners by their faith, they had suffered their faith to be corrupted by their manners; true religion being almost defaced both in doctrine and discipline, after a long course of time, among a people wholly sunk in ignorance and barbarity. There seem to have been two reasons why the inhabitants of that island continued so long uncultivated; first, their subjection or vassalage to so many petty kings, whereof a great number is mentioned by authors beside those four or five usually assigned to the several provinces. These princes were engaged in perpetual quarrels, in doing or revenging injuries of violence, or lust, or treachery, or injustice, which kept them all in a continual state of war. And indeed there is hardly any country how renowned soever in ancient or modern story which may not be traced from the like original. Neither can a nation come out from this state of confusion until it is either reduced under one head at home, or by force or conquest becomes subject to a foreign administration.

The other reason why civility made such late entrances into that island may be imputed to its natural situation, lying more out of the road of commerce or conquest than any other part of the known world. All the intercourse the inhabitants had was only with the western coasts of Wales and Scotland; from whence, at least in those ages, they were not likely to learn very much politeness.

1155. The king, about the second year of his reign, sent ambassadors to pope Adrian, with injunctions to desire his licence for reducing the savage people of Ireland from their brutish way of living, and subjecting them to the crown of England. The king proceeded thus in order to set up a title to the island, wherein the pope himself pretended to be lord of the see; for in his letter, which is an answer and grant to the king's requests, he insists upon it that all islands upon their admitting the christian faith become subject to the see of Rome; and the Irish themselves avowed the same thing to some of the first conquerors. In that forementioned letter the pope highly praises the king's generous design, and recommends to him the civilising of the natives, the protection of the church, and the payment of Peter-pence. The ill success of all past endeavours to procure from a people so miserable and irreligious this revenue to the holy see was a main inducement with the pope to be easy and liberal in his grant; for the king professed a design of securing its regular payment. However, this expedition was not undertaken until some years after, when there happened an accident to set it forward, as we shall relate in its place. * * * * *

HEADS FOR HENRY THE SECOND'S CHARACTER.

EXTRACTED FROM THE MONKS.

[Hard to gather his character from such bad authors.]

A WISE prince to whom other princes referred their differences, and had ambassadors from both empires, east and west, as well as others at once in his court.

Strong and brawny body, patient of cold and heat, big head, broad breast, broken voice, temperate in meat, using much exercise, just stature, *forma elegantissima, colore subrufo, oculis glaucis*, sharp wit, very great memory, constancy in adversity and in felicity, except at last he yielded, because almost forsaken by all; liberal, imposed few tributes, excellent soldier and fortunate, wise and not unlearned. His vices:—mild and promising in adversity, fierce and hard and a violator of faith in prosperity; covetous to his domestics and children, although liberal to soldiers and strangers, which turned the former from him; loved profit more than justice; very lustful, which likewise turned his sons and others from him. Rosamond and the labyrinth at Woodstock. Not very religious; *mortuos milites lugens plus quam vivos amans, largus in publico, parcus in privato.* Constant in love and hatred, false to his word, morose, a lover of ease. Oppressor of nobles, sullen, and a delayer of justice; *verbo varius et versutus* ——used churchmen well after Becket's death; charitable to the poor, levied few taxes, hated slaughter and cruelty. A great memory, and always knew those he once saw.

Very indefatigable in his travels backward and forward to Normandy, &c.; of most endless desires to increase his dominions. * * * * *

Cætera desiderantur.

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[a] The Irish had been very learned in former ages, but had declined for several centuries before the reign of Henry II.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
COURT AND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

By one of those cabinet intrigues, of which the real cause has never been ascertained, because perhaps it was too trifling to bear the public eye, Walpole maintained under George II. even more than the power he had enjoyed from the favour of his predecessor. To these events the following piece has emblematical reference.

Regoge [king George] was the thirty-fourth emperor of Japan, and began his reign in the year 341 of the christian era, succeeding to Nena [queen Anne], a princess who governed with great felicity.

There had been a revolution in that empire about twenty-six years before which made some breaches in the hereditary line; and Regoge, successor to Nena, although of the royal family, was a distant relation.

There were two violent parties in the empire which began in the time of the revolution above mentioned, and at the death of the empress Nena were in the highest degree of animosity, each charging the other with a design of introducing new gods and changing the civil constitution. The names of these two parties were Husiges and Yortes [Whigs and Tories]. The latter were those whom Nena the late empress most favoured toward the end of her reign, and by whose advice she governed.

The Husige faction, enraged at their loss of power, made private application to Regoge during the life of the empress; which prevailed so far, that upon her death the new emperor wholly disgraced the Yortes, and employed only the Husiges in all his affairs. The Japanese author highly blames his imperial majesty's proceeding in this affair, because it was allowed on all hands that he had then a happy opportunity of reconciling parties for ever by a moderating scheme. But he on the contrary began his reign by openly disgracing the principal and most popular Yortes, some of which had been chiefly instrumental in raising him to the throne. By this mistaken step he occasioned a rebellion, which, although it were soon quelled by some very surprising turns of fortune, yet the fear, whether real or pretended, of new attempts, engaged him in such immense charges, that instead of clearing any part of that prodigious debt left on his kingdom by the former war, which might have been done by any tolerable management in twelve years of the most profound peace, he left his empire loaded with a vast addition to the old incumbrance.

This prince before he succeeded to the empire of Japan was king of Tedsu [Hanover], a dominion seated on the continent, to the west side of Japan. Tedsu was the place of his birth, and more beloved by him than his new empire; for there he spent some months almost every year, and thither was supposed to have conveyed great sums of money saved out of his imperial revenues.

There were two maritime towns of great importance bordering upon Tedsu [Bremen and Lubec]: of these he purchased a litigated title, and to support it was forced not only to intrench deeply on his Japanese revenues, but to engage in alliances [the quadruple alliance] very dangerous to the Japanese empire.

Japan was at that time a limited monarchy, which some authors are of opinion was introduced there by a detachment from the numerous army of Brennus, who ravaged a great part of Asia; and those of them who fixed in Japan left behind them that kind of military institution which the northern people in ensuing ages carried through most parts of Europe; the generals becoming kings, the great officers a senate of nobles, with a representative from every centenary of private soldiers; and in the assent of the majority in these two bodies, confirmed by the general, the legislature consisted.

I need not further explain a matter so universally known, but return to my subject.

The Husige faction, by a gross piece of negligence in the Yortes, had so far insinuated themselves and their opinions into the favour of Regoge before he came to the empire, that this prince firmly believed them to be his only true friends and the others his mortal enemies.[a] By this opinion he governed all the actions of his reign.

The emperor died suddenly in his journey to Tedsu, where according to his usual custom he was going to pass the summer.

This prince during his whole reign continued an absolute stranger to the language, the manners, the laws, and the religion of Japan, and passing his whole time among old mistresses or a few privadoes, left the whole management of the empire in the hands of a minister, upon the condition of being made easy in his personal revenues and the management of parties in the senate. His last minister [Walpole], who governed in the most arbitrary manner for several years, he was thought to hate more than he did any other person in Japan, except his only son, the heir to the empire. The dislike he bore to the former was because the minister, under pretence that he could not govern the senate without disposing of employments among them, would not suffer his master to oblige one single person, but disposed of all to his own relations and dependents. But as to that continued and virulent hatred he bore to the prince his son, from the beginning of his reign to his death, the historian has not accounted for it further than by various conjectures which do not deserve to be related.

The minister above mentioned was of a family not contemptible, had been early a senator, and from his youth a mortal enemy to the Yortes. He had been formerly disgraced in the senate for some frauds in the management of a public trust [bribes]. He was perfectly skilled by long practice in the senatorial forms, and dexterous in the purchasing of votes from those who could find their accounts better in complying with his measures than they could probably lose by any tax that might be charged on the kingdom. He seemed to fail in point of policy by not concealing his gettings, never scrupling openly to lay out vast sums of money in paintings, buildings, and purchasing estates, when it was known that, upon his first coming into business upon the death of the empress Nena, his fortune was but inconsiderable. He had the most boldness and the least magnanimity that ever any mortal was endued with. By enriching his relations, friends, and dependents, in a most exorbitant manner, he was weak enough to imagine that he had provided support against an evil day. He had the best among all false appearances of courage, which was a most unlimited assurance, whereby he would swagger the boldest man into a dread of his power, but had not the smallest portion of magnanimity, growing jealous and disgracing every man who was known to bear the least civility to those he disliked. He had some small smattering in books, but no manner of politeness, nor in his whole life was ever known to advance any one person upon the score of wit, learning, or abilities for business. The whole system of his ministry was corruption, and he never gave bribe or pension without frankly telling the receivers what he expected from them and threatening them to put an end to his bounty if they failed to comply in every circumstance.

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[a] Throughout the reign of George I. the Whigs were in office and power.

A few months before the emperor's death there was a design concerted between some eminent persons of both parties whom the desperate state of the empire had united to accuse the minister at the first meeting of a new-chosen senate, which was then to assemble, according to the laws of that empire; and it was believed that the vast expense he must be at in choosing an assembly proper for his purpose, added to the low state of the treasury, the increasing number of pensioners, the great discontent of the people, and the personal hatred of the emperor, would if well laid open in the senate be of weight enough to sink the minister when it should appear to his very pensioners and creatures that he could not supply them much longer.

While this scheme was in agitation an account came of the emperor's death, and the prince his son [George II.] with universal joy mounted the throne of Japan.

The new emperor had always lived a private life during the reign of his father, who in his annual absence never trusted him more than once with the reins of government, which he held so evenly, that he became too popular to be confided in any more. He was thought not unfavourable to the Yortes, at least not altogether to approve the virulence wherewith his father proceeded against them, and therefore immediately upon his succession the principal persons of that denomination came in several bodies to kiss the hem of his garment, whom he received with great courtesy, and some of them with particular marks of distinction.

The prince during the reign of his father, having not been trusted with any public charge, employed his leisure in learning the language, the religion, the customs and disposition of the Japanese; wherein he received great information, among others, from Nomtoc,[a] master of his finances and president of the senate, who secretly hated Lelop-Aw the minister, and likewise from Ramneh [sir Thomas Hanmer], a most eminent senator, who, despairing to do any good with the father, had with great industry, skill, and decency, used his endeavours to instil good principles into the young prince.

Upon the news of the former emperor's death a grand council was summoned of course, where little passed besides directing the ceremony of proclaiming the successor. But in some days after, the new emperor having consulted with those persons in whom he could chiefly confide, and maturely considered in his own mind the present state of his affairs as well as the disposition of his people, convoked another assembly of his council, wherein, after some time spent in general business suitable to the present emergency, he directed Lelop-Aw to give him in as short terms as he conveniently could an account of the nation's debts, of his management in the senate and his negotiations with foreign courts, which that minister having delivered according to his usual manner, with much assurance and little satisfaction, the emperor desired to be fully satisfied in the following particulars:—

Whether the vast expense of choosing such members into the senate as would be content to do the public business were absolutely necessary?

Whether those members thus chosen in would cross and impede the necessary course of affairs, unless they were supplied with great sums of money and continued pensions?

Whether the same corruption and perverseness were to be expected from the nobles?

Whether the empire of Japan were in so low a condition that the imperial envoys at foreign courts must be forced to purchase alliances, or prevent a war, by immense bribes given to the ministers of all the neighbouring princes?

Why the debts of the empire were so prodigiously advanced in a peace of twelve years at home and abroad?

Whether the Yortes were universally enemies to the religion and laws of the empire and to the imperial family now reigning?

Whether those persons whose revenues consist in lands do not give surer pledges of fidelity to the public, and are more interested in the welfare of the empire, than others whose fortunes consist only in money?

And because Lelop-Aw for several years past had engrossed the whole administration, the emperor signified that from him alone he expected an answer.

This minister, who had sagacity enough to cultivate an interest in the young prince's family during the late emperor's life, received early intelligence from one of his emissaries of what was intended at the council, and had sufficient time to frame as plausible an answer as his cause and conduct would allow. However, having desired a few minutes to put his thoughts in order, he delivered them in the following manner:—

"Sir,—Upon this short unexpected warning to answer your imperial majesty's queries, I should be wholly at a loss in your majesty's august presence, and that of this most noble assembly, if I were armed with a weaker defence than my own loyalty and integrity and the prosperous success of my endeavours.

"It is well known that the death of the empress Nena happened in a most miraculous juncture, and that if she had lived two months longer your illustrious family would have been deprived of your right and we should have seen an usurper on your throne, who would have wholly changed the constitution of this empire, both civil and sacred; and although that empress died in a most opportune season, yet the peaceable entrance of your majesty's father was effected by a continual series of miracles. The truth of this appears by that unnatural rebellion which the Yortes raised without the least provocation in the first year of the late emperor's reign, which may be sufficient to convince your majesty that every soul of that denomination was, is, and will be for ever, a favourer of the pretender, a mortal enemy to your illustrious family, and an introducer of new gods into the empire. Upon this foundation was built the whole conduct of our affairs; and since a great majority of the kingdom was at that time reckoned to favour the Yortes faction, who in the regular course of elections must certainly have been chosen members of the senate then to be convoked, it was necessary by the force of money to influence elections in such a manner that your majesty's father might have a sufficient number to weigh down the scale on his side, and thereby carry on those measures which could only secure him and his family in the possession of the empire. To support this original plan I came into the service, but the members of the senate knowing themselves every day more necessary, upon the choosing of a new senate I found the charges to increase, and that after they were chosen they insisted upon an increase of their pensions, because they well knew that the work could not be carried on without them, and I was more general in my donatives because I thought it was more for the honour of the crown that every vote should pass without a division, and that when a debate was proposed, it should immediately be quashed, by putting the question.

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[a] Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the house of commons.

"Sir, the date of the present senate is expired, and your imperial majesty is now to convoke a new one, which I confess will be somewhat more expensive than the last, because the Yortes from your favourable reception have begun to resume a spirit whereof the country had some intelligence; and we know the majority of the people, without proper management, would be still in that fatal interest. However, I dare undertake, with the charge only of four hundred thousand sprangs [about a million sterling], to return as great a majority of senators of the true stamp as your majesty can desire. As to the sums of money paid in foreign courts, I hope in some years to ease the nation of them, when we and our neighbours come to a good understanding. However, I will be bold to say they are cheaper than a war where your majesty is to be a principal.

"The pensions indeed to senators and other persons must needs increase from the restiveness of some and scrupulous nature of others, and the new members, who are unpractised, must have better encouragement: however, I dare undertake to bring the eventual charge within eight hundred thousand sprangs. But to make this easy there shall be new funds raised, of which I have several schemes ready, without taxing bread or flesh, which shall be reserved to more pressing occasions.

"Your majesty knows it is the laudable custom of all eastern princes to leave the whole management of affairs, both civil and military, to their viziers.

"The appointments for your family and private purse shall exceed those of your predecessors; you shall be at no trouble further than to appear sometimes in council, and leave the rest to me; you shall hear no clamour or complaints; your senate shall upon occasion declare you the best of princes, the father of your country, the arbiter of Asia, the defender of the oppressed, and the delight of mankind.

"Sir, hear not those who would most falsely, impiously, and maliciously insinuate that your government can be carried on without that wholesome necessary expedient of sharing the public revenue with your faithful deserving senators. This I know my enemies are pleased to call bribery and corruption. Be it so: but I insist that without this bribery and corruption the wheels of government will not turn, or at least will be apt to take fire like other wheels unless they be greased at proper times. If an angel from heaven should descend to govern this empire upon any other scheme than what our enemies call corruption, he must return from whence he came and leave the work undone.

"Sir, it is well known we are a trading nation, and consequently cannot thrive in a bargain where nothing is to be gained. The poor electors who run from their shops or the plough for the service of their country, are they not to be considered for their labour and their loyalty? The candidates who with the hazard of their persons, the loss of their characters, and the ruin of their fortunes, are preferred to the senate in a country where they are strangers before the very lords of the soil, are they not to be rewarded for their zeal to your majesty's service, and qualified to live in your metropolis as becomes the lustre of their stations?

"Sir, If I have given great numbers of the most profitable employments among my own relations and nearest allies, it was not out of any partiality, but because I know them best and can best depend upon them. I have been at the pains to mould and cultivate their opinions. Abler heads might probably have been found, but they would not be equally under my direction. A huntsman who has the absolute command of his dogs will hunt more effectually than with a better pack, to whose manner and cry he is a stranger.

"Sir, upon the whole, I will appeal to all those who best knew your royal father, whether that blessed monarch had ever one anxious thought for the public, or disappointment, or uneasiness, or want of money for all his occasions during the time of my administration? And how happy the people confessed themselves to be under such a king I leave to their own numerous addresses, which all politicians will allow to be the most infallible proof how any nation stands affected to their sovereign."

Lelop-Aw having ended his speech and struck his forehead thrice against the table, as the custom is in Japan, sat down with great complacency of mind and much applause of his adherents, as might be observed by their countenances and their whispers. But the emperor's behaviour was remarkable, for during the whole harangue he appeared equally attentive and uneasy. After a short pause his majesty commanded that some other counsellor should deliver his thoughts, either to confirm or object against what had been spoken by Lelop-Aw.

SHORT REMARKS ON

BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

THIS author is in most particulars the worst qualified for an historian that ever I met with. His style is rough, full of improprieties, in expressions often Scotch, and often such as are used by the meanest people. He discovers a great scarcity of words and phrases, by repeating the same several hundred times for want of capacity to vary them. His observations are mean and trite, and very often false. His Secret History is generally made up of coffee-house scandals, or at best from reports at the third, fourth, or fifth hand. The account of the pretender's birth would only become an old woman in a chimney-corner. His vanity runs intolerably through the whole book, affecting to have been of consequence at nineteen years old, and while he was a little Scotch parson of 40*l.* a-year. He was a gentleman born, and in the time of his youth and vigour drew in an old maiden daughter of a Scotch earl to marry him.[a] His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, except of those who were friends to the presbyterians. That early love of liberty he boasts of is absolutely false, for the first book that I believe he ever published is an entire treatise in favour of passive obedience and absolute power, so that his reflections on the clergy for asserting and then changing those principles come very improperly from him. He is the most partial of all writers that ever pretended so much to impartiality, and yet I who knew him well am convinced that he is as impartial as he could possibly find in his heart; I am sure more than I ever expected from him, particularly in his accounts of the papist and fanatic plots. This work may more properly be called a History of Scotland during the Author's Time, with some Digressions relating to England, rather than deserve the title he gives it, for I believe two-thirds of it relate only to that beggarly nation and their insignificant brangles and factions. What he succeeds best in is in giving extracts of arguments and debates in council or parliament. Nothing recommends his book but the recency of the facts he mentions, most of them being

[a] Lady Margaret Kennedy, daughter to the earl of Cassilis.

still in memory, especially the story of the Revolution, which however is not so well told as might be expected from one who affects to have had so considerable a share in it. After all, he was a man of generosity and good-nature, and very communicative; but in his ten last years was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw popery under every bush. He has told me many passages not mentioned in his history, and many that are, but with several circumstances suppressed or altered. He never gives a good character without one essential point, that the person was tender to dissenters, and thought many things in the church ought to be amended.

Setting up for a maxim, laying down for a maxim, clapt up, and some other words and phrases he uses many hundred times.

Cut out for a court; a pardoning planet; clapt up; left in the lurch; the mob; outed; a great beauty; went roundly to work: all these phrases, used by the vulgar, show him to have kept mean or illiterate company in his youth.

EXTRACTS FROM

SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON "BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES;"

FOLIO EDITION, 1724.

PREFACE, p. 3. *Burnet.* "Indeed the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen has sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them—so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—*Swift.* "I will take his *warning*."

P. 11. *Burnet.* "Colonel Titus assured me that he had it from king Charles I.'s own mouth, that he was well assured his brother, prince Henry, was poisoned by the earl of Somerset's means."—*Swift.* "Titus was the greatest rogue in England."

P. 18. *Burnet.* "Gowry's conspiracy against king James was confirmed to me by my father."—*Swift.* "And yet Melville makes nothing of it."

P. 20. *Burnet.* "Charles I. had such an ungracious way of bestowing favours that the manner of bestowing was almost as mortifying as the favour was obliging."—*Swift.* "Not worth knowing."

P. 23. *Burnet.* "This person (Mr. Stewart), who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable that he was raised by several degrees to be made earl of Traquair, and lord-treasurer of Scotland, and was in great favour; but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger."—*Swift.* "A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat!"

P. 26. *Burnet.* "How careful lord Balmerinoch's father was to preserve the petition and the papers relating to that trial, of which, says he, I never saw any copy besides, and which I have now by me, and which indeed is a very noble piece, full of curious matter."—*Swift.* "Puppy!"

P. 28. *Burnet.* "The earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—*Swift.* "As a man is free of a corporation he means."

P. 29. *Burnet.* "The lord Wharton and the lord Howard of Escrick undertook to deliver some of these; which they did, and were *clapt up* upon it." *Swift.* "What dignity of expression!"

P. 30. *Burnet.* "King Charles I. was now in great straits—his treasure was exhausted—his subjects highly irritated—his ministry frightened, being exposed to the anger and justice of parliament. He loved high and rough methods; but had neither the skill to conduct them nor the height of genius to manage them."—*Swift.* "Not one good quality named."

P. 31. *Burnet.* "The queen of Charles I. was a woman of great vivacity of conversation, and loved all her life long to be *in intrigues of all sorts*."—*Swift.* "Not of love, I hope."

P. 34. *Burnet.* "Dickison, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and other popular preachers in Scotland, affected great sublimities in devotion. They poured themselves out in their prayers with a loud voice and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; somewhat of Hebrew and very little Greek. Books of controversy with the papists, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their study."—*Swift.* "Great nonsense! Rutherford was half fool, half mad."

P. 40. *Burnet*, speaking of the bad effects of the marquis of Montrose's expedition and defeat, says, "It alienated the Scots much from the king; it exalted all that were enemies to peace; and there seemed to be some colour for all those aspersions that they had cast on the king, as if he had been in a correspondence with the Irish rebels when the worst tribe had been thus employed by him."—*Swift.* "Lord Clarendon differs from all this."

P. 41. *Burnet.* "The earl of Essex told me that he had taken all the pains he could to inquire into the origin of the Irish massacre; but could never see any reason to believe that the king had any accession to it."—*Swift.* "And who but *a beast* ever believed it?"

P. 42. *Burnet.* Arguing with the Scots concerning the propriety of the king's death, he observes that Drummond said, "That Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapons."—*Swift.* "And Burnet thought as Cromwell did."

P. 46. *Burnet.* "Fairfax was much distracted in his mind, and changed purposes often every day."—*Swift.* "Fairfax had hardly common sense."

P. 49. *Burnet.* "I will not enter further into the military part; for I remember an advice of marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in the relation of military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—*Swift.* "Very foolish advice; for soldiers cannot write."

P. 50. *Burnet.* "Laud's defence of himself when in the Tower is a very mean performance. In most particulars he excuses himself by this,—that he was but one of many who either in council, star-chamber, or high commission, voted illegal things. Now though this was true, yet a chief minister, and one in high favour, determines the rest so much that they are little better than machines acted by him. On other occasions he says, 'the thing was proved but by one witness.' Now how strong soever this defence may be in law, it is of no force in appeal to the world; for if a thing is true it is no matter how full or defective the proof is."—*Swift.* "All this is full of malice and ill judgment."

P. 50. *Burnet*, speaking of the Basilicon, "supposed to be written by Charles I."—*Swift.* "I think it is a poor treatise, and that the king did not write it."

P. 51. *Burnet.* "Upon the king's death the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over sir George Winran, *that married my great aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the isle of Jersey."—*Swift.* "Was that the reason why he was sent?"

P. 53. *Burnet.* "King Charles II., when in Scotland, wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service."—*Swift.* "Burnet was not then eight years old."

P. 61. *Burnet,* speaking of the period of the usurpation in Scotland—"Cromwell built three citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon those eight years of usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity."—*Swift.* "No doubt you do."

P. 63. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars, says, "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices."—*Swift.* "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd—I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister."

P. 64. *Burnet.* "The resolutions sent up by one Sharpe, who had been long in England, and was an active and an eager man."—*Swift.* "Afterwards a bishop, and murdered."

P. 66. *Burnet.* "Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net: he let them dance in at pleasure and upon occasions *clapt* them up for a short time."—*Swift.* "A pox of his *claps.*"

P. 87. *Burnet,* speaking of the Restoration—"Of all this, Monk had both the praise and the reward; for I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him."—*Swift.* "Malice."

P. 126. *Burnet,* speaking of the execution of the marquis of Argyle;—*Swift.* "He was the greatest villain of his age."

P. 127. *Burnet.* "The proceeding against Warriston was soon despatched."—*Swift.* "Warriston was an abominable dog."

P. 134. *Burnet,* of bishop Leightoun's character, "The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion—his style, however, was rather too fine."—*Swift.* "A fault that Burnet is not guilty of."

P. 140. *Burnet.* "Leightoun did not stand much upon it. He did not *think* orders given without bishops were null and void. He *thought* the forms of government were not settled by such positive laws as were unalterable, but only by apostolical practices which, as he *thought,* authorised episcopacy, as the best form: yet he did not *think* it necessary to the being of a church, but he *thought* that every church might make such rules of ordinations as they pleased."—*Swift.* "Here's a specimen of style!—*think!—thought!—thought!—think!—thought!*"

P. 154. *Burnet,* speaking of a proclamation for shutting up 200 churches in one day!—"Sharpe said to myself he knew nothing of it; yet he was glad it was done without his having any share in it, for by it he was furnished with somewhat in which he was no way concerned, upon which he might cast all the blame of all that followed; yet this was suitable enough to a maxim that he and all that sort of people set up—that the execution of the laws was that by which all governments maintained their strength, as well as their honour."—*Swift.* "Dunce! Can there be a better maxim?"

P. 163. *Burnet.* "John Goodwin and Milton did also escape all censure, to the surprise of all people."—*Swift.* "He censures even mercy."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Milton was not excepted out of the Act of Indemnity; and afterwards he came out of his concealment and lived many years, much visited by all strangers and much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that of 'Paradise Lost,' in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that, though he affected to write in blank verse, without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifullest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language."—*Swift.* "A mistake!—for it is *in English.*"

P. 164. *Burnet.* "The great share that sir Henry Vane had in the attainder of the earl of Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but above all the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it necessary to put him out of the way."—*Swift.* "A malicious turn!—Vane was a dangerous enthusiastic beast."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "When sir Henry Vane saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with *decency.*"—*Swift.* "His lady *conceived* by him the night before his execution."

P. 180. *Burnet,* speaking of the dissenters in Charles II.'s time looking for a new liturgy, continues, "But all this was overthrown by Baxter, who was a man of great piety and, if he had not meddled in too many things, would have been esteemed one of the learned men of the age. He writ near *two hundred books.*"—*Swift.* "Very sad ones indeed!"

P. 186. *Burnet,* speaking of the great fines raised on the church ill applied, proceeds, "If the half had been applied to the buying of tithes or glebes for small vicarages, here a foundation had been laid for a great and effectual reformation."—*Swift.* "He judges here right, in my opinion."

Ibid. *Burnet,* continuing the same subject, "The men of merit and services were loaded with many livings and many dignities. With this accession of wealth there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living, on the pretence of hospitality, whilst others made purchases and left great estates, most of which we have seen melt away."—*Swift.* "An uncharitable aggravation, a base innuendo."

P. 189. *Burnet.* "Patrick was a great preacher and wrote well on the Scriptures. He was a laborious man in his function, of great strictness of life, but a little too severe against those who differed from him; but that was where he thought their doctrines struck at the fundamentals of religion. He became afterwards more moderate."—*Swift.* "Yes, for he turned a rank Whig."

P. 190. *Burnet.* "Archbishop Tenison was a very learned man, endowed schools, set up a public library," &c., &c.—*Swift.* "The dullest good-for-nothing man I ever knew."

P. 191. *Burnet,* condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says, "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was *pyebald,* full of many sayings of different languages."—*Swift.* "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style? He surely neglected his own talents."

P. 193. *Burnet,* speaking of the first formation of the Royal Society, "Many physicians and other ingenious men went into a society for natural philosophy, but he who laboured most was Robert Boyle, the earl of Cork's youngest son, who was looked upon by all who knew him as a very perfect pattern. He was a very devout christian, humble and modest almost to a fault; of a most spotless and exemplary life in all respects. He was highly charitable, and was a mortified and self-denied man that delighted in nothing so much as in doing good. He neglected his person, despised the world, and lived abstracted from all pleasures, designs, and interest."—*Swift.* "And yet Boyle was a very silly writer."

P. 195. *Burnet.* "Peter Walsh, who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew among the Popish clergy, often told me there was nothing which the whole Popish party feared more than an union of those of the church of England with the presbyterians. The papists had but two maxims, from which they never departed. The one was to divide us, and the other, to keep themselves united."—*Swift.* "Rogue!!!"

P. 202. *Burnet.* "The queen-mother had brought over from France one Mrs. Stewart, *a great beauty.*"—*Swift.* "A pretty phrase this!"

P. 203. *Burnet.* "One of the first things that was done this session of parliament (1663), was *the execution of my unfortunate uncle Warriston.* He was so disordered, both in body and mind, that it was a reproach to government to proceed against him. He was brought before the parliament to hear what he had to say why his execution should not be awarded. He spoke long, but in a disordered and broken strain, which his enemies fancied had been put on to create pity. He was sentenced to die. His deportment was unequal, as might be expected from a man in his condition; yet when the day of execution came he was very serene; he was cheerful and seemed fully satisfied with his death. He read a speech twice over on the scaffold, that to my knowledge he composed himself, in which he justified all the proceedings in the covenant, and asserted his own sincerity; but condemned his joining with Cromwell and the sectaries; though even in that his intentions had been sincere for the good of his country, and the security of religion. Lord Lauderdale had lived in great friendship with him; but he saw the king was so set against him, that he, who at all times took more care of himself than of his friends, would not in so critical a time seem to favour a man whom the presbyterians had set up as a sort of an idol amongst them, and on whom they did depend more than on any other man alive."—*Swift.* "Pray, was this Warriston hanged or beheaded? A very fit uncle for such a bishop!"

P. 220. *Burnet.* "Pensionary De Witt had the notion of a commonwealth from the Greeks and Romans, and from thence he came to fancy that an army commanded by officers of their own country was both more in their own power and would serve them with the more zeal, since they themselves had such an interest in their success."—*Swift.* "He ought to have judged the contrary."

P. 225. *Burnet*, speaking of the slight rebellion in the west, 1666, says, "The rest of the rebels were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the king's troops were not in case to pursue them, for they were a poor, harmless company of men become mad with oppression."—*Swift.* "A fair historian!"

P. 238. *Burnet.* "Sir John Cunningham was not only an eminent lawyer, but was, above all, a man of eminent probity and of a sweet temper, and indeed one of the *piousest* men of the nation."—*Swift.* "Pray is that Scotch?"

P. 242. *Burnet.* "When the peace of Breda was concluded, the king writ to the Scottish council and communicated *that* to them, and with *that* signified *that* it was his pleasure *that* the army should be disbanded."—*Swift.* "Here are four *thats* in one line."

P. 243. *Burnet.* "Sir Robert Murray, apprehensive that episcopacy was to be pulled down, wrote a long and sorrowful letter to Sheldon, and upon that Sheldon wrote a very long one to sir Robert, which I read, and found more temperate than I could have expected from him."—*Swift.* "Sheldon was a very great and excellent man."

P. 245. *Burnet.* "The countess of Dysart was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts; she had studied, not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about—a violent friend, but much more violent enemy. When Lauderdale was prisoner after Worcester fight, she made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell."—*Swift.* "Cromwell had gallantries with her."

P. 253. *Burnet*, speaking of Sheldon's remonstrating with the king about his mistresses, adds, "From that day Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence."—*Swift.* "Sheldon refused the sacrament to the king, for living in adultery."

P. 257. *Burnet.* "Thus lord Clarendon fell under the common fate of great ministers, whose employment exposes them to envy, and draws upon them the indignation of all who are disappointed in their pretensions."—*Swift.* "Stupid moralist!"

P. 258. *Burnet*, speaking of the earl of Rochester, second son of the lord Clarendon: "He was thought the smoothest man in the court; and during all the disputes concerning his father, he made his court so dexterously that no resentments ever appeared on that head. He is a man of far greater parts than his brother (who in resentment of his father's ill-treatment always opposed the court), has a *very good pen*, but speaks not gracefully."—*Swift.* "Pray, was this pen of gold or silver?"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "In a conversation I had with the king in his closet, I was struck to hear a prince of his course of life so much disgusted at the ambition and covetousness of the clergy. He said, if the clergy had done their part, it would have been an easy matter to run down the nonconformists. He told me, he had a chaplain that was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom he had given a living in Suffolk that was full of that sort of people. He had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could say to them, for he said he was a very silly fellow, but that he 'believed his nonsense suited theirs,' for he had brought them all to church, and in reward for his diligence he had given him a bishopric in Ireland."—*Swift.* "Bishop Wolley, of Clonfert."

P. 259. *Burnet.* "If the sectaries were humble and modest, and would tell what would satisfy them, there might be some colour for granting them some concessions."—*Swift.* "I think so too."

P. 263. *Burnet*, speaking of the king's attachment to Nell Gwyn, says, "And yet after all he never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress."—*Swift.* "Pray, what *decencies* are these?"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The king had another mistress, who was managed by lord Shaftesbury, who was the daughter of a clergyman (one Roberts), in whom her first education had so deep a root, that though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deeply laid in her, that though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin that she was never easy in an ill course of life, and died with great sense of her for mer conduct. I was *often with her* the last three months of her life."—*Swift.* "Was she handsome then?"

P. 265. *Burnet.* "Sedley had a more copious wit and sudden than that which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as lord Rochester."—*Swift.* "No better a critic in wit than in style."

P. 266. *Burnet.* "Lord Robarts, afterwards earl of Radnor, who succeeded the duke of Ormond in his government of Ireland, was a morose man, believed to be sincerely just and as wise as a *cynical* humour could allow him to be."—*Swift.* "How does that hinder wisdom?"

P. 273. *Burnet.* "Charles II. confessed himself a papist to the prince of Orange; and the prince told me he never spoke of this to any other person till *after his death.*"—*Swift.* "What! *after his own death?*"

P. 288. *Burnet.* "The Episcopal party thought I intended to make myself popular at their cost; so they began that strain of fury and calumny that has pursued me ever since from *that sort of people.*"—*Swift.* "A civil term for all who are Episcopal!"

P. 298. *Burnet.* "In compiling the memoirs of the duke of Hamilton, I found there materials for a very large history. I writ it with great sincerity and concealed none of their errors. I did indeed conceal several things that related to the king. I left out some passages that were in his letters, in some of which was too much weakness."—*Swift.* "These letters if they had been published could not have given a worse character of him."

P. 300. *Burnet,* speaking of the Scotch clergy refusing to be made bishops, says, "They had an ill opinion of the court, and could not be brought to leave their retirement."—*Swift.* "For that reason they should have accepted bishoprics."

P. 303. *Burnet.* "Madame (Charles II.'s sister) had an intrigue with another person whom I knew well, the count of Treville. When she was in her last agonies, she said 'Adieu, Treville!' He was so struck with this accident that it had a good effect on him; for he went and lived many years amongst the Fathers of the Oratory, and became both a very learned and devout man. He came afterwards out into the world. I saw him often. He was a man of a very sweet temper, only a little too formal for a Frenchman; but he was very sincere. He was a Jansenist. He hated the Jesuits, and had a very mean opinion of the king, which appeared in all the instances in which it was safe for him to show it."—*Swift.* 'Pretty jumping periods!"

P. 304. *Burnet.* "When a foreign minister asked the king's leave to treat with Lockhart in his master's name, the king consented, but with this severe reflection, that he believed he would be true to anybody but himself."—*Swift.* "Does he mean, Lockhart would not be true to Lockhart?"

P. 306. *Burnet.* "The earl of Shaftesbury was the chief man who advised the king to shut up the exchequer."—*Swift.* "Clifford had the merit of it."

P. 321. *Burnet.* "As soon as king William was brought into the command of the armies, he told me he spoke to De Witt, and desired to live in an entire confidence with him. His answer was cold, so he saw he could not depend upon him. When he told me this, he added, he certainly was one of the greatest men of the age, and he believed he served his country faithfully."—*Swift.* "And yet, for all this, the prince contrived that he should be murdered."

P. 322. *Burnet.* "In this famous campaign of Louis XIV. against the Dutch (1672), there was so little heart or judgment shown in the management of that run of success, that when that year is properly set out, it will appear to be one of the least glorious of his life."—*Swift.* "A metaphor only fit for a gamester."

P. 328. *Burnet.* "Prince Waldeck was their chief general, a man of great compass and a true judgment, equally able in the cabinet and in the camp. But he was always unsuccessful, because he was never furnished according to the schemes he had laid down. The opinion that armies had of him as an unfortunate general made him really so; for soldiers cannot have much heart, when they have not an entire confidence in him that has the chief command."—*Swift.* "When he speaks of his great compass, I suppose he means he was very fat."

P. 329. *Burnet.* "It seems the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—*Swift.* "What! ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 337. *Burnet.* "This year (1672) the king declared a new mistress, and made her duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to madame, the king's sister, and had come over with her to Dover, where the king had expressed such a regard for her that the duke of Buckingham, who hated the duchess of Cleveland, intended to *put her on the king.*"—*Swift.* "Surely he means the contrary."

P. 341. *Burnet.* "Duke of Lauderdale called on me all of a sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him of putting all the ousted ministers by *couples* into parishes, that instead of wandering about the country to hold conventicles, they might be stationary, and may have half a benefice."—*Swift.* "A pretty Scotch project! instead of feeding *fifty,* you starve one *hundred.*"

P. 370. *Burnet.* "I was ever of Nazanzien's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the clergy." *Swift.* "Dog!"

P. 372. *Burnet,* speaking of an insurrection in Scotland, says, "The king said he was afraid I was too busy, and wished me to be more quiet."—*Swift.* "The king knew him right."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "I preached in many of the churches in London, and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any way that depended *on a popular election.*"—*Swift.* "Very much to his honour!"

P. 373. *Burnet.* "This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months; and during this time I said to some that duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied unless I was undone; so I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me."—*Swift.* "A Scotch dog!"

P. 378. *Burnet.* "I will henceforth leave the account of our affairs beyond sea wholly to Temple's letters, in which they are very truly and fully set forth."—*Swift.* "Sir William Temple was a man of sense and virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

P. 380. *Burnet,* speaking of his being pressed, before parliament, to reveal what passed between him and the duke of Lauderdale *in private;* and the parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him; he says, "Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of what I formerly mentioned."—*Swift.* "Treacherous villain!"

P. 382. *Burnet.* "Sir Harbottle Grimston had always *a great tenderness for dissenters,* though still in the communion of the church."—*Swift.* "Burnet's test of all virtues."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Lady Grimston was the humblest, the devoutest, and best tempered person I ever *knew of that sort*" (church of England).—*Swift.* "Ah! rogue!"

P. 392. *Burnet.* "Sancroft, dean of St. Paul's, was raised to the see of Canterbury. He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. These things, together with his living unmarried and his being fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and a superstitious valuing of little things, made the court conclude that he was a man who might be entirely gained to serve all their ends, or at least that he would be an unactive speculative man, and give them little opposition in anything they might attempt, when they had more promising opportunities."—*Swift.* "False and detracting."

P. 406. *Burnet.* "In this battle between the prince of Orange (afterwards king William) and the duke of Orleans, some regiments of marines, on whom the prince depended, did basely run away; yet the other bodies fought so well that he lost not much, except the *honour of the day*."—*Swift.* "What he was pretty well used to."

P. 413. *Burnet.* "Upon the examination of Mitchell before the privy-council for the intended assassination of archbishop Sharpe, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner's right hand and then his left; lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, "Then how shall he wipe his b—ch?' This is not very *decent* to be mentioned in such a work if it were not necessary."—*Swift.* "As decent as a thousand other passages: so he might have spared his apology."

P. 414. *Burnet,* in the last article of the above trial, observes, "That the judge, who hated Sharpe, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner, whispered him—'Confess nothing, except you are sure of your limbs as well as your life.'"—*Swift.* "O rare judge!"

P. 416. *Burnet,* speaking of the execution of the above Mitchell for the attempt against Sharpe, says, "Yet the duke of Lauderdale had a chaplain (Hickes), afterwards dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter in order to the justifying it."—*Swift.* "He was a learned and a pious man."

P. 425. *Burnet.* "Titus Oates had gotten to be a chaplain in one of the king's ships, from which he was dismissed upon complaint of some unnatural practices."—*Swift.* "Only s——y."

P. 441. *Burnet.* "On the impeachment of lord Danby, Maynard, an ancient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute, 25 Edward III., that the courts of law could not proceed but upon one of the crimes there enumerated, but the parliament had still a power, by the clause in that act, to declare what was treason."—*Swift.* "Yes, by a new act, but not by a retrospect there; for Maynard was *a knave and a fool, with all his law.*"

P. 455. *Burnet.* "The bill of exclusion certainly disinherited the next heir, which the king and parliament might do as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir."—*Swift.* "This is not always true; yet it was certainly in the power of the king and parliament to exclude the next heir."

P. 459. *Burnet.* "For a great while I thought the limitations proposed in the exclusion bill was the wisest and best method."—*Swift.* "It was the wisest because it would be less opposed, and the king would consent to it—otherwise an *exclusion* would have done better."

Burnet, speaking of the party-writings for and against the presbyters and churchmen, continues, "The chief manager of all these angry writings was one sir Roger l'Estrange, a man who had lived in all the late times, and was furnished with many passages, and an unexhausted copiousness in writing."—*Swift.* "A superficial meddling coxcomb."

P. 483. *Burnet.* "I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated,* though *very truly,* the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—*Swift.* "A BULL!"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "Sprat had studied a polite style much; but there was little strength in it. He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him; but he has allowed himself, in a course of some years, in much sloth and too many liberties."—*Swift.* "Very false."

P. 509. *Burnet,* speaking of the grand juries in the latter end of king Charles's reign returning *ignoramus* so frequently on bills of indictment, states, that in defence of those *ignoramus juries* it was said "That by the express words of their oath they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them; and therefore if they did not believe the evidence they could not find a bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support this, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it."—*Swift.* "This book was written by lord Somers."

P. 525. *Burnet.* "Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence. Applications 'tis true were made to the duke of York for saving his life; but he was not born under *a pardoning planet.*"—*Swift.* "Silly fop!"

Burnet, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682—"It was said that those who were in the government incorporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not distinguish those corporations nor part with any of their privileges. Others said, 'that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed such a deed was good in law.' This matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine."—*Swift.* "What does he think of the surrender of charters, abbeys, &c., &c.?"

P. 528. *Burnet.* "The nonconformists were now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the papists; and it was wisely done by them; for they knew how much the *nonconformists were set against them.*"—*Swift.* "Not so much as they are against the church."

P. 536. *Burnet.* "The truth is juries became at that time the shame of the nation as well as a reproach to religion; for they were packed and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed, and not as matters appeared in the evidence."—*Swift.* "So they are now."

P. 543. *Burnet,* on Rumbold's proposal to shoot the king at Hodsdon in his way to Newmarket, adds, "The conspirators then ran into much *wicked talk* about the means of executing it—but nothing was fixed upon; all was *but talk.*"—*Swift.* "All plots begin with talk."

P. 548. *Burnet.* At the time of lord Russell's plot—"Baillie being asked by the king whether they had any design against his person? he frankly said not; but being asked whether he had any consultation with lords or other persons about an insurrection in Scotland, Baillie faltered at this, for his *conscience* restrained him from *lying.*"—*Swift.* "The author and his *cousins* could *not lie,* but they *could plot.*"

P. 553. *Burnet,* speaking of lord Essex's suicide (1683), "His man, thinking he stayed longer than ordinary in his *closet*, looked through the keyhole, and saw him lying dead."—*Swift.* "He cut his throat with a razor on the close-stool."[a]

P 555. *Burnet.* "On lord Russell's trial Finch summed up the evidence against him, but showed more of a vicious eloquence in turning matters against the prisoner than law."—*Swift.* "Finch was afterwards earl of Aylesford. An arrant r—l!"

P. 568. *Burnet.* "All people were apprehensive of very black designs when they saw Jefferies made chief-justice of the king's bench, who was so scandalously vicious and was drunk every day; besides, he had a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm. He did not consider the decencies of his post; nor did he seem so much as to affect to seem impartial, as became a judge, but ran out upon all occasions into declamations that did not become the bar, much less the bench. He was not learned in his profession either; and his eloquence, though viciously copious, was neither correct nor agreeable." —*Swift.* "Somewhat like Burnet's eloquence."

P. 572. *Burnet*, on Algernon Sydney's trial, observes, "That Finch aggravated the matter of the book, as a proof of his intentions: for he said, *Scribere est agere*."—*Swift.* "And yet king George made him earl of Aylesford."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "When Sydney charged the sheriffs who brought him the execution-warrant with having packed the jury, one of the sheriffs wept. He told it to a person from whom Tillotson had it, who told it to me."—*Swift.* "Abominable authority!"

P. 577. *Burnet.* "So that it was plain that after all the story which they had made of the Rye-house plot, it had gone no further, and that a company of seditious and inconsiderable persons were framing among themselves some treasonable schemes that were never likely to come to anything."—*Swift.* "Cursed partiality!"

P. 579. *Burnet.* "The king (Charles II.) had published a story all about the court as a reason for his severity against Armstrong, that he had been sent over by Cromwell to murder him beyond sea; and upon Armstrong's conviction, though the king promised he would not reveal it during his life, yet now looking upon him as dead in law he was free from that promise."—*Swift.* "If the king had a mind to lie, he would have waited till Armstrong was hanged."

P. 585. *Burnet.* "Finding the difficulty of discovering anything, and in confidence, I saved myself out of these difficulties by saying to all my friends that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful."—*Swift.* "Jesuitical!"

P. 586. *Burnet.* "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines for being supposed to be in the Rye-house-plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—*Swift.* "Take notice he was *our cousin*."

P. 587. *Burnet*, speaking of Baillie's execution, says "The only excuse there was ever pretended for this infamous prosecution was that they were sure he was guilty, and that the whole secret of the negotiation between the two kingdoms was trusted to him; and since he would not discover it, all methods might be taken to destroy him."—*Swift.* "Case of the bishop of Rochester."

P. 588 *Burnet.* "Lord Perth wanting to see Leightoun, I wrote so earnestly to him that he came to London; and on his coming up, was amazed to see a man of seventy years of age look so well and fresh as if time seemed to stand still with him; and yet the next day both speech and sense left him, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pang or convulsion."—*Swift.* "Burnet killed him by bringing him up to London."

P. 589. *Burnet.* "There were two remarkable circumstances in Leightoun's death. He used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish."—*Swift.* "Canting puppy!"

P. 590. *Burnet.* "Stearne, archbishop of York, died this year (1684) in the 86th year of his age. He was a sour, ill-tempered man, and minded chiefly to enrich his family." — *Swift.* "And yet he was thought to be the author of the Whole Duty of Man."

P. 596. *Burnet.* "Being appointed to preach the sermon on the Gunpowder-plot (1684) at the Rolls-chapel, I took for my text 'Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn.' I made no reflections in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn as being the two supporters of the king's escutcheon, for I ever hated all points of that sort as a profanation of Scriptures."—*Swift.* "I doubt that."

Burnet, speaking of the suspicion of Charles II. being poisoned—"Needham called twice to have the stomach opened, but the surgeons seemed not to hear him; and when he moved it a second time, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him 'Needham will undo us calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it.' They were diverted to look to somewhat else; and when they returned to look upon the stomach it was carried away, so that it was never viewed. Le Fevre, a French physician, told me he saw a blackness in the shoulder, upon which he made an incision and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a papist but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and he had talked more freely of it than any of the protestants durst do at that time."—*Swift.* "A physician told me, who had it from Short himself, that he believed him to be poisoned."

P. 596. *Burnet*, concluding the character of Charles II.—"His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment and his coming afterwards to reign makes the comparison in that respect pretty near—his hating of business and love of pleasures—his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and then his putting them down and hating them excessively—his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius after he had lost his teeth; but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like king Charles that prince Borghese and signior Dominica, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him."—*Swift.* "He was certainly a very bad prince, but not to the degree described in this character, which is poorly drawn, and mingled with malice very unworthy an historian: the style is likewise abominable, as is the whole history of observations trite and vulgar."

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[a] The death of Essex was the subject of much discussion at the time, and of severe prosecution against Messrs. Speke and Bradden, for encouraging a report that he had been murdered in prison

P. 651. *Burnet.* "Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London when Cornish was sheriff, offered to swear against Cornish, and also said that Rumsey had not discovered all he knew. So Rumsey to save himself and Goodenough swore against Cornish; and he was seized on, tried, and executed in a week." — *Swift.* "Goodenough afterwards went to Ireland, practised the law, and died there."

P. 654. *Burnet.* "The archbishop of Armagh (1685) had continued lord-chancellor of Ireland, and was in all respects so complaisant to the court that even his religion became suspected."—*Swift.* "False!"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "And yet this archbishop was not thought thorough-paced;—so sir Charles Porter, who was a zealous promoter of everything the king proposed, and was a man of ready wit, and being poor was thought a person fit to be made a tool of, was declared lord-chancellor of Ireland."—*Swift.* "False and scandalous."

P. 669. *Burnet.* "Solicitor-general Finch had been continued in his employment only to lay the load of this judgment upon him (the prosecution of lord de la Mere). He was presently after turned out, and Powis succeeded him, who was a compliant, young, aspiring lawyer."—*Swift.* "Sir Thomas Powis—good dull lawyer."

P. 672. *Burnet.* "Intimations were everywhere given that the king would not have the dissenters or their meetings disturbed. Some of them began to grow insolent upon this show of favour."—*Swift.* "The whole body of them grew insolent, and complying to the king."

P. 675. *Burnet.* "Sancroft lay silent at Lambeth. He seemed zealous against popery in private discourse; but he was of such a timorous temper, and *so set on the enriching his nephew*, that he showed no sort of courage."—*Swift.* "False as hell."

P. 681. *Burnet.* "The episcopal clergy were in many places so sunk in sloth and ignorance that they were not capable of conducting their zeal; but the presbyterians, though smarting under great severities, expressed on all occasions their unconquerable aversion to popery."—*Swift.* "Partial dog!"

P. 690. *Burnet*, speaking of king William's character, says "He had no vice but one sort, in which he was very *cautious and secret*."—*Swift.* "It was of two sorts—*male* and *female*—in the *former* he was neither cautious nor secret."

P. 691. *Burnet.* "In a conversation with the prince of Orange at the Hague (1686), when I told him my opinion of toleration, he said 'that was all he would ever attempt to bring us to, for quieting our contentions at home.'"—*Swift.* "So it seems the prince even then thought of being king."

P. 692. *Burnet.* "The advice I gave the princess of Orange when queen of England was to endeavour to get the power of king to the prince for life; for this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation for a perfect union between them, which had of late been a little embroiled."—*Swift.* "On account of Mrs. Villiers, now lady Orkney; but he proved a *d——d husband for all that*."

P. 693. *Burnet.* "Penn, the quaker, was a talking vain man, who had been long in the king's favour, he being the vice-admiral's son."—*Swift.* "He spoke very agreeably and with much spirit."

P. 695. *Burnet.* "Cartwright was promoted to Chester. He was a man of good capacity, and had made some progress in learning. He was ambitious and servile, cruel and boisterous; and by the great liberties he allowed himself, he fell under much scandal of the *worst sort*."—*Swift.* "Only s——y."

P. 697. *Burnet.* "In all nations the privileges of colleges and universities are esteemed such sacred things that few will venture to disturb them."—*Swift.* "Yet in king George's reign Oxford was insulted with troops, for no manner of cause but their steadiness to the church."

P. 701. *Burnet*, speaking of king James's proceedings against the universities, and that several of the clergy wrote over to the prince of Orange to engage in their quarrel, adds—"When that was communicated to me I was still of opinion that this was an act of despotic and arbitrary power; yet I did not think it struck at the whole, so that it was not in my opinion a lawful case of resistance."—*Swift.* "He was a better *Tory* than I if he spoke as he thought."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The main difference between the Presbyterians and the Independents was, that the former seemed reconcilable to the church; *for they loved Episcopal ordination and liturgy*, but the Independents were for a commonwealth." — *Swift.* "A damnable lie!"

P. 702. *Burnet.* "So the most considerable amongst them (the dissenters) resolved not to stand at too great a distance from the court, nor provoke the king too far so as to give him cause to think they were irreconcilable to him, lest they should provoke him to take up matters at any time with the church-party."—*Swift.* "Another piece of dissimulation."

Burnet. "The king's choice of Palmer, earl of Castlemain, was liable to great exceptions; for as he was believed to be a Jesuit, he was certainly as hot and eager in all high notions as any of them could be. The Romans were amazed when they heard he was to be the person. His misfortunes were so eminent and public that they who take their measures much from astrology, and from the characters they think are fixed on men, thought it strange to see such a negotiation put into the hands of so unlucky a man."—*Swift.* "This man was the duchess of Cleveland's husband."

P. 710. *Burnet.* "The restless spirit of some of that religion (popery), and of their clergy in particular, showed that they could not be quiet till they were masters."— *Swift.* "All sects are of that spirit."

P. 726. *Burnet.* When king James memorialised the States to deliver up Burnet, he says, "I argued that, being now naturalised in Holland, my allegiance was during my stay in those parts transferred from his majesty to the States."—*Swift.* "Civilians deny that; but I agree with him."

P. 727. *Burnet.* "I now come to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary *unheard*-of revolution."—*Swift.* "The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it."

P. 746. *Burnet.* "But, after all, the soldiers were *bad Englishmen, and worse Christians;* yet the court of James II. found them too good Protestants to trust much to them."—*Swift.* "Special doctrine!"

P. 752. *Burnet*, doubting of the legitimacy of the pretender and describing the queen's manner of lying-in, says, "all this while the queen lay in bed; and in order to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought, but it was not opened that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it."—*Swift.* "This the ladies say is very foolish."

P. 762. *Burnet.* "The earl of Shrewsbury seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour."—*Swift.* "Quite the contrary."

P. 763. *Burnet.* "Russell told me that on his return to England from Holland he communicated his design (relative to the revolution) to lord Lumley, who was a late convert from popery and had stood out very firmly all this reign. He was a man who had his interest much to heart, and he resolved to embark deep in this design."—*Swift.* "He was a knave and a coward."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "But the man in whose hands the conduct of the whole design was chiefly deposited, by the prince's own order, was Mr. Sydney, brother to the earl of Leicester, and Mr. Algernon Sydney. He was a graceful man and had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of sweet and caressing temper." — *Swift.* "An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

P. 764. *Burnet.* "But because Mr. Sydney was lazy, and the business required an active man, who could run about and write over full and long accounts, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnston, whom I had formed and knew to be both faithful and diligent."—*Swift.* "An arrant Scotch rogue."

P. 765. *Burnet.* "Lord Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough) was a man of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the court with no literature; but he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a court better than any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices. He had no fortune to set up on. This put him on all the methods of acquiring one, and that went so far into him that he did not shake it off when he was in a much higher elevation; nor were his expenses suited enough to his posts; but when allowances are made for that, it must be acknowledged that he is one of the greatest men the age has produced."—*Swift.* "A composition of perfidiousness and avarice."

Ibid. *Burnet,* still speaking of lord Churchill: "he was very doubtful of the pretended birth; so he resolved when the prince should come over to go to him, but to betray no post nor anything more than withdrawing himself with such officers as he could trust with such a secret."—*Swift.* "What could he do more to a mortal enemy?"

P. 772. *Burnet.* "The king of France thought himself tied by no peace, but that when he suspected his neighbours were intending to make war upon him he might, upon such a suspicion, begin a war upon his part."—*Swift.* "The common maxim of princes."

P. 782. *Burnet.* "The morning the prince of Orange embarked for England he took God to witness that he went to that country with no other intentions but those he had set out in his declaration." —*Swift.* "Then he was perjured; for he designed to get the crown, which he denied in the declaration."

P. 783. *Burnet.* After describing the storm which put back the prince of Orange's fleet, he observes, "in France and England they triumphed, believing it to be a *miracle;* we on the contrary looked upon it as a mark of God's great care to be delivered out of so great a storm."—*Swift.* "Then still it must be a *miracle.*"

P. 785. *Burnet.* "When matters were coming to a crisis at the Revolution an order was sent to the bishop of Winchester to put the president of Magdalen College again into possession, but when the court heard the prince's fleet was blown back the order was countermanded."—*Swift.* "The bishop of Winchester assured me otherwise."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "And now the court thought it necessary, as an *after-game,* to offer some satisfaction on the point of the legitimacy of the prince of Wales."—*Swift.* "And this was the proper time."

P. 786. "The princess Anne was not present at the queen's delivery; she excused herself thinking she was breeding, and all motion was forbidden her; but none believed this to be the true reason."—*Swift.* "I have reason to believe this to be true of the princess Anne."

P. 790 *Burnet.* "The prince of Orange's army staid a week at Exeter before any of the gentlemen of the county came in to us. Every day some person of condition came to us from other parts. The first were the lord Colchester, the eldest son of the earl of Powis, and the lord Wharton."—*Swift.* "Famous for his cowardice in the rebellion."

P. 791. *Burnet.* "Soon after that prince George, the duke of Ormond, and the lord Drumlanerick, the duke of Queensberry's eldest son, left king James and came over to the prince."—*Swift.* "Yet how has he been rewarded for this?"

P. 792. *Burnet.* "In a little while a small army was formed about the princess Anne, who chose to be commanded by the bishop of London, of which he too easily accepted."—*Swift.* "And why should he not?"

Ibid. *Burnet.* "A foolish ballad was made about this time treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, Lero, Lillibulero,' that made an impression on the army that cannot well be imagined by those who saw it not."—*Swift.* "They are not Irish words, but better than Scotch."

P. 796. *Burnet,* speaking of king James's first attempt to leave the kingdom, says, "With this his reign ended; for it was a plain desertion of his people, and exposing the nation to the pillage of an army which he had ordered the earl of Feversham to disband."—*Swift.* "An abominable assertion, and false consequences."

P. 797. *Burnet.* "The incident of the king's being retaken at Faversham gave rise to the party of Jacobites, for if he had got clear away he would not have had a party left; all would have agreed it was a desertion, and therefore the nation was free and at liberty to secure itself; but what followed upon this gave them a colour to say, 'he was forced away, and driven out.'"—*Swift.* "So he most certainly was, both now and afterwards."

P. 798. *Burnet.* "Jefferies, finding the king was gone, saw what reason he had to look to himself, and apprehending that he was now exposed to the rage of the people whom he had provoked with a particular brutality, he had disguised himself to make his escape, but he fell into the hands of some who knew him, and was insulted by them with as much scorn and rudeness as they could invent. After many hours tossing him about he was carried to the lord mayor, whom they charged to commit him to the Tower, which the lord Lucas had then seized and in it had declared for the prince. The lord-mayor was so struck with the terror of this rude populace and with the disgrace of a man who had made all people tremble before him that he fell into fits upon it, of which he died soon after."—*Swift.* "When Jefferies was committed to the Tower he took to drinking strong liquors, which he occasionally did when in power, but now increased his habit most inordinately, with a view to put an end to his life, which it soon did."

P. 799. *Burnet.* "When I had the first account of king James's flight I was affected with this dismal reverse of the fortune of a great prince more than

I think fit to express."—*Swift.* "Or than I will believe."

P. 800. *Burnet*, speaking of the dilemma the prince of Orange was in about the king, upon his being brought from Feversham, says "It was thought necessary to stick to the point of the king's deserting his people, and not to give up that by entering into any treaty with him."—*Swift.* "Base and villanous."

P. 803. *Burnet.* "Now that the prince was come all the bodies about the town came to welcome him. The bishops came the next day (the archbishop of Canterbury excepted). The clergy of London came next. The city and a great many other bodies came likewise, and expressed a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought for them by the prince's means. Old serjeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety, and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The prince took notice of his great age, and said 'that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time:' he answered 'he had like to have outlived the law itself if his highness had not come over.'"—*Swift.* "Maynard was an old rogue for all that."

P. 805. *Burnet*, speaking of the first effects of the Revolution upon the presbyterians in Scotland, says "They broke in upon the episcopal clergy with great violence and much cruelty; they tore their gowns and drove them from their churches and houses."—*Swift.* "To reward them for which king William abolished episcopacy."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The episcopal party in Scotland saw themselves under a great cloud, so they resolved all to adhere to the earl of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was a man of good parts and some valuable virtues, but was proud and ambitious, and had taken a violent hatred to the whole presbyterian party."—*Swift.* "He was the best man in Scotland."

P. 807. *Burnet.* "Those who were employed by Tyrconnel to deceive the prince made an application to sir William Temple, who had a long and established credit with him."—*Swift.* "A lie of a Scot; for sir William Temple to my knowledge did not know Tyrconnel."

P. 811. *Burnet*, speaking of the various opinions then agitated relative to the settlement of the state—"Some were of opinion that king James had by his ill administration of the government brought himself into an incapacity of holding the exercise of the sovereign authority any more in his own hand; but as in the case of *lunatics*, the right still remained in him, only the guardianship, or the exercise of it was to be lodged with a *prince-regent;* so that the right of sovereignty should be owned to remain still in the king, and that the exercise of it should be vested in the prince of Orange, as prince-regent."—*Swift.* "A regency certainly was by much the best expedient."

Ibid. *Burnet.* "The third party was made up of those who thought there was an original contract between the king and the people of England, by which the kings were bound to defend their people and govern them according to law; in lieu of which the people were bound to obey and serve the king."—*Swift.* "I am of this party, and yet I would have been for a regency."

P. 813. *Burnet.* "This scheme of a regency was both more illegal and more unsafe than the method they proposed. The law of England had settled the point of the subject's security in obeying the king in possession by the statute of Henry VII. So every man knew he was safe under a king, and so would act with zeal and courage; but all such as should act under a *prince-regent*, created by this convention, were upon a bottom that had not the necessary forms of law for it."—*Swift.* "There is something in this argument."

P. 816. *Burnet.* "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be examined into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions that when they were all laid together they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—*Swift.* "Well said, bishop."

P. 817. *Burnet.* "Some people thought it would be a good security for the nation to have a dormant title to the crown lie as it were neglected, to oblige our princes to govern well, while they would apprehend the danger of a revolt to a pretender still in their eye."—*Swift.* "I think this was no ill design, yet it hath not succeeded in mending kings."

P. 819. *Burnet.* "The princess continued all the while in Holland, being shut in there by the east winds and by the freezing of the rivers, so that she came not to England till the debates were over."—*Swift.* "Why was she sent for till the matter was agreed? This clearly shows the prince's original design was to be king, against what he professed in his declaration."

P. 824. *Burnet.* "A pamphlet was published at this time (1689), which was laid thus: 'The prince had a just cause of making war on the king.' In that most of them agreed. In a just war, which is an appeal to God, success is considered as the decision of Heaven; so the prince's success against king James gave him the right of conquest over him, and by it all his rights were transferred to the prince."—*Swift.* "The author wrote a paper to prove this. It was burnt by the hangman, and was a very foolish scheme."

P. 525. *Burnet* (second volume), speaking of the act for the general naturalization of protestants, and the opposition made against it by the high church, adds, "It was at last carried in the house of commons by a great majority; but all those who appeared for this large and comprehensive way were reproached for their coldness and indifference in the concerns of the church; and in that I had a large share."—*Swift.* "Dog!"

P. 526. *Burnet.* "The faction here found out proper instruments to set the same humour on foot in Ireland during the last of Rochester's government, and as it was said by his directions. So the clergy were making the same bold claims there that had raised disputes amongst us."—*Swift.* "Dog! dog! dog!"

P. 580. *Burnet.* "*One Prior*, who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death was employed to prosecute that peace which his principal did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy out of a tavern by the earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace, and he being very generous gave him an education in literature."—*Swift.* "Malice!"

P. 581. *Burnet.* "Many mercenary pens were set at work to justify our proceedings and to defame our allies, more particularly the Dutch. This was done with much art but *with no regard to truth*, in a pamphlet entitled 'The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry.'"—*Swift.* "*It was all true.*"

P. 582. *Burnet.* "The Jacobites did with the greater joy entertain this prospect of peace, because the dauphin had, in a visit to St. Germaine, congratulated that court upon it, which made them conclude it was to have a happy effect with relation to the pretender's affairs."—*Swift.* "The queen hated and despised the pretender to my knowledge."

P. 583. *Burnet.* "In a conference I had with the queen on the subject of peace, 'she hoped bishops would not be against peace.' I said a good peace was what we prayed for; but any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to king Philip must in a little time deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and if any such peace could be made she was betrayed and we were all ruined; in less than three years time she would be murdered, and the fires would again be raised in Smithfield."—*Swift.* "A false prophet in every particular."

P. 589. *Burnet.* "The queen having sent a message to the lords to adjourn, it was debated that the queen could not send a message to any one house to adjourn when the like message was not sent to both houses. The pleasure of the prince in convening, dissolving, proroguing, or ordering the adjournment of parliament, was always directed to both houses, but never to one house without the same intimation being given to the other."—*Swift.* "Modern nonsense."

P. 591. *Burnet.* "The house of commons, after their recess, entered on the observations of the commissioners for taking the public accounts, and began with Walpole (sir Robert Walpole), whom they resolved to put out of the way of disturbing them in the house. The thing laid to his charge stood thus: after he, as secretary at war, had contracted with some for forage to the horse that lay in Scotland, he, finding that the two persons who had contracted for it made some gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third person, that he might have a share in the gain; but the other two had no mind to let him in to know the secret of their management, so they offered him *five hundred pounds* for his share: he accepted it, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his address directed their bill to Walpole, who indorsed it, and the person concerned received the money. This transaction was found out, and Walpole was charged with it, as a bribe that he had taken for his own use for making the contract. Both the persons that remitted the money and he who received it were examined, and affirmed that Walpole was neither directly or indirectly concerned in the matter; but the house insisted upon his having indorsed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but sent him to the Tower and expelled him the house."—*Swift.* "Walpole began early, and has been thriving in this business *twenty-seven years*, up to January, 1739."

P. 609. *Burnet.* "A new set of addresses ran about. Some mentioned the protestant succession and the house of Hanover with zeal, others more coldly, and some made no mention at all of it; and it was universally believed that no addresses were so acceptable to the minister as those of *the last sort.*"—*Swift.* "Foolish and factious."

P. 610. *Burnet.* "The duke of Ormond had given the States such assurances of his going along with them through the whole campaign that he was let into the secrets of all their councils, which by that confidence were all known to the French; and if the auxiliary German troops had not been prepared to disobey his orders it was believed he, in conjunction with the French army, would have forced the states to come into the new measures; but that was happily prevented."—*Swift.* "Vile Scotch dog! how does he dare to touch Ormond's honour so falsely?"

P. 669. *Burnet*, speaking of the progress of his own life, says, "The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate."—*Swift.* "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

Here end the remarks on bishop Burnet's History of his own Times, but opposite to the title page of "The Life of the Author, by Thomas Burnet, esq.," and in the Life, are the following remarks:—

Opposite to the title-page.—*Swift.* "A rude, violent, party business."

In the Life, p. 722. *Thomas Burnet.* "The character I have given of his wives will scarce make it an addition to his character that he was a most affectionate husband. His tender care of the *first* during a course of sickness that lasted for many years, and *his fond love of the other two*, and the deep concern he expressed for their loss, were no more than their just due from one of his humanity, gratitude, and discernment."—*Swift.* "What! only three wives!"

P. 723. *Thomas Burnet.* "The bishop was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, whom he never changed but with regret and through necessity; friendly and obliging to all in employment under him, and peculiarly happy in the choice of them; particularly in that of the steward to the bishopric and his courts, William Wastefield, esq. (a gentleman of a plentiful fortune at the time of his accepting this post), and in that of his domestic steward Mr. *Macknay.*"—*Swift.* "A Scot; his own countryman."

REMARKS ON THE

CHARACTERS OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

The original Characters are printed in roman; Swift's remarks in italics.

THESE Characters, drawn up in the name of John Macky (but written by Mr. Davis, an officer in the customs), were annexed to "Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, esq., during the reigns of king William, queen Anne, and king George I." printed in 1739, from a MS. said to be attested by his son, Spring Macky, esq.

Dr. Swift's notes are transcribed from a copy formerly belonging to John Putland, esq., a near relation to the dean, who took them from Swift's own handwriting.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A TALL handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address; of a wonderful presence of mind, so as hardly ever to be discomposed; of a very clear head and sound judgment; every way capable of being a great man if the great success of his arms and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign do not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned fifty years of age.—*Detestably covetous.*

DUKE OF ORMOND.

With all the qualities of a great man except that of a statesman, hating business. He is about forty years of age.—*Fairly enough writ.*

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

Never was a greater mixture of honour, virtue [*none*], and good sense in any one person than in him: a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour and easiness of conversation which charms all who come near him; nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his t

native language; and although but one eye yet he has a most charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman in his time. He is turned of forty years old.

DUKE OF SOMERSET

Is of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment [*not a grain; hardly common sense*]; but by reason of a great hesitation in his speech wants expression. He is about forty-two years old.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Has been the finest and handsomest gentleman of his time; loves the ladies and plays; keeps a noble house and equipage; is tall, well made, and of a princely behaviour; of nice honour in everything but the paying his tradesmen. Past sixty years old. —*A very poor understanding.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

He is a nobleman of learning and good natural parts, but of no principles; violent for the high church, yet seldom goes to it; very proud, insolent, and covetous; and takes all advantages.—*This character is the truest of any.*

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

He has the exterior air of business, and application enough to make him very capable; in his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard or Jew; about fifty years old. —*He fell in with the Whigs; was an endless talker.*

EARL OF ROMNEY.

He was the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled. [*He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.*] Of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity. —*None at all.*

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

He has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe.—*Now countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.*

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

He is a gentleman good-natured to a fault; very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business; very credulous; well shaped, black complexion, much like king Charles; not thirty years old.—*A shallow coxcomb.*

DUKE OF BOLTON

Does not make any figure at court.—*Nor anywhere else. A great booby.*

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts; and living well with his neighbours in the country, does not much care for the conversation of men of quality or business; is a tall black man, like his father the king; about forty years old.—*He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense.*

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Grandson to king Charles II.; a very pretty gentleman; has been abroad in the world; zealous for the constitution of his country; a tall black man, about twenty-five years old.—*Almost a slobberer, without one good quality.*

SIR NATHAN WRIGHTE, Lord-keeper,

Is son of a clergyman;[a] a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and no civilian. Chance, more than choice, brought him the seals.—*Very covetous.*

JOHN [RALPH] DUKE OF MONTAGU.

Since the queen's accession to the throne he has been created a duke, and is now sixty years old.—*As arrant a knave as any in his time.*

MARQUIS OF HARRINGTON.

One of the best beloved gentlemen by the country party in England.—*A very poor understanding.*

LORD SOMERS.

Of a creditable family in the city of Worcester. [*Very mean; his father was a noted rogue.*] He is believed to have been the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair.—*I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.*

LORD HALIFAX.

He is a great encourager of learning and learned men; is the patron of the muses; of very agreeable conversation; a short fair man, not forty years old. —*His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.*

EARL OF DORSET.

One of the finest gentlemen in England in the reign of king Charles II., of great learning [*small or none*], extremely witty, and has been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language, especially satire; the Mæcenas and prince of our English poets; one of the pleasantest companions in the world when he likes his company [*not of late years, but a very dull one*]. He is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of fifty years old.

EARL RIVERS.

He was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days; but always a lover of the constitution of his country: is a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning; brave in his person, a lover of play, and understands it perfectly well; has a very good estate, and improves it every day; something covetous; is a tall handsome man, and of a very fair complexion. He is turned of forty years old.—*An arrant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.*

EARL OF PORTLAND.

He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe; very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal in everything else; of a very lofty mien, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience; neither much beloved nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch. He is turned of fifty years old.—*As great a dunce as ever I knew.*

EARL OF DERBY.

On his brother's death he came to the house of peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession: he is a fair-complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of honour. He is turned of forty years old.—*As arrant a ********* as his brother.*

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look, near fifty years old.—*This character is for the most part true.*

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

This gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue [*no*], and good sense [*no*]; very honest; and zealous for the liberty of the people.

EARL OF STAMFORD

Is one of the branches of the Greys, a noble family in England. He does not want sense; but by reason of a defect in his speech wants elocution; is a very honest man himself, but very suspicious of everybody that is not of his party, for which he is very zealous; jealous of the power of the clergy, who he is afraid may some time or other influence our civil government. From a good estate he is become very poor, and much in debt; he is something above the middle stature, and turned of fifty years old.—*He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well in council.*

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[a] His father was rector of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire.

EARL OF THANET.

He is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the church; a thin, tall, black, red-faced man, turned of sixty years old. —*Of great piety and charity.*

EARL OF SANDWICH.

Of very ordinary parts; married the witty lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive; a tall, thin, black man, about thirty-five years old.—*As much a puppy as ever I saw; very ugly, and a fop.*

EARL OF RANELAGH.

He is a bold man and very happy in jests and repartees, and has often turned the humour of the house of commons when they have designed to have been very severe. He is very fat, black, and turned of sixty years old.—*The vainest old fool I ever saw.*

LORD LUCAS.

He is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise; everybody pitied him when the queen turned him out for his seeming good nature and real poverty: he is very fat, very expensive, and very poor; turned of fifty years old.—*A good plain humdrum.*

EARL WINCHELSEA.

He loves jests and puns [*I never observed it*], and that sort of low wit; is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance.—*Being very poor he complied too much with the party he hated.*

LORD POULET OF HINTON.

He is certainly one of the hopefullest gentlemen in England; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honour; much esteemed in the country for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his charity to the poorest sort. He makes but a mean figure in his person, is of a middle stature, fair complexion, not handsome, nor thirty years old.—*This character is fair enough.*

LORD TOWNSHEND.

Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by everybody that knows him [*I except one*]; and when once employed in the administration of public affairs may show himself a great man. He is tall and handsome; about thirty years old.

LORD DARTMOUTH.

He sets up for a critic in conversation; makes jests and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short, thick man, of a fair complexion, turned of thirty-four years old.—*This is fair enough writ; but he has little sincerity.*

LORD WHARTON.

One of the completest gentlemen in England; has a very clear understanding and manly expression, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of middle stature, fair complexion, and fifty years old.—*The most universal villain I ever knew.*

LORD MAHON.

He is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies, as fast as he can, the slips of his youth, by acts of honesty, which he now glories in more than he was formerly extravagant.—*He was little better than a conceited talker in company.*

EARL OF KENT.

Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed when lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate, which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation; he is a handsome man, not above forty years old.—*He seems a good-natured man, but of very little consequence.*

EARL OF LINDSAY.

A fine gentleman, has both wit and learning.—*I never observed a grain of either.*

EARL OF ABINGDON.

A gentleman of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham; is very high for the monarchy and church; of a black complexion; past forty years old.—*Very covetous.*

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

He is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of king William, nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. He is above sixty years old.—*If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.*

EARL OF BERKELEY.

A gentleman of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country: a short, fat man, fifty years old.—*Intolerably lazy and indolent and somewhat covetous.*

EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

A third son of the family of Duras in France; he came over with one of the duke of York's family; is a middle-statured, brown man, turned of fifty years old.—*He was a very dull old fellow.*

EARL OF GRANTHAM.

He is a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past thirty years old.—*And good for nothing.*

LORD DE LA WARR.

A free jolly gentleman, turned of forty years old. —*Of very little sense; but formal and well stocked with the low kind of lowest politics.*

LORD LEXINGTON.

He is of good understanding and very capable to be in the ministry; a well-bred gentleman and an agreeable companion; handsome; of a brown complexion; forty years old.—*A very moderate degree of understanding.*

LORD GREY OF WERK.

A sweet disposed gentleman; he joined king William at the Revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people: a thin, brown, handsome man, middle stature, turned of forty years old.—*Had very little in him.*

LORD CHANDOS.

Was warm against king William's reign and does not make any great figure in this; but his son, Mr. Bridges [afterward duke of Chandos] does; being a member of the house of commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman. —*But a great complier with every court.*

LORD GUILDFORD.

Is son to the lord-keeper North, has been abroad, does not want sense nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. He is fat, fair, of middle stature, and past thirty years old.—*A mighty silly fellow.*

LORD GRIFFIN.

Having followed king James's fortunes, is now in

France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion, turned of sixty years old. —*His son was a plain drunken fellow.*

LORD CHOLMONDELEY.

This lord is a great lover of country sports; is handsome in his person, and turned of forty years old. —*Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew.*

LORD BUTLER OF WESTON,

Earl of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the duke of Ormond; of very good sense, though seldom shows it; of a fair complexion, middle stature, toward forty years old.—*This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.*

MR. MANSEL.

He is a gentleman of a good deal of wit and good nature; a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion; is very thin, of a fair complexion, middle stature, and turned of thirty years old.—*Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.*

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq.,

Speaker of the house of commons.

He is skilled in most things, and very eloquent [*a great lie*]; was bred a presbyterian, yet joins with the church party in everything and they do nothing without him.

MR. BOYLE,

Chancellor of the exchequer,

Is a good companion in conversation; agreeable among the ladies; serves the queen very assiduously in council; makes a considerable figure in the house of commons; by his prudent administration obliges everybody in the exchequer; and in time may prove a great man. Is turned of thirty years old.—*Had some very scurvy qualities, particularly avarice.*

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND,

Postmaster-general.

He is a gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable disposition; of good sense, extremely zealous for the constitution of his country, yet does not seem over forward; keeps an exact unity among the officers under him, and encourages them in their duty, through a peculiar familiarity, by which he obliges them and keeps up the dignity of being master. He is a handsome man, middle stature, toward forty years old.—*A fair character.*

MR. SMITH,

One of her majesty's privy-council.

A gentleman of much honour; a lover of the constitution of his country; a very agreeable companion in conversation; a bold orator in the house of commons,[a] when the interest of his country is at stake; of a good address, middle stature, fair complexion, turned of forty years old.—*I thought him a very heavy man.*

CHARLES D'AVENANT, LL.D.

He was very poor at the Revolution; had no business to support him all the reign of king William; yet made a good figure. He is a very cloudy-looked man, fat, of middle stature, about fifty years old.—*He was used ill by most ministers; he ruined his estate, which put him under a necessity to comply with the times.*

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.,

Commissioner of trade.

On the queen's accession to the throne he was continued in his office; is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice: is one of the best poets in England, but very factious in conversation; a thin, hollow-looked man, turned of forty years old.—*This is near the truth.*

THOMAS TENISON,

Archbishop of Canterbury.

A plain, good, heavy man, now much in years, and wearing out; very tall, of a fair complexion, and seventy years old.—*The most good-for-nothing prelate I ever knew.*

GILBERT BURNET,

Bishop of Salisbury.

Of a very good family in Scotland, of the name of Burnet; his father was lord [*laird*] of Cremont. He is one of the greatest [*Scotch*] orators of the age he lives in. His History of the Reformation, and his Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, show him to be a man of great learning; but several of his other works show him to be a man neither of prudence nor temper; his sometimes opposing and sometimes favouring the dissenters, has much exposed him to the generality of the people of England; yet he is very useful in the house of peers, and proves a great pillar, both of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, against the encroachments of a party that would destroy both. He is a large, bold-looked man, strong made, and turned of fifty years old.—*His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, excepting of those who were friends to the presbyterians. His own true character would take up too much time for me (who knew him well) to describe it.*

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq.,

Envoy extraordinary to the Emperor.

A gentleman of admirable natural parts, very learned, one of the best poets [*scarce of a third rate*] now in England, and perhaps equal to any that ever was.

MR. METHUEN,

Ambassador to the king of Portugal.

A man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in anything. In his complexion and manners much of a Spaniard; a tall, black man, fifty years old.—*A profligate rogue, without religion or morals; but cunning enough, ye without abilities of any kind.*

LORD RABY,

Envoy extraordinary to the king of Prussia.

He is a young gentleman *de bon naturel*, handsome, of fine understanding [*very bad, and cannot spell*], and with application may prove a man of business: he is of low stature [*he is tall*], well shaped, with a good face, fair complexioned, not thirty years old.

MR. HILL,

Envoy extraordinary to the duke of Savoy,

Is a gentleman of good family in Shropshire. He was designed for the church, and took deacon's [*priest's*] orders, but having a genius for business, and falling into the acquaintance of my lord Ranelagh when tutor to my lord Hyde, he was sent into Flanders as paymaster-general to the English troops there. He is a gentleman of very clear parts, and affects plainness and simplicity [*au contraire*] in his dress and conversation particularly. He is a favourite to both parties [*to neither*], and is beloved for his easy access and affable way by those he has business to do with. He is a thin tall man [*short, if I remember right*], taller than the ordinary stature, near fifty years old.

SIR LAMBERT BLACKWELL,

Envoy to the great duke of Tuscany.

He affects much the gentleman in his dress, and the minister in his conversation; is very lofty, yet courteous when he knows his people; much envied by his fellow-merchants; of a sanguine complexion, taller than the ordinary size, about forty years old.—*He seemed to be a very good-natured man.*

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[a] He was one time speaker of the house of commons

MR. (DR.) AGLIONBY,

Envoy to the Swiss Cantons.

He has abundance of wit, and understands most of the modern languages well; knows how to tell a story to the best advantage, but has an affected manner of conversation; is thin, splenetic, and tawny complexioned, turned of sixty years old.—*He had been a papist.*

MR. D'AVENANT,

Agent at Frankfort.

A very giddy-headed young fellow, with some wit, about twenty-five years old.—*He is not worth mentioning.*

LORD CUTTS.

He has abundance of wit, but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave; towards fifty years old.—*The vainest old fool alive.*

LORD GALLWAY.

One of the finest gentlemen in the army, with a head fitted for the cabinet as well as the camp; is very modest, vigilant, and sincere; a man of honour and honesty [*in all directly otherwise*], without pride or affectation; wears his own hair; is plain in his dress and manners; towards sixty years old.—*A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave; a damnable hypocrite, of no religion.*

EARL OF ORKNEY.

He is a very well shaped black man; is brave; but by reason of a hesitation in his speech wants expression: married Mrs. Villiers, and got a good estate by her; is turned of forty years old.—*An honest good-natured gentleman, and has much distinguished himself as a soldier.*

SIR CHARLES HARO,

Lieutenant-general.

At the Revolution he had a company in the foot-guards, was afterwards lieutenant-colonel to that regiment, was made colonel to the fusileers, and gradually advanced to the post he now has, which he well deserves, being of good understanding and abundance of learning; fit to command if not too covetous: he is a short black man, fifty years old.—*His father was a groom; he was a man of sense, without one grain of honesty.*

COLONEL MATTHEW AYLMER,[a]

Vice-admiral of the fleet.

He has a very good head, indefatigable and designing; is very zealous for the liberty of the people; makes a good figure in the parliament as well as the fleet; is handsome in his person; turned of fifty years old.—*A virulent party-man, born in Ireland.*

REAR-ADMIRAL BYNG

Is one of the best sailors in England and a fine gentleman in everything else; of a good family and estate in Bedfordshire; understands all the several branches of the navy thoroughly; is a fair complexioned man, and toward fifty years old.—*Of a good old Kentish family.*

JAMES DUKE OF HAMILTON.

On the queen's accession to the throne he made strong efforts to get into the administration, but has not yet succeeded, though he is well received at court; he is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness; of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes; ambitious and haughty; a violent enemy; has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts towards the crown of England when the queen dies, being descended from the house of Stuart and having a great interest in that kingdom by his relations and dependants. He has a great estate, and three brothers earls, Selkirk, Orkney, and Ruglen; a fourth a commander at sea: he is of a middle stature, well made, of a black, coarse complexion, a brisk look; toward fifty years old.—*He was made master of the ordnance; a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding: he was murdered by that villain Macartney, an Irish Scot.*

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Few of his years have a better understanding, nor a more manly behaviour. He has seen most of the courts of Europe; is very handsome in his person, fair complexioned; about twenty-five years old.—*Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot; has no principle but his own interest and greatness. A true Scot in his whole conduct.*

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE;

Representative of the ancient and noble family of Graham; great-grandson to the famous Montrose who was hanged and quartered for Charles I., and grandson by the mother to the duke of Rothes. He inherits all the great qualities of these two families, with a sweetness of behaviour which charms all those who know him; has improved himself in most foreign courts; is very beautiful in his person, and about twenty-five years old.—*Now very homely, and makes a sorry appearance.*

EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

A very honest man; a great assertor of the liberties of the people; has a good rough sense; is open and free; a great lover of his bottle and his friend; brave in his person, which he has shown in several duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it; is a fat, fair-complexioned man, forty-five years old.—*A blundering, rattle-pated, drunken sot.*

SECRETARY JOHNSTOUN,

Now lord register.

He is very honest [*a treacherous knave*], yet something too credulous and suspicious; endued with a great deal of learning and virtue; is above little tricks; free from ceremony; and would not tell a lie for the world. [*One of the greatest knaves even in Scotland.*] Very knowing in the affairs of foreign courts, and the constitution of both kingdoms; a tall, fair man, and toward fifty years old.

MR. CARSTAIRS.

A presbyterian minister who fled from Scotland after the insurrection for religion in the reign of Charles II. He is the cunningest, subtle dissembler in the world, with an air of sincerity; a dangerous enemy, because always hid; an instance of which was secretary Johnstoun, to whom he pretended friendship till the very morning he gave him a blow, though he had been worming him out of the king's favour for many months before; he is a fat, sanguine-complexioned, fair man, always smiling where he designs most mischief; a good friend when he is sincere; turned of fifty years old.—*A true character, but not strong enough by a fiftieth part.*

EARL OF MARR.

He is a very good manager in his private affairs, which were in disorder when his father died, and is a stanch countryman; fair complexioned, low stature, and thirty years old.—*He is crooked; he seemed to be a gentleman of good sense and good nature.*

ANDREW FLETCHER.

A gentleman of a fair estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. He has written some excellent tracts, but not published in his name; and has a very fine genius; is a low, thin man, brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and fifty years old.—*A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics; cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes.*

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[a] Afterwards lord Aylmer

EARL OF MIDDLETON.

He was against the violent measures of king James's reign, and for that reason made no great figure at court while that prince was upon the throne, yet he continued firm to his majesty's interest to the last; was proof against all the offers made him by king William; and after being frequently imprisoned in England, followed king James to France, where he had the chief administration given him. He is one of the politest gentlemen in Europe; has a great deal of wit, mixed with a sound judgment and a very clear understanding; of an easy, indifferent address, but a careless way of living. He is a black man, of a middle stature, with a sanguine complexion, and one of the pleasantest companions in the world; toward sixty years old.—*Sir William Temple told me he was a very valuable man and a good scholar. I once saw him.*

EARL OF WEEMS.

He has not yet been in the administration; is a fine personage, and very beautiful; has good sense, and is a man of honour; about thirty years old.—*He was a black man, and handsome for a Scot.*

MEMOIRS

OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREICHTON.[a]

COLLECTED FROM HIS OWN MATERIALS, BY DEAN SWIFT.

THE PRINTER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

When Dr. Swift was at sir Arthur Acheson's at Markethill in the county of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him as being a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III.; who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, Dr. Swift made him a handsome present; but said at the same time, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore, I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." To which captain Creichton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Then Dr. Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; that you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." To which the captain said, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." Then Dr. Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories; and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own." The captain soon after waited on the dean with his papers, and related many adventures to him, which the dean was so kind as to put in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of, entitled The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton. A subscription was immediately set on foot by the dean's interest and recommendation, which raised for the captain above 200*l.*, and made the remaining part of his life very happy and easy.

TO THE READER.

The author of these memoirs, captain John Creichton, is still alive, and resides in the northern parts of this kingdom. He is a very honest and worthy man, but of the old stamp; and it is probable that some of his principles will not relish very well in the present disposition of the world. His memoirs are therefore to be received like a posthumous work, and as containing facts which very few alive except himself can remember; upon which account, none of his generous subscribers are in the least answerable for many opinions relating to the public, both in church and state, which he seems to justify; and in the vindication of which, to the hazard of his life and the loss of his fortune, he spent the most useful part of his days. Principles, as the world goes, are little more than fashion; and the apostle tells us that "the fashion of this world passeth away." We read with pleasure the memoirs of several authors whose party we disapprove, if they be written with nature and truth. Curious men are desirous to see what can be said on both sides; and even the virulent flat relation of Ludlow, though written in the spirit of rage, prejudice, and vanity, does not want its advocates. This inclines me to think that the memoirs of captain Creichton may not be unacceptable to the curious of every party; because, from my knowledge of the man and the testimony of several considerable persons of different political denominations, I am confident that he has not inserted one passage or circumstance which he did not know, or from the best intelligence he could get believe to be true.

These memoirs are therefore offered to the world in their native simplicity. And it was not with little difficulty that the author was persuaded by his friends to recollect and put them in order, chiefly for his own justification, and partly by the importunity of several eminent gentlemen who had a mind that they should turn to some profit to the author.

The captain, having made over all his little estate to a beloved daughter upon her marriage, on the condition of being entertained in her house for the small remainder of his life, has put it out of his own power either to supply his incidental wants, to pay some long contracted debts, or to gratify his generous nature in being further useful to his family: on which accounts he desires to return his most humble thanks to his worthy subscribers; and hopes they will consider him no further than as an honest, well-meaning man, who by his own personal courage and conduct was able to distinguish himself under many disadvantages, to a degree that few private lives have been attended with so many singular and extraordinary events.

Besides the great simplicity in the style and manner of the author, it is a very valuable circumstance that his plain relation corrects many mistaken passages in other historians, which have too long passed for truths; and whoever impartially compares both will probably decide in the captain's favour: for the memory of old men is seldom deceived in what passed in their youth and vigour of age: and if he has at any time happened to be mistaken in circumstances of time or place (with neither of which I can charge him), it was certainly against his will. Some of his own personal distresses and actions which he has related might be almost the subject of a tragedy.

Upon the whole, comparing great things with small, I know not any memoirs that more resemble those of Philip de Comines (which have received so universal approbation) than those of captain Creichton; which are told in a manner equally natural and with equal appearance of truth, although, I confess, upon affairs in a more obscure scene and of less importance.

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[a] These Memoirs contain a most striking picture of the spirit and calamities of those times; such a one is not to be found in more general histories, where private distress is absorbed in the fate of nations.

MEMOIRS, &c.

The former part of my life having been attended with some passages and events not very common to men of my private and obscure condition, I have (perhaps induced by the talkativeness of old age) very freely and frequently communicated them to several worthy gentlemen who were pleased to be my friends, and some of them my benefactors. These persons professed themselves to be so well entertained with my story that they often wished it could be digested into order and published to the world; believing that such a treatise by the variety of incidents, written in a plain unaffected style, might be at least some amusement to indifferent readers; of some example to those who desire strictly to adhere to their duty and principles; and might serve to vindicate my reputation in Scotland, where I am well known; that kingdom having been the chief scene of my acting, and where I have been represented by a fanatic rebellious party as a persecutor of the saints and a man of blood.

Having lost the benefit of a thorough school education by a most indiscreet marriage in all worldly views, although to a very good woman; and in consequence thereof being forced to seek my fortune in Scotland as a soldier, where I forgot all the little I had learned; the reader cannot reasonably expect to be much pleased with my style or methods or manner of relating; it is enough if I never wilfully fail in point of truth, nor offend by malice or partiality. My memory, I thank God, is yet very perfect as to things long past; although like an old man I retain but little of what has happened since I grew into years.

I am likewise very sensible of an infirmity in many authors, who write their own memoirs and are apt to lay too much weight upon trifles, which they are vain enough to conceive the world to be as much concerned in as themselves; yet I remember that Plutarch, in his lives of great men (which I have read in the English translation), says that the nature and disposition of a man's mind may be often better discovered by a small circumstance than by an action or event of the greatest importance. And besides, it is not improbable that gray hairs may have brought upon me a vanity to desire that posterity may know what manner of man I was.

I lie under another disadvantage, and indeed a very great one, from the wonderful change of opinions since I first made any appearance in the world. I was bred under the principles of the strictest loyalty to my prince, and in an exact conformity in discipline as well as doctrine to the church of England, which are neither altered nor shaken to this very day, and I am now too old to mend. However, my different sentiments, since my last troubles after the revolution, have never had the least influence either upon my actions or discourse. I have submitted myself with entire resignation, according to St. Paul's precept, "to the powers that be." I converse equally with all parties and am equally favoured by all; and God knows it is now of little consequence what my opinions are, under such a weight of age and infirmities, with a very scanty subsistence, which instead of comforting will hardly support me.

But there is another point which requires a better apology than I am able to give: a judicious reader will be apt to censure me (and I confess with reason enough) as guilty of a very foolish superstition in relating my dreams, and how I was guided by them with success in discovering one or two principal covenanters. I shall not easily allow myself to be, either by nature or education, more superstitious than other men: but I take the truth to be this: being then full of zeal against those enthusiastical rebels, and better informed of their lurking-holes than most officers in the army, this made so strong an impression on my mind that it affected my dreams, when I was directed to the most probable places almost as well as if I had been awake, being guided in the night by the same conjectures I had made in the day. There could possibly be no more in the matter; and God forbid I should pretend to a spirit of divination, which would make me resemble those very hypocritical saints whom it was both my duty and inclination to bring to justice, for their many horrid blasphemies against God, rebellions against their prince, and barbarities toward their countrymen and fellow-christians.

My great-grandfather, Alexander Creichton, of the house of Dumfries, in Scotland, in a feud between the Maxwells and the Johnstons (the chief of the Johnstons being the lord Johnston, ancestor of the present marquis of Annandale), siding with the latter and having killed some of the former, was forced to fly into Ireland, where he settled near Kinard, then a woody country and now called Calidon: but within a year or two, some friends and relations of those Maxwells who had been killed in the feud, coming over to Ireland to pursue their revenge, lay in wait for my great-grandfather in the wood and shot him dead as he was going to church. This accident happened about the time that James VI. of Scotland came to the crown of England.

Alexander, my great-grandfather, left two sons and as many daughters; his eldest son John lived till a year or two after the rebellion in 1641. His house was the first in Ulster set upon by the Irish, who took and imprisoned him at Dungannon; but fortunately making his escape, he went to sir Robert Stuart, who was then in arms for the king, and died in the service.

This John, who was my grandfather, left two sons, Alexander, my father, and a younger son, likewise named John; who, being a child but two or three years old at his father's death, was invited to Scotland by the lady Dumfries, there educated by her and sent to sea: he made several voyages to and from Barbadoes, then settled in Scotland, where he died some time after the Restoration, leaving, beside a daughter, one son, who at my charges was bred up a physician and proved so famous in his profession that he was sent by her late majesty queen Anne to cure the king of Portugal of the venereal disease. He had 1000*l.* paid him in hand before he began his journey, but when he arrived at Lisbon the Portuguese council and physicians dissuaded the king from trusting his person with a foreigner. However, his majesty of Portugal showed him several marks of his esteem, and at parting presented him with a very rich jewel, which he sold afterward for 500 guineas. He stayed there not above six weeks, during which time he got considerable practice. After living many years in London, where he grew very rich, he died November, 1726, and as it is believed without making a will; which is very probable, because, although he had no children, he left me no legacy who was his cousin-german and had been his greatest benefactor by the care and expense of his education. Upon this matter I must add one circumstance more, how little significant soever it may be to others. Mr. archdeacon Maurice being at London, in order to his journey to France, on account of his health, went to visit the doctor and put him in mind of me, urging the obligations I had laid upon him. The doctor agreed to send me whatever sum of money the archdeacon should think reasonable and deliver it to him on his return from his travels, but unfortunately the doctor died two or three days before the archdeacon came back.

Alexander, my father, was about 18 years old in 1641. The Irish rebellion then breaking out, he went to captain Gerard Irvin, his relation, who was then captain of horse and afterward knighted by king Charles II. This gentleman, having a party for the king, soon after joined with sir Robert Stuart, in the county of Donegal; where in the course of those troubles they continued skirmishing, sometimes with the Irish rebels and sometimes with those of the English parliament, after the rebellion in England began; till at length captain Irvin and one Mr. Stuart were taken prisoners and put in gaol in Derry, which city was kept for the parliament against the king by sir Charles Coote. Here my father performed a very memorable and gallant action in rescuing his relation, captain Irvin, and Mr. Stuart. I will relate this fact in all its particulars, not only because it will do some honour to my father's memory, but likewise because for its boldness and success it seems to me very well to deserve recording.

My father, having received information that sir Charles Coote, governor of Derry, had publicly declared that captain Irvin and his companion should be put to death within two or three days, communicated this intelligence to seven trusty friends; who all engaged to assist him with the hazard of their lives in delivering the two gentlemen from the danger that threatened them.—They all agreed that my father and three more, at the hour of six in the morning, when the west gate stood open and the drawbridge was let down for the governor's horses to go out to water, should ride in, one by one, after a manner as if they belonged to the town, and there conceal themselves in a friend's house till night, at which time my father was to acquaint captain Irvin and his fellow-prisoner with their design, which was to this purpose: That after concerting measures at the prison my father should repair to a certain place on the city wall and give instructions to the four without at twelve at night: accordingly, next morning, as soon as the gate was open, my father with his three comrades got into the town, and the same night having settled matters with the two gentlemen that they should be ready at six next morning, at which hour he and his three friends should call upon them, he then went to the wall and directed the four who were without, that, as soon as they should see the gate open and the bridge drawn, one of them should walk up to the sentry and secure him from making any noise by holding a pistol to his breast; after which the other three should ride up and secure the room where the by-guard lay, to prevent them from coming out: most of the garrison were in their beds, which encouraged my father and his friends and much facilitated the enterprise; therefore, precisely at six o'clock, when the by-guard and sentry at the western gate were secured by the four without, my father and the other three within, being mounted on horseback with one spare horse, and in the habit of townspeople, with cudgels in their hands, called at the gaol-door on pretence to speak to captain Irvin and Mr. Stuart. They were both walking in a large room in the gaol, with the gaoler and three soldiers attending them; but these not suspecting the persons on horseback before the door, whom they took to be inhabitants of the town, my father asked captain Irvin whether he had any commands to a certain place where he pretended to be going; the captain made some answer, but said they should not go before they had drunk with him: then giving a piece of money to one of the soldiers to buy a bottle of sack at a tavern a good way off and pretending likewise some errand for another soldier, sent him also out of the way. There being now none left to guard the prisoners but the gaoler and the third soldier, captain Irvin leaped over the hatch-door, and as the gaoler leaped after my father knocked him down with his cudgel. While this was doing, Mr. Stuart tripped up the soldier's heels and immediately leaped over the hatch. They both mounted, Stuart on the horse behind my father and Irvin on the spare one, and in a few minutes came up with their companions at the gate before the main guard could arrive, although it were kept within twenty yards of the gaol-door.

I should have observed that as soon as captain Irvin and his friend got over the hatch my father and his comrades put a couple of broadswords into their hands which they had concealed under their cloaks, and at the same time drawing their own, were all six determined to force their way against any who offered to obstruct them in their passage, but the despatch was so sudden that they got clear out of the gate before the least opposition could be made. They were no sooner gone than the town was alarmed; Coote the governor got out of his bed and ran into the streets in his shirt to know what the hubbub meant, and was in a great rage at the accident. The adventurers met the governor's groom coming back with his master's horses from watering; they seized the horses, and got safe to sir Robert Stuart's, about four miles off, without losing one drop of blood in this hazardous enterprise.

This gallant person (if I may so presume to call my father) had above twenty children by his wife Anne Maxwell, of the family of the earl of Nithsdale, of whom I was the eldest; they all died young except myself, three other boys, and two girls, who lived to be men and women. My second brother I took care to have educated at Glasgow, but he was drowned at two-and-twenty years old in a storm on his return to Ireland. The other two died captains abroad in the service of king William.

I was born on the 8th of May, 1648, at Castle-Fin, in the county of Donegal. I made some small progress in learning at the school of Dungannon; but when I was eighteen years old I very inconsiderately married Mrs. Elizabeth Delgarno, my schoolmaster's daughter, by whom I have had thirteen children, who all died young except two daughters, married to two brothers, James and Charles Young, of the county of Tyrone.

Having been so very young when I married, I could think of no other course to advance my fortune than by getting into the army. Captain Irvin, often mentioned already, had a brother who was a physician at Edinburgh, to whom he wrote in my favour, desiring he would recommend me to the marquis of Atholl and others then at the head of affairs in Scotland; this was in the year 1674. There were then but one troop of horse-guards (whereof the marquis was colonel) and one regiment of foot-guards, commanded by the earl of Linlithgow, in that kingdom, and they consisted chiefly of gentlemen.

Dr. Irvin, physician to the horse-guards, accordingly presented me to the marquis of Atholl, requesting that I might be received into his troop. His lordship, pretending there was no vacancy, was by the doctor threatened in a free jesting manner with a dose of poison instead of physic the first time he should want his skill; "Weel, weel, then," quoth the marquis, "what is your friend's name?"—"Deel tak' me," answered the doctor, "gin I ken;" whereupon I was called in to write my name in the roll. I was then ordered to repair to the troop at Stirling, with directions to lieutenant-colonel Cockburn, the commanding officer, to put me into which of the four squadrons whereof the troop consisted he thought fit. He thereupon placed me in his own, and appointed me my quarters.

Soon after this, the conventicles growing numerous in the west, several parties were drawn out to suppress them, among whom I never failed to make one, in hopes thereby to be taken notice of by my commanders, for I had nothing to recommend me except my activity, diligence, and courage, being a stranger and born out of that kingdom.

My first action after having been taken into the guards was, with a dozen gentlemen more, to go in quest of Mas David Williamson, a noted covenanter, since made more famous in the book called the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence. I had been assured that this Williamson did much frequent the house of my lady Cherrytree, within ten miles of Edinburgh, but when I arrived first with my party about the house, the lady, well knowing our errand, put Williamson to bed to her daughter disguised in a woman's night-dress. When the troopers went to search in the young lady's room her mother pretended that she was not well; and Williamson so managed the matter, that when the daughter raised herself a little in the bed to let the troopers see her they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young lady proved with child, and Williamson to take off the scandal married her in some time after. This Williamson married five or six wives successively, and was alive in the reign of queen Anne, at which time I saw him preaching in one of the kirks at Edinburgh. It is said that king Charles II., hearing of Williamson's behaviour in lady Cherrytree's house, wished to see the man that discovered so much vigour while his troopers were in search of him; and in a merry way declared that when he was in the royal oak he could not have kissed the bonniest lass in Christendom.

Some time after this Thomas Dalziel, general of the forces in Scotland, an excellent soldier, who had been taken prisoner at the famous battle of Worcester and sent prisoner to the Tower, escaped from thence into Muscovy, was made general to the czar, and returning home after the restoration was preferred by the king to be general of the forces in Scotland, in which post he continued till his death, which happened a little before the revolution. This general commanded fifty of the foot-guards, with an ensign, to accompany me and to follow my directions in the pursuit of a notorious rebel, one Adam Stobow, a farmer in Fife, near Culross. This fellow had gone through the west endeavouring to stir up sedition in the people by his great skill in canting and praying. There had been several parties sent out after him before I and my men undertook the business, but they could never discover him. We reached Culross at night, where I directed the ensign and all the men to secure three or four rebels who were in the place, while I, with two or three of the soldiers to assist me, went to Stobow's house, about a mile and a half from Culross, by break of day, for fear some of his friends might give him notice. Before I got to the house I observed a kiln in the way, which I ordered to be searched because I found there a heap of straw in the passage up to the kiln-pot. There I found Stobow lurking, and carried him to Culross, although his daughter offered me a hundred dollars to let him go. We returned immediately to the general at Edinburgh with Stobow and the prisoners taken by the ensign at Culross. They continued awhile in confinement, but Stobow at his trial found friends enough to save his life and was only banished; yet he returned home a year after and proved as troublesome and seditious as ever, till at the fight of Bothwell-bridge it was thought he was killed, for he was never heard of afterward.

During the time I was in the guards, about two years after the affair of Mas David Williamson at the lady Cherrytree's, I was quartered with a party at Bathgate, which is a small village twelve miles from Edinburgh. One Sunday morning by break of day I and my comrade, a gallant Highland gentleman of the name of Grant, went out disguised in great coats and bonnets in search after some conventicle. We travelled on foot eight or ten miles into the wild mountains, where we spied three fellows on the top of a hill, whom we conjectured to stand there as spies to give intelligence to a conventicle when any of the king's troopers should happen to come that way. There they stood with long poles in their hands till I and my friend came pretty near, and then they turned to go down the hill: when we observed this we took a little compass and came up with them on the other side, whereupon they stood still, leaning on their poles. Then I bounced forward upon one of them and suddenly snatched the pole out of his hand, asked him why he carried such a pole on the Lord's day, and at the same time knocked him down with it. My comrade immediately seized on the second and laid him flat by a gripe of his hair; but the third took to his heels and ran down the hill. However, having left my friend to guard the two former, I overtook the last and felled him likewise, but the place being steep, the violence with which I ran carried me a good way down the hill before I could recover myself after the stroke I had given him; and by the time I could get up again to the place where he lay the rogue had got on his feet, and was fumbling for a side pistol that hung at his belt under his upper coat, which as soon as I observed I fetched him to the ground a second time with the pole, and seized on his pistol; then leading him up to the other two, I desired my friend to examine their pockets and see whether they carried any powder or ball, but we found none.

We then led our prisoners down the hill, at the foot of which there was a bog, and on the other side a man sitting on a rock; when we advanced near him, leaving our prisoners in the keeping of my friend, I ran up toward the man, who fled down on the other side. As soon as I had reached the top of the rock there appeared a great number of people assembled in a glen to hear the preaching of Mas John King as I understood afterward, whose voice was so loud that it reached the ears of those who were at the greatest distance, which could not I think be less than a quarter of a mile; they all standing before him and the wind favouring the strength of his lungs. When my friend had brought the three prisoners to the top of the rock, where I waited for him, they all broke loose and ran down to the conventicle: but my friend, advancing within about forty yards of that rabble, commanded them in his majesty's name to depart to their own homes. Whereupon about forty of their number, with poles in their hands, drew out from the rest and advanced against us two, who had the courage or rather the temerity to face so great a company, which could not be fewer than a thousand. As this party of theirs was preparing with their long poles to attack me and my friend, it happened very luckily that a fine gelding, saddled and bridled, with a pillion likewise upon him, came up near us in search of better grass; I caught the horse and immediately mounted him, which the rest of the conventiclers observing, they broke up and followed as fast as they could, some on horseback and the rest on foot, to prevent me from going off with the horse, but I put him to the gallop, and suffering him to choose his own way through the mountain, which was full of bogs and hags, got out of reach. My friend kept up with me as long as he could, but having run a mile through such difficult places he was quite spent, and the conventiclers hard at his heels; whereupon he called to me for assistance, and I alighting put him upon the horse, bidding him to make the best of his way to the laird of Poddishaw's about two miles off. By this time we saw twelve covenanters on horseback, who advanced toward us by a shorter cut, and blocked up a gap through which we were of necessity to pass. I undertook to clear the gap for my friend, and running towards the rogues with my broadsword and pistol, soon forced them to open to the right and left: my comrade got through and was pursued a good way, but he so laid about him with his broadsword that the pursuers, being unarmed, durst not seize him. In the mean time, I who was left on foot kept the covenanters who followed me at a proper distance; but they pelted me with clods, which I sometimes returned, till at last, after chasing me above a mile, they saw a party of troopers in red passing by at some distance, and then they gave over their pursuit.

The troopers, observing my friend galloping and pursued, imagined he was some fanatic preacher, till they came to an old woman on a hill, whom my friend had desired to deny his being gone that way; upon which they went off to their quarters, and he got safe to Poddishaw's, whither I soon after arrived. The laird of Poddishaw had been that day at church, from whence returning with the laird of Pocammock, who lived about a mile off, they both wondered how the horse got thither, for Pocammock was the owner of the horse, and his lady had rode on it that day to the conventicle, without her husband's knowledge, having been seduced thither by some fanatic neighbours, for she had never been at their meetings before. My friend and I acquainted the two lairds of the whole adventure of that day, and after dinner Pocammock requested us to let him have the horse home, thereby to stifle any reflection his lady might bring upon him or herself by going to a conventicle; he likewise invited us to dine next day at his house, where the horse should again be delivered to me, as justly forfeited by the folly of his wife. We went accordingly with the laird of Poddishaw, and dined at Pocammock's; where the horse was ordered to be led out into the court, in the same accoutrements as I found him the day before; but observing the lady in tears, I told her that if she would give me her promise never to go to a conventicle again I would bestow her the horse and conceal what had passed; she readily complied, and so the matter was made up. However, the laird her husband assured me that no horse in Scotland should be better paid for; and being a leading man in the country, and his lady discovering the names of those who had been at the conventicle, he sent for them, and persuaded them as they valued their quiet to make up a purse for me and my friend, which they accordingly did; and we both lived plentifully a twelvemonth after on the price of that horse.

This adventure making much noise at Edinburgh was the occasion of my being sent for up thither by the marquis of Atholl, my colonel, who in a very friendly manner expostulated with me upon my rashness, as indeed he had too much reason to do; neither was I able to say anything in my own justification. However, since what I had done discovered my loyalty for my prince, my zeal for the church, and my detestation of all rebellious principles, his lordship ever after gave me many marks of his favour and friendship.

Accordingly, these services gave me so much credit with the general that he promised to apply to the government in my favour for some preferment in the army upon the first opportunity, which happened about a year afterward. For the seditious humours in the west still increasing, it was thought proper that three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, should be raised to suppress the rebels. Whereupon Mr. Francis Stuart, grandson to the earl of Bothwell, a private gentleman in the horse-guards like myself, and my intimate acquaintance, was sent for in haste by the general, because the council of Scotland was then writing to the king, that his majesty would please to grant commissions to those persons whose names where sent up to London that very night. Mr. Stuart gave me notice of this, whereupon, although I was not sent for, I resolved to go up with him to Edinburgh and solicit for myself. When I arrived there and attended the general his first question was, in a humorous manner, "Wha the deel sent for you up?" I answered that I hoped his excellency would now make good his promise of preferring me, since so fair an opportunity offered at present. On this occasion the general stood my firm friend; and although the sons and brothers of lords and baronets and other persons of quality solicited to be made lieutenants and cornets in these new-raised troops, yet the general in regard to my services prevailed with the council that I might be appointed lieutenant to Mr. Stuart, who was then made captain of dragoons.

Soon after this the archbishop of St. Andrews was murdered by the laird of Hackston and Balfour, assisted by four poor weavers.[a] Hackston before this horrid action was reputed an honest and gallant man; but his friendship for his brother-in-law, Balfour, drew him in to commit this inhuman murder. Balfour, who had been the archbishop's chamberlain (for so in Scotland we call a great man's steward), whether by negligence or dishonesty was short in his payments to his lord, and the fear of being called to an account was a principal motive to assassinate his master; however, he pretended likewise a great zeal to the kirk, whereof he looked upon the archbishop as the greatest oppressor. It is certain that the lower people mortally hated the archbishop on pretence that his grace had deserted their communion, and the weavers who were accomplices of Balfour believed they did God service in destroying an enemy of the kirk; and accordingly all the murderers were esteemed and styled saints by that rebellious faction.

After the murder of the archbishop several parties in the west took up arms, under the leading of Robert Hamilton, second son to sir William Hamilton of Preston, the unworthy son of a most worthy father; whereupon the council met, and sent for

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[a] "One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body; upon this they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead."

Graham, then laird of Clavers, afterward created viscount Dundee by king James VII. This noble person was at that time captain of one of those independent troops of horse which as I have already mentioned were raised before the murder of the archbishop. The council therefore ordered him to march with a detachment of one hundred and twenty dragoons and a lieutenant with his own troop, in pursuit of the rebels. Clavers was obliged not to open his commission until he came in sight of them. In his march he took Mas John King, one of their principal preachers. Clavers carried King along until he came in sight of the enemy at Drumclog, eight miles from Hamilton. There the preacher was guarded by a dragoon sentry, at a little cabin on the top of the hill, while Clavers opening his commission found himself compelled to fight the rebels, let their number be ever so great, with those hundred and twenty dragoons.

But before I proceed to tell the issue of this affair I must digress a little upon the subject of Mas John King above mentioned. When I was in the guards some time after I had missed Williamson at lady Cherrytree's house, the government, hearing that this John King was beginning to hold his conventicles not far from Stirling, where the troop of horse then lay, ordered the commanding officer there to send a party out to take him and bring him up to the council. I was pitched upon with a small detachment to perform this service. I went to my lord Cardrosse's house, to whose lady King was chaplain; there I took him and delivered him to the council. This preacher had gotten the lady's woman with child about four or five months before, and it is supposed had promised her marriage, provided the lady would stand his friend in his present distress; whereupon she was so far his friend as to get him bailed, on her engaging he should hold no more conventicles; however he went to the hills and there preached the people to arms, and in several towns, as Kirkcudbright, Lanark, and Sanquehar in particular, in company with Cameron, set up declarations on the market-crosses against the king, whom he excommunicated with all his adherents. Thus he continued till Clavers took him at Drumclog, as is above mentioned, where he got off again, until I took him a third time after the battle of Bothwell-bridge, which shall be related in its proper place.

The rebels at Drumclog were eight or nine thousand strong; their leader as I have said before was Robert Hamilton, second brother to the loyal house of Preston, but a profligate who had spent all his patrimony. There was likewise among them the lairds of Knockgray and Fruah, with many other gentlemen of fortune whose names I have forgot. Clavers's men with the addition of some few that came in to him did not exceed one hundred and eighty, yet pursuant to his orders he was forced to fight the enemy; but, being so vastly outnumbered, was soon defeated, with the loss of cornet Robert Graham and about eight or ten private troopers. The rebels, finding the cornet's body and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name Graham was wrought in the shirtneck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity, cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.

Clavers, in his flight towards Hamilton and Glasgow, rode a horse that trailed his guts for two miles from the place where the engagement happened; but overtaking his groom with some led horses he mounted one of them, and with the remains of his small army escaped to Glasgow. The rebels, pursuing as far as Hamilton, advanced that evening within a mile of Glasgow, where they encamped all night. As Clavers was marching after his men up the hill, where he had left Mas John King under the guard of a dragoon (who ran off with the first that fled), King, in a sneering way, desired him to stay and take his prisoner with him.

The rebels being thus encamped within a mile of Glasgow, Clavers commanded his men in the town to stand to their arms all night, and having barricadoed the four streets, to prevent the rebels' horse from breaking in, ordered me at sunrise to march with six dragoons and discover which way the rebels intended to come into the town. I must here observe that I, with captain Stuart's troop of dragoons and a battalion of the foot-guards, remained at Glasgow while Clavers marched to Drumclog, where he was defeated. But to return; I followed the directions which were given me, and having discovered the enemy from a little eminence I was ordered by Clavers, who came to me there, to watch at a small house where the way divided, and see which of the roads they would take, or whether they separated and each party took a different way. I stayed until I saw them take two different roads; some by that from whence I came from the town, which was over the Gallowgate bridge, and the rest by the high church and college, which was more than twice as far as the first party had to come, and consequently could not both meet at the same time within the town. This was a great advantage to Clavers and his little army. That party of the rebels which took the Gallowgate-bridge road followed me close to the heels as I returned to inform Clavers what course they took.

The broad street was immediately full of them, but advancing toward the barricade, before their fellows who followed the other road could arrive to their assistance, were valiantly received by Clavers and his men, who firing on them at once and jumping over the carts and cars that composed the barricade, chased them out of the town; but were quickly forced to return and receive the other party, which by that time was marching down by the high church and college; but when they came within pistol-shot were likewise fired upon and driven out of the town. In this action many of the rebels fell, but the king's party lost not so much as one man.

The townsmen being too well affected to the rebels concealed many of them in their houses; the rest, who escaped, met and drew up in a field behind the high church, where they stayed until five in the afternoon, it being in the month of May, and from thence marched in a body to the same place where they were in the morning, about a mile off the town. Clavers and his men, expecting they would make a second attack, and discovering by his spies whither they were gone, marched after them, but upon sight of our forces the rebels retired with a strong rear-guard of horse to Hamilton; whereupon Clavers returned and quartered that night in Glasgow.

Next morning the government sent orders to Clavers to leave Glasgow and march to Stirling, eighteen miles farther; and three days after he wa commanded to bring up his party to Edinburgh. As soon as he quitted Glasgow the rebels returned, and having stayed in that town eight or ten days, encamped on Hamilton-moor, within a mile of Bothwell-bridge, where it was said that their numbers were increased to fourteen thousand; although bishop Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, most falsely and partially affirms that they were not more than four thousand or thereabout.

The council, finding the rebels daily increasing in their numbers, gave information thereof to the king; whereupon his majesty sent down the duke of Monmouth with a commission to be commander-in-chief and to take with him four troops of English dragoons, which were quartered on the borders. But these, with the forces in Scotland, amounted not to above three thousand. Upon the duke's being made commander-in-chief, general Dalziel refused to serve under him, and remainded at his lodgings in Edinburgh till his grace was superseded, which happened about a fortnight after.

The army was about four miles forward on the road toward Hamilton when the duke of Monmouth came up with his English dragoons, on Saturday the 21st of June: from thence the whole forces marched to the Kirk of Shots, within four miles of the rebels, where they lay that night. The next morning he marched the army up an eminence opposite to the main body of the enemy, who were encamped on the moor.

The general officers, the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of the foot-guards; the earl of Mar, colonel of a regiment of foot; Clavers, the earl of Hume, and the earl of Airlie, all captains of horse; the marquis of Montrose, colonel of the horse-guards (Atholl having been discarded); Dalhousie; with many other noblemen and gentlemen volunteers, attending the duke together, desired his grace to let them know which way he designed to take to come to the enemy? The duke answered, "It must be by Bothwell-bridge." Now the bridge lay a short mile to the right of the king's army, was narrow, and guarded with three thousand of the rebels and strongly barricadoed with great stones; but although the officers were desirous to have passed the river by easy fords directly between them and the rebels, and to march to their main body on the moor before those three thousand who guarded the bridge could come to assist them, yet the duke was obstinate and would pass no other way than that of the bridge.

Pursuant to this preposterous and absurd resolution he commanded captain Stuart (whose lieutenant I was), with his troop of dragoons and eighty musketeers, together with four small field-pieces, under cover of the dragoons, to beat off the party at the bridge. The duke himself, with David Lesly and Melvill, accompanied us, and ordered the field-pieces to be left at the village of Bothwell, within a musket-shot of the bridge: when the duke and his men came near the bridge the rebels beat a parley and sent over a laird accompanied with a kirk preacher. The duke, asking what they came for, was answered, "That they would have the kirk established in the same manner as it stood at the king's restoration, and that every subject should be obliged to take the solemn league and covenant." The duke told them their demand could not be granted; but sent them back to tell their party that if they would lay down their arms and submit to the king's mercy he would intercede for their pardon.

While this parley lasted the field-pieces were brought down and planted over against the bridge, without being perceived by the rebels. The messengers returned in a short time with this answer: "That they would not lay down their arms unless their conditions were granted them:" whereupon the dragoons and musketeers fired all at once upon those who guarded the bridge, and the field-pieces played so warmly that some hundreds of the rebels were slain, the rest flying to the main body on the moor.

The duke as soon as he had commanded to fire retired into a hollow from the enemies' shot (some say by the persuasion of Lesly and Melvill), and continued there till the action was over. Then captain Stuart ordered the musketeers to make way for the horse to pass the bridge, by casting the stones into the river which had been placed there to obstruct the passage over it. But the army could not pass in less than five hours, and then marched up in order of battle toward the enemy, who waited for them on the moor, confiding in the great superiority of their number. Clavers commanded the horse on the right and captain Stuart the dragoons on the left. The field-pieces were carried in the centre of the foot-guards, while the rest of the officers commanded at the head of their men; and the duke, after the enemy was beaten from the bridge, rode at the head of the army.

Upon the first fire the rebels' horse turned about, and fled upon the right and left; and although the duke ordered his men not to stir out of their ranks to pursue them, yet the army, not regarding his commands, followed the flying rebels, killing between seven and eight hundred and taking fifteen hundred prisoners.[a]

Sir John Bell, provost of Glasgow, as soon as he saw the rebels fly, rode into the town; from whence in a few hours he sent all the bread he could find, together with a hogshead of drink to each troop and company in the army, out of the cellars of such townsmen as were found to be abettors or protectors of the rebels.

The cruelty and presumption of that wicked and perverse generation will appear evident from a single instance. These rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a cartfull of new ropes at the foot of it, in order to hang up the king's soldiers, whom they already looked upon as vanquished and at mercy; and it happened that the pursuers in the royal army, returning back with their prisoners, chose the place where the gallows stood to guard them at, without offering to hang one of them, which they justly deserved and had so much reason to expect. The pursuers were no sooner returned and the whole action over than general Dalziel arrived at the camp from Edinburgh, with a commission renewed to be commander-in-chief, which he received that very morning by an express. This commander, having learned how the duke had conducted the war, told him publicly and with great plainness that he had betrayed the king; that he heartily wished his commission had come a day sooner; "for then," said he, "these rogues should never have troubled his majesty or the kingdom any more."

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[a] "The royal army now moved slowly forwards towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell-moor on the 22nd of June, 1679. The insurgents were encamped chiefly in the duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde, which separated the two armies. Bothwell-bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates, which the covenanters shut, and barricadoed with stones and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their best men, under Hackston of Rathillet and Hall of Haughhead. Early in the morning this party crossed the bridge, and skirmished with the royal vanguard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell. But Hackston speedily retired to his post at the western end of Bothwell-bridge.

"While the dispositions made by the duke of Monmouth announced his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson of Kaitloch, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Hume. a clergyman, carried to the duke of Monmouth a supplication, demanding free exercise of their religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly of the church. The duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them he would interpose with his majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and perhaps more permanent advantage derived to their party; or, had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But while their motley and misassorted officers were debating upon the duke's proposal, his field-pieces were already planted on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot-guards, who were led on by lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post with zeal and courage; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass. When his party were drawn back, the duke's army slowly, and with their cannon in front, defiled along the bridge, and formed in a line of battle as they came over the river; the duke commanded the foot, and Claverhouse the cavalry. It would seem that these movements could not have been performed without at least some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strangest delusion that ever fell upon devoted beings, they chose those precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. In this important operation they were at length disturbed by the duke's cannon; at the very first discharge of which the horse of the covenanters wheeled and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry in their flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton, whose conduct they say left the world to debate whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred much blame among the high-flying royalists."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

Thus the duke was at the same time superseded and publicly rebuked before all the army; yet his grace forgot his dignity so far as to sneak among them at the town of Bothwell (where the forces encamped) until the Saturday following: then all the troops marched back to Glasgow, from whence in two or three days they were sent to their several quarters; after which the duke of Monmouth passed by Stirling to Fife to visit the duke of Rothes.

The same evening, after the rout on the moor, the prisoners were sent with a strong guard towards Edinburgh. On Saturday morning when the army was to march to Glasgow I desired the general's leave to go with twelve dragoons in search of some of the rebels, who might probably pass the Clyde about Dumbarton to shelter themselves in the highlands. With these dragoons clad in grey coats and bonnets I made haste down the side of the river; and about midnight after travelling twenty-four miles I came to a church, and while the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the churchyard I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, "Whither gang you this time of night?" He answered, "Wha are ye that speers?" I replied "We are your ane fo'ke:" upon this the fellow came up, and told me there were eighteen friends with horses at an old castle waiting for a boat to pass over into the isle of Arran. I mounted the man behind one of my dragoons and went toward the place; but the rebels not finding a boat were gone off and the guide dismissed. There was a great dew on the grass, which directed me and my party to follow the track of their horses for three or four miles till the dew was gone off: I then inquired of a cowherd on a hill whether he saw any of our "poor fo'ke" travelling that way? he answered that they had separated on that hill and gone three several ways, six in a party; adding that in one party there was "a braw muckle kerl with a white hat on him and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't." Whereupon I sent four of my dragoons after one party, four more after another, and myself with the remaining four went in pursuit of him with the white hat. As I went forward I met another cowherd, who told me that the fellow with the hat and one more (for as the rogues advanced farther into the west they still divided into smaller parties), were just gone down the hill to his master's house. The good man of the house returning from putting the horses to grass in the garden was going to shut the door; whereupon myself and two of the dragoons commanded him with our pistols at his breast to lead us to the room where the man lay who wore a white hat. We entered the room, and before he awaked I took away his arms and commanded him to dress immediately; then finding his companion asleep in the barn I forced him likewise to arise, and mounting them both on their own horses, came at nine o'clock in the morning with my two prisoners to the other dragoons at the place where we appointed to meet. From thence we rode straight to Glasgow, and arrived there about eight in the evening, after a journey of fifty miles since we left the army at Bothwell the day before.

This was upon a Sunday; and although we met with many hundreds of people on the road, yet we travelled on to Glasgow without any opposition. I must here inform the reader that, although I had once before taken this very man who wore the white hat, yet I did not know him to be Mas John King already mentioned, until I was told so by the man of the house where I found him. I likewise forgot to mention that King, who knew me well enough, as soon as he was taken in the house, entreated me to show him some favour because he had married a woman of my name. I answered, "That is true, but first you got her with bairn, and shall therefore now pay for disgracing one of my name."

When we arrived near Glasgow I sent a dragoon to inform the general that Mas John King was coming to kiss his hand: whereupon his excellency, accompanied with all the noblemen and officers, advanced as far as the bridge to welcome me and my prisoners; where it is very observable that Graham laird of Clavers, who came among the rest, made not the least reproach to Mas John in return of his insolent behaviour when that commander fled from Drumclog. Mas John was sent to Edinburgh next morning under a guard, and hanged soon after: from hence I went to my quarters in Lanark, sixteen miles from Glasgow; and about a month after (I hope the reader will pardon my weakness) I happened to dream that I found one Wilson, a captain among the rebels at Bothwell-bridge, in a bank of wood upon the river Clyde. This accident made so strong an impression on my mind, that as soon as I awoke I took six-and-thirty dragoons and got to the place by break of day; then I caused some of them to alight and go into the wood and set him up as hounds do a hare, while the rest were ordered to stand sentry to prevent his escape. It seems I dreamt fortunately, for Wilson was actually in the wood with five more of his company as we afterwards learned; who, all seeing me and my party advancing, hid themselves in a little island on the river, among the broom that grew upon it. Wilson had not the good fortune to escape; for as he was trying to get out of one copse into another I met him, and guessing by his good clothes and by the description I had received of him before that he was the man I looked for, I seized and brought him to my quarters; and from thence immediately conveyed him to Edinburgh, where he was hanged; but might have preserved his life if he would have condescended only to say "God save the king." This he utterly refused to do, and thereby lost not only his life but likewise an estate worth twenty-nine thousand marks Scots.

For this service the duke of Queensberry, then high commissioner of Scotland, recommended me to the king, who rewarded me with the gift of Wilson's estate; but although the grant passed the seals and the sheriff put me in possession, yet I could neither sell nor let it; nobody daring, for fear of the rebels who had escaped at Bothwell-bridge, either to purchase or farm it: by which means I never got a penny by the grant; and at the Revolution the land was taken from me and restored to Wilson's heirs.

The winter following general Dalziel, with a battalion of the earl of Linlithgow's guards, the earl of Airlie's troop of horse, and captain Stuart's troop of dragoons, quartered at Kilmarnock, in the west, fifty miles from Edinburgh. Here the general, one day happening to look on while I was exercising the troop of dragoons, asked me, when I had done, whether I knew any one of my men who was skilful in praying well in the style and tone of the covenanters? I immediately thought upon one James Gibb, who had been born in Ireland and whom I made a dragoon. This man I brought to the general, assuring his excellency that if I had raked hell I could not find his match for his skill in mimicking the covenanters. Whereupon the general gave him 5*l.* to buy him a great coat and a bonnet, and commanded him to find out the rebels, but to be sure to take care of himself among them. The dragoon went eight miles off that very night and got admittance into the house of a notorious rebel, pretending he came from Ireland out of zeal for the cause to assist at the fight of Bothwell-bridge, and could not find an opportunity since of returning to Ireland with safety; he said he durst not be seen in the daytime, and therefore, after bewitching the family with his gifts of praying, he was conveyed in the dusk of the evening with a guide to the house of the next adjoining rebel: and thus in the same manner from one to another, till in a month's time he got through the principal of them in the west; telling the general at his return that wherever he came he made the old wives, in their devout fits, tear off their biggonets and mutches; he likewise gave the general a list of their names and places of their abodes, and into the bargain brought back a good purse of money in his pocket. The general desired to know how he prayed among them: he answered that it was his custom in his prayers to send the king, the ministers of state, the officers of the army, with all their soldiers, and the episcopal clergy, all broadside to hell; but particularly the general himself. "What," said the general, "did you send me to hell, sir?" "Yea," replied the dragoon, "you at the head of them, as their leader."

And here I do solemnly aver, upon my veracity and knowledge, that bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, hath in a most false and scandalous manner misrepresented the action at Bothwell-bridge and the behaviour of the episcopal clergy in Scotland; for as to the former, I was present in that engagement, which was performed in the manner as I have related; and as to the latter, having travelled through most parts of that kingdom, particularly the north and west, I was well acquainted with them, and will take it to my death that the reverse of this character which Burnet gives of both is the truth. And because that author is so unjust to the episcopal clergy and so partial to the covenanters and their teachers, I do affirm that I have known several among the latter sort guilty of those very vices wherewith this bishop brands the episcopal clergy. Among many others I will produce one instance, rather to divert the reader than from any inclination to obloquy. One of these eight fanatic teachers who were permitted at the Restoration to keep their livings came to sir John Carmichael's house, within a mile of Lanark, where I was then upon a visit to sir John. We drank hard till it was late and all the company retired except sir John and myself. The teacher would needs give us prayers, but fell asleep before he had half done, whereupon sir John and I, setting a bottle and a glass at his nose, left him upon his knees. The poor man sneaked off early the next morning, being in all appearance ashamed of his hypocrisy

To return from this digression.—The general sent out several parties, and me with a party among the rest, where during the winter and the following spring I secured many of those whose names and abodes the canting dragoon had given a list of.

In July following the general, by order of council, commanded me to go with a detachment of thirty horse and fifty dragoons in pursuit of about 150 rebels, who had escaped at Bothwell-bridge, and ever since kept together in a body up and down in Galloway. I followed them for five or six days from one place to another, after which, on the 22nd of July, they stayed for me at Airs-moss, situate in the shire of Air, near the town of Cumlock. The moss is four miles long from east to west, and two broad. The rebels drew up at the east end, and consisted of 30 horse and 120 foot. I faced them upon a rising ground with my 30 horse and 50 dragoons. The reason why the rebels chose this place to fight on rather than a plain field was for fear their horse might desert the foot, as they did on Hamilton-moor, near Bothwell-bridge; and likewise, that in case they lost the day they might save themselves by retreating into the moss.

I placed myself on the left, as judging that the best officer the rebels had would command on the right. The action began about five in the afternoon, but lasted not long; for I ordered my men first to receive the enemy's fire, then to ride down the hill upon them and use their broadswords; they did so, and before the enemy had time to draw theirs cut many of them down in an instant; whereupon they wheeled about, and captain Fowler, who commanded the rebels on the right, being then in the rear, advancing up to me, I gave him such a blow over the head with my broadsword as would have cleaved his skull had it not been defended by a steel cap. Fowler, turning about, aimed a blow at me, but I warded it off, and with a back stroke cut the upper part of his head clean off from the nose upward.

By this time the rebels, leaving their horses, fled to the moss; but the royalists pursuing them killed about sixty and took fourteen prisoners. Here Cameron, the famous covenanter, lost his life, and Hackston was taken prisoner, infamous for imbruing his hands in the blood of the archbishop of St. Andrews, as I have already mentioned, for which parricide both of his hands were afterwards cut off, and he was hanged at Edinburgh.

But this victory cost me very dear; for being then in the rear I rode into the moss after the rebels, where I overtook a dozen of them hacking and hewing one of my men, whose horse was bogged; his name was Elliot, a stout soldier and one of Clavers's troop. He had received several wounds and was at the point of being killed when I came to his relief. I shot one of the rogues dead with my carbine, which obliged the rest to let the poor man and his horse creep out of the hole, but at the same time drew all their fury upon myself; for Elliot made a shift to crawl out of the moss, leading his horse in his hand, but was wholly disabled from assisting his deliverer and was not regarded by his enemies, who probably thought he was mortally wounded, or indeed rather that they had no time to mind him, for I laid about me so fast that they judged it best to keep off and not to venture within my reach, till it unfortunately happened that my horse slipped into the same hole out of which Elliot and his had just got. When they had me at this advantage they began to show their courage and manfully dealt their blows with their broadswords, from some of which the carbine that hung down my back defended me a little. As I was paddling in the hole, the horse not able to get out, one of the rebels ran me through the small of the back with his broadsword, and at the same instant two more wounded me under the ribs with their small ones. Then I threw myself over the head of my horse, taking the far pistol out of the bolster in my left hand and holding my broadsword in my right; and as one of the villains was coming hastily up to me his foot slipped, and before he could recover himself I struck my sword into his skull; but the fellow being big and heavy snapped it asunder as he fell within a span of the hilt. The rebels had me now at a great advantage; one of them made a stroke at me, which I warded off with the hilt of the sword that was left in my hand; but the force with which he struck the blow, and I kept it off, brought us both to the ground. However I got up before him, clapped my pistol to his side and shot him dead. As soon as this was done another came behind me, and with some weapon or other struck me such a blow on the head as laid me flat on my back, in which posture I remained a good while insensible; the rogues taking it for granted that I was dead scoured off, fearing that by this time some of my men were returning back from the pursuit.

After some time I a little recovered my senses, and strove to lift myself up, which one of the rogues happening to see at some distance, immediately returned, and said in my hearing, "God, the dog is not dead yet;" then coming up to me took his sword, and putting its hilt to his breast and guiding it with both his hands, made a thrust at my belly; but my senses were now so far recovered that I parried the thrust with a piece of the sword which remained still in my hand. The fellow, when he missed his aim, almost fell on his face; for the sword ran up to the hilt in the moss, and as he was recovering himself I gave him a dab in the mouth with my broken sword, which very much hurt him; but he aiming a second thurst, which I had likewise the good fortune to put by, and having as before given him another dab in the mouth, he immediately went off, for fear of the pursuers, whereof many were now returning.

In this distress I made a shift, with much difficulty and pain, to get upon my feet, but my right leg being disabled by the wound I received from the broadsword I was forced to limp by the help of the carbine, which I made use of as a staff. I had lost my horse, for one of the rogues, when I had quitted him in the hole, led him away through the moss. I recovered him about a year after from the man to whom the rebel had sold him: and the said rebel, when he was at the gallows, confessed himself to be the same man who took away the horse at Airs-moss.

There was a Lancashire gentleman, one Mr. Parker, who came a volunteer to Airs-moss, with intent, as he expressed himself, to see the sport. This gentleman, riding on my right hand at the time when we received the enemy's fire in the beginning of the action, was shot with a blunderbuss under the left shoulder; the wound was so large that a man might thrust his fist into it; yet when I desired him to fall back and take care of his wound, he answered me that he would first have his pennyworth out of the rogues, and accordingly followed us on horseback into the moss as far as the horse could go without bogging. But by that time his wound so grievously pained him, with some other cuts he got in the pursuit, that he was forced to alight and sit on a dry spot of ground which he found in the moss, from whence he saw all that happened to me without being able to come to my assistance any more than Elliot, who, having gotten to a rising ground, saw likewise all that had passed. However, Mr. Parker, as I came limping toward him, could not forbear laughing, and said, "What, a plague, have you got your bones well paid too?" Then both of us made a shift to get up to Elliot on the rising ground.

The trumpeter, being by this time returned with some others from the pursuit, was ordered to sound a call, which brought all the rest back, with the fourteen prisoners, and Hackston among the rest, who was that day commander-in-chief among the rebels. Of the king's party but two were killed, Mr. Andrew Kerr, a gentleman of Clavers's own troop, and one M'Kabe, a dragoon in captain Stuart's troop, where I was lieutenant. The wounded were about eight or nine, beside Parker and Elliot. Elliot died the next day: he, Kerr, and M'Kabe were honourably buried by Mr. Brown, a gentleman who lived hard by, to whose house their bodies were carried after the fight at the moss. An English lady living about eight miles off took care of Mr. Parker, but he died at her house a year after of his wounds, very much lamented on account of his loyalty and valour.

When the fight was over, night coming on, I ordered all my men, except twelve dragoons whom I kept to attend myself, to march with the prisoners and those who were wounded to Douglas, fourteen miles off, and to carry along with them Cameron's head. In the mean time I and my party of dragoons went that night sixteen long miles to Lanark, where the general and all the foot quartered, as well to acquaint him with what had been done as to have my own wounds taken care of. I sent one of my dragoons before me with my message; whereupon the general himself, although it were after midnight, accompanied with the earls of Linlithgow, Mar, Ross, Hume, and the lord Dalhousie, came out to meet me at the gate: Dalhousie forced me to lodge in his own chamber, to which I was accordingly carried by two of my dragoons. After my wounds had been dressed in the presence of this noble company, who stood round about me, being very thirsty through the loss of blood, I drank the king's health and the company's in a large glass of wine and water, and then was laid in Dalhousie's own bed.

Next day the general, leaving Lanark with the forces under his command, ordered a troop of horse and another of dragoons to attend me till I should be able to travel up to Edinburgh for the better conveniency of physicians and surgeons. My wounds did not confine me to my bed, and in a month's time I went to Edinburgh on horseback by easy stages, where I continued till Candlemas following, lingering of the wound I had received by the broadsword. My surgeon was the son of the same Dr. Irvin who first got me into the guards; but having unfortunately neglected to tie a string to the tent of green cloth which he used for the wound, the tent slipped into my body, where it lay under my navel seven months and five days, and exceedingly pained me, not suffering me to sleep otherwise than by taking soporiferous pills. When the tent was first missing neither the surgeon nor anybody else ever imagined that it was lodged in my body, but supposed it to have slipped out of the wound while I slept, and carried away by some rat or other vermin; the tent lying thus in my body made it impossible that the wound could heal; wherefore, after lingering seven months, by the advice of a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood I got leave to go for Ireland with my surgeon, and there try whether my native air would contribute anything to my cure.

However insignificant this relation may be to the generality of readers, yet I cannot omit a lucky accident to which I owe my cure. While I continued at Edinburgh I ordered some pipes of lead to be made in a mould, through which the thin corruption which continually issued out of the wound caused by the tent remaining in my body might be conveyed as through a faucet. These pipes I cut shorter by degrees, in proportion as I imagined the wound was healing at the bottom; till at last, by mistaking the true cause, the tent continuing still where it did, the pipes became too short for the use intended; wherefore when I was in Ireland I made a coarse pipe myself, which was long enough; this pipe, after the wound was washed with brandy, always remained in my body till the next dressing; but being made without art and somewhat jagged at the end, it happened one morning when the pipe was drawn out as usual in order to have the wound washed the tent followed, to the great surprise of my father, who at that time was going to dress the wound, my surgeon being then at Castle-Irvin, where I had left him with his brother Dr. Irvin, at sir Gerard Irvin's house; the same gentleman who was delivered out of Derry goal by my father, as I have related in the beginning of these memoirs.

The night before the tent was drawn out of my body, having not slept a wink, I thought myself in the morning somewhat feverish, and therefore desired my father to send for Dr. Lindsey to let me blood. In the mean time slumbering a little, I dreamed that the covenanters were coming to cut my throat; under this apprehension I awaked, and found my neighbour captain Saunderson in my chamber, who was come to visit me. I then called for my father to dress my wound, when the tent followed the pipe as I have already said, to my great joy, for then I knew I should soon be well. I therefore ordered my horse to be got ready, and rode out with captain Saunderson and my father to meet Dr. Lindsey, who hearing the joyful news carried us to a gentleman's house, where we drank very heartily: then I returned home and slept almost four-and-twenty hours. Two days after Dr. Irvin, and his brother the surgeon, came to my father's house, where the doctor being informed in the circumstances of my cure severely chid his brother for his neglect, swearing he had a mind to shoot him, and that if I had died my blood would have been charged on his head. He then ordered me a remedy which would heal up the wound in twenty days. This fell out in the beginning of May; at which time, taking leave of my father and other friends in Ireland, I returned to Edinburgh, where before the end of that month my wound was perfectly healed up; but I was never after so able to bear fatigues as I had hitherto been.

The duke of York was arrived at Edinburgh the Michaelmas before, where the general, from the time he left Lanark in July, continued with the guards; the rest of the forces quartered up and down in other places. The general, after my arrival, coming every day to see me in his way as he went to the duke's court, did me the honour to mention me and my services to his royal highness, who was desirous to see me; I was admitted to kiss his hand and ordered to sit down, in regard to my honourable wounds, which would not suffer me to stand without great pain. I cannot conceal this mark of favour and distinction shown me by a great prince, although I am very sensible it will be imputed to vanity. I must remember likewise that upon my return to Edinburgh, happening to overtake the general in the street, and gently touching him, his excellency, turning in a great surprise, cried out, "O God! man, are you living?" I answered that I was, and hoped to do the king and his excellency further service.

After I had continued a month with my friends in Edinburgh, who all congratulated with me upon my recovery, I repaired to the troop at Lanark, where I often ranged with a party through the west to find out the straggling remains of the covenanting rebels; but for some time without success, till a week before Christmas, after the duke of York succeeded to the crown, and a year and a half after I was cured. Having drunk hard one night I dreamed that I had found captain David Steele, a notorious rebel, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain in the shire of Clydesdale and parish of Lismahago, within eight miles of Hamilton, a place that I was well acquainted with. This man was head of the rebels since the affair of Airs-moss, having succeeded to Hackston, who had been there taken and afterward hanged, as the reader has already heard; for as to Robert Hamilton, who was their commander-in-chief at Bothwell-bridge, he appeared no more among them, but fled as it was believed to Holland.

Steele, and his father before him, held a farm in the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms the farm lay waste, and the duke could find no other person who would venture to take it; whereupon his grace sent several messages to Steele to know the reason why he kept the farm waste. The duke received no other answer than that he would keep it waste in spite of him and the king too; whereupon his grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue and I would oblige him for ever.

I must here take leave to inform the reader that the duke of Hamilton's friendship for me was founded upon the many services he knew I had done the public, as well as upon the relation I bore to sir Gerard Irvin, the person whom of all the world his grace most loved and esteemed, ever since the time they had served in arms together for the king in the Highlands, with my lord Glencairn and sir Arthur Forbes (father to the present earl of Granard), after the king's defeat at Worcester, during the time of the usurpation.

To return therefore to my story: when I awaked out of my dream, as I had done before in the affair of Wilson (and I desire the same apology I made in the Introduction to these Memoirs may serve for both), I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed by break of day. When we arrived there I sent a party to each of the five farmers' houses. This villain Steele had murdered above forty of the king's subjects in cold blood, and as I was informed had often laid snares to entrap me; but it happened that, although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none, when he stood in the greatest need. One of my party found him in one of the farmer's houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoons first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them, hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steele had put on his clothes while the search was making below; the chamber where he lay was called the chamber of Deese, which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steele, suddenly opening the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons as they were coming up the stairs; but the bullets, grazing against the side of the turnpike, only wounded and did not kill them. Then Steele violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made toward the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons who guarded the house despatched him with their broadswords. I was not with the party when he was killed, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses, but I soon found what had happened by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss; from hence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to general Drummond at Edinburgh.

General Dalziel died about Michaelmas this year, and was succeeded by lieutenant-general Drummond, who was likewise my very good friend.

But I cannot here let pass the death of so brave and loyal a commander as general Dalziel without giving the reader some account of him, as far as my knowledge or inquiry could reach.

Thomas Dalziel, among many other officers, was taken prisoner at the unfortunate defeat at Worcester and sent to the Tower; from whence, I know not by what means, he made his escape and went to Muscovy; where the czar then reigning made him his general: but some time after the restoration of the royal family he gave up his commission, and repairing to king Charles II. was, in consideration of his eminent services, constituted commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, excepting only one fortnight, when he was superseded by the duke of Monmouth some days before the action at Bothwell-bridge, as I have already related. He was bred up very hardy from his youth, both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves like those we call jockey-coats. He never wore a peruke, nor did he shave his beard since the murder of king Charles I. In my time his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down almost to his girdle. He usually went to London once or twice in a year, and then only to kiss the king's hand, who had a great esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings and followed him with huzzas as he went to court or returned from it. As he was a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities, when he left them at the door to go in to the king, and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again and return to his lodgings. When the king walked in the park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration at his beard and dress, so that the king could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his majesty bid the devil take Dalziel for bringing such a rabble of boys together to have their guts squeezed out while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit; requesting him at the same time (as Dalziel used to express it) to shave and dress like other christians to keep the poor bairns out of danger. All this could never prevail on him to part with his beard, but yet in compliance to his majesty he went once to court in the very height of the fashion: but as soon as the king and those about him had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he re-assumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys, who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress.

When the duke of York succeeded to the crown general Dalziel was resolved still to retain his loyalty, although at the same time he often told his friends, that all things were going wrong at court; but death came very seasonably to rescue him from the difficulties he was likely to be under between the notions he had of duty to his prince on one side and true zeal for his religion on the other.

I must now resume a little my discourse upon captain Steele. Some time before the action in which he was killed, general Drummond, who was then newly made commander-in-chief, sent for me in haste to attend him in Edinburgh. My way lay through a very strong pass, hard by Airs-moss and within a mile of Cumlock: as I was going through Cumlock a friend there told me that Steele with a party waited for me at the pass. I had with me only one dragoon and a drummer: I ordered the latter to gallop on straight to the pass, and when he had got thither to beat a dragoon march, while I with the dragoon should ride along the bye-path on the edge of the moss. When Steele and his men heard the drum they scoured cross the bye-path into the moss, apprehending that a strong party was coming in search of them: but either I or the dragoon (I forgot which) shot one of the rebels dead, as he crossed us to get into the moss.—To put an end to this business of Steele: When the dragoon whom I sent express had delivered his message to general Drummond, he was just setting out for his country house at Dumblain; but returned to his lodgings and wrote me a letter that he would send for me up after the holidays and recommend me to the government to reward me for my services. He faithfully kept his word, but I received nothing more than promises.

Steele was buried in the churchyard of Lismahago by some of his friends; who, after the Revolution, erected a fair monument on pillars over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraved on the stone in words to this effect:—

> "Here lieth the body of captain David Steele, a saint, who was murdered by John Creichton" [*with the date underneath*].

Some of my friends burlesqued this epitaph in the following manner:—

Here lies the body of Saint Steele,
Murdered by John Creichton, that de'el.

Duke Hamilton, in queen Anne's time, informed me of this honour done to that infamous rebel: and when I had said to his grace that I wished he had ordered his footmen to demolish the monument, the duke answered he would not have done so for 500*l.*, because it would be an honour to me as long as it lasted.[a]

The last summer, about the end of May if I remember right (and I desire to be excused for not always relating things in the order when they happened), the marquis of Argyle, after having escaped out of the castle of Edinburgh into Holland, returned to invade Scotland, to support the duke of Monmouth's pretensions to the crown as was generally believed. He landed in his own country in the highlands, with a party of Dutch and some Scottish gentlemen who had fled for treason; among whom sir John Cochran was of the greatest note: whereupon the government ordered the marquis of Atholl and Mr. Owen Cameron, laird of Lochiel, to raise their clans and march with their party against

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[a] David Steele's monument still exists in the churchyard of Lismahago.

Argyle. They did so, and in the evening pitched their camp close by him. Here in the night Cameron, patrolling with a party, met another of his own men, and taking them for enemies, because they had lost the word in their cups, killed eight or nine; among whom two or three happened to be persons of note. The friends of those who were killed resolving if possible to have him hanged, he was obliged to ride post to the king. He went to his majesty in the dress in which he had travelled, and the king, being already informed how the accident happened, instead of suffering him to tell his story, commanded him to draw his broadsword, intending to knight him therewith: but Cameron could not draw it because the scabbard had got wet on the way. The king, observing the confusion he was in, said he knew the reason that kept the sword in the sheath: adding that he never failed to draw it in the service of his father, his brother, and himself: whereupon he was knighted with another sword with the title of sir Owen Cameron. He returned to Edinburgh, and from thence went as a volunteer to serve in the standing army, which was then moving toward the coast of Galloway, to prevent Argyle from landing. For, upon the opposition he found from the marquis of Atholl and his men, with their assistance in the highlands, he shipped his forces and sailed round to the west, hoping to land there. But the army moving along the coast always in sight of him compelled him to return the way he came, until he landed in his own country again. From thence, after gathering what supplies of men he could, he marched and encamped in the evening within two or three miles of Glasgow. But the king's army, having sent out scouts to discover what way he took, encamped over against him the same evening on an eminence; there being a bog between both armies.

The king's forces consisted of the earl of Linlithgow's regiment of foot-guards, the earl of Mar's of foot, Clavers's of horse, Dunmore's of dragoons, Buchan's of foot, and Levingstone's of horse-guards, with some gentlemen of quality, volunteers; among whom the earl of Dumbarton was of the greatest note.

Here the two armies lay in sight of each other; but before morning Argyle was gone, his Highlanders having deserted him; and then the king's army went to refresh themselves at Glasgow, waiting till it could be known which way Argyle had fled. It was soon understood that he had crossed the Clyde at Kilpatrick; and that sir John Cochran lay with a party in a stone-dyke park about ten miles off. The lord Ross was therefore despatched with a party of horse, and captain Cleland, who was now my captain (my friend Stuart being dead), with another of dragoons, to find them out. When they came up to the park where sir John Cochran lay with his Dutch they fired at one another, and some of the king's soldiers fell, among whom captain Cleland was one: whereupon the troop was given to sir Adam Blair (who was likewise wounded in that rash engagement), although, upon duke Hamilton's application to the king, I had been promised to succeed Cleland. But sir Adam and secretary Melford being brothers-in-law, that interest prevailed.

I must desire the reader's pardon for so frequently interspersing my own private affairs with those of the public; but what I chiefly proposed was to write my own memoirs, and not a history of the times further than I was concerned in them.

Night coming on the king's party withdrew, leaving sir John Cochran in the park; who, notwithstanding this little success desired his followers to shift for themselves, and left them before morning. Argyle next evening was found alone, a mile above Greenock, at the water-side, endeavouring to get into a little boat, and grappling with the owner thereof, a poor weaver. It seems he wanted presence of mind to engage the man with a piece of money to set him on the other side. In the mean time sir John Shaw, riding with some gentlemen to Greenock, and seeing the struggle, seized the earl and carried him to Glasgow, from whence he was sent with a strong guard to Edinburgh and some time after beheaded.

The next day the army marched toward the borders against the duke of Monmouth, but an express arriving of his defeat the troops were commanded to repair to their several quarters.

I shall here occasionally relate an unfortunate accident which happened this summer in Scotland.

M'Donnel laird of Cappagh, in the highlands, within eight miles of Inverlochy, was unjustly possessed as most men believed for many years of an estate which in right belonged to the laird of Mackintosh. Both these gentlemen were well affected to the king. The laird of Cappagh after sowing-time was over had gone that summer, as it was his custom, to make merry with his clans on the mountains till the time of harvest should call him home. But in his absence Mackintosh and his clans, assisted with a party of the army by order of the government, possessed himself of Cappagh's estate: whereupon M'Donnel and his clans returning from the mountains set upon the enemy, killed several gentlemen among them, and took Mackintosh himself prisoner. M'Donnel had given strict orders to his men not to kill any of the army; but captain M'Kenzie, who commanded on the other side, making a shot at one of M'Donnel's men who was pursuing his adversary, the man, discharging his pistol at the captain, shot him in the knee, who after having been carried fifty miles to Inverness to a surgeon died of his wound.

Soon after the government ordered me to detach 60 dragoons, with a lieutenant, cornet, and standard, and to march with captain Streighton and 200 of the foot-guards against the M'Donnels; to destroy man, woman, and child, pertaining to the laird of Cappagh, and to burn his houses and corn.[a] Upon the approach of our party M'Donnel laird of Cappagh, dismissing his prisoners, retired farther into the mountains: whereupon we who were sent against him continued to destroy all the houses and corn, from the time of Lammas to the 10th of September; and then we advanced toward the borders to join the Scotch army, which at that time was marching toward England, against the prince of Orange, who then intended an invasion. We arrived there the first of October, after a march of 200 miles.

General Drummond being then dead, James Douglas, brother to the duke of Queensberry, succeeded him as commander-in-chief; and Graham laird of Clavers (about this time created lord Dundee)[b] was major-general. On the first of October the army passed the Tweed, and drew up on the banks on the English side, where the general gave a strict charge to the officers that they should keep their men from offering the least injury in their march, adding, that if he heard any of the English complain, the officers should answer for the faults of their men; and so they arrived at Carlisle that night.

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[a] This execution seems to have taken place in virtue of an order from the council, which passed under the royal seal, and bore the formidable and appropriate title of letters of fire and sword.

[b] Grahame of Claverhouse, better known as viscount of Dundee, was one of the most prominent characters of his age He was brave, skilful, and indefatigable as a commander, but cruel in military execution.

Next day general Douglas, by order from the king, marched the foot by Chester toward London; and Dundee the horse by York, at which city he arrived in four or five days. The army did not reach London till about the 25th of October, being ordered by the contrivance of Douglas the general to march slow, on purpose that the prince of Orange might land before the king's forces should grow strong enough to oppose him.

The Scotch army at this time consisted of four regiments of foot, one of horse, one of dragoons, one troop of horse-guards; and it was computed that the earl of Feversham, who was then general of all the king's forces, had under his command, of English, Scotch, and Irish, an army of near 30,000 men. Soon after the prince's landing the king went to Salisbury with a guard of 200 horse, commanded by the old earl of Airlie, two days before the body of the army came up to him. The earl of Airlie, when he was lord Ogleby, had attended the great marquis of Montrose in all his actions for kings Charles I. and II. But, at this time being old, it was reported that he was dead before the Scotch forces went into England to oppose the prince of Orange; whereupon the king, believing the report, had given his troop in Dundee's regiment to the earl of Annandale. But the earl, having overtaken the army at Cambridge in their march, went on to London, and there presenting himself before the king, his majesty was so just and gracious that he immediately restored his lordship to the troop, ordering him at the same time to command those two hundred men who attended him down to Salisbury.

When all the forces were arrived at Salisbury the earl of Dunmore, with his regiment of dragoons (wherein I served), was ordered to pass three miles below the city, where I commanded the guard that night.

The same morning that the army arrived the great men about the king, as the lord Churchill, &c., to the number of thirty, advised his majesty to take the air on horseback, intending, as the earl of Dunmore was informed, to give up their master to the prince; but the king, probably suspecting their design, returned in haste to the city. Next night, at a council of war called to consult what was fittest to be done in the present juncture of affairs, the very same great men swore to stand by his majesty with their lives and fortunes; and as soon as he was gone to rest, mounting on horseback, they all went over to the prince except the earl of Feversham, Dumbarton, and a very few more: for the earl of Dumbarton going to his majesty for orders at four of the clock in the morning found they were all departed.

Those few who stayed with the king advised his majesty to return immediately to London; and the lord Dundee was ordered to bring up the Scotch horse and dragoons, with the duke of Berwick's regiment of horse, to Reading, where he joined Dumbarton with his forces, and continued there nine or ten days. There were in all about ten thousand strong. General Douglas, with his regiment of foot-guards, passing by Reading lay at Maidenhead; from whence one of his battalions revolted to the prince, under the conduct only of a corporal, whose name was Kemp. However, Douglas assured the king that this defection happened against his will, and yet, when the officers were ready to fire upon the deserters, his compassion was such that he would not permit them.

After this the earl of Dumbarton and the lord Dundee, with all the officers who adhered to the king, were ordered to meet his majesty at Uxbridge, where he designed to fight the prince; the earl of Feversham got thither before the king and the army arrived. When the forces drew together every party sent an officer to the earl of Feversham to receive his commands. I attended his lordship for my lord Dundee, and was ordered with the rest to wait till the king came to dinner, his majesty being expected within half an hour; but it fell out otherwise; for the earl, to his great surprise, received a letter from the king signifying that his majesty was gone off and had no further service for the army. When I carried this news to my lord Dundee, neither his lordship nor the lords Linlithgow and Dunmore could forbear falling into tears; after which, being at a loss what course to take, I said to my lord Dundee that as he had brought us out of Scotland he should convey us thither back again in a body; adding that the forces might lie that night at Watford, six miles off; my advice was followed, and I went before to get billets where to quarter the men. My lord Dundee ordered all to be ready at sound of trumpet, and to unbridle their horses no longer than while they were eating their oats. The townsmen contrived to give out a report before day that the prince of Orange was approaching, hoping to affright us away with a false alarm; whereupon we marched out, but at the same time drew up in a strong enclosure at the town's end, resolving to fight the prince if he should advance toward us. My lord Dundee despatched me immediately to discover whether the report of the prince's approach were true; but I only met a messenger with a letter from his highness to my lord Dundee, which I received and delivered to his lordship. The contents of it, as far as I am able to recollect, were as follow:—

"My lord Dundee,—I understand you are now at Watford, and that you keep your men together; I desire you may stay there till further orders; and upon my honour none in my army shall touch you.
"W. H. Prince of Orange."

Upon the receipt of this letter our forces returned into the town, set up their horses, and refreshed themselves. About three in the afternoon there came intelligence that the king would be at Whitehall that night, having returned from Feversham, whither he had fled in disguise, and was ill treated by the rabble before they discovered him. Upon this incident the lords Dundee,[a] Dunmore, Linlithgow, and myself, who desired leave to go with my colonel, took horse, and arriving at Whitehall a little after the king had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand.

The next morning the earl of Feversham was sent by the king with some proposals to the prince of Orange, who was then at Windsor, where his lordship was put in arrest by the prince's command, who sent the marquis of Halifax, the earl of Shrewsbury, and the lord Delamere (if I rightly remember), to the king, with his highness's order that his majesty should remove from Whitehall next day before twelve o'clock. This order was given about one in the morning; at the same time a barge was brought to Whitehall, and a Dutch guard set about the king without his knowledge, but with directions to see him safe if he had a mind to go on board any ship in order to his escape. A ship it seems was likewise prepared, and his majesty, attended by the lords Dunmore, Arran, and Middleton, went on board; and then the three lords returned to London.—The

[a] He advised the king to three things; one was to fight the prince; another to go to him in person and demand his business; and the third, to make his way into Scotland.

prince arrived at St. James's about two hours after his majesty's departure; and the earl of Arran went, among the rest, to attend his highness, to whom being introduced, he told the prince that the king his master had commanded him upon his departure to wait upon his highness and receive his commands. The prince replied he was glad to see him, and had an esteem for him and all men of honour. Then turning aside to some other persons who were making their court, Dr. Burnet, soon after made bishop of Salisbury, who had been the earl of Arran's governor, coming up to his lordship, cried "Ay, my lord Arran, you are now come in, and think to make a merit when the work is done." To this insult the earl in the hearing of many replied only, "Come, doctor, we ken ane another weel enough." And the earl's own father told the prince that if this young fellow were not secured he would perhaps give his highness some trouble. Whereupon this noble young lord was sent to the Tower, where he continued about a year, and then returned to Scotland; and soon after the young lord Forbes, now earl of Granard, was likewise imprisoned in the same place. King William had made several advances to his lordship, as he did to many other persons of quality, to engage him in his service; and sending for him one day, asked him why he did not take care of his regiment? My lord Forbes, not being provided on a sudden with a better answer, told the king that, having been born in Ireland, he had not credit enough he believed to raise men to fill up the places of the papists in his regiment. King William thereupon said he would take that charge upon himself. Lord Forbes, having now recollected himself, said he had likewise another reason why he found it necessary to decline his service, but was unwilling to mention it, not having the least intention to disoblige his highness.—The prince desired that he might do it freely, and it should not disoblige him; whereupon my lord said that, having sworn to retain his loyalty to king James, he could not in honour and conscience, without his master's permission, enter into the service of another prince during his majesty's life. Whereupon king William soon after thought it proper to send him to the Tower, but however was so generous as in the time of his confinement to send one of the clerks of the treasury with an order to pay him 200*l.*, as very reasonably thinking that under the loss of his regiment as well as his rents in Ireland he might want money to support himself. My lord Forbes, having asked the clerk by whose direction he brought that sum, and the other answering that he was only ordered to pay the money to his lordship and to take his receipt, conjectured this present to have proceeded from king William, and therefore desired the clerk to present his most humble respects and thanks to his highness, and to let him know that as he had never done him any service he could not in honour receive any marks of his bounty.

Upon this subject I must add one more particular, that when my lord Forbes arrived with his regiment out of Ireland and attended on king James, he advised his majesty to fight the prince upon the first opportunity after his landing, before his party should grow strong; but those about the king who had already engaged in the other interest would not suffer that advice to be followed.

I now return to my lord Dundee and my lord Dunmore. Their lordships acted no longer as colonels when they understood that the prince intended to place himself on the throne during his majesty's life; but the first, with the twenty-four troopers who followed him up from Watford, left London and repaired with the utmost expedition to his own castle; and the second some time after to Edinburgh, lying both quiet until the convention of the states of Scotland was called.

After their lordships were gone to Scotland I went to Watford, where my lord Kilsyth, as lieutenant-colonel, commanded the lord Dunmore's regiment of dragoons; the rest of the army which had been there being gone to other places. The major-general M'Coy ordered the lord Kilsyth to march the regiment from place to place until they should come to Congerton, a town in Cheshire. Here they quartered when the prince and princess of Orange were proclaimed king and queen of England, &c., by the sheriff and three or four bailiffs. It happened to be a very stormy day; and when the sheriff had done his office, a crackbrained fellow at the head of a great rabble proclaimed the duke of Monmouth king, to the great diversion of the regiment, not believing he had been beheaded.

When my lord Dunmore refused to serve the prince of Orange, sir Thomas Levingston, of my lord Kilsyth's family, got the regiment. This gentleman was born in Holland, and often used to raise recruits in Scotland, upon which account he was well known to the regiment. He came down post to Congerton, and at supper told the officers that he was sent to know which of them would serve king William and which would not? Now the oath of allegiance to that prince having not been offered to that regiment, one of the company answered that we, having sworn allegiance to king James, could not in conscience and honour draw our swords against him; whereupon sir Thomas, drinking a health to king James upon his knees, answered that he wished he might be damned whenever he should command them to break that oath. And in order to ingratiate himself further with the regiment, added that he would return to London next day for a command to march them straight to Scotland, where their wives and friends were; and likewise to procure a captain's commission for me, since sir Adam Blair, who commanded the troop in which I was lieutenant, had refused to serve king William; both which he accordingly obtained.

When he returned from London he marched with the regiment directly through Berwick into Scotland, and as they passed by Edinburgh (the castle whereof was kept for king James by the duke of Gordon), sir Thomas and my lord Kilsyth went into the town to receive duke Hamilton's command, who was then high commissioner; and some other officers went in at the same time to see their wives and friends.

The duke asked sir Thomas where I was, and being informed that I was gone to Stirling, desired I might be sent for. Upon my attending his grace he was pleased to say that he had been always my friend, and that he now had it in his power to provide for me if I would be true to my trust (for he supposed I had taken the oath to king William); and upon my answer that I would be true to what I had sworn the duke replied it was very well.

Upon this occasion, and before I proceed further, I think it will be proper to make some apology for my future conduct, because I am conscious that many people who are in another interest may be apt to think and speak hardly of me; but I desire they would please to consider that the revolution was then an event altogether new, and had put many men much wiser than myself at a loss how to proceed. I had taken the oath of allegiance to king James, and having been bred up in the strictest principles of loyalty, could not force my conscience to dispense with that oath during his majesty's life. All those persons of quality in Scotland to whom I had been most obliged and on whom I chiefly depended did still adhere to that prince. Those people whom from my youth I had been taught to abhor, whom by the commands of my superiors I had constantly treated as rebels, and who consequently conceived an irreconcilable animosity against me, were upon this great change the highest in favour and employments. And lastly, the established religion in Scotland, which was episcopal, under which I had been educated, and to which I had always borne the highest veneration, was now utterly destroyed in that kingdom (although preserved in the other two), and the presbyterian kirk, which had ever been my greatest aversion, exalted in its stead.

Upon all these considerations I hope every candid reader will be so just to believe that, supposing me in an error, I acted at least sincerely and according to the dictates of my conscience, and, as it is manifest, without any worldly view, for I had then considerable offers made me, and in all probability should have been greatly advanced if I could have persuaded myself to accept them.

Having said thus much to excuse my conduct from that time forward, I shall now proceed to relate facts and passages just as they happened, and avoid as much as possible giving any offence.

My lord Dunmore being then at Edinburgh, I thought it my duty to pay my respects to his lordship, who had been also my colonel. He was pleased to invite me to dine with him that day at a tavern, where he said lieutenant-general Douglas (who had left England a little before on some pretence or other), the lord Kilsyth, and captain Murray (all his ain lads, as his lordship expressed himself), were to meet him. I objected against Douglas that he was not to be trusted. This was the same man who afterwards was lieutenant-general of king William's army in Ireland against king James, and whose name will never be forgot in that kingdom on account of his many ravages and barbarities committed there: but his lordship answered that he would pawn his life for his honesty, because my lord Dundee had assured him that the lieutenant-general had given him his faith and honour to be with him in five days if he marched to the hills to declare for king James. Whereupon I submitted my scruples to my colonel's judgment, and accordingly we all met together at the tavern.

Dinner was no sooner done than we heard the news that king James was landed in Ireland; then Douglas, taking a beer-glass and looking round him, said, Gentlemen, we have all eat his bread, and here is his health, which he drank off on his knees, and all the company did the same: then filling another bumper, he drank damnation to all who would ever draw a sword against him,

I then returned to Stirling, and soon after the states of Scotland met. To this convention my lord Dundee went incognito, lest the rabble who had threatened his person should assault him in the streets. He made a speech to the house to the following purpose: "That he came thither as a peer of the realm to serve his majesty, and that, if the king had no service for him, he hoped that honourable assembly would protect him as a peaceable subject from the rage of his enemies."

Upon receiving an answer from the states that they could not possibly do it, he slipped out of the house and privately withdrew from the town, followed by the twenty-four troopers who had attended him thither; and as he rode by the castle, seeing the duke of Gordon who commanded it walking on the walls, he charged his grace to keep the place for king James till he should hear further from him, who was then going, he said, to appear in the field for his majesty.

His lordship had no sooner left the town than one major Bunting with a party, by order from the convention, followed with directions to seize him; whereupon my lord Dundee, commanding his attendants to march on gently, stopped to speak with the major, and understanding his errand advised him to return, or he would send him back to his masters in a pair of blankets, as he expressed himself. The major (who perhaps was no enemy to lordship) returned accordingly, and my lord arrived at his castle, where he stayed only that night, for in the morning, taking 4000*l.* with him, he went into the highlands to sir Owen Cameron, where he was soon joined by the laird of Cappagh, who some time before had been driven out of his estate by order of king James (as I have already related), and by many other gentlemen of quality.

Major-general M'Coy, coming to Edinburgh at this juncture, was ordered to march the forces which he brought with him against my lord Dundee. These forces consisted of three or four regiments of foot and one of horse, besides sir Thomas Levingston's of dragoons. They stopped in their march a night or two at Dundee. The first night I got privately into the castle (as it had been agreed between my lord Kilsyth and me), and there assured my lady Dundee that the regiment of dragoons in which I served should be at her lord's service whenever he pleased to command, whereof her ladyship gave notice next day to her husband, who sent me a note by a ragged Highlander, which I received as we were on our march from the town of Dundee towards the highlands. The contents of my lord's note were, "That he had written to the king to send him 2000 foot and 1000 horse out of Ireland, and that as soon as those forces were arrived he would expect me with a regiment of dragoons."

When major-general M'Coy came within sight of my lord Dundee, night coming on obliged him to halt, which gave opportunity to his lordship to retreat in the morning, but M'Coy followed him all day, whereupon facing about, my lord advanced toward him, which caused the major-general to retreat in his turn. Thus we spent about three weeks, sometimes pursuing and sometimes pursued; our leader M'Coy still writing every post for new supplies; till at last one regiment of dragoons and another of foot came to his assistance on the 5th of June 1689. When this reinforcement came, he got intelligence of my lord Kilsyth's intention and mine of going over with the regiment to my lord Dundee.

All people agreed that lieutenant-general Douglas, who had made so many solemn professions of his loyalty to king James, and whose health he had drunk on his knees, was the very person who had given this intelligence to M'Coy, because he alone knew what had passed at the tavern where we dined, and because, instead of going with Dundee as he had promised him upon his faith and honour, he had rid post for London.

From this period my troubles began, for I was then sent up to Edinburgh, and there imprisoned in the tolbooth together with my lord Kilsyth, captain Levingston, captain Murray, and lieutenant Murray, each of us in a separate dungeon, with orders that none should be permitted to speak with us, except through the keyhole: and in this miserable condition we lay for two months.

My lord Kilsyth's friends were under great apprehensions that I would betray his lordship. But my lord did me the justice to assure them that I would suffer the worst extremity rather than be guilty of so infamous an action, which he said they should find upon any temptation that might offer. When we had been close confined in our dungeons for two months we were brought before the council one by one to be examined concerning our knowledge of my lord Kilsyth's intention to carry off the regiment. Levingston and the two Murrays, having not been privy to that design, were able to discover nothing to his lordship's prejudice, and were likewise gentlemen of too much honour to purchase their liberty with a lie, whereupon they were remanded back to their several dungeons. It was my turn to be next examined, and I was strongly suspected; but notwithstanding my liberty was promised me if I would discover all I knew of the matter, the lord advocate at the same time also urging I must have certainly been privy to it, I positively denied any knowledge of that affair, adding that I believed my lord Kilsyth had never entertained such a design, or if he had that it was altogether improbable his lordship should impart it to me, a poor stranger born in Ireland, and yet keep it a secret from gentlemen of the kingdom in whom he might much better confide. This I still repeated and stood to with great firmness even after I saw the hangman with the torturing boots standing at my back; whereupon I was likewise returned to my dungeon.

The council, although they could force no confession from me or my companions that might affect my lord Kilsyth, on whose estate their hearts were much set, yet resolved to make a sacrifice of some one among us. But the other gentlemen being of their own kindred and country, and I a stranger as well as much hated for persecuting the covenanters (who by the change of the times, measures, and opinions, were now grown into high favour with the government, as I have before mentioned), the lot fell on me, and they gave out a report that I should be hanged within a few days. But a gentleman then in town, one Mr. Buchanan, who held a secret correspondence with my lord Dundee, sent his lordship intelligence of their resolution concerning me.

That lord was then at the castle of Blair of Atholl, and having notice of the danger I was in, wrote a letter to duke Hamilton, president of the council, desiring his grace to inform the board "that if they hanged captain Creichton, or if (to use his own homely expression) they touched a hair of his tail, he would cut the laird of Blair and the laird of Pollock joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the council."

These two gentlemen, having been taken prisoners at St. Johnstown by my lord Dundee, were still kept in confinement. Whereupon the duke, though it was night, called the council, which met immediately, supposing that the business which pressed so much might relate to some express from court. But when the clerk read my lord Dundee's letter they appeared in great confusion; whereupon the duke said, "I fear we dare not touch a hair of Creichton, for ye all know Dundee too well to doubt whether he will be punctual to his word, and the two gentlemen in his hands are too nearly allied to some here that their lives should be endangered on this occasion." What his grace said was very true; for, if I remember right, the laird of Blair had married a daughter of a former duke of Hamilton. The issue of the matter was, that under this perplexity they all cried out, "Let the fellow live a while longer."

Not long after this happened the battle of Gillicranky (or Killikranky), near the castle of Blair of Atholl; where the forces under the lord Dundee, consisting of no more than 1700 foot (all Highlanders, except 300 sent him from Ireland, under the command of colonel Cannon, when he expected 3000 as I have mentioned), and 45 horse, routed an army of 5000 men, with major-general M'Coy at their head, took 1500 prisoners, and killed a great number, among whom colonel Balfour was one. M'Coy escaped, and fled that night twenty-five miles endwise to the castle of Drummond.

But my lord Dundee did not live to see himself victorious; for as he was wheeling about a rock, over the enemy's heads, and making down the brae to attack them (they making a running fire), he was killed by a random shot at the beginning of the action; yet his men discovered not his fall till they had obtained the victory. The next day, though victorious, they suffered their prisoners to depart on parole that they would never take up arms against king James; colonel Fergusson only excepted, on account of his more than ordinary zeal for the new establishment.

King William, having heard of this defeat, said "He knew the lord Dundee so well, that he must have been either killed or mortally wounded; otherwise before that time he would have been master of Edinburgh."

I now desire leave to return to my own affairs. About four months after my examination I was advised in plain words by the dukes of Hamilton and Queensberry, who were then going up to London, that I should bribe Melvil, then secretary of Scotland, with whom their graces likewise would use their interest to get an order from king William for my liberty. But I was so far from having money to bribe a courtier of the secretary's rank that I had hardly enough to support myself. Whereupon my noble friend the lord Kilsyth, who thought himself indebted to my fidelity for his life and fortune, was so extremely generous as to make me a present of 500*l.*, which I immediately sent to Melvil; who, thereupon joining his interest with the good offices of the two dukes before mentioned, prevailed with king William to send down an order upon the receipt of which I was to be set at liberty by the council. But they would not obey it; alleging that the king was misinformed: and out of the abundance of their zeal wrote to him that if captain Creichton should obtain his liberty he would murder all Scotland in one night.

Thus my hope of liberty vanished; for king William, soon after going to Flanders, and not thinking it prudent to discredit the representation which the council had made of me as so very dangerous a person, left me in the tolbooth; though the two dukes, out of their great friendship (which I should be most ungrateful ever to forget), had both offered to answer body for body for my peaceable demeanour. But notwithstanding all this, king William, for the reason before mentioned, left me prisoner in the tolbooth, as I said, where I continued two years and a half longer without one penny of money, though not without many friends whose charity and generosity supported me under this heavy affliction.

My wife and two boys, with as many daughters, were in town all the time of my confinement. The boys died young; but the mother and the two girls lived to endure many hardships, having been twice plundered by the rabble of the little substance they had left: however they and myself were still providentially relieved by some friend or other; and particularly once by the lady Carnwath (mother of the present earl), who, when we had not one penny left to buy bread, sent us up a sack of meal and a basket of fowl sixty miles from Edinburgh.

My fellow-prisoners and I after the time of our examination by the council were allowed for four or five hours every day to converse with each other and with our friends: and when we had been three years in the tolbooth, my companions, being related to the best families in the kingdom, were at last permitted on bail to lodge in the city with a sentry at each of their doors. But I was not allowed the same favour till two months after, when duke Hamilton—still my friend—with much difficulty and strong application to the council obtained it for me; and when the order was at last granted, I was at a great loss to find such a person for my bail whom the council would approve of, till the laird of Pettencrife, a gentleman whom I had never seen before, sent up his name (without any application from me) to the clerk, and was accordingly accepted.

I had not been two months discharged out of the tolbooth, and removed to a private lodging in the town with a sentry upon me, when the government upon some pretence or other filled the castle with a great number of persons of quality; among whom were the lords Kilsyth, Hume, and several others; and the tolbooth again with as many of inferior note as it could hold.

In a week after I had been permitted to live in the city with my family I found the sentry had orders to keep me close, without allowing me to stir from my lodgings upon any pretence whatsoever: but when another regiment came to relieve that which was before upon duty, I bribed him who had been my keeper at his going off that he should tell the first who came in his place that his orders were to walk with me to any part of the town I pleased. This was accordingly done; and thenceforward I used to take my sentry along with me and visit my old fellow-prisoners the Gillycranky-men, and sometimes stay with them all night; at other times my friends would do the same at my lodgings; among whom the lord William Douglas often did me that honour: nay, sometimes in company of some gentlemen, I would leave the sentry drinking with the footmen in an alehouse at the back of the town-wall, while we rambled nine or ten miles into the country to visit some acquaintance or other; still taking care to return before two in the afternoon, which was the hour of parade, to save the sentry from danger.

Thus I spent about two months, till the day the government had filled the castle and the tolbooth again, as I have mentioned already. As soon as I was told of my lord Kilsyth's imprisonment I knew the danger I was in, and had just time to run with the sentry to a cellar, where I found twelve officers got together for shelter likewise from the storm a little before me. We stayed there close till night, and then despatched my sentry with captain Mair's footman to the lady Lockhart's (who was married to the captain), four miles out of town, to let her know that her husband would be at home that night, with twelve other cavaliers (for so in those days we affected to style ourselves), to avoid being imprisoned in the tolbooth.

When the message was delivered the lady ordered three or four of her servants to take the sentry up four pair of stairs and to ply him well with drink. Accordingly they kept him drunk for twelve days and nights together; so that he neither saw me nor I him in all that time. Two days after we came to lady Lockhart's I determined, against her and her friends' advice, to return privately to Edinburgh, to discourse with the laird of Pettencrife, my bail; resolving at all adventures that so generous a person should not be a sufferer on my account. I accordingly repaired in the night to the same alehouse at the back of the town-wall, and thence sent the footman who attended me to bring the laird thither. He presently came with two other gentlemen in his company; and after drinking together for half an hour, he bid me "go whither I pleased, and God's blessing along with me:" whereupon, thrusting me out at the door in a friendly manner, he added that he would pay the hundred pounds he was bound in to the council next morning if demanded of him; which they accordingly did, and the money was paid.

I then returned to the company at my lady Lockhart's, and thence wrote to the two dukes before mentioned for their advice what course to take. Their answer was, "That in regard to my poor family, I should make my escape to my own country, and there set potatoes till I saw better times." At the end of twelve days captain Mair and his eleven friends got over seas to St. Germains; when I likewise took my leave of them and the lady to make the best of my way for Ireland. But I bethought me of the poor sentry (to whom the twelve days we stayed there seemed no longer than two or three, so well was he plied with drink), and calling for him, asked whether he would choose to share with me and my fortunes or go back to the regiment, perhaps to be shot for neglect of his duty? He readily answered that he would go with me whitherever I went: and not long after we came into Ireland I had the good luck to get him made a serjeant of grenadiers in the regiment formerly commanded by my lord Dumbarton, by a captain who was then gone thither for recruits; in which regiment he died a lieutenant some years after.

The lady at parting made me a present of a good horse, with ten dollars to bear my charges on the way; and moreover hired a tenant's horse to carry the sentry to the borders. I durst not be seen to pass through Galloway, and therefore went by Carlisle to Whitehaven. Here I found an acquaintance who was minister of the town, of the name of Marr, a gentleman of great worth and learning. Before the revolution he had been minister of a parish in Scotland near the borders; but about the time of that event the rabble, as he told me the story, came to his house in the night to rob and murder him, having treated others of his brethren the episcopal clergy before in that inhuman manner. He was a single man, and had but one man-servant, whose business was to dress his meat and make his bed; and while the villains were breaking into the house he had just time to put on his breeches, stockings, and shoes, and no more, for by that time they were got in; when he thought it better to leap out at the window but half-clothed as he was than to expose his life to the fury of such whose very mercies might be cruel. Thus he saved his life and made his escape to the English side with only four dollars in his pocket; leaving his goods, house, and parish, as plunder to those saints, who doubtless looked on such as he was as no other than a usurper of what of right pertained to them; pursuant to the maxim "that dominion is founded in grace."

And here I beg leave to relate the treatment which another episcopal clergyman received from that tribe about the same time; his name was Kirkwood, whom I likewise knew before the revolution, minister of a parish in Galloway, in Scotland, and afterward rector in the county of Fermanagh, in Ireland. Among other good qualities this gentleman was a very facetious person; and by his presence of mind in making use of this talent he had the good fortune to save both his life and goods from the fury of those godly men who then thought all things their own. When they broke into the house he was in bed, and sitting up in his shirt desired leave to speak a few words before he died; which (I cannot tell how it happened) they granted, and he spoke to this effect:—"That he had always prayed to God he might die in his bed; adding that he had in his house as good ale and brandy as was in all Scotland; and therefore hoped the worthy gentlemen would do him the honour to drink with him before they did anything rashly."

This facetious speech, which they little expected from him in the article of so much danger as then threatened him, had the luck to divert them from their bloody purpose, and to make them comply with his request; so that after drinking plentifully they said he was a hearty cheel, and left him in quiet possession of his house and goods. But he durst not trust his talent to another trial, lest the next company might not be influenced as this first had been; and therefore as soon as it was day made off with his family and effects in the best manner he could, and rested not until he was safe in Ireland.

I could not forbear relating these stories from the gentlemen's own mouths, as I might do others of the same kind upon my own knowledge, although they are contradictory to what the preachers of the new-established kirk have so confidently given out. They would fain have the world believe that they showed great indulgence to the episcopal clergy at the Revolution and for several years after. But they must grant me and others leave not to believe them; nor ought they to be angry if I give the reader a further idea of them, and of the spirit that reigned in synods, conventions, or general assemblies of their kirk.

During my confinement in the tolbooth a general assembly was called, to which my lord Lothian, as I was informed afterward, was sent commissioner from king William. His lordship's instructions were, to signify to them the king's desire that as many of the episcopal clergy as would take the oath of allegiance to him might keep possession of their several parishes. To this the members answered, in a disdainful manner, "What! shall we suffer any scabbed sheep among us? Na, na, nat ane;" and thereupon sent two of their brethren to king William, who was then in Flanders, to move him for more favours to the kirk and power further to oppress the episcopal clergy. But that prince told them in plain terms that he had been imposed upon in granting to the kirk the favours she had already got; and withal commanded them to let the general assembly know that it was his will and pleasure that they should live peaceably with those who were willing to live so with them; otherwise he would make them know that he was their master.

With this unwelcome answer from king William the two spiritual envoys returned to those who sent them; and at the same time or soon after the prince despatched an order to the commissioner to dissolve the assembly if he found them persisting in their severity toward the episcopal clergy.

As soon as the legates delivered the message all in the assembly began to speak out with the greatest boldness imaginable, saying "That the king durst not have sent them such an answer if he had not an army at his back." Whereupon the commissioner dissolved the synod, and in the king's name commanded all the members to depart to their several homes.

But instead of obeying that order they all went in a body, with that poor weak creature the lord Crawford at their head, to the market-cross: and there published a protestation, declaring that the king had no authority in church affairs nor any right to dissolve their general assembly.

I relate this story as it was told me, not only to give the reader an idea of the spirit that reigned in that kirk established now in Scotland, as I have said, but likewise to do justice to the memory of king William, which may be the more acceptable as coming from one who was in a contrary interest. And indeed I have so good an opinion of that prince as to believe he would have acted much better than he did, with regard to the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland, if he had been permitted to govern by his own opinions.

But now to come to the conclusion of my story. The Hollantide [Feast of All Saints] after I arrived in Ireland, my wife and two daughters followed me; and we settled in the county of Tyrone with my father (who died two years afterward) on a small freehold, where I made a hard shift to maintain them with industry and even manual labour for about twelve years, till my wife died and my daughters were married, which happened not very long after I became a widower.

I am at present in the eighty-third year of my age, still hated by those people who affirm the old covenanters to have been unjustly dealt with, and therefore believe a great number of improbable stories concerning me: as that I was a common murderer of them and their preachers, with many other false and improbable stories. But the reader, I hope, from whom I have not concealed any one transaction or adventure that happened to me among those rebellious people, or misrepresented the least circumstance, as far as my memory could serve me, will judge whether he hath reason to believe me to have been such a person as they represented me, and to hate me as they do upon that account. And my comfort is, that I can appeal from their unjust tribunal to the mercy of God; before whom, by the course of nature, I must soon appear, who knows the integrity of my heart and that my actions (condemned by them) were, as far as my understanding could direct me, meant for the good of the church and the service of my king and country.

And although such people hate me because they give, credit to the false reports raised concerning me, another comfort left me in my old age is that I have constantly preserved (and still do so) the love and esteem of all honest and good men to whom I have had the happiness at any time to be known.

John Creichton.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Written in May, 1689, at the desire of the lord bishop of Ely.

SANCROFT, primate of England, at the Revolution joined with his brethren in resisting the encroachments of James upon liberty and religion.

TRUTH is eternal, and the son of heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high sacred seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light
First of God's darling attributes, [by day;
Thou daily seest him face to face, [stance
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circum-
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance;
How shall we find thee then in dark disputes?
How shall we search thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's swords),
Contrived to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is even thy image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since heaven will claim its residence as well as birth,
And God himself has said, he shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass;
Which all the mimic forms express, [dress;
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye, [light,[a]
And catch the living landscape through a scanty
The figures all inverted show,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie,
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjointing shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what or where it is;
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st,
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend ghost?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue be
(High Truth!) the best resemblance of exalted thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate [Humility,
With those two powerful swords, Submission and
Sounds truly good or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
In the divin'ty of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heav'n-born Truth below;
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Foll'wing opinion, dark and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleased with an empty swelling to be counted great,
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
Rapt through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place;
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
Through many a heedless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journeys take,
Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle, [still;
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
By gazing upward giddy grow,
And think the church itself does so;
Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

V.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
In gath'ring follies from the wise;
Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,
And some kind pow'r for once dispense
Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense,
To make them understand and feel me when I write;
The Muse and I no more revenge desire, [fire;
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like
Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins
(Say, hapless isle, although
It is a bloody list we know)
Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring:
Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous
And every stinking weed so lofty grows, [weeds,
As if 'twould overshade the royal rose;
The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
But, ah! too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill-govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
In the pollution of these days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas, the occasions are so few:
None e'er but you
And your Almighty Master knew

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[a] The experiment of the dark chamber, to demonstrate light to be by reception of the object and not by emission.

With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of pop'lar rage,
And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
The Son of God pronounced by the same breath
Which straight pronounced his death;
And though I should but ill be understood,
In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance make use),
And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
With endless and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of the Jews,
That those forsaken wretches who to-day
Revile his great ambassador,
Seem to discover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wond'rous
Though very turbulent and very loud; [proud,
The crazy composition shows,
Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
Made up of iron mix'd with clay,
This crumbles into dust,
That moulders into rust,
Or melts by the first shower away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
And those, alas, do show,
Like all transcendent excellence below;
In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high
To be observed by vulgar eye,
And rolls the silent year
On his own secret regular sphere, [here.
And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear; [here,
For sure we want some guide from heaven to show
The way which every wand'ring fool below
Pretends so perfectly to know;
And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miss'd;
I mean the way which leads to Christ:
Mistaken idiots! see how giddily they run,
Led blindly on by avarice and pride;
What mighty numbers follow them,
Each fond of erring with his guide:
Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high
In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem: [Son
Others, ignorantly wise,
Among proud doctors and disputing Pharisees:
What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
Their faith was so uncourtly, when they said
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born
That the world's Saviour had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
To mend dilapidations in the last? [prince,
And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty
Thinks Heaven has cancell'd all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good;
And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
Of a declining church, by faction, her worst foe,
Finding the mitre almost grown [oppress'd,
A load as heavy as the crown,
Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah! may no unkind earthquake of the state,
Nor hurricano from the crown, [late,
Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of
Which, in its dusky march along the plain,
Swept up whole churches as it list,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
Such were the storms good Sancroft long has borne;
The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
Was, like his master's crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
The bitter cup is from him pass'd:
Fortune in both extremes
Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;
And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen
Confesses ignorance to judge between;
And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide
Why should the sun, alas! be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud? [so gay,
Though fringed with evening gold the cloud appears
'Tis but a low-born vapour kindled by a ray:
At length 'tis overblown and past,
Puff'd by the people's spiteful blast,
The dazzling glory dims their prostituted sight,
No deflower'd eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From strength of its own native seed, [old,
This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
For, whate'er theologic lev'llers dream,
There are degrees above, I know,
As well as here below,
(The goddess Muse herself has told me so,)
Where high patrician souls, dress'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day. [given,
There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be
In the metropolis of Heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
Either our blindness or our fate,
To lose the providence of thy cares
Pity a miserable church's tears,
That begs the powerful blessing of thy pray'rs.
Some angel, say, what were the nation's crimes,
That sent these wild reformers to our times;
Say what their senseless malice meant,

To tear religion's lovely face;
Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace,
In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint?
Religion now does on her deathbed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same:
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death and gain!—
Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of this outcast age
Provoke the honour of my Muse's rage,
Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd—

(The rest of the poem is lost.)

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-park in June, 1689.

I.

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Deposed from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For learning's mighty treasures look
Into that deep grave, a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she died;
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priest, her train, and followers, show,
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility.
And sick with dregs and knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay, doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy),
Who learn'd himself that heresy first
(Which since has seized on all the rest),
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scaped this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learned, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compared to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War, that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss or victory a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipp'd in blood, nor widow's tears, nor orphan's cries.
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire, the lightning plays;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shafts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly),
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow and how gross the cheat!
Look where the pulley's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scared at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little mouse, and mocks their idle fears

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite:
Till, at last, tired with loss of time and ease,
Resolved to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, beloved Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go, publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain;
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
Thy Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led,
To the loved pastures where he used to feed,
Runs violent o'er his usual course.
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-loved streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town;
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen,
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierced by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upward fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your nobler pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fate:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade:
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's galleys tied:
In vain I strive to cross the spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar;
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again;
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy:
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow:
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth),
By an equivocal birth,
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

THE recovery of this Ode was owing to the exertions of M Nichol. (See his select collection of poems, 1778.)

To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which what is bravely won does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amazed, thy action at the Boyne we see!
When Schomberg started at the vast design:

The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm ;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply
To interrupt the fortune of your course :
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds that must all tongues employ ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.[a]

Moor-park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat ;
That mountain which was highest first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight ;
And 'twas, perhaps, Parnassus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heaven as is its name ;
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,
At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings, and flies away ;
And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,
On the high top of peaceful Ararat ; [that grew,
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first
The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain),
And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.[b]
And the Dove-Muse is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war,)
And now discovers from afar
A peaceful and a flourishing shore :
No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune ruled erewhile, [crown'd,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens
And many a pleasant wood ;
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd :
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
Preserved by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Famed Delos did of old ;
And the transported Muse imagined it
To be a fitter birthplace for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd-of oracular grove
When, with amazing joy, she hears
An unknown music all around,
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love ;
While angels tune the voice, and God inspires the
In vain she catches at the empty sound, [tongue.
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen ;
Forgive a young and almost virgin Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forced to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye :
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence ;
Impertinence ! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natured and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit, that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise.
And our good brethren of the surly sect,
Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools :
For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade ; [made
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
From us, the blind and thoughtless crowd,
Like the famed hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh, perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me

IV.

But censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and
good,
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade :
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer ;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale.
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage,
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,

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[a] "I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden."—JOHNSON.

[b] The Ode I writ to the king in Ireland.—SWIFT.

Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or anything at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms justling in a heap:
Which, from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun
They're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfied to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
Is wonderfully moved by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye,)
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the famed Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienced glories wait)
Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is, perhaps, as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the sight,
I would not draw the idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days:
These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,
Enthroned with heavenly Wit!
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due:
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly, slippery god, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you, to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a god himself to help him out.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools and madmen's hands than sages',
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restored her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dress'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part,
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!

For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be)!
Have even increased their pride and cruelty
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us;
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus.
Well—though you've raised her to this high degree,
Ourselves are raised as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve this nobler work, most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth;
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet shall the traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign:
And to all future mankind show
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

Written in November, 1693.

Thrice, with a prophet's voice and prophet's power,
The muse was called in a poetic hour,
And insolently thrice the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then, with that grief we form in spirits divine
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine.
Once highly honoured! false is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence!
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungenerous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and loved, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the muse you send,
Like a cast mistress, to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practise such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms, of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
Thus did the muse severe unkindly blame
This offering long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no power beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf, unpassable betwixt.
Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Softening the Muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight.
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.
Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage:
For never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gain those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.
Yet want your critics no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its partent beam,
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,

Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light
Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since,
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies:
For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaux
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the critics, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worshipp'd cats and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.
Last year a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts;
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote,
Last just as long as ev'ry cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools, are used by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed:
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named every player on his fingers' ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bays;
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.
Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rend'ring shades things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favours that he never got;
Of which whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find
But thanks his stars that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To every lewd pretender of the town.
Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll be my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.
Perish the Muse's hour thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;
In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private Muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her inn'cent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet!
Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave:
'Tis the world's wat'ry hour-glass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors' footsteps still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes: you are all malicious standers-by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse and I.
Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant,
Take this short lesson from the god of bays,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
But give the vigorous fancy room.
For when, like stupid alchemists you try
To fix this nimble god,
This volatile mercury,
The subtile spirit all flies up in fume;
Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than a fade, insipid mixture left behind.[a]
While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The Muse like some bright country virgin shows
Fall'n by mishap among a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep;
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chattering throng,
To think what cattle she is got among;

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[a] Out of an ode I writ, inscribed "The Poet." The rest of it is lost.—*Original.*

But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid.[a]
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.
In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind;
Nought it contains is common or unclean,
And, once drawn up, is ne'er let down again

OCCASIONED BY

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S

ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

Written in December, 1693.

Strange to conceive how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time Deduction's broken chain
Meets and salutes her sister link again;
Or haunted Fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead Imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her sun;
Or loves the Muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:—
Be what it will; late near yon whisp'ring stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme;
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up Nature's tears,
Still every tree the pendent sorrow wears;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting woe.
As when, to scare th' ungrateful or the proud,
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the blest sun, to give kind dawn of grace,
Darts weeping beams across heaven's watery face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown:
Such to unhallow'd sight the Muse divine
Might seem when first she raised her eyes to mine.
What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listen while the Muse thus teaches thee to sing:
As parent earth, burst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea,[b] peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.
You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face:[c]
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.
And if so black the cloud that heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be seen?
Thus when Dorinda wept, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day;
So nature's crazed convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead.
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse:
Ah, favourite youth, how happy is thy lot!
But I'm deceived, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.
Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these!
Malignant goddess! bane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspirest I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fools' commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
Th' appeal of dulness in the last resort:
Heaven, with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor-blaze about me shine,
And, passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scattering loose features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poet's eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,
Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes:
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapour, like thy sister Fame.
But if thou be'st what thy mad votaries prate,
A female power, loose govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou stay,
So highly courted by the brisk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assigned for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which, bow'd by evening breeze, with bending stalks
Salutes the weary trav'ller as he walks;
But o'er the afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad scythe, and tramples on his face.
Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrow'd as he mows:
See, Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year:

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[a] Would not one imagine that Swift had at this time already conceived his idea of the Yahoos?

[b] Sister to sir William Temple.

[c] Lady Temple, a very accomplished woman

Since hope, his last and greatest foe, is fled,
Despair and he lodge ever in its stead;
March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scatt'ring desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great:
"Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale:
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem—"
Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary power;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Exposed to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint;"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes" —
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
To think that your brain's issue is
Exposed to th' excrement of his,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book and such a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION. 1700.

To their excellencies the lords justices of Ireland,[a]
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in lady Betty's[b] chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which God knows is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd;
Then the bell rung and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And God knows I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So when I came up again I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?"—"Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and covered me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought that I went and searched the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's[a] box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle,[b] and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadgar[c] came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," says she, "my lord Colway's[d] folks are all very sad;
For my lord Dromedary[e] comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary,[f] says he, "I have been a servant this five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,[g] "I remember when I was at my lord Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of *gooseberries*."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now you must know of all things in the world I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slily about:
"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happened out:

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[a] The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.
[b] Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain.

[a] Wife to one of the footmen.
[b] The earl of Berkeley's valet.
[c] The old deaf housekeeper.
[d] Galway.
[e] The earl of Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to succeed the two earls then lords justices of Ireland.
[f] Clerk of the kitchen.
[g] Ferris; termed in his journal a scoundrel dog.

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;[a]
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now Mrs. Dukes you know, and everybody understands,
That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she (blessing herself), "if ever I saw't!"
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:
"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN[b] will be here anon."
So the chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*," said I, "can you cast a *nativity* when a body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know he hates to be called *parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says,[c] d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my lord call'd me: "Harry,"[d] said my lord, "don't cry;
I'll give you something toward thy loss:" "And," says my lady, "so will I."
"Oh! but," said I, "what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to?"
For that, he said (an't please your excellencies), I must petition you,
The premises tenderly considered, I desire your excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And over and above, that I may have your excellencies' letter,
With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC

Written at the castle of Dublin, 1699.

My lord,[a] to find out who must deal,
  Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
  To find the doctor out.
But then his honour cried, Gadzooks!
  And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
  But h' thinks upon Jack How.[b]
My lady, though she is no player,
  Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedged in corner of a chair,
  Takes snuff and holds the stakes.
Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
  For pair royals and sequents;
But wisely cautious of her pence,
  The castle seldom frequents.
Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
  I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
  And could pick up a third.
But Weston has a new-cast gown
  On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
  'Twill just new dye the lining.
"With these is parson Swift,
  Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
  To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD.

To the tune of the Cutpurse.[c] Written in August, 1702.

I.

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
  A friar would need show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
  Because he could find no word to come pat in;
    Then all in the place
    He left a void space,
  And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold, the next morning, a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely filled up in the middle.
  Cho. Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
  Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement;
  For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
That he came through the keyhole, or in at the casement;
  And it needs must be one that could both read and write;
    Yet he did not know
    If it were friend or foe,
  Or whether it came from above or below;
Howe'er, it was civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
  Cho. Let censuring, &c.

III.

Even so master Doctor had puzzled his brains
  In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
  When he found a new help from invisible hand.

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[a] A usual saying of hers.
[b] Swift.
[c] Dr. Bolton, one of the chaplains.
[d] A cant word of lord and lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris.

[a] The earl of Berkeley.
[b] Paymaster to the army.
[c] Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza, which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it. —Swift.

Then, good doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. Let censuring, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

The following lines probably had some share in determining the earl to get rid of so untractable a dependent, by gratifying him with a living.

When wise lord Berkeley first came here,
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipp'd a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush[b] with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster.[c]
With head reclining on his shoulder
He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Asks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my lord and Bush
Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good king Phyz and good king Ush,[d]
While all the rest stood gaping round.
At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanced on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute:
To learn what northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd or fall of coin;
For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
Disguised in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleased, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our listener stood awhile confused,
But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enraged to see the world abused,
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM.

"That my lord Berkeley stinks when he is in love."

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink!
The ladies vow and swear they'll try
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws;
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings who in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—
Beside all this, deep scholars know
That the main string of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t—;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathise with human a—.
Thus, when you feel a hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—.
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before and some behind.
My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the back way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f—d first, and then he spoke.
The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink! by G—d, you lie,
Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear;
Let's not fall out; we all had share;
And by the most I can discover,
My lord's a universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER

1705.

[From Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67, lib. xxix. c. 4.]

At the siege of Namur lord Cutts commanded and headed a storming party, and displayed such cool intrepidity that he was complimented with the name of the Salamander, as if the scene of flame and terror had been his proper element.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar;*
As pies and daws are often styled
With christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit:

---

[a] To Ireland as one of the lords justices.

[b] Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary, which had been promised to Swift.

[c] Always taken before my lord went to council.

[d] See The Rehearsal

For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name?*
But e'er since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump?*
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a *Salamander*.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judged by standers-by.
First, then, our author has defined
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has raised a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then, look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Further, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or love, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Carleton cheap, or famed Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects,
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the salamander's spew;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each bystander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Who commanded the British forces in Spain.

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette a-la-main,
This day's arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strewn,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

The queen has lately lost a part
Of her entirely-English[a] heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with Scotch
Bless'd revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal,
A vessel with a double keel:
Which just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD;

Or, the receipt to form a beauty, 1708.

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition Floyd.

THE REVERSE

(to swift's verses on biddy floyd);

OR MRS. CLUDD.

Venus one day, as story goes,
But for what reason no man knows,

---

[a] The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudged it away to Jove's high court;
And there his godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhorr'd by man and every god.
Jove, ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refused a lady's prayer,
Straight oped 'scrutoire, and forth he took
A neatly bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarce had he turn'd a page or two,—
It might be more, for aught I knew;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no squares, I guess;—
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews;
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide
A clumsy air and awkward pride;
From lady's toilet next he brought
Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.
These Jove put in an old close-stool,
And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
  But now came on his greatest care,
Of what he should his paste prepare;
For common clay or finer mould
Was much too good such stuff to hold.
At last he wisely thought on mud;
So raised it up, and call'd it—*Cludd.*
With this, the lady, well content,
Low curtsied, and away she went.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH,[a]

Under her name of Ardelia.

Phœbus, now shortening every shade,
  Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid
  Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
  Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenced his head with his own bays
  Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
  From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
  Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
  But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
  Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was resolved upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
  "Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow obliged, by passion led,
  The god could not refuse her prayer:
He waved his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
  But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude,*
  Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
  But made his leg and went away.

He hoped to find some lucky hour,
  When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
  For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
  "Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And though I can't my gift revoke,
  I'll disappoint its nobler part.

"Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
  And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
  May'st thou despise a poet's name!

"Of modest poets be thou first;
  To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
  Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

"And last, my vengeance to complete,
  May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
  A Whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt, 1705.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power;
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observed they grew a numerous race;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil, therefore, to prevent,
He wisely changed their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there:
And 'tis conceived their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
  Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.

---

[a] Afterwards countess of Winchelsea.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald[a] and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cried, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smiled, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolved to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies,
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, "a *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest;
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienced bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second hand,)
Now move, and now in order stand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit—
And first the prologue built a wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produced no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanced, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place, not decent here to name.
Now, poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:—
"Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail;
Or harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contrived, though thou art small;
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;
So chemists boast they have a power
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

1708.

When mother Cludd had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How miss pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smiled,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observed them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admired, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolved a house to build:
A real house, with rooms and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the Second:
No wonder, since wise authors show
That best foundations must be low;

---

[a] Sir John Vanbrugh, then Clarencieux king of arms.

And now the duke has lately ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mousetrap-man chief engineer.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET.

1706.

Imitated from the eighth book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What ar't?"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews:
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smoked his pipe and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"

Found his head filled with many a system;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace.
"Plain goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so prim,
And she admired as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out—
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"—
"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short they both were turn'd to yews.
Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A GRUB-STREET ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE ALMANAC-MAKER. 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead! nay more, he died
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling[a] and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.
A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes:
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.
Besides, that slow-paced sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade and call'd it *Boots!*[a]
The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes.
Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts;
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill he Mars could join
To Venus, in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.
Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by p—g out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.
Though, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull would lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and sit[b] astride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the signs will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;

---

[a] Partridge was a cobbler.—SWIFT.

[a] See his almanac.—SWIFT.

[b] "Tibi brachia contrahit ingens Scorpius," &c.

Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

Seven and ten, addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne,
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chyftan,[a] woe the morne,
To Fraunce, that evere he was born.
Then shall the fyshe[b] beweyle his bosse:
Nor shall grin Berrys[c] make up the losse.
Young Symnele[d] shall again miscarrye;
And Norway's pryd[e] again shall marrye.
And from the tree where blosums feele,
Ripe fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce honde in honde,[f]
And it shall be merrye in olde Inglonde;
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon[g] shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge[h] makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

Written in April, 1709; and first printed in the Tatler.

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet; [street.
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in October, 1710; and first printed in the Tatler.

Careful observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairman bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.
  Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odour seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Sepulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill-ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweeping from butchers' stalls dung, guts, and blood;
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the
flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

Whoever pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire
The grey old fellow, poet Joe,[a]
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground:
For by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

---

[a] Duke of Marlborough.
[b] The Dauphin.
[c] Duke of Berry.
[d] The young pretender.
[e] Queen Anne.
[f] By the Union.
[g] A king of Spain, slain by Hercules.
[h] The archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.

[a] Mr. Beaumont of Trim, remarkable for venerable white locks.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling got a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar Walls.[a]
The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out:
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton[b] took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson [Stella] gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it;
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond[c] guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale,
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy,[d] I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apronful of bricks.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

First printed in the Tatler.

Scene, the Royal Exchange.

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away,
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS.

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

Cor. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red-herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn-road:
Fleet-street, transform'd, become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit and the St. James's beau
Shall change their quarters and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the groom porter's, that play off his plum.

Phil. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I dose at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are pass'd,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Exposed in vain my glossy ribbons shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

Cor. Hard fate of virtue thus to be distress'd,
Thou fairest of thy trade and far the best;
As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in park above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

Phil. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

Cor. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

Phil. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she and fifty more
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be placed,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

Cor. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

Phil. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

Cor. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall and bars resound;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

1713.

Among the members who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The god of wit, and light, and arts,
With all acquired and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.

---

[a] Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

[b] Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

[c] Minister of Trim.

[d] The waiting-woman.

Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew;
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light;
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet in love success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd
I fancied every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud
(As folks are insolent and vain),
Madly aspired to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupified them all to stocks.
The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purified her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combined,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude and when coquette;
Yet wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

PHYLLIS;

OR THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 17 3.

Desponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practised how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
Old madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honour'd father—these—"
('Tis always done, romances tell us
When daughters run away with fellows),
Fill'd with the choicest common places,
By others used in the like cases,—
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do it if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
One argument she summ'd up all in,
The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favour when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;

The loving couple well bemired;
The horse and both the riders tired:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventured out with him;
John wished that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befell them,
The Muse has now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage vows,
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

Addressed to archbishop King. 1718.

Virtue conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred presence awed;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine.
The man who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life, his country or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

The rev. Patrick Delany, an excellent and learned divine, had been patronised by sir Constantine Phipps, chancellor of Ireland under Harley's administration.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Placed you in life too far behind:
Or, what I should repine at more,
Placed me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose;
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceived, though not defined;
For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight,
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild.
Only by affectation spoil'd;
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel;
Voiture in various lights displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.
But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place;
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refined,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
To show their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed!
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to repartee.
If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke;
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If named with scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teazed
That came together to be pleased;
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend [Sheridan] of yours and mine;
Who neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame;

For though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him like you observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER;

Who died the 6th of July, 1720.

Swift, with some of his usual party, happened to be in Mr. Sheridan's, in Capel-street, when the news of Demar's death was brought to them; and the elegy was the joint composition of the company.

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets and wore a threadbare cloak;
He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
He used them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forced to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half the kingdom bought
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh London Tavern! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
"But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light,
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise:
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT,

ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you by this rule must adore all mankind.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves should be treated.
In the days of good John,[a] if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
O Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request!
Put both deans in one; or if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the deans make the deanery double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW [b]

A bard, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he owed,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house:
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear most of th' expense;
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720.

Right trusty, and so forth—we let you to know
We are very ill used by you mortals below.
For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That since I was born I hardly have spied it.
Then it must be allow'd that whenever I shine
I forward the grass and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals those curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.

---

[a] Dr. Sterne, the predecessor of Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, bishop of Clogher, distinguished for his hospitality.

[b] Written by Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,—
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came,
With a certain false trait'ress, one Stella by name,
To the deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously write,
While Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister has lately deposed upon oath,
That she stopp'd in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey:
And by the description, I certainly know
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appear'd reversed through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were placed right again;
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess'd that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person, whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan-street and College-green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown,
The reason is plain,—they are none of his own;
And observe while you live that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought he will certainly steal it,
And when he has got it find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcribed it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well I ne'er gave a refusal
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend:
I studied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolved the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conscience he deals with old Nick,)
And from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my sight just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now whereas the sad criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany has dared, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture in shape of the spleen
To prey on his liver but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And under the pain of our highest displeasure
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much avenged already by time.
In return to her scorn I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases.
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives till she's grey as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

Occasioned by "Apollo to the dean." 1720.

Parnassus, February the twenty-seventh.
The poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Convened by Apollo, who gave them to know
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declared that no bard should this honour inherit
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit:
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believed he'd a right to the place;
So, finding the assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate.
'Twas urged to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determined that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
  First, one who believed he excell'd in translation[a]
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration:
"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the convention will quickly agree."—
"Agree!" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?
Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
Begone, sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,
And given in return neither reason nor rhyme.'
To the next says the god, "Though now I won't choose you,
I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
Love's goddess has oft to her parents complain'd
Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
That at my instigation a poem you writ,
Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment and wit;
That to make you a laureat I gave the first voice,
Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
The goddess of beauty what god can deny?
She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
Appease the fair goddess: you then may rise higher."
  The next[b] that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they owe him;
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The patriot, whose merits they would not reward:
The god, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,—
"You were sent by Astræa her envoy to France:
You bend your ambition to rise in the state;
I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
  Then a bard who had been a successful translator,[c]
"The convention allows me a versificator."

---

[a] Dr. Trapp.
[b] Mr. Prior.
[c] Mr. Pope was here meant.

Says Apollo, "You mention the least of your merit;
By your works it appears you have much of my spirit.
I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
The greatest objection against you's your youth;
Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
If you live you shall certainly one day preside."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
"'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the streets."[a]
"You taught them to walk! why, they knew it before;
But give me the bard that can teach them to soar.
Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
Who lately attempted my style with success;
Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit:
Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;
Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
But excels even Virgil in elegant praise:
Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
Though none with more ease their depths can explore,
Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store;
Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
In scorning to borrow from any but me:
It is owing to this that like Cynthia, his lays
Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This said, the whole audience soon found out his drift:
The convention was summon'd in favour of SWIFT.

APOLLO'S EDICT.

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS."

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there:
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the cameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies;
For who can hope to place one there
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet if his name you'd eternise,
And must exalt him to the skies,
Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourned his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon days;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With women compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam
Whom fate has amply blest at home?
Unerring Heaven with bounteous hand
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

Translated almost literally out of the original Irish. 1720.

O'ROURKE, a powerful chieftain at Ulster in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was induced to make a visit to the court of that sovereign; and in order to take leave of his neighbours with becoming splendour, he assembled them in the great hall of his castle, which was situated in the county of Leitrim.

O'ROURKE's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
A hundred at least,
And a madder[a] our cup.

O there is the sport!
We rise with the light
In disorderly sort,
From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher,[b]
Why then, fare them well,
The de'el take the searcher.

Come, harper, strike up;
But first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this hath some savour.

---

[a] Mr. Gay; alluding to his "Trivia."

[a] A wooden vessel.

[b] A covering of linen, worn on the heads of the women.

O'Rourke's jolly boys
Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, roused by the noise
And musical clatter,

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry,
They rise ready dress'd,
Without one Ave-Mary.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
Laughlin O'Enagin![a]
By my hand,[b] you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin.[c]

Bring straw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a Yean.[d]

Good lord! what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least
The length of their skeans.[e]

What stabs and what cuts,
What clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks!

With cudgels of oak,
Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
And Carrick Drumrusk:

The earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother.[f]

Ask that of old madam:
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—se.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frouzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different site,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had changed their ground

The black, which would not be confined,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex;
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and Lusitanian [Portugal] dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings;
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere;
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister star;
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

---

[a] The name of an Irishman.

[b] An Irish oath.

[c] The name of an Irishwoman.

[d] Surname of an Irishwoman.

[e] Daggers or short swords.

[f] It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses foster-mothers, their husbands foster-fathers, and their children foster-brothers or foster-sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge[a] wisely shows the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury,[a] in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed[b] can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye powers who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supplied,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool!
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground and upwards springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case.
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper.
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.—VIRG.

When the deluded people of England awoke from their golden dream of South-Sea wealth, their wrath rose to the brim against the directors by whom that ruinous project had been conducted.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropp'd into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight:
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round!
A coach-and-six, and served in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the southern waves,
Dipp'd over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove:
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red-Sea shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

---

[a] Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.
[b] John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer-royal, died in 1719, aged 73.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stored;
But if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high they come between,
Making by secondhand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night,
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose and stopp'd the light
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
Cries out a sage among the crowd;
An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus, by directors we are told,
"Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and see how thick it lies:

"We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin."—
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind
Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more
Shown through a multiplying-glass,
Than what it always did before,—

So cast it in the Southern seas,
Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
Shall sink and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell—
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies
Without a pilot, seldom knows
The time it falls or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"[a]Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men."

Meantime, secure on Garraway[b] cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For where directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace roofs and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

[a] Psalm cvii.

[b] A coffeehouse in 'Change alley.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tamed another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors!—for 'tis you I warn,—
By long experience we have found
What planet ruled when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
Driven from the South Sea to the Red!

May He, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor and sinks the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the crowd!"

But never shall our isle have rest
Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possess'd)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et altè
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulacrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

EPIGRAM.

Great folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. Elrington. 1721.

Great cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom;
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
Provoked, in loud complaints to you they cry;
Ladies, relieve the weavers, or they die!
Forsake your silks for stuffs, nor think it strange
To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
See, I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff,
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough;
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
And if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds;
Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds;
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclined—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reason to conclude
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes;
Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.
How sweet and innocent's the country maid,
With small expense in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her, in wool,
How much more lovely and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove!
While wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We'll all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE

TO A BENEFIT-PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. Griffith.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage;
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace[a] a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely give a day—
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learn it not at sermons or at prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends
(To own the truth), we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
We'll dress in manufactures made at home;
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb.[b]
We'll ring for Meath-street Egypt's haughty queen,
And Antony shall court her in ratteen.
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid.
In drugget dress'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amid his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fired with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolved this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the court.
O! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see the play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse kings;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:

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[a] Archbishop King.
[b] A street famous for woollen manufactures.

And next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits:
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a-page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twentypence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit than in the player's dressing.

ANSWER TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE,

IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY DR. DELANY.

Fœmineo generi tribuantur.

The Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictured maids;
Far above mortal dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in concert rhyme, and huff
And fret these Muses with their playhouse stuff?
The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.
The cotton-plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injured plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such wool-gathering sonnetteers as these?
Hence, then, ye homespun witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid,
Shall the wide hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapp'd in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be flower'd as well as they?
In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintz diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!
"But where," say they, "shall we bestow these weavers,
That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers?"
The silkworms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay too much for what they give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.,
Father of the earl of Belvidere.

BY DR. DELANY.

'Tis so old and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain in't;
'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease in't,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in't;
'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
And poor lady Betty[a] has scarce room to dress in't;
'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't,
And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in't;
'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet so stanch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you're forced every year in some part to renew it;
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
'Tis so stanch and so crazy, so strong and so brittle,
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

AND PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

Thalia, tell in sober lays,
How George,[b] Nim,[c] Dan[d], dean,[e] pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse! First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious,
Go to the dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten my lady comes and hectors
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us, down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimseys drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn:
O'ersees the work, or Dragon[f] rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling;[g]
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end;
My lord[h] and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought and dinner's done;
With "church and king" the ladies gone:
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to doze away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hamond—
While George and dean go to backgammon.

---

[a] Daughter of the earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, esq.

[b] Mr. Rochfort.

[c] His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was called Nimrod.

[d] Rev. Daniel Jackson. [e] Dr. Swift.

[f] A small boat so called.

[g] The dean has been censured on an idle supposition of this passage being an allusion to the day of judgment.

[h] Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief-baron of the exchequer in Ireland.

George, Nim, and dean, set out at four,
And then again boys to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out and he a-bed,)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam [the butler] lighted, walk up stairs.
The weary dean goes to his chamber,
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls and all is done.
I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset,
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the dragon;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And saved his oar, but lost his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex:
I might have told how oft dean Perceval
Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
But now there needs no more be said on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all her secrets of housekeeping;
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale and raise her paste;
Tells everything that you can think of,—
How she cured Charley of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
How jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of lord-chief baron;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all Whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every syllable is true:
And since he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the czar;
"Why, Muscovy is not so far;
Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
And in a month he's at your gates;
Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tamed, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arrived Clem and his wife—
This grand event has broke our measures;
Their reign began with cruel siezures;
The dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie;
Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
(My lady says, she can't afford one,)
George is half scared out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsyturvy;
They talk of further alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL. 1722.

[The duke of Marlborough.]

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe
Believe me, sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet in this narrow compass we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;

But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's entered by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And once a year a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS

AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enraged god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant?
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me tell that subject of mine
I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES.

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI.

Scripsit Jun. Ann. Dom 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice-summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.
Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.
Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt.
Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amid the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Prone on the wave the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound
The dreadful murmurs heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves:
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, [hurl'd;
To crush Earth's rebel sons beneath the load.
Oft too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Presents an orifice on either side—
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the god of day;
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.
But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without control,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride and blasts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks, [shocks
Now pale with terror while the ocean foams
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
The goats, while, pendent from the mountain-top,
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

COPY OF THE BIRTHDAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.[a]

COME, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whispering, charged me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or if at last I needs must blab it
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,

---

[a] Dr. Swift had been used to celebrate the birthday of his friend Charles Ford, esq., which was on the 1st of January.

I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;
And every belle that since arose,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champagne.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot;
For true or false they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun or Irish phrase)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A footboy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody ***** stands
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.
I thought my very spleen would burst
When fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons' names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their gaol is broke.
If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-park and Stephen's-green;
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-mall.
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight and raise your malice.
The deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.[a]
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a-quart for stum.
Then for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;[b]
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet,[c] though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin and Jack, and Jack and Dan;[d]
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
O! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears "Belcamp[a] is, to his taste,
As fine as Hampton-court at least."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you and submit;
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel.[b]
You for the news are ne'er to seek,
While we perhaps may wait a week;
You happy folks are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street,
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long;
But since you are convinced at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past.
So let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve pence a corner if you dare.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

Those dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees,
His fellow pickpurse watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

---

[a] A tavern in St. James's-street.
[b] Mary duchess of Montague and marchioness of Monthermer, youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough.
[c] Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.
[d] R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson.

[a] In Fingal, about five miles from Dublin.
[b] The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise;
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud into his face.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,

In order to be admitted to speak to him when he was deaf. 1724.

Dear sir, I think, 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can anything be more unkind?
Must I not see 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,—
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard you'd be no gainer?
For sure you are not yet to learn
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your business, sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

The wise pretend to make it clear
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other;
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb re-acts.
But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant, as one head can bear,
Yet Galen most acutely shows you
(Consult his book *de partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grandam always stuff her ears
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have used their toes.
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew. 1724.

Nell scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurried out and clapp'd the door.
Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will,) thy house is worse than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it
Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick.
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Received a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z—ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd send her far enough away——
Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.
Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believed him when he said it?
Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She served him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate:
And what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones;
The 'prentices procured a riding,[a]
To act his patience and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
Slaves to their quiet and good name
Are used like Dick, and bear the blame.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE;

Written after the news of the death of king George I., who died after a short sickness, by eating a melon, at Osnaburg, on his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.

" Richmond Lodge is a house with a small park belonging to the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile it was given to the prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

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[a] A well-known humorous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and henpecked husband.

"Marble-hill is a house built by Mrs Howard, then of the bedchamber, afterwards countess of Suffolk and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, lord Herbert the architect, the dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. Upon king George's death these two houses met and had the following dialogue."

In spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must and sing I will
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.
Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE HILL.

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen;
You'll find it soon by woful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promised me
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find us true!

MAR. H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;
For those we dext'rous courtiers call
Can rise upon their masters' fall:
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICH. L. My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MAR. H. No more the dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICH. L. Here wont the dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
While lady Charlotte,[a] like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont[b] at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm,
His hat, for show, beneath his arm.

MAR. H. Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Changed for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICH. L. In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MAR. H. Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody[c] for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICH. L. I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

MAR. H. Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale:—
Possession, and Desire, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about;
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;

---

[a] Lady Charlotte de Roussy, a French lady.

[b] Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality, who had emigrated from his country.

[c] The gardener.

Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb and often creep.
Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game,
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strew'd;
But overcharged and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Desire had now the goal in sight;
It was a tower of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire, in rapture, gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong.
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

A set of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her
Can dext'rously her husband teaze
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;[a]
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH,

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,

[a] Widow of John Harding, the drapier's printer.

He stopp'd at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, "Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side!
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart "It was all a damn'd lie!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle.[a]
My honest friend Wild[b] (may he long hold his place!),
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without prayer-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero and never would flinch.

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

726.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope;
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

1727.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies choose;
The dean sits plodding on a book;
Pope walks and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom, by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries;
Till, in lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the dean his share allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not
Is *causa sine quâ non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock,[a] thus, for preaching famed,
The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he rang the bell.

A LOVE-POEM.

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at London.

By poets we are well assured
That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all;
What colic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hemorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival named,
I feel my body all inflamed;
Which breaking out in boils and blains,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Small-beer I guzzle till I burst;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpus;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

BOUTS RIMES.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
Of classic beauty, *hæc et illa;*
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champagne,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's-fields I've much admired
The postures strange of monsieur Brilla
But what are they to the soft step,
The gliding air of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla;
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

---

[a] A cant word for confessing.

[b] The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, executed for receiving stolen goods.

[a] The dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla:
And deuce take London! if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Ycleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bused much my heart and was a damn'd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To the snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

In ridicule of the easy strains of poor Ambrose Phillips, so often doomed to undergo the satire of Swift and Pope.

Now the active young attorneys
Briskly travel on their journeys,
Looking big as any giants
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Marses
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destined far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir.
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—[a]
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage:
Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords and——run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over—then
Hey for London town again.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

The life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead, have confess'd:
Powel[a] and Stretch[a] the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea has proved
On that famed theatre, the Alley;
Where thousands, by directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators ranged in state
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place:
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love:
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

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[a] A cant word for pawning.

[a] Two famous puppet-show men.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame,
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom [Sheridan] he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in Nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confess'd the greater fool.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a letter to a person of quality. 1728.

Sir, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never cease to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.
[*Here several verses are omitted.*]
The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is pass'd, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel),
The modern dame is waked by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon),
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest cent. per cent.:
And, madam, there's my lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals;
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipp'd spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern—there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;

Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia sneering says
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Raised ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail
When drunk with sour election ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits;
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went;
Past six, and not a living soul
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
'Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite
Our madam can sit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game,
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan a moment if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame,

The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found;
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forswears),
With empty purse and aching head
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. LINDSAY.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature in her best attire
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he, who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.

THE ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greased his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poet's brains
With penniless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phœbus first produced to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers' gold.
Now, should I own your case was grievous.
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics which, though I abomine 'em
May serve as argument *ad hominem:*
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.
I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest nor hurt his lungs;
I own, his conscience always free
(Provided he has got his fee),
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no sin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for saving their own bacon,
No doubt the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd:
To prove it I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse.
While he at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:

And in his client's just defence
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discern'd,
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes *a non lucendo*,)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd:
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe.[a]

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER [DR. LINDSAY] AND
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

In allusion to Horace, book ii. satire i.
"Sunt quibus in Satirâ," &c.
Written by Mr. Lindsay in 1729.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose,
Either in verse or humorous prose:
And to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleased to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet in his deathless page
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius who unbinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. S. Must I commend, against my conscience,
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense;
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom, Fate;
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAW. As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are or would be great
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts;
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night,
The bridegroom, dress'd to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;

---

[a] Richard Tighe, esq., member of the Irish parliament, and disliked by the dean.

A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping,
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her finger ends she counts
Exact to what his age amounts.
The dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The dean, who used to dine at one,
Is mawkish and his stomach's gone;
In threadbare gown would scare a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And in the sneaking parson's airs
Computes that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon;
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas! is quickly guess'd;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The dean has carried lady Jane.
He for a while would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there;
Where if the dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings fostered by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;—
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN[a] TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapp'd up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The dean he pursued to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practised before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolved for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And grieved that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre and rochet,
Whom would'st thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's[b] shape,
For sodomy hang'd as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.[a]
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing,
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and saved a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us if better she had.
But lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A quibbling Epigram. 1730.

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
His poems think them all not worth a straw!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.[b]

1730.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing,
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
And first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears ho wdamnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fix'd,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair:

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[a] "Dublin. June 6. The rev. dean Sawbridge, having surrendered himself on his indictment for a rape, was arraigned at the bar of the court of king's bench, and is to be tried next Monday."—*London Evening Post*, June 16, 1730.

[b] A bishop of Waterford, sent from England an hundred years ago, who was hanged at Arbor-hill, near Dublin.

[a] This trial took place in 1723; but being only found guilty of an assault, with intent to commit the crime, the worthy colonel was fined 300*l*. to the private party prosecuting.

[b] A defence of "The Lady's Dressing-room," by some facetious friend of our author, is printed in Faulkner's edition,

A forehead cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flour, to stop the steams
Exhaled from sour unsavoury streams:
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chaps.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits and here she spews.
But oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslimed,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grimed;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Her petticoats in frouzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes:
Which Strephon ventured to look in,
Resolved to go through thick and thin.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus oped the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."
As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be express'd,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—!"
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind.
Should I the queen of love refuse
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout,)
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME.

1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they used to meet,
On love, and books, and rapture sweet;
Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of different colour'd yarn;

His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for night-gown he had none,)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dyed,
And half unsmoked, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to drink it hot.
Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him some familiar thumps.
A college joke to cure the dumps,
The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cried, Celia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—is Celia dead?
How happy I, were that the worst!
But I was fated to be curs'd?
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injured lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divined
A crime, that shocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn!
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times:—
"Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And dying, never told his pain."
Vain, empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark:
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry:
I come! I come! Medusa see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
"Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I."
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee tell the cause;
And Celia's horrid fact relate;
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
To force it out my heart must rend;
Yet when conjured by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed—
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu:
Nor wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

Written for the honour of the fair sex.

Corinna, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em,
Now dext'rously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contrived to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her chancres, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smoothe the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies:
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,

Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams ;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn ;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted ;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by ;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs ;
But never from religious clubs ;
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight !
Behold the ruins of the night !
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas ! was miss'd ;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas :
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scattered parts ?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again ?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew ; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

1731.

Of Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung :
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years ;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race :
And then so nice, and so genteel ;
Such cleanliness from head to heel ;
No humours gross, or frouzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow :
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water :
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown :
At country dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !
What powder'd wigs ! what flames and darts !
What hampers full of bleeding hearts !
What sword-knots ! what poetic strains !
What billets-doux, and clouded canes !
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along ;
And bravely drove his rivals down,
With coach-and-six and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites :
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the temple porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch :
The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings :
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo :
Then Mercury with silver tongue,
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand and side by side ;
She by the tender Graces dress'd,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade ;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains :
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night :
For as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found :
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet ;
With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot ;
And should he struggle I know what—
Why let it go if I must tell it—
He'll sweat and then the nymph may smell it ;
While she, a goddess died in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant-skin
Exhaled ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure ?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard and hairy breast !
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find !
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men ;
To visit and to court them too :
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read,)
Took colonel Peleus to her bed,
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife !
(For Strephon could remember well
That once he heard a schoolboy tell
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes !

While these reflections fill'd his head
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stripp'd, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
Now " ponder well, ye parents dear ;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer ;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon ;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup ;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forced to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confined,
Nor let them taste what causes wind :
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O ! think what evils must ensue,
Miss Moll, the jade, will burn it blue ;
And when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart ;
But out it flies, even when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passions sympathetic ;
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean,
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press ;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before ;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair ;
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolved to make the first attack ;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her ?
Even lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right ;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason ;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause ?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first :
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of peas ;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph, oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed ;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cried out, Ye gods ! what sound is this ?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, —— ?
But when he smelt a noisome steam
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream
(Salerno both together joins,
As sov'reign medicines for the loins) ;
And though contrived, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose ;
He found her, while the scent increased,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions press'd,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspired with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side ;
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove,) with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights ;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet ;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change ! how quickly made !
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life ;
And by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains ;
And Chloe, more experienced grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less ashamed,
Howe'er for selling bargains famed,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celestial maid !
Descend from heaven to Beauty's aid !
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire ;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion :
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls and Beauty dies.
To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky,
Descended, ready cut and dry :
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after ;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spied
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case,
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw and what you smelt ;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spied her on the privy
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent ;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign ;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly lasts the honeymoon :

For if they keep not what they caught
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a telltale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife adored
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely dress'd,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Raised on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still;
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

Apollo, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refined all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own 'twas but a coach-and-four,
For Jupiter allows no more.
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd
That moved the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault,
For he could reach to B in *alt;*
And by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED. 1731.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace
Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place:
But if Hell may by logical rules be defined
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators bribed, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd:
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.[a]

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said,
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell from pride;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you);
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

JUDAS. 1731.

Written when the majority of the Irish bishops were meditating what Swift considered as encroachments upon the rights of their clergy,

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.

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[a] This poem was first printed (from the dean's MS.) in a letter from lord Chesterfield, addressed to Mr. Voltaire.

The Jews engaged him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;
Which though his conscience forced him to restore,
(And parsons tell us, no man can do more,)
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurs'd,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
  As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY.[a]—1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain?[b]
Fain would I think our female friend[c] sincere,
Till Bob,[d] the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
  Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old:
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!
  But princely Douglas,[e] and his glorious dame,
Advanced thy fortune and preserved thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapplied
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
  Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below:
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of humankind.
  But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretell.
  And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his gear,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer:
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
  Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince as well as he.
The ducal coffers trusted to your charge
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid;
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
  Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squir
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
  Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th' unrighteous mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
  The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice before he gives the pill.
But the state empiric acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
  But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
  Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he bribed you with a brace of tench?
  Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humble airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
  Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich;
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
  A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost and gives the villain thanks.
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite:
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

[a] The dean, having been told by an intimate friend that the duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which, however, proved to be a mistake), wrote this epistle to his friend.

[b] See the libel on Dr. Delany and lord Carteret.

[c] The countess of Suffolk.

[d] Sir Robert Walpole.

[e] The duke of Queensberry.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils than skill repairs.
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same,)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
I knew a brazen minister of state, [Walpole]
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, when will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, sir Spencer? or will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He owed his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observed his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

TO A LADY

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

After venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But it was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Dress'd like any lady-mayoress;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refined and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduced into a poem.
But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court, nor parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like laudanum.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;

Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.
Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks and smooth your style,
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel ***** may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think;
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,—
What is this but to instil?
To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey;
Nor, against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the strutting chattering vermin;
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon?
When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;
How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could):
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to d'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance;
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb[a] hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins.[b]
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude, *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on; for, as
It is well observed by Horace,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockeys judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king,
That they might some better way tread
To avoid the public hatred,
Thought no method more commodious
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger but by sneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming,

---

[a] Caleb d'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of the Craftsman.

[b] The famous thief who while on his trial at the Old Bailey stabbed Jonathan Wild

For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault,)
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?
If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd and lash'd them round.
Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierced the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown.
See what mirth the sport creates!
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst; and bursting drop;
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart a while;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason?
Thus we both shall gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

EPIGRAM

ON THE BUSTS OF NEWTON, LOCKE, CLARKE, AND WOOLASTON, IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE.

1732.

"Sic siti lætantur docti."

With honour thus by Carolina placed,
How are these venerable bustoes graced!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head;
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust;
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go, and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

Her majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER BOOK, FINELY BOUND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1732.

By John earl of Orrery.

To thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace
Though pasteboards, glittering like a tinsell'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age
And modern vices should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injured state,
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise,
Inspired with thought, and speaking to our eyes;
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;
But lead us inward to those golden mines
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty graced, with shape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES

LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

By Dr. Delany.

Hither from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor:[a]
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchased me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I applied
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age;
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die!"
"I grant your suit," the god replied,
And here he left me to reside.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A paper book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.

---

[a] Alluding to five hundred pounds lent by the dean, withou interest, to poor tradesmen.

Let both around my tomb be placed,
As trophies of a Muse deceased;
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long departed wit,
Be graved on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

VERSES

SENT TO THE DEAN WITH AN EAGLE-QUILL,

On hearing of the presents by the earl of Orrery and Dr. Delany.

By Mrs. Pilkington.[a]

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.[b]
I to the faithful canvass have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's sky-dipp'd pencils rise
Such heavenly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
Then shall the world my wondrous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.

AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY,

IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT.

Mighty Thomas,[c] a solemn senatus[d] I call,
To consult for Sapphira;[e] so come one and all;
Quit books and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir; and as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it, I've *aliud mercedis;*
For Letty,[f] one filbert, whereon to regale,
And a peach for pale Constance[g] to make a full meal;
And for your cruel part,[h] who take pleasure in blood,
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health:
High raised be her worth above titles or wealth.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

On observing how most men mistake their own talents. 1732.

PREFACE.

I have been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least 500 poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; 40,000 politicians, and 4500 profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees[a] on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau to make a figure before women; some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted? I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography, even of present times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind for one among us in Dublin; besides two-thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalised; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more, to our further mortification, there is no one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes, wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses; and yet he has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals—the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape—all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of man!

When beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day,)
It seems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout,)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food,
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The Ass, approaching next, confess'd
That in his heart he loved a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:

---

[a] See a letter to Mrs. Pilkington, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

[b] Quills of the harpsichord.

[c] From their diminutive size, the dean used to call Mr. Pilkington "Tom Thumb," and his wife "his lady fair."

[d] To correct Mrs. Barber's poems; which were published at London, in 4to, by subscription.

[e] The name by which Mrs. Barber was distinguished by her friends.

[f] Mrs. Pilkington.

[g] Mrs. Constantia Grierson, a very learned young lady.

[h] Mrs. Van Lewen (Mrs. Pilkington's mother), who used to argue with Dr. Swift about his declamation against eating blood.

[a] Wigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion.

Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short,
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like peas.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
The Goat advanced with decent pace,
And first excused his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution,
But through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.[a]
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with humankind.
Some faults we own: but can you guess?
—Why, virtue's carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeezed a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term;
While others of the learned robe,
Would break the patience of a Job.
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick despatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.
The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood,
Too zealous for the nation's good;
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But owns he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin (and God forgive him!);
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares!
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance;
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food:
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a-day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practised to their shame.
The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view,
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity:
'Tis true the people understood
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,

---

[a] The priest his confessor

Would grant him licence to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views
When he has liberty to choose.
The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contrived a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact,
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd that could I raise up,
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap
There to be stroked and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind;
For here he owns that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet all must own thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
But now should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small, and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town;
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court;
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine
Would'st thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not I can see no cause,)
The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE-SONG

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

THE STORM.

MINERVA'S PETITION.

Pallas, a goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for't:
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her request,
Assured her he would do his best:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop loved a whore,
And had enlarged her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.
At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishops' bench,
Till Horte arrived, ne'er kept a wench;
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate:
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam;*
And since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.
Then Proteus urged the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,
To drown him all attempts are vain.
Horte can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
Can creep, or run, or fly, or swim;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind;
Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
As well against as with the tide.
But Pallas, you've applied too late;
For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate,
That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
And who but Horte can be employ'd?
You need not then have been so pert
In sending Bolton[a] to Clonfert.
I found you did it, by your grinning;
Your business is to mind your spinning.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows;
Or who regarded your report;
For never were you seen at court.
And if you must have your petition,
There's Berkeley[b] in the same condition;
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
If one must drown, the other must;
But if you'll leave us bishop Judas,
We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
Now, if 'twill gratify your spite,
To put him in a plaguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly toss'd.
You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram)
His ghastly visage with an air
Of reprobation and despair;
Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
For fear the rest should say he squeaks;
Or as Fitzpatrick[c] did before,
Resolve to perish with his whore;
Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And but for shame would say his prayers.
Or would you see his spirits sink?
Relaxing downwards in a stink?
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good Madam Pallas, pray be easy.
To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
But he'll come back the knave he went."
The goddess, who conceived an hope
That Horte was destined to a rope,
Believed it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend;
But fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

Dr. Theophilus Bolton, afterwards archbishop of Cashell.

Dr. George Berkeley, a senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin.

[c] Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

ODE ON SCIENCE.[a]

O, heavenly born! in deepest dells
If fairest science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave.

For Melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obstructed and depress'd;
Till wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspired to shine,
By reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralise the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along,
In metaphysic dreams;
While raptured bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian streams,

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destined land,
By Folly led astray:
Ïerne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar, and sing
Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

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[a] This is written in the same style, and with the same design, as his "Love-Song in the Modern Taste."

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT

FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

Written on the same plan with the preceding, in order to ridicule the commonplaces of poetry.

Blow, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres, with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

"Praise is the strongest satire, and the most pleasing, but it requires great art and judgment to manage and conduct an irony. I once said, talking on this subject with dean Swift, that the Rhapsody was the best satire he had ever composed. He assured me that immediately after this poem was published he received a message of thanks from the whole ***.—[Dr. King's cautious asterisks may be supplied with the words *royal family!*] This I can easily conceive, as irony is not a figure in the German rhetoric. If Mr. Pope, when he calls lord Cobham a coward, had complimented a German colonel with the same appellation, my little friend I fear would have fared very ill."—Dr. King's *Anecdotes*.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
  Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
  Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litter'd under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
  Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
  Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;

Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised;
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still and swallow down your spittle;
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet,
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant.
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South-Sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where in the scenes of endless woe
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams,
Project excise and South-Sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile and think them all his own;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)

Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them),
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius placed in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticize,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the hollow tree.[a]
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:

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[a] Lord Grimston was the author of this celebrated performance, of which he was afterwards so much ashamed as to buy up all the copies.

They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a commonweal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though in nature depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted[a] sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The laureat[b] leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore[c] with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch bless'd,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddess, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be laced so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight:
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
Cætera desiderantur.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.[a]

Written in November, 1731.[b]

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

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[a] Mr. Welsted's poems were reprinted in 1787, and contain specimens of little worth.

[b] In some editions, instead of the laureat, was maliciously inserted the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author manifested a great esteem.—"Little," says Dr. Warton, "did Swift imagine that Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a comic epopee."

[c] James Moore Smith, esq., author of "The Rival Modes."

[a] The verses on his death, and the Rhapsody on Poetry, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true poetry.—DR. WARTON.

[b] These verses have undergone, perhaps, a stranger revolution than any other part of the dean's writings. A manifestly

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses;
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts! but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'yes come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better than to tell
That, "God be praised, the dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,

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spurious copy, containing 201 lines, under the title of "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift," appeared at London in April 1733; of which the dean complained heavily in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1st; and notwithstanding Swift acknowledged in that letter he had written "a poem of near 500 lines upon the same maxim of Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it," many readers have supposed (not attending to the circumstance of there being *two* poems on the subject) that the dean disclaimed the *Verses on his own Death*. The genuine verses having been committed to the care of the celebrated author of "The Toast," an edition was printed in 1738-9, in which more than 100 lines were omitted. Dr. King assigned many judicious reasons (though some of them were merely temporary and prudential) for the mutilations: but they were so far from satisfying Dr. Swift, that a complete edition was immediately printed by Faulkner, with the dean's express permission. The poem, as it now stands in this collection, is agreeable to Mr. Faulkner's copy.

Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes."—"The dean is dead."
Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."—
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd:
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the dean or bless the drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For when we open'd him we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court "the dean is dead."[a]
And lady Suffolk,[b] in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals[c] were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres,[d] at sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob,[e] "I'm sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will![f]
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke[g] were dead!"
Now Curll[h] his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swifts remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.[i]
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters:[a]
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps?)
Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the dean—(I lead a heart),
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shops in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;[b]
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste:
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.

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[a] The dean supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.

[b] Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the dean.

[c] The medals were to be sent to the dean in four months; but

* * * * *

[d] Chartres, an infamous scoundrel, grown from a footboy to a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland.

[e] Sir Robert Walpole, chief minister of state, treated the dean in 1726 with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the dean's friends chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him on Ireland, to which kingdom and people the dean found him no great friend.

[f] Mr. William Pultney, from being sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, opposed his measures, and joined with my lord Bolingbroke.

[g] Henry St. John, lord viscount Bolingbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, of blessed memory.

[h] Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country.

[i] Three stupid verse-writers in London; the last, to the shame of the court and the disgrace to wit and learning, was made laureat.

[a] Curll, notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who are hanged at Tyburn.

[b] Where old books are sold.

This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's sir Robert's vindication,[a]
And Mr. Henley's last oration.[b]
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's[c] tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.[d]
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead! and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some and some without,
One quite indifferent in the cause
My character impartial draws;
"The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind:
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honour done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.[a]
"With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms,[b] just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.[c]
"And oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.[d]
When up a dangerous faction starts,[e]
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself[f] within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens
Far to the land of saints and fens;

---

[a] Walpole had a set of party scribblers, who did nothing but rite in his defence.

[b] Henley, a clergyman, who, wanting both merit and luck to et preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the established hurch, formed a new conventicle, which he called an Oratory.

[c] Wolston, a clergyman, who, for want of bread, in several reatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempted to turn ur Saviour's miracles into ridicule.

[d] Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

[a] Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the dean lived in the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself.

[b] In 1713 the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the house of lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising 300*l.* to discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Public Spirit of the Whigs*:" and in Ireland, in the year 1724, lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of 300*l.* to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Drapier's Fourth Letter.*"

[c] Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement.

[d] In the height of the quarrel between the ministers the queen died, Aug. 1, 1714

[e] On the queen's demise the Whigs were restored to power.

[f] Upon the queen's death the dean returned to Dublin.

A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.
" The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;[a]
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
" To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,[b]
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tresilian;[c]
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
"In exile,[d] with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.[e]
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
******* squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and **** for nought.
The ****** go joyful back,
The *** the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with *******
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.
" Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.[a]
" He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
" He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."[b]

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND.

BY DR. J. SICAN.[c]

(Horace speaking).

You've read, sir, in poetic strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birthday been invited,
(But I was forced in verse to write it,)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine,
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And though I'm used to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iërnian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my common suit)
My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in my birthday dress:
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;

---

[a] Wood, a hardware-man from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000*l*. which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.

[b] Whitshed was then chief-justice.

[c] Sir William Scroggs, chief-justice of the king's bench in the reign of king Charles II., and sir Robert Tresilian, chief-justice of England in the time of Richard II.

[d] In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile.

[e] " Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into gen'ral odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more—because he's dead.—
What writings has he left behind?
I hear, they're of a different kind;
A few in verse; but most in prose—
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose;—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the pretender;
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite:
Perhaps his travels, part the third;
A lie at ev'ry second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear:——
But—not one sermon, you may swear."

[a] Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridiculed or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?

[b] And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.

[c] This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy.

To which I've sure as good pretensions
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antechamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns,
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborow and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the general's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your loved hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope,
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle, Hippocrates;
Since Tully lived before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.
You'll plead, perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in—a book.
Attack'd by slow devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes, and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my frame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim:
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—"which way?"—TRANSLATE.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER. 1733.

"HERE learn from moral truth and wit refined,
How vice and folly have debased mankind;
Strong sense and humour arm in virtue's cause;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws:
While bold and free the glowing colours strike;
Blame not the picture, if the picture's like."

ON PSYCHE.[a]

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refined as her wit.
To oblige a good friend she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the dean had long been friends;
James is beduked;[a] of course their friendship ends:
But sure the dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
O! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother[b] (far thy better) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleased the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS,[c] IN SEPTEMBER, 1734.

VERTIGINOSUS, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOC.—To all my friends a burden grown.

ANS.—Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

DOC.—No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANS.—Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOC.—At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANS.—Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOC.—Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANS.—A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder:
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

"IN SYLLABAM LONGAM IN VOCE VERTIGINOSUS A. D. SWIFT CORREPTAM."

MUSARUM antistes, Phœbi numerosus alumnus,
Vix omnes numeros Vertiginosus habet.
Intentat charo capiti vertigo ruinam:
Oh! servet cerebro nata Minerva caput.
Vertigo nimium longa est, divina poeta;
Dent tibi Pierides, donet Apollo, brevem.

---

[a] Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious lady, mother to the author of the poem at p. 658.

[a] James Brydges was created duke of Chandos, April 30, 1719.

[b] The hon. Henry Brydges, archdeacon of Rochester.

[c] These lines were found on his table when his servant brought up his dinner. Mrs. Ridgeway, his housekeeper, requested a copy of them, and the dean immediately gave her the paper.

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend;
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good bye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plums, apples, and pears.
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot;
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

Ripe 'sparagras,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass;
O, 'tis a pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

Come, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer,
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known:
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

Charming oysters I cry:
My masters come buy:
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide,[a]
Better never was tried.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a-dozen, to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come, buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming, when squeezed in a pot of brown ale
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.[b]

Happiest of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound!
And the muscly swelling breast,
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower,
(Secret circle, mystic power,)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers.
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart and kindle love.
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame!
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

[a] Malahide, near Dublin, famous for oysters.
[b] In ridicule of Phillips's poem on Miss Carteret.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Several of them written in 1726.

ON A WINDOW AT AN INN.

We fly from luxury and wealth
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines, and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And everywhere her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh, so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

The glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
  Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions Love has stirr'd,
  It darkens Reason's light.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
  Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
  And empty both within.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye;
The wine is so sour;
'Twill give you a scour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale.
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.[a]

O Neptune! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home;
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half choked with dust, half drown'd with rains,
Only your godship to implore
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

ANOTHER, WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE.

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

The sage, who said he should be proud
  Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
  That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
  His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
  The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurors know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
  And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
  And thine, I swear, are such.

ANOTHER.

That love is the devil, I'll prove when required;
  Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspired,
  And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1726.

Two-faced Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's gift;
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind,
Give her half thy face behind.
  God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's [Ireland] approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
  Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me time when coming on;
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burnishes an old-year's face.
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD,

WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN, WHOSE SIGN WAS THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Jason, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchis brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful dragon [England],
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

---

[a] These verses are signed J—— K——; but written, as it is presumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN DIFFERENT LIBELS

The greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injured innocence escape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unrevenged, the greatest merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall wit and learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia mî dicit semper male; nec tacet unquam
De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat.
Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
Assiduè; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

ON A

CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I march'd three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where, thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

TO BETTY,

THE GRISETTE. 1730.

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty,
Never may the Muse forget ye,
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
And thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply;
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks:
Shreds of wit and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times;
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where, in the eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery.
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer and gibe, and laugh and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[A French gentleman dining with some company on a fastday, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin; whereupon he wrote the following lines, which are translated.]

Peut on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colère,
Ou, que manger un hareng,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire?
En sa gloire envelopé,
Songe-t-il bien de nos soupés?

Who can believe with common sense
A bacon slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

EPIGRAM. 1712.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

VERSES

ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS.

Behold, those monarch oaks, that rise
With lofty branches to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below:
Two bards that now in fashion reign
Most aptly this device explain:
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a sawpit seen
A skill'd mechanic, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,
Who hired a subterraneous friend
To take his iron by the end?
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above or under ground.

The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a sawpit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL GORGES,[a] AND LADY MEATH.[b]

UNDER this stone lies Dick and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a-year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate;
And Cuffe grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send;
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the pretender and popery bring in;
No protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face:
How would it pollute their croziers and rochets,
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!
[The rest is wanting.]

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's dean, good sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep,
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night:
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserved than show.
These are what the dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

EPIGRAM.[a]

BEHOLD a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine!

EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

H. S. E.
CAROLUS Comes de BERKELEY, Vicecomes DURSLEY,
Baro BERKELEY, de Berkeley Cast., MOWBRAY, SEGRAVE
Et BRUCE, è nobilissimo Ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod spectat et proavos usquequaque nobilis,
Et longo si quis alius procerum stemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tam illustri stirpi dignis insignitus.
Siquidem a GULIELMO III^{o} ad ordines fœderati Belgii
Ablegatus et Plenipotentiarus Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniæ tantùm, sed totius fere Europæ
(Tunc temporis præsertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit,
Quam felici diligentiâ, fide quam intemeratâ,
Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstite patre,
In magnatum ordinem adscisci meruerit.
Fuit à sanctioribus consiliis et Regi GULIEL. et ANNÆ Reginæ,
E proregibus Hiberniæ secundus,
Comitatum civitatumque Glocest. et Brist. Dominus Locumten.
Surriæ et Glocest. Custos Rot., Urbis Glocest. magnus
Senescallus, Arcis sancti de Briavell Castellanus,
Guardianus Forestæ de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primum, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorem
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus esset,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo.
Sed restat adhuc, præ quo sordescunt cætera,
Honos verùs, stabilis, et vel morti cedere nescius,
Quòd veritatem evangelicum seriò amplexus;
Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adversûs omnes æquus et benevolus,
In Christo jamè placid obdormit
Cum eodem olim regnaturus unà.
Natus VIII^{o} April. MDCXLIX. denatus
XXIV^{o} Septem. MDCCX. ætat. suæ LXII.

EPITAPH

ON FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.[b]

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A.D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
UT HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpê orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
[c]Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSIS cineres
delitescunt.
"Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos."
A.D. 1731.

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[a] Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath.

[b] Dorothy, dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1716, and died April 10, 1728. Her husband survived her but two days.

[a] The dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city."—"Oh! oh!" says the dean, pulling out his pocket-book; "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking:—'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets—memory, put down that!'" Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote.

[b] The duke was unhappily killed in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expense.

[c] The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with were "Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt."

AN APOLOGY TO LADY CARTERET.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment;
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite:
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour,
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state,
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the message I received?
Why certainly the captain raved!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or maybe I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.
My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What must the unhappy doctor do?
"Is captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Named me as plain as he could speak,
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well, then, I'll e'en go home and fast:
And since I 'scaped being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My lady, now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.
My lady could not choose but wonder;
"Captain, I fear you've made some blunder;
But pray to-morrow go at ten;
I'll try his manners once again:
If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense as well as breeding,
Who, loth to blame or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought;
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting and faltering—humm'd and ha'd,
"Her ladyship was gone abroad;
The captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit.
Provided at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme;
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing seemingly complied,
Though if he durst he had denied.
But first resolved to show his taste
Was too refined to give a feast,
He'd treat with nothing that was rare
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Liked everything—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleased, can't bear
The scorching sun or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleased at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse;
If you unused have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confined to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breathed the fumes
Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;

To see th' important man of dress
Scoffing my college awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the court,
Winning my way by slow approaches
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages;
And after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told—'You are not to be seen;'
Or, if you are, be forced to bear
The awe of your majestic air.
And can I then be faulty found
In dreading this vexatious round?
Can it be strange if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?"

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET. 1724.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.—VIRG.

ONCE on a time a righteous sage,
Grieved with the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer—
"O, Jove, if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former days
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape;
Make then its real excellence,
For once, the theme of human sense;
So shall the eye, by form confined,
Direct and fix the wandering mind,
And long-deluded mortals see
With rapture what they used to flee!"
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir;
An heir: and stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.
Virtue was for this sex design'd,
In mild reproof to womankind;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.
To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd;
Raised high above his birth by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolved nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffused around;
Th' inferior youth to learning led,
Less to be famed than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone:
And now, inflamed with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious strife
The arts new kindle into life.
Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell:
Contented to be truly great
In Virtue's best beloved retreat;
Contented he—but Fate ordains
He now shall shine in nobler scenes,
Raised high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher;
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.
Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleased in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard:
That he alone deserved esteem
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudful Vice the mask and skreen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
Thus acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loosed her tongue;
And, while he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations;
For where high honour is the prize
True Virtue has a right to rise:
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree;
Exalted worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
Now raised on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere:[a]
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models made to mend our kind
To no one clime should be confined;
And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run:
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies:

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[a] Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the czar.

Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head:
The arts revive, the valleys sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
While he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd with rival voice
Repining do applaud his choice.
  Fame now reports the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous sway,)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer
To bless him and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER.[a] 1729.

As a thorn-bush or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, on country fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse bush for spite;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
  And now, t'exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which, measured on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was tied,
A trophy, on his temple-side,)
Paddy repined to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose.
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teased by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hoped to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

AN EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.
MART. Epig. Lib. ix.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous soul shall condescend
T' instruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richlieu rose, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine:
Nor with less praise the conversation guide
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the dean, long privileged to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute)
With soft concessions shortening the dispute;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
"How are your tithes, and have they rose of late?
Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
There are not many better in the nation!
This, with your other things, must yield you clear
Some six—at least five hundred pounds a-year.'
  Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em;
You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide.
  "My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well,
And that I'm thankful all the world can tell;
But you'll forgive me if I own the event
Is short, is very short, of your intent:
At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
My income less, and my expenses more."
  "How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
A dignitary! with a city lecture! [what rent!
What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
"Would my good lord but cast up the account,
And see to what my revenues amount;[a]
My titles ample; but my gains so small,
That one good vicarage is worth them all:
And very wretched, sure, is he that's double
In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways;
Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
Where every step endangers every bone;
And, more to raise your pity and your wonder,
Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles asunder:
With complicated cures, I labour hard in,
Beside whole summers absent from—my garden!
But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school.[b]
What fine cascades, what vistoes, might I make,
Fix'd in the centre of th' Iërnian lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
Beneath the conduct of my good sir Ralph;[c]
There's not a better steerer in the realm;
I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the helm."—
  "Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
When cures are cross, a school's a sure relief
You cannot fail of being happy there,
The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
The scheme is for your honour and your ease:
And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
Yet, doctor, you've a philosophic spirit;

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[a] Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper written principally by himself; but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently, both in conversation and in print; but unfortunatel stumbled on some of the numbers which the dean had written and all the world admired, which gave rise to these verses.

[a] Which calculation, according to Dr Swift in his Vindica tion of Lord Carteret, scarcely exceeded 300*l.* a-year.

[b] A free school at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith esq.

[c] Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
And you've enough to gratify them all:
You've trees, and fruits, and roots enough in store:
And what could a philosopher have more?
You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
"My lord, I've not enough to buy me books—
Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
Are there no wants I should regard beside?
Whose breast is so unmann'd as not to grieve,
Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve?
Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
And want the godlike happiness to give?
That I'm a judge of this you must allow:
I had it once—and I'm debarr'd it now.
Ask your own heart, my lord; if this be true,
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!"
"'Tis true—but, doctor, let us waive all that—
Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at?"
"Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
Yet this might Symmachus himself avow,
(Whose rigid rules[a] are antiquated now)—
My lord; I'd wish to pay the debts I owe—
I'd wish besides—to build, and to bestow."

AN EPISTLE

UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press,
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate;
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one poor humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old king Harry;
I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print;
Folks shrug, and cry, "There's nothing in't.
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far beguile
The wise and learned of our isle,
To make it pass upon the nation
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind,
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cause to say he meant you well:
That you are thankful who can tell?
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent: you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley,[b] thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art—
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."
But you must have cascades, and all
Iërne's lake, for your canal,
Your vistoes, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our speaker for your coxon;[a]
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enraged, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie),
"Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure:
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers;
No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force;
No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."
But you, forsooth, your all must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder;
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor further buildings, further planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch which in a scurvy
Humour you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis?*
To fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect:
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
These stories were of old design'd
As fables: but you have refined
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only winter's rain supplies.
O! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well![b]
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expenses rise so high,
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still your fancy you inherit—
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be my lord's intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap'd on you
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.

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[a] Symmachus bishop of Rome, 499, made a decree that no man should solicit for ecclesiastical preferment before the death of the incumbent.

[b] See the petition to the duke of Grafton.

[a] Alluding to Dr. Delany's choice of fixing in the island of the lake of Erin, where sir Ralph Gore had a villa.

[b] Which had suddenly dried up.

Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school!
Five hundred pound a-year's no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end,
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A passage may be found,[a] I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latian bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and inharmonious croaking,
They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A LIBEL

ON THE REV. DR. DELANY AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête;*
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you dined,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man,
That you and he are cup and can;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive:
And so might every dunce alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:[a]
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by lords caress'd
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shaped the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refused the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells:
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is placed;
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forged up in colleges and schools,
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleased the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;

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[a] Hor. lib. i. ep. xvii.

[a] William duke of Cumberland, son of George II.

And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distress'd;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.
I own he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place:
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
But you, who till your fortune's made
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipp'd your pen,
Insert it when you write again
And to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
"So, to destroy a guilty land,
An angel sent by Heaven's command,
While he obeys Almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."
But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow:
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
"So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From hell a viceroy devil ascends;
His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strews
Through courts and senates as he goes;
And then at Beelzebub's black hall
Complains his budget was too small."
Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 1729.

——— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi.—Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chaps.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destined to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.
Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows in the dark,
Yet in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.
'Tis said, the gods tried all their art
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail:
Thus fame and censure with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortified and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?
'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You say the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to seek
To dress a thought I toil a week;

And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;[a]
Will sooner coin a thousand lies
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight:
For as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians,
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit freethinkers.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmix'd,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate;
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to-bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue:
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muse's fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What sponging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you have them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kick'd
These they have often tried before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
You have been libell'd—Let us know
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise;
And praise bestow'd in Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG. 1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best;
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.
Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one
Who often long'd to eat his son;
But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove;
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a heathen;
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s:
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches;

---

[a] Sir Robert Walpole.

As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hired for birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows;
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam,
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams, in George's reign,
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read and take the hint;
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled;)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea: you see him ride in't;
And, if provoked, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seized the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not denied that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays;
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclined?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn:
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told
In him such virtues lie inherent
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
Now, birthday bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed;
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress, Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has lived the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is;
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has graces of her own:
Three graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down:
In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother link'd
Can shine—without him is extinct;
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;

And sees a son in every god,
Unawed by Jove's all-shaking nod.
Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the yonker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough;
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelph the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail, queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times.
Too happy were the poet's crew
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove even Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeezed in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps,
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;
For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

——Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?—Juv.

In ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right,)
A peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold;
Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise;
And princely ruled he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A pheasant lord [lord Carteret], above the rest
With every grace and talent bless'd,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill [Ireland].
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too;
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce.[a]
He knew their voices and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledged pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime.
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanced, as on a day he stray'd
Beneath an academic shade,
He liked, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a woodlark's [Dr. Delany] notes,
And search'd, and spied, and seized his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught"—
Then jests on game and tame, and reads
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he studied in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good:

---

[a] A famous modern architect.

His soul with harmony inspired,
With love of truth and virtue fired:
His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;
Were all his study in retreat,
And now employed him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless.—
This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fired with envy all the rest;
I mean that noisy, craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
"Unmoved their heart, and chill'd their blood,
To every thought of common good,
Confining every hope and care,
To their own low, contracted sphere."
These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit supplied
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis envy's safest, surest rule,
To hide her rage in ridicule:
The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:
Sardonic smiles, by rancour raised!
Tormented most when seeming pleased!"
Their spite had more than half expired,
Had he not wrote what all admired;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his sense and learning grieved them,
But that his charity relieved them!
"At highest worth dull malice reaches,
As slugs pollute the fairest peaches;
Envy defames, as harpies vile
Devour the food they first defile."
Now ask the fruit of all his favour—
"He was not hitherto a saver."—
What then could make their rage run mad?
"Why, what he hoped, not what he had.
"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?
Th' inheritance of hope and fame
Is seldom Earthly Wisdom's aim;
Or if it were, is not so small,
But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a song,
(He seldom sang, and never long,)
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounced it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and, what was sillier,
Easy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or if he tuned his lofty lays,
With solemn air to Virtue's praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarse and inharmonious.
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears!
A Rook [Dr. T—r] with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw;[a]
(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a crow:)
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit[b] could write, and so he writ;
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless, waddling Goose.
Some peck'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd;
The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The Carrion Crow, condemn'd his taste:
The Rook, in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his singing was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to show their wit,
Might think so still—"but that they writ"—
Could it be spite or envy?—"No—
Who did no ill could have no foe."—
So wise Simplicity esteem'd;
Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd:
This question rightly understood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
A soul ennobled and refined
Reproaches every baser mind:
As strains exalted and melodious
Make every meaner music odious."—
At length the Nightingale[a] was heard,
For voice and wisdom long revered,
Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in discontent retired,
Yet not obscured, but more admired:
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He lived indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler
(It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft had waked whole nights to hear him).
Enraged he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shows him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spite.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had raised it very high:
Shamed by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND LARK.

In ancient times the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl:
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine;
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the Peacock bring,
Against all rules to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now pray observe the doctor's choice,
A Peacock chose for flight and voice;
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
He frightens all the village boys.
This Peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse:
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;

---

[a] Right hon. Rich. Tighe.
[b] Dr. Sheridan
[a] Dean Swift.

And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
The doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a Pheasant.
This Pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios:
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanced to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the Lark, my lord the Pheasant:
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
"Who does no ill can have no foe;"
Yet how can I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans:
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone;
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd;
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen;
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble lord[a] has told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe,
Our Nightingale might fit a cage;
There let him starve, and vent his rage:
Or would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human kind!
Harmonious Coffee,[b] show thy zeal,
Thou champion for the common weal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Bestow that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash:
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us love our English friends:
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall!
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

---

[a] Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus.
[b] A Dublin garretteer.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Non domus aut fundus——— HOR.

THIS piece is repeatedly and always satirically alluded to in the preceding poems.

It was, my lord, the dexterous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge, and surplice clean,
Of Oxford or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept a stall,
And eke a thousand pound withal;
And were he less a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
  Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble grace my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muses' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
For he has saved thee 'gainst thy will.
  But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house,
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
O! tack, my lord, some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure;
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure;
A limpid brook shall trout supply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat,
A little Euston[a] may it be,
Euston I'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—twice fifty pounds a-year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them hundreds—charming place!
Thou then would'st show another face.
  Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
'Midst snowy hills, inclement skies:
One shivers with the arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind.
Good John[b] indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm, that one may bear it.

---

[a] The name of the duke's seat in Suffolk.
[b] Bishop Sterne.

He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good, but assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides, the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er named the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with sermon study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy bottle round:
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gapeseed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor[a] from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at ease.
You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church, close by its side;
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And as my time securely rolls
To save my own and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
And may be something else withal;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse, then, if you can—be wise—
Believe me, 'tis the way to rise.
Talk not of making of thy nest:
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your dean'ry new repair,
And build a castle in the air.
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense.
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether,
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when she's in labour;
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft falls in pieces.
There you shall see a raree show
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the milky-way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanced above dean Viz,
You'll never think of Goody Griz;
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive your wife to please;
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like stars shall rise and set,
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

PARODY

ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY,

Written in Latin by Himself.

The very reverend dean Smedley,
Of dulness, pride, conceit, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine
As poet, scholar, and divine;
With godliness could well dispense,
Would be a rake, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated bailiffs at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest,
A perfect nuisance to the rest;
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a laconic sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor Envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharping trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the dice;
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop *à quatre trois*.
Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though swell'd like any porpoise,
He hies from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he sinks a score)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his tub and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Lest that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,

---

[a] The bishopric of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest chronology should vary,
Upon the ides of February,
In seventeen hundred eight-and-twenty,
To Fort St. George, a pedler went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

CADENUS AND VANESSA.[a]

Written at Windsor, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charged,
On which the pleader much enlarged;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.
The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes;
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact:
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing:
A fire celestial, chaste, refined,
Conceived and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind:
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The faults must on the nymphs be placed,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.
The pleader having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd with so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desired them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
But since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half ashamed looked down;
And 'twas observed, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second:
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did; and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
Now, gentle Clio, sing or say
What Venus meant by this delay?
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declined,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,

[a] This is thought to be one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces. Its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill conceived in itself, is told.—GOLDSMITH.

Miss Vanhomrigh, daughter to Mr. Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant in Dublin.

Conceived a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
Since men allege they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refined in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the newborn maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes;
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help required:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspired
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."
But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born:
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son;
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd:
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude:
With honour which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore upon second thought,
Infused, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She managed her estate with care,
Yet liked three footmen to her chair,
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And after long computing found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The queen of Love was pleased and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanced, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains adored,
My power shall be again restored,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hoped, but hoped in vain.
For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And fired with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause:
A shame to one so much adored
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,

From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold :)—
Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceived thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.
The goddess thus pronounced her doom:
When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanced, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear.
Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclined
To know the converse of mankind
First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she liked the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine:
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She named the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she ranged,
And gracefully her subject changed;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
Then tapt their forehead in a jeer,
As who would say—She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest were they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd
As came into her fancy first;
Named half the rates, and liked the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau.
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rallied next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflamed.
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place:
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.

The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspired;
Her virtues fewer swains admired.
So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She placed it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be praised, yet loved to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain:
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hoped they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolved to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit,
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teazed,
Might have her freedom when she pleased;

Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande monde;*
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He waked, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
  Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employed his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleased by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
  Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise,
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce;
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—
  Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
  But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described,
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had named,
For learning, wit, and wisdom famed;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confined.
  Love can with speech inspire a mute
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquired,
By this new passion grew inspired;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline:
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind;

In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice:
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit placed,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With what devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances.
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
Meantime the mournful queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd:
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and silence thrice proclaimed,
One lawyer to each side was named.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplaced;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid senseless race;

And, were she to begin again
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since every being loves its like.
"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE.[a]

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, that triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering god is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he used to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches still subside.
Then gentle Venus to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

A REBUS.

BY VANESSA.

Cut the name of the man[b] who his mistress denied.
And let the first of it be only applied
To join with the prophet[c] who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast;[d]
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's versed in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like hers no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here
Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse; we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season;
And what she describes to be merit is treason:
The changes which faction has made in the state
Have put the dean's politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, should he write pamphlets, no great man would
read 'em;
And, should want or desert stand in need of his aid
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

March 13, 1718-19.

Stella this day is thirty-four
(We shan't dispute a year or more).
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain,)
To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY. 1719-20.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,

---

[a] Found on Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.
[b] Jo-seph. [c] Nathan. [d] Swift.

Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED THE DEAN'S POEMS. 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones;
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking-soles;
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
Now should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensured an hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you 're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the commonplaces
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
Your virtues safely I commend,
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.
Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.
Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved with the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait,
Till time has open'd reason's gate;
And what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide;
In vain; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;

And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble, generous mind:
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
Yet when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd,
By Pallas breathed into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella for once you reason wrong,
For should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS. 1720.

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for humankind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet;
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act is not the case,
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipp'd with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,

And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes:
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1721.

St. Patrick's dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care:
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was misplaced;
Refined my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those:
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen,
Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down Time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
O! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1721-2.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung;
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

Amphora, quæ mœstum linquis, lætumque revises
Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH.

BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo:
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY:

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3.

Resolved my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say
If Stella were unsung to-day:
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan, the rogue, would sneer,

And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo.*
I have assured them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.
Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, dean D—, and dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent [the housekeeper];
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' [the butler] cellar on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy [the footman] hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca [Mrs. Dingley], Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.
You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert [the valet] on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees;
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

STELLA AT WOOD PARK,

THE RESIDENCE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN. 1723.

—"Cuicumque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta debat pretiosa."

Don Carlos, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette.*
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
"Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;"
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high, and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter sky began to frown:
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide in Dublin:
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sossing in an easy-chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley:[a]
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked:
From every meal Pontac in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of — — —:
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond quay.[b]
The coachman stopp'd; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grisette,
While there are houses to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four:)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the dean.
Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;

---

[a] The constant companion of Stella.
[b] Where the two ladies lodged.

Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine:
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

The Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;
Exposed to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies:
Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to a cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood;
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name:
For what was ever understood,
By humankind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squire in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY. 1724-5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confined to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass:
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit,
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

TO STELLA.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, MARCH 13, 1723-4.

But not on the subject, when I was sick in bed.

Tormented with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,

She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again;
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

VERSES

BY STELLA.

If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care;
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face
Bestow upon my mind!

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

Death went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom having humbly kiss'd
His gristly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declared in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That death should get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau;
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes:
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets[a] of this upper world,)
With flower of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind:
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat:
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeathed to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
A lawyer, o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new-flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:[a]
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcomed him to town.
But Death had business to despatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards;
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own.
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades;
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach-and-six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims:
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

---

[a] Periwigs with long tails.

[a] The college of physicians.

DAPHNE.

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
  Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.
  No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.
  Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the dean and you:
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But will never more advise thee.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

MARCH 13, 1726-7.

This day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told
That you are sick and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
  Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes;)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave:
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend!
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
  O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC.[a]

1723-4.

Returning Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Dr. Swift,
Who thus displays the new-year's gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagined cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends:
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's[b] cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT.[c]

A SONG.

To the tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.
Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.
You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingley, and asks you, what was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

BEC'S [MRS. DINGLEY] BIRTHDAY.

Nov. 8, 1726.

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one she'd give it ye.
She chose a thread of greatest length:
And doubly twisted it for strength.
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led;
Her hands and feet conduct her head;
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander:
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature has resolved to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lined;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken porridge:
I mean when Tiger[a] has been served,
Or else poor Stella may be starved.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the dean storm or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

SIR H. P—CE'S CHARIOT AND MRS. D. ST—D'S CHAIR,

CHARIOT.

My pretty dear coz, though I've roved the town o'er,
To despatch in an hour some visits a score;
Though, since first on the wheels, I've been every day
At the 'Change, at a raffling, at church, or a play;
And the fops of the town are pleased with the notion
Of calling your slave the perpetual motion;—
Though oft at your door I have whined [out] my love,
As my knight does grin his at your lady above;
Yet ne'er before this, though I used all my care,
I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
Let's e'en, as they say, set our horses together.

CHAIR.

By your awkward address, you're that thing which
should carry,
With one footman behind, our lover sir Harry.

---

[a] Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.
[b] Country-house of Dr Sheridan.
[c] Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

[a] Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
He that makes love to me must make it in French.
Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
Can'st thou vainly e'er hope I'll answer thy suit?
Though sometimes you pretend to appear with your
No regard to their colour, their sexes you mix: [six,
Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
With your new-fashion'd glasses and nasty old seat.
Thus a beau I have seen strut with a cock'd hat,
And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.
You may think that you make a figure most shining,
But it's plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
Are those double gilt nails? Where's the lustre of
To set off the knight, and to finish the Jerry? [Kerry,
If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due
In George's lane for you ere I'll buckle to. [alert;
CHAR. Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very
Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox;
Who is it that values your —— or your fox?
Sure 'tis to her honour, he ever should bed
His bloody red hand to her bloody red head.
You're proud of your gilding; but I tell you each
Is only [just] tinged with a rub at her tail; [nail
And although it may pass for gold on each ninny,
Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does black it,
Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her placket.
I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much duller,—
The fire she carries hath changed its colour.
Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine;
They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and
Drawn damnably low by your sorrel mare. [spare,
We know how your lady was in you befriended;
You're not to be paid for 'till the lawsuit is ended:
But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
She is two or three years above being out.
Could my knight be advised, he should ne'er spend his vigour
On one he can't hope of e'er making *bigger*.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM HANDCOCK AND THADY FITZPATRICK, IN THE DEVIL'S ANTECHAMBER.

THADY.

You're welcome, sir William, by my shoul and sal-
I rejoice for to see one from my own nation. [vation,
We have long wanted news: was it growing wealthy
Has made all my brothers so damnable healthy?
When I think of their number, I look for them faster;
Sure they are not grown honest, and quitted their master.
Come, never look squeamish, nor be out of order,
We're here on a level, good master Recorder. [civil,
Let me know what has pass'd, and you'll find I'll be
And speak a good word for you here to the devil.

SIR WILLIAM. [part,
Oh, thank you, dear Thady, and must own, for my
It's much more your goodness than it is my desert;
But, to speak for his fee, you know, 'twas our calling;
Which because I could not, I then fell a bawling.
I never stuck out to quote a false case:
And to back it, I e'er had an impudent face;
Or on my right hand I had always my brother,
To vouch, which we still did, the one for the other.
To be sure, to be rich was always my guide;
To take, when I could, a fee on each side.
All this you well know. But, pr'ythee, now tell
If I have any more acquaintance in hell.
Is not that Tullamore?
TH. You see how he trudges
At the head of a shoal of unrighteous judges.
By oppression and cheating, by rapine and lust,
We shall in good time have the rest of the trust.
But our master, the devil, has solemnly swore,
Till they're out of commission, not to admit more.
If you speak me but fair, you shall not go far
To meet with your friends of the bench or the bar:
Look at Reynolds, and Lyndon, and Whitshed, and Keating,
The four rogues are all got together a prating.
SIR W. Pr'ythee, where is fat Hely? I durst lay my
That he's got to heaven by help of his wife. [life
TH. You'll ever be urging a reason that's faint;
If that would have done, we might each be a saint.
But what is become of sir Toby and Stephen?
There's neither of them, I am sure, gone to heaven.
Does your brother as yet speak law in a cause;
And has Pauca left off making use of his claws?
Does the bar from the bench with patience still pocket
The calling them rogue, and rascal, and blockhead?
SIR W. Faith, Thady, our judges are grown very humble;
And one is suspicious he'll soon have a tumble.
The new ones they keep the old ones in awe,
And have taught them civility, prudence, and law.
TH. Pox take me, sir William, why was not I asking,
All this time you've been here, for poor Clara Gas-
The woman that lay so long by my side;— [coyne?
But I show'd I forgot her before that I died.
I believe she's unmarried, for I think I took care
To leave her but little, and much to my heir.
SIR W. She still is thy widow, thou barbarous teague;
Both living and dead, thou'st to her been a plague;
It's not for that sin that I am come here,
Having left all the wealth I had to my dear.
TH. That thou e'er wert a blockhead you need not now own,
But this thy last action all others does crown;
Thou scarce wert got hither, thou pitiful cully,
Before she had gotten a lusty young bully;
I have of our master a proverb to tell you;
What's got o'er his back is spent under his belly.

BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

The enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not allowing you to act, unless you would pay him 300*l*. per annum; upon which you got a licence from the lord-mayor to act as strollers.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good lord-mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player:
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay! let me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in town!—'Tis plaguy dear.

Now, here's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens, and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six;
A score of guineas given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad that's out of place
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
  I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part;
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a licence, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum:
Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the players are come;
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him in the smoothest way I could
All this, and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And as a stroller act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
  A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
  Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last:
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversion miss;
The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY.

Hold! hold, my good friends; for one moment pray stop ye;
I return ye my thanks in the name of poor Hoppy.
He's not the first person who never did write,
And yet has been fed by a benefit-night.
The custom is frequent, on my word I assure ye,
In our famed elder house, of the hundreds of Drury.
But then you must know, those players still act on
Some very good reasons for such benefaction.
  A deceased poet's widow, if pretty, can't fail;
From Cibber she holds, as a tenant in tail.
Your emerited actors, and actresses too,
For what they have done, (though no more they can do,)
And sitters, and songsters, and Chetwood and G——,
And sometimes a poor sufferer in the South Sea;
A machine-man, a tire-woman, a mute, and a sprite,
Have been all kept from starving by a benefit-night.
  Thus, for Hoppy's bright merits, at length we have found
That he must have of us ninety-nine and one pound,
Paid to him clear money once every year:
And however some think it a little too dear,
Yet, for reasons of state, this sum we'll allow,
Though we pay the good man with the sweat of our brow.
  First, because by the king to us he was sent,
To guide the whole session of this parliament.
To preside in our councils, both public and private.
And so learn, by the by, what both houses do drive at.
When bold B— roars, and meek M— raves,
When Ash prates by wholesale, or B—h by halves,
When Whigs become Whims, or join with the Tories,
And to himself constant when a member no more is,
But changes his sides, and votes and unvotes;
As S—t is dull, and with S—d, who dotes;
Then up must get Hoppy, and with voice very low,
And with eloquent bow, the house he must show
That that worthy member who spoke last must give
The freedom to him, humbly most, to conceive
That his sentiment on this affair isn't right;
That he mightily wonders which way he came by't:
That, for his part, God knows, he does such things disown;
And so, having convinc'd him, he most humbly sits down.
  For these, and more reasons, which perhaps you may hear,
Pounds hundred this night, and one hundred this year,
And so on we are forced, though we sweat out our blood,
To make these walls pay for poor Hoppy's good;
To supply with rare diet his pot and his spit;
Add with richest Margoux to wash down a tit-bit.
To wash oft his fine linen, so clean and so neat,
And to buy him much linen, to fence against sweat:
All which he deserves; for although all the day
He ofttimes is heavy, yet all night he's gay;
And if he rise early to watch for the state,
To keep up his spouts he'll sit up as late.
Thus, for these and more reasons, as before I did say,
Hop has got all the money for our acting this play,
Which makes us poor actors look *je ne sais quoi*

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defined
As rational the human kind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em.
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault or battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat, as dearest friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place:
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds:
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.

Of beasts, it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his lurking passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors;
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manner still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

THE ELEPHANT;

OR THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since; taken from Coke's Institutes.

Ere bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of lord Coke peruse.
Observe an elephant, says he,
And let like him your member be:
First take a man that's free from gall,
For elephants have none at all;
In flocks or parties he must keep,
For elephants live just like sheep;
Stubborn in honour he must be,
For elephants ne'er bend the knee.
Last, let his memory be sound,
In which your elephant's profound;
That old examples from the wise
May prompt him in his noes and ayes.
Thus the lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyer's wit:
And then, with Latin and all that,
Shows the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my lord is wrong,
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue:
Now, men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like elephants of shows;
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence;
To get their master half-a-crown,
They spread their flag, or lay it down:
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise every pliant gesture,
Opening their trunk for every tester.
Siam, for elephants so famed,
Is not with England to be named:
Their elephants by men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

No. 1.

THE SWAN TRIPE CLUB IN DUBLIN.

A SATIRE.

Dedicated to all those who are true friends to her present majesty and her government, to the church of England, and the succession as by law established; and who gratefully acknowledge the preservation of their religion, rights, and liberties, due to the late king William, of ever glorious and immortal memory.

Difficile est *satyram* non scribere.

How this fantastic world is changed of late!
Sure some full moon has work'd upon the state.
Time was when it was question'd much in story,
Which was the worst, the Devil or a Tory,
But now, alas! those happy times are o'er;
The rampant things are couchant now no more,
But trump up Tories, who were Whigs before.
There was a time when fair Hibernia lay
Dissolved in ease, and, with a gentle sway,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.
Pleased with the bliss their friendly union made,
Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade,
Careless and free, her happy sons were laid.
No feuds, no groundless jealousies appear,
To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear;
With pity they beheld Britannia's state,
Toss'd by the tempest of a stormy fate;
Wild frenzy through her blasted borders pass'd,
Whilst noisy faction drove the furious blast,
Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,
And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.
Thus blest, we slumber'd in a downy trance,
Happy, like Eden, in mild ignorance;
Till Discord, like the wily serpent, found
Th' unguarded path to the forbidden ground;
Show'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood
The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood;
And where (as hanging on the golden bough)
The glittering fruit look'd smiling to the view.
"Taste, and be wise," the sly provoker said;
And see the platform of your ruin laid:
Rouse from the dulness ye too long have shown,
And view your church's danger, and your own.
Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,
Which mock'd the approach of our deluded taste.
And now ——
Imaginary schemes we seem to spy,
And search for dangers with a curious eye;
From thought to thought we roll, and rack our sense,
To obviate mischiefs in the future tense:
Strange plots in embryo from the Lord we fear;
And dream of mighty ills, the Lord knows where!
Wretchedly wise, we curse our present store,
But bless the witless age we knew before.
Near that famed place[a] where slender wights resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court;
Where exiled wit ne'er shows its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place;
Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharping gamester, and the bully red,
O'erstock'd with fame, but indigent of bread;
There stands a modern dome[b] of vast renown,
For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
Raised high, the fair inviting bird you see,
In all his milky plumes and feather'd lechery;
In whose soft down immortal Jove was dress'd
When the fair nymph the wily god possess'd;
Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
Patron of whoring and of toping too.
Here gravely meet the worthy sons of zeal,
To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To censure heroes and the acts of kings:
Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly show
How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
Drinks to the church, but ticks on his arrears;
The gentle beau, too, joins in wise debate,
Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state.
As when the sun, on a returning flood,
Warms into life the animated mud,
Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
And a new race of vermin fills the plain;
So from the excrement of zeal we find
A slimy race, but of the modish kind,

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[a] Lucas's coffeehouse.

[b] The Swan tavern.

Crawl from the filth, and, kindled into man,
Make up the members of the sage divan.
Of these the famed Borachio is the chief,
A son of pudding and eternal beef.
The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace,
Sits on the scarlet honours of his face;
His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
Securely smiles in thoughtless majesty;
His own tithe-geese not half so plump as he.
Wild notions flow from his immoderate head,
And statutes quoted,—moderately read;
Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
Yet the good man's immoderate in zeal.
How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
Who thinks too little, but who talks too much?
When peaceful tars with Gallic navies meet,
And lose their honour to preserve the fleet,
This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
And win the battles which the heroes lost.
When just esteem he would of William raise,
He damns the glories which he means to praise;
The poòr encomium, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the injured ashes of the dead;
Though for the orator, 'tis said withal,
He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.
Egregious Magpie[a] charms the listening throng,
Whilst inoffensive satire tips his tongue;
Grey politics adorn the beardless chit,
Of foreign manners but of native wit;
Scarce wean'd from diddy of his Alma Mater,
The cocking thing steps forth the church's Erra Pater;
High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
And wing the towering puppet to the sky;
On brazen wings beat out from native stock,
He mounts, and rides upon the weathercock;
From whence the dull Hibernian isle he views;
The dull Hibernian isle he sees, and spews;
He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
On such a dry inhospitable coast.
Thus daws, when perch'd upon a steeple's top,
With Oxford strut and pride superior hop;
And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
Take humble curates but for daws below.
Firedrake,[b] a senator of awkward grace,
But famed for matchless modesty and face,
With christian clamour fills the deafen'd room,
And prophesies of wondrous ills to come.
Heaven in a hurry seems to have form'd his paste,
Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste:
He thinks, he argues, nay, he prays, in haste.
When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
And high-flown schemes for curtains grace the bed,
Wild freakish fancy, with her airy train,
Whirls through the empty region of his brain
Shows him the church just tott'ring on his head,
And all her mangled sons around her spread;
Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguiled,
And his domestic Sicorax defiled:
Then kindling at the sight, he flies about,
And puts dissenting squadrons to the rout;
Brimful of wrath, he plunges into strife,
And thumps the passive carcase of his wife;
He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
And boldly fights the visionary scene.
Th' Apollo of the cause, old Grimbeard[c] stands,
And all the inferior fry of wit commands;
Nursed up in faction, and a foe to peace,
He robs his bones of necessary ease;
Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage.
Cold drivelling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
But left untouch'd his lechery of tongue;
His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
He blames the dulness of his party's sloth,
And chides the fears of their unactive youth;
Tells them the time, the happy time, is come,
When moderation shall behold its doom;
When snivelling mercy shall no more beguile,
But christian force and pious rage shall smile;
Warns them against those dangers to provide,
Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
Hail, venerable man, design'd by fate
The saving genius of a sinking state!
Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
Thou great twin-idol of the thund'ring Baal!
How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage?
Millions of victims shall thy altars soil;
Heroes shall bleed and treasurers shall broil;
Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung:
O, bend thy stubborn rage, and sheathe thy dreadful tongue!
Nutbrain,[a] a daggle-gown of large renown,
For weak support to needy client known,
With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
And shrewdly construes faction into law.
When Albion's senate waved its fatal wand,
And with their hungry locusts cursed the land,
Our fruitful Egypt, with the load oppress'd,
Beheld with grief its happy fields laid waste:
With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain;
Till, gorged with prey, they took the favourite wind,
And left this straggling vermin here behind:
Too well he liked our fruitful Egypt's plain,
To trot to hungry Westminster again.
Say, blind Hibernia, for what charms unknown
Ye adopt a man whom ye should blush to own:
Beggar'd and spoil'd of all your wealthy store,
Yet hug the viper whom ye cursed before.
Is this the pious champion of your cause,
Who robs your offspring to protect your laws;
Slily distils his venom to the root,
And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the fruit?
Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see;
Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee?
In the first rank fam'd Sooterkin[b] is seen,
Of happy visage and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen;
Whose every feature flourishes in print,
And early pride first taught the youth to squint.
What niggard father would begrudge his brass,
When travell'd son doth homebred boy surpass—
Went out a fopling and return'd an ass?
Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
E'er show'd the lucid beauties of his wit.
When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
Secure to hit—who never fails to kill.
When costive punk, in penitential case,
Sits squeezing out her soul in vile grimace,
To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own:
Long since he left religion in the lurch,
Who yet would raise the glories of the church,
And stickles for its rights, who ne'er comes near the porch.
Immortal Crab[c] stands firmly to the truth,
And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;

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[a] Archdeacon Percival.
[b] Ecchlin, a lawyer.
[c] Mr., or captain, Locke.

[a] Nutley, a lawyer.
[b] Dr. Worth, a physician.
[c] Explained, in the Lanesborough manuscript, to be archdeacon Neele, but averred by another authority to mean a "Mr. Hedge Young, or Hogg Young, the late lord-chancellor's purse-bearer."

In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shown,
And blended all its curses into one;
O'erflowing gall has changed the crimson flood,
And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
Nightly on bended knees the musty put
Still saints the spigot and adores the butt;
With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
His liquid vows cut swiftly through the air,
When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.
  In the sage list great Mooncalf is enroll'd,
Famed as the Delphic oracle of old.
Propitious dulness and a senseless joy
Shone at his birth and bless'd the hopeful boy;
Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
And scorns the crabbed labour of his brain.
Fleeting as air his words outstrip the wind,
Whilst the sage tardy meaning lags behind.
No saucy foresight dares his will control,
Or stop the impetuous motion of his soul;
His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
Crush'd and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load:
Prevailing dulness did his sense betray,
And cramp'd his reason to extend his clay;
His wit contracted to a narrow span,
A yard of idiot to an inch of man.
Hail, mighty dunce, thou largest of thy kind,
How well thy mien is suited to thy mind!
What if the lords and commons can't agree,
Thou dear, dull, happy thing, what is't to thee?
Sit down contented with thy present store,
Heaven ne'er design'd thee to be wise and poor:
Trust to thy fate; whatever parties join,
Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
As when imperial Rome beheld her state
Grown faint and struggling with impending fate;
When barbarous nations on her ruins trod,
And no kind Jove appear'd her guardian god;
A sacred goose could all her fears disperse,
And save the mistress of the universe:
Of equal fame the great example be,
Our church's safety we expect from thee:
In thee, great man, the saving brood remains,
Of equal piety and equal brains;
In this we differ but in point of name:
Unlike the Romans we; but thou, our goose, the same.
  And now with solemn grace the council sat,
And the third flask had raised a warm debate;
When Faction, entering, walk'd the giddy maze,
Sworn foe and noted enemy to peace;
And, taking Grimbeard's shape, the silence broke,
And in shrill voice the eager fury spoke.
  "Be witness, Heaven, how much I'm pleased to find
Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind;
Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly sit
The noblest sons of piety and wit.
Uncommon vigour in your looks I spy,
Resolved the utmost of your force to try;
Bravely to stickle for your church's laws,
And shed a generous influence on her cause.
See how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
Whilst trickling tears, upon her garments shed,
Mourn all her lustre and her beauty fled:
In hair dishevell'd, and with bosom bare,
With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
And learn the cruel reason of her woe?
The cause she has to grieve, the world believes,
Is this—hem—hem—why, 'tis enough she grieves
What sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
And with dry eyes behold their mother weep?
Ah! stop the deluge of her watery store,
And let her taste those joys she felt before!
  "When William (curse upon that hated name,
For ever blotted and unknown to fame!)—
When William in imperial glory shone,
And, to our grief, possess'd Britannia's throne;
Mark with what malice he our church debased,
Her sons neglected, and her rites defaced:
To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
And meant to ruin what he came to save.
What though the world be fill'd with his alarms
And fainting Gallia trembled at his arms;
Yet still the doughty hero did no more
Than Julius once, and Ammon, did before.
Is this the idol of the people's love,
The poor mock-puppet of a ruling Jove?
Sorrel, we owe his hasty fate[a] to thee,
Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me!
Too far, I fear, the vile infection's spread,
Since Anna courts the party which he led,
And treads the hated footsteps of the dead.
If so, what now can we expect to hear,
But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
And to Geneva zeal become an easy prey;
Cold element shall give your guts the gripes,
And, ah! no more you shall indulge in tripes.
No Sunday pudding shall adorn the board,
Or burn the chaps of its too eager lord:
No gentle Abigail shall caudles make,
Nor cook the jellies for the chaplain's back;
Long-winded schismatics shall rule the roast,
And father Christmas mourn his revels lost.
Rouse then, my friends, and all your forces join,
And act with vigour in our great design:
What though our danger is not really great?
'Tis brave to oppose a government we hate.
Poison the nation with your jealous fears,
And set the fools together by the ears:
Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit,
And smile to see the triumphs of our wit:
Sound well the college; and with nicest skill
Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your will.
What though unmoved her learned sons have stood,
Nor sacrificed to spleen their country's good?
Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found
Some branches tainted, though the trunk be sound;
Show them the lure which never fails to hit;
Approve their briskness, and admire their wit.
Youth against flattery has no defence,
Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense;
Glean e'en the schools from lechery and birch,
And teach the youngsters to defend the church.
'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size:
'Twould spoil our cause to practise on the wise:
The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken,
And calmly weigh the merits and the men;
Pierce through the cobweb veil of erring sense,
And know the truth of zeal from the pretence:
Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of show,
And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe:
Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
When in an age they stumble on the right:
God never gave a fool the gift of sight."
  He said—with joy the pleased assembly rose;
"Well moved!" they cried, and murmur'd their applause;
When, lo, before the board, confess'd in sight,
Stepp'd forth a heavenly guest serenely bright;
No mortal beauty could with hers compare,
Or poet's fancy form a maid so fair;

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[a] Sorrel was the name of the horse on which king William rode when he received his mortal injury by a fall.

Around her head immortal glories shine,
And her mild air confess'd the nymph divine;
Whilst thus she spake:
"Ask not, my frighted sons, from whence I came,
But mark me well; Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown,
Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
Is it for me, my sons, that ye engage,
And spend the fury of your idle rage?
'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosom warms,
And a pretended zeal your fancy charms.
Where have I taught you in the sacred page
To construe moderation into rage;
To affront the power from whence your safety springs,
And poorly blast the memory of kings?
Branded with infamy, ye shun the light,
But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the night.
Is then unlawful riot fit to be
The great supporter of my church and me?
Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
Or wants the assistance of your feeble aid?
When round her throne seraphic warriors stand
And form upon her side a heavenly band:
When, fix'd as fate, her deep foundation lies,
And spreads where'er my ANNA's glory flies.
Think on the intended ruins of the day,
When to proud Rome ye were design'd a prey:
With wonder read those fatal times again,
And call to mind the melancholy scene:
When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
Your country's laws, and safety was no more;
Torn from your altars, ye were forced to roam
In needy exile from your native home.
'Twas then, my sons, your mighty William rose,
And bravely fell like lightning on your foes:
With royal pity he deplored your fate,
And stood the Atlas of your sinking state.
When sacrifice on idle altars slain
Polluted all the isle and dyed the plain;
Rome's mob of saints did all your temples fill,
And consecrated groves crown'd every hill;
'Twas then, Josiah-like, that he defaced
Their pagan rites, and laid their altars waste;
Drove out their idols from their loved abodes,
And pounded into dust their molten gods:
Israel's true Lord was to his rule restored,
Again his name was heard and was again adored.
"Wondering, ye saw your great deliverer come,
But, while he warr'd abroad, ye rail'd at home;
Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
The useless buckler of inglorious ease:
O poor and short-lived glory and renown!
O false unenvied pleasures of a crown!
So soon are all thy shining honours fled,
Traduced while living, and defamed when dead.
Strange fate of heroes, who like comets blaze,
And with a sudden light the world amaze:
But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
No more to shine the wonder of our eyes;
Their glories spent, and all their fiery store,
We scorn the omens which we fear'd before.
"My royal Anne, whom every virtue crowns,
Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor 'scapes your frowns;
Your want of duty ye supply with spite,
Traduce her councils, and her heroes slight;
Lampoon the mildness of her easy sway,
And sicken at the light of her superior day;
Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.
What! such a queen, where Art and Nature join
To hit the copy of a form divine:
Unerring Wisdom purged the dross away,
And form'd your Anna of a nobler clay;
Breathing a soul in which in glory shone
Goodness innate, and virtue like its own:
She knows how far engaging sweetness charms,
And conquers more by mildness than by arms:
Like Sampson's riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong;
Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
Her rigour lagging, but her mercy flies.
Hail, pious princess! mightiest of thy name,
Though last begotten, yet the first in fame:
Those glorious heroines we in story see
Were but the fainter types of greater thee.
Let others take a lustre from the throne;
You shine with brighter glories of your own,
Add worth to worth, and dignify a crown.
Oft have I mark'd with what a studious care
My words you ponder and my laws revere:
To thee, great queen, what elogies are due,
Who both protect the flock and feed the shepherds too![a]
For which I still preside o'er thy alarms,
And add a shining lustre to thy arms:
I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
And rode with conquest on thy Ormond's sword:
When Anjou's fleet yielded its Indian store,
And at thy sacred feet deposed the silver ore;
I sent the goddes, when Victoria came,
And raised thy Churchill to immortal fame,
And Hochstet's bloody field advanced the hero's name.
Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
Charles[b] shall from thee his diadem receive,
And shining pomp which you alone can give;
The Gallic lion, list'ning at his shore,
Shall fear to tempt the British dangers more,
But sculk in deserts where he used to roar:
Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
And willing nations bend to thy command.
"For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace,
Whom kings can ne'er oblige, nor heaven can please;
Who, blindly zealous, into faction run,
And make those dangers you'd be thought to shun;
For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
And let your civil feuds be heard no more:
To the wise conduct of my Anna trust;
Know your own good, and to yourselves be just:
And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
Or in a night of error lose his way,
Direct his wandering, and restore the day.
To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still:
Let healing mercy through your actions shine,
And let your lives confess your cause divine."
Frowning, the goddess spoke, and straight withdrew,
Scatt'ring ambrosial odours as she flew;
Her trembling sons, immoderately scared,
Fled from th' uneasy truths which suddenly they heard.

No. II.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BURLESQUED.

ORPHEUS, a one-eyed blearing Thracian,
The crowder of that barb'rous nation,
Was ballad-singer by vocation;
Who, up and down the country strolling,
And with his strains the mob cajoling,

[a] Alluding to her grants to the clergy.
[b] The archduke Charles.

Charm'd 'em as much as each man knows
Our modern farces do our beaux:
To hear whose voice they left their houses,
Their food, their handicrafts, and spouses;
Whilst, by the mercury of his song,
He threw the staring, gaping throng
(A thing deserving admiration)
Into a copious salivation.
From hence came all those monstrous stories,
That to his lays wild beasts danced borees;
That after him, where'er he rambled,
The lion ramp'd and the bear gamboll'd,
And rocks and caves (their houses) ambled:
For sure, the monster mob includes
All beasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.
He had a spouse, yclept Eurydice,
As tight a lass as e'er your eye did see;
Who, being caress'd one day by Morpheus,
In absence of her husband, Orpheus,
As in the god's embrace she lay,
Died, not by metaphor they say,
But the ungrateful literal way:
For a modern's [Tasso] pleased to say by't,
From sleep to death there's but a way-bit.
Orpheus at first, to appearance grieving,
For one he had oft wish'd damn'd while living,
That he might play her her farewell,
Resolved to take a turn to hell
(For spouse, he guess'd, was gone to the devil):
There was a husband damnably civil!
Playing a merry strain that day,
Upon th' infernal king's highway,
He caper'd on, as who should say,
Since spouse has pass'd the Stygian ferry,
Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry;
And wights who travel that way daily
Jog on by his example gaily.
Thus scraping, he to hell advanced:
When he came there the devil danced;
All hell was with the frolic taken,
And with a huge huzza was shaken.
All hell broke loose, and they who were
One moment past plunged in despair,
Sung, Hang sorrow, cast away care!
But Pluto, with a spiteful prank,
Ungrateful devil, did Orpheus thank.
Orpheus, said he, I like thy strain
So well, that here's thy wife again:
But on those terms receive the blessing,
Till thou'rt on earth forbear possessing.
He who has play'd like thee in hell
Might e'en do t'other thing as well;
And shades of our eternal night
Were not design'd for such delight.
Therefore, if such in hell thou usest,
Thy spouse immediately thou losest.
Quoth Orpheus, I am manacled, I see:
You and your gift be damn'd, thought he;
And shall be, if my skill don't fail me,
And if the devil does not ail me.
Now Orpheus saw importance free,
By which once more a slave was he.
The damn'd changed presently their notes,
And stretch'd with hideous howl their throats;
And two and two together link'd,
Their chains with horrid music clink'd;
And in the concert, yell and fetlock
Express'd the harmony of wedlock.
He, by command, then lugg'd his dowdy
To Acheron, with many a how-d'ye;
But, as the boat was tow'rd them steering,
The rogue, with wicked ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery glances,
Which kindled in her furious fancies.
Her heart did thick as any drum beat,
Alarming Amazon to combat.
He soon perceives it, and too wise is
Not to lay hold on such a crisis:
His moiety on the bank he threw,
Whilst thousand devils look'd askew.
Thus spouse, who knew what long repentance
Was to ensue by Pluto's sentence,
Could not forbear her recreation
One poor half-day, to avoid damnation.
Her from his arms the Furies wrung,
And into hell again they flung.
He, singing thus, repass'd the ferry,—
"Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry."

No. III.

ACTÆON;

OR, THE ORIGINAL OF HORN FAIR.

SOME time about the month of July,
Or else our ancient authors do lie,
Diana, whom poetic noddies
Would have us think to be some goddess,
(Though, in plain truth, a witch she was,
Who sold grey peas at Ratcliff-cross,)
Went to the up-setting of a neighbour,
Having before been at her labour.
The gossips had of punch a bowlful!
Which made them all sing, O be joyful!
A folly took them in the noddle,
Their over-heated bums to coddle;
So they at Limehouse took a sculler,
And cramm'd it so, no egg was fuller.
With tide of ebb, they got to Eriff,
Where Punchinello once was sheriff.
Our jovial crew then made a halt,
To drink some Nantz, at what-d'ye-call't.
And thence, if any cared a fart for't
Went to a stream that comes from Dartford;
Where all unrigg'd, in good decorum,
As naked as their mothers bore them;
And soon their tattling did outdo
An Irish howl or hubbubboo.
"O la," cries one, to joke the aptest,
"Methinks I'm grown an anabaptist;
If to be dipp'd to grace prefers,
I'm graced and soused o'er head and ears."
Whilst thus she talk'd, all of a sudden
They grew as mute as hasty-pudding:
Daunted at th' unexpected sounds
Of hollaing men and yelping hounds,
Who soon came up and stood at bay
At those who wish'd themselves away.
But, to increase their sad disaster,
After the curs appear'd their master;
Actæon named, a country gent,
Who, hard by somewhere, lived in Kent;
And hunting loved more than his victuals,
And cry of hounds 'bove sound of fiddles.
He saw his dogs neglect their sport,
Having sprung game of better sort;
Which put him in a fit of laughter,
Not dreaming what was coming after.
Bless me! how the young lecher stared!
How pleasingly the spark was scared!
With hidden charms his eyes he fed,
And to our females thus he said:
"Hey, jingo! what the de'il's the matter;
Do mermaids swim in Dartford water?
The poets tell us they have skill in
That sweet melodious art of singing:
If to that tribe you do belong,
Faith, ladies, come—let's have a song.

What, silent! ne'er a word to spare me?
Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me.
Ha, now I see you are mere females,
Made to delight and pleasure us males.
Faith, ladies, do not think me lavish,
If five or six of you I ravish.
I'gad, I must." This did so frighten
The gossips, they seem'd thunder-smitten.
At last Diana takes upon her
To vindicate their injured honour;
And by some necromantic spells,
Strong charms, witchcraft or something else,
In twinkling of the shell of oyster,
Transmogrified the rampant royster
Into a thing some call a no-man,
Unfit to love or please a woman.
The poets, who love to deceive you,
(For, once believe them, who'd believe you?)
Say that, to quench his lecherous fire,
Into a stag she changed the squire;
Which made him fly o'er hedges skipping
Till his own hounds had spoil'd his tripping.
But I, who am less given to lying,
Than jolly rakes to think of dying,
Do truly tell you here between us,
She only spoil'd the spark for Venus;
Which soon his blood did so much alter,
He cared for love less than for halter:
No more the sight of naked beauty
Could prompt his vigour to its duty:
And in this case, you may believe,
He hardly stay'd to take his leave.
He had a wife, and she, poor woman,
Soon found in him something uncommon.
In vain she strived, young, fair, and plump,
To rouse to joy the senseless lump.
She from a drone, alas! sought honey,
And from an empty pocket money.
Thus used, she for her ease contrives
That sweet revenge of slighted wives;
And soon of horns a pair most florid
Were by her grafted on his forehead;
At sight of which his shame and anger
Made him first curse, then soundly bang her.
And then his rage, which overpower'd him,
Made poets say his dogs devour'd him.
At Cuckold's Point he died with sadness;
(Few in his case now show such madness;)
Whilst gossips, pleased at his sad case,
Straight fix'd his horns just on the place,
Lest the memory on't should be forgotten,
When they, poor souls, were dead and rotten;
And then from queen Dick got a patent,
On Charlton-green to set up a tent;
Where once a-year, with friends from Wapping,
They tell how they were taken napping.
The following age improved the matter,
And made two dishes of a platter.
The tent where they used to repair
Is now become a jolly fair;
Where, every eighteenth of October,
Comes citizen demure and sober,
With basket, shovel, pickaxe, stalking,
To make a way for's wife to walk in:
Where, having laid out single money,
In buying horns for dearest honey,
O'er furmity, pork, pig, and ale,
They cheer their souls, and tell this tale.

THE FAMOUS SPEECHMAKER OF ENGLAND;

Or Baron (*alias* Barren) Lovel's *Charge at the Assizes at* Exon, *April* 5, 1710.

————Risum teneatis?

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus open'd and said:—
Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,
Her majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,
Upon such as offenders have been.
So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold—first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which here I aver
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea:
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,
And whatever may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which men pull and hale so,
And they are made for the support of good government also.
Her majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock
Which all storms will mock,
Since religion is made the foundation.
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In church or in state,
(I'm an instance of that,)
But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
* * * * * *[a]
Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace,
Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our priests and papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who, having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here:
Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;

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[a] A line seems to be wanting here

As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who,
Ye have a diocesan,—[a]
But I don't know the man;—
They tell me, however,
The man's a good liver,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colours,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses;
Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her majesty won't.
Know, I myself, I
Was present and by
At the great trial, where there was a great company,
Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot, [plot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder
Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what;
Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
How church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lie to gracious queen Anne;
And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look;
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was naught but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflamma-
tion should be extinguish'd without more delay;
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it
So the man was tried for't, [out.
Before highest court:
Now it's plain to be seen
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to
Which over, the blade [bellow:
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought, as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.
Upon this I find here,
And everywhere,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of geer:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?
If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster:
And your making this riot
Is what she would cry at,
Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.

I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain
Their passive obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it, ho',
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me in short,
What need there is for't?
Ye may say I am hot,
I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet,
If they do not forget, [state:
May remember what mischiefs it did church and
Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be
That make such an oration
In our protestant nation,
As though church was all on a fire,—
With whatever cloak
They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths they have took,
As our governors strictly require;—
I say they are men—(and I'm a judge ye all know)—
That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
For the greater part of them to church never go;
Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.
Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out, [rout;
To pluck down the queen, that they make all this
And to set up, moreover,
A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the house of Hanover.
Ye gentlemen of the jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I'm inform'd by good hands I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which you know maketh
Ye ought to resent it, [breaches?
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it;
Not only the actors engaged in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on't,
Get a jot of preferment,
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
I'll tell you a story: Once upon a time,
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
('Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy-houses and stews;
Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for that very
When the time came about [reason.
For us all to set out,
We went to take leave of the queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads, and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:

---

[a] Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made bishop of Exeter in 1707.

And she gave us a large
And particular charge;—
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head;—
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbourhood where-
soever we came; and so I do here;
For that every one, not only men and their wives,
Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
And told us withal that she fully expected
A special account how ye all stood affected;
When we've been at St. James's you'll hear of the
Again then I charge ye, [matter.
Ye men of the clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What's savoury and good;
And together all cling,
As it were in a string;
Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with monsieur,—that son of his mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the law, and concluded—

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,—
If ye honour as I do
Our dear royal widow,
Or have any compassion
For church or the nation,
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten
When ye are dead and rotten,—
That ye would be quiet and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s in a quill.

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE.

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty,

Though we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne, yet we beg leave to assure your majesty that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred person and government; insomuch that the late surprising accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a general of the queen of England. And we are not a little pleased to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant enterprising general, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's fleet our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive: that after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a confederacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the faith, styled defender, we may live to enjoy, under your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your majesty again prove to *your own family* what you have been so eminently to the true church—a nursing mother. So wish and so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects and devoted humble servants.

This address was presented January 17, 1705.

Mr. William Crowe's Address to her Majesty, turned into Metre.

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses and as many people,
There went an address in great form and good order,
Composed as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first to show our good breeding.
We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the victory obtain'd in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd that it soon grew too hot, [pot,
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim through me, and that I'll not drown ye,
Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such damn'd pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much injured banks?
Then swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd who deserved to be hang'd. [deed:
Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd in-
Oh, how we adore you because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins by your violent pushing;

Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorn'd with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed I'm sure very soon [moon:
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the
A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
Now God bless your majesty and our lord Murrough,
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION;

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the Tune of "I'll tell thee, Dick," &c.

I.

Ye commons and peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand,
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious queen Anne.

II.

How his army so great
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender;
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the popish pretender.

III.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men,
But when from the spire
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendosme;
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

V.

While this he did say,
Without more delay
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

VI.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,
In this bloody field I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

VII.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his viens so blue:
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

VIII.

What a racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year,)
For a little misfortune in Spain!
For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

IX.

Though *Bruges* and Ghent
To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

X.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums:
They may think, if they will,
Of Almanza still,
But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

XI.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain:
He has beat 'em all round;
If no new one's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

XII.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improved, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly

XIII.

But as losers at play
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou hadst better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors are gone.

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident, had got
The story of this garden-plot—
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET,[a] THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

The success of this *jeu d'esprit* was prodigious. The allusion to Godolphin's family name, Sidney, and to his staff of office, are sufficiently obvious.

The rod was but a harmless wand
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphosed by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resumed the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, raised by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,[b]
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,[c]
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and saved his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nursed.
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then returned to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

THE RECORDER'S SPEECH TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711;

WITH A PARODY UPON IT, WHICH IS PERHAPS BY SWIFT.

This city can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her majesty's person and government; and their regard for your grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just administration of the government of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when we consider the share your grace had in the happy Revolution in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of popery, we are assured that that liberty and property, that happy constitution in church and state, to which we were restored by king William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your grace's administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your grace's favour and protection than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her majesty's government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the pretender and all his abettors.

The Recorder's Speech explained by the Tories.

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the church and for nosing the state,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,
Made the following speech by their mouth, the recorder:
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

The Speech.

May it please your grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell
That we love the queen's person and government well;
Then next, to your grace we this compliment make,
That our worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this government shine.
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your grace has procured us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,

---

[a] Earl Godolphin.
[b] The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.
[c] Supposed to allude to the Union.

We give no other proof of your zeal to your prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope that whilst you rule o'er us
You'll tread in the steps of king William the glorious,
Whom we're always adoring, though hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shows that good zeal may be founded in
spleen,
Since a dead prince we worship to lessen the queen.
And as for her majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin the popish pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her
Against the sly Jack and the sturdy high-flier. [her,
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor. [pity
Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not
His grace, almost choked with the breath of the city!

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD-TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedlar does his pack;
But, as the pedlar overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdom lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11.

On Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is left if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.[a]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG:

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF
A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711.

An orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their
sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.[b]
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, notwithstanding I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the
duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her
clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends while I'm *Not-in-game*
When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master king James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage and stood at defiance,
For Daniel[a] was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game.*
I swore to the queen that the prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over;
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote
That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why? I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game.*
Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers,
and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound,—
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,—
I'll speech against peace while *Dismal's* my name,
And be a true Whig while I'm *Not-in-game.*[b]

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.[c]

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W——, F.R.S., where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

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[a] "I told lord-treasurer of four lines I writ extempore, with my pencil, on a bit of paper, in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste-paper of them; and he never heard of them."—*Journal to Stella,* Feb. 19, 1711-12.

Lord Nottingham's family name.

[a] This was the earl's christian name.

[b] "There was printed a Grub-street speech of lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court that Walpole (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him."—*Journal to Stella,* Dec 18, 1711.

[c] "I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print. I did it to-day, and some other verses."—*Journal to Stella,* Dec. 23, 1711. "My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day. I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass."—*Ibid.* Dec. 24. "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them."—*Ibid.* Dec. 26. "I entertained our society at the Thatched-house tavern. The printer had not received my letter, and so brought us a dozen copies of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."—*Ibid* Dec. 27

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

When a *holy black Swede*, the *son of Bob*,[a]
With a *saint*[b] at his chin and a *seal*[b] at his fob,
Shall not see *one new-year's-day*[c] in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor[d] and *Bristow*[d] then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree.*[d]
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*[e]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But, spite of *the Harpy*[f] that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.[g]
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,
Beware of *Carrots*[h] from *Northumberlond.*
Carrots sown *Thynne*[i] a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer set;*
Their *Conyngs mark*[k] thou; for I have been told
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these Carrots, O *thou,*[l] whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name,
Which *backwards* and *forwards*[m] is almost the same.
And, Englond, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill.*[n]

CORINNA, A BALLAD. 1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
"The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p—,
Miss came and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve, a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her commonplace-book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis,
Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.[a] 1712.

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd everything he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground;
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or t' had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told
Old hay is equal to old gold:[b]
And hence a critic deep maintains
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapp'd asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;

---

[a] Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol.

[b] He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.

[c] The new style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe.

[d] Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

[e] Earl of Nottingham.

[f] Duke of Marlborough.

[g] The treasurer's wand taken from Harley, whose second title was lord *Mortimer*.

[h] The duchess of Somerset.

[i] Thomas Thynne of Longleate, esq., married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Cavendish, earl of Ogle.

[k] Count Koningsmark.

[l] ANNA.

[m] MASHAM.

[n] Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

[a] "'To-day I published 'The Fable of Midas,' a poem printed on a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer at lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you.—*Journal to Stella*, Feb. 14, 1711-12.

[b] The reader will recollect that the duke of Marlborough was accused of having received perquisites from contractors.

Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call:
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has ass's ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hands so much,
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may 't do them that have caught 'em;
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears and dirty hands.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. I. epist. 5.

SWIFT mentions the satire in his Journal, 1st July, 1712.—"Have you seen Toland's Invitation to *Dismal?* How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace." It is again mentioned in the 17th of the same month.

IF dearest *Dismal*, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk what fools call treason all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine e'en Scarborough is brave,
Hal[a] grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with king Charles and bishop Laud,
Or make you fast and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the tune of "The king shall enjoy his own again."

I.

SPITE of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes
"But the queen shall enjoy her own again."

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
Made false moves, and lost his queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the queen should enjoy her own again."

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapp'd by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise cent. per cent.
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain
We'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the queen shall enjoy her own again."

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:

---

[a] Right honourable Henry Boyle.

But the lord of Oxford swears
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to general Hill:
"For the queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

Harley, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast,)
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis[a] go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)—
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried:
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord, the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had dined—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect"—
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early and departed late;
In short the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
A canon!—that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs, and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now, all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind,
And Parvisol[a] discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read[b] would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye:
Or is your money out at use?"—
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The doctor in a passion cried,)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:

---

[a] The treasurer's secretary.

[a] The dean's agent, a Frenchman.

[b] The lord-treasurer's porter.

But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

(A few of the first lines are wanting.)

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * By an old———pursued,
A crazy prelate,[a] and a royal prude;[b]
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconciled divinity and wit:
He moved and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's,[c] never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor, Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
"Make room," as if a duke were passing by.
Now Finch[d] alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie,[e] to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons that the secret's out
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent to show the queen
A dangerous treatise[f] writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,[g] and repents too late.
Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:[h]
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incensed his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[a]
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.[b]
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delawar[c] again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ears thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.[d]
By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE.

Observe the dying father speak,
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot:
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.
This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.
In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the prætor down!
Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt,[e] bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Despatch, or else that rascal Northey[f]
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.

---

[a] Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended, May 14, 1686, was raised from the deanery of Canterbury to the archbishopric of York, July 5, 1691; and died February 2, 1712-13.

[b] Queen Anne. [c] Coffeehouses frequented by the clergy.

[d] Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.

[e] John Aislaby, then M.P. for Rippon. They both spoke against him in the house of commons.

[f] Tale of a Tub.

[g] He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.

[h] Insert "*murder'd.*" The duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by banditti, the emissaries of count Coningsmarc.

[a] The duke of Argyle.

[b] For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

[c] Then lord-treasurer of the household.

[d] He was visited by the Scotch lords more than ever.

[e] Lord-chancellor.

[f] Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general.

To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
[“[a] But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
“If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, ‘Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.”]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;[b]
Nor cross the channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
“Lewis, the dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse.”
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.
“Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town.”
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green.
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
“I thought the dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!”
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
“So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke.”
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
“To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone—”
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
“Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd;
Consider, 'tis my first request.”—
Be satisfied I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
“You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you[a]——”
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,[b]
And choose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As “What's o'clock?” And, “How's the wind?”
“Whose chariot's that we left behind?”
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;[c]
Or, “Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?”
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
“How think you of our friend the dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête;*
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!”
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
“You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?”
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
“Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret”—I protest
'Tis one to me—“Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?”
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

---

[a] The twenty lines within hooks were added by Mr Pope.

[b] Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England.

[a] Very happily turned from “Si vis potes——”—WHARTON.

[b] The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very interesting Journal to Stella.

[c] The real cause of Swift's disappointment in his hopes of preferment is explained in Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole.

[d] Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.[a]

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

> "Eu qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
> Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum."
>
> HOR. SAT. I. vi. 34.

DICK, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley's pen
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout,
With—who is in—and who is out?
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d'éclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends."[b]
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Did'st in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel which adorns thy head
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces:
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter;)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.[a]
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp[b] keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney[c] thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart.
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalise our Dolls and Jennys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT. 1714.

Fit to be bound with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,

---

[a] Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714.

[b] This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele had long threatened the town.

[a] Abel Roper, a Tory bookseller.

[b] The duke and duchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.

[c] General Macartney, second to lord Mohun in the fatal duel with the duke of Hamilton.

Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
'Tis true that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's-field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,[a]
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every county's generous produce.
The ready (for here christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquor out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flash or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us hold contentment for a feast.
The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter-eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.
Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pr'ythee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose and on what topics dwell
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stepp'd,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
Why has my lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare,
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despite of a censorious race,
I must incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design
Whose stomach flows and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it 'stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S******, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-seas-o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured,
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight should'st make wry faces,
The girl has scour'd the pots and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.

---

[a] Poor Dennis had a notion that he was dreaded by the French for his writings, and fled from the coast, on hearing that strangers had approached the town where he was residing.

There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though, if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for king Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk through postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging, tender friend,
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burthen grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715, ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

A Bitch, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teaming from her womb,
Went here and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's house[a] she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
With fawning whine and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty[a] did so far prevail
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her;)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well she knew her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried—"A bite! bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD-TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack;
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff,[b] nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.
Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

ON THE CHURCH'S DANGER.

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh,
In those we love not we no danger see,
And were they hang'd there would no danger be.

---

[a] The church of England.

[a] A Scotch name for a bitch, alluding to the kirk.

[b] The ensign of the lord-treasurer's office

But we must silent be amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH.

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,
Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will choose
The conformity bill for bumfodder.

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETON IS EXPRESSED.

Not asking or expecting aught,
One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer;
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean?
Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture show its face?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet tongued Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas! what strange confusion's bred!

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein;
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain;

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will;

In wild uproar they hurry on;—
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding, too late, he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.

A TALE OF A NETTLE.

A man with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use:
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet but a seed,
A nettle rear'd up his inglorious head.
The gard'ner would wisely have rooted him up,
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop;
But the master forbid him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell'd to relinquish my home,
'Cause I wouldn't subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit's bark,[a]
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There's none so renown'd for compassion as you;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with your garden in forms:
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,
Will peaceably stick to our own education.
Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest 'em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest 'em;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, sir, I'll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,
And into his breast doth his enemy bring,
He little suspected the nettle could sting.
Till flush'd with success, and of strength to be fear'd,
Around him a numerous offspring he rear'd.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done,
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well-rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay'd, and in their room grew
A stubborn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted,
They stung like ingrates and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncropp'd, increased to such store,
That 'twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

---

[a] In allusion to the supremacy of Rome.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

THIS ballad alludes to the dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which Waters the printer was prosecuted with great violence.

BROCADES and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcase would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.
This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And if swearing can do't shall be swingingly maul'd;
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep,
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas,
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

"Riches," the wisest monarch sings,
"Make pinions for themselves to fly;"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er the bills and bags,
Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Exposed with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!
Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they, in men's and angels' sight
Produced with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance and found light!"

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG.

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory, 1723.

I ASK'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, From thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjured dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.
WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
TORY. I'm still to seek which dog you mean:
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,[a]
An English or an Irish hound;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;

---

[a] John Kelley, and Skin, or Skinner, were persons engaged in the plot.

Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dog's-head in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, since he had got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish;
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.
  Whig. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
  Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
  Whig. I proved my proposition full:
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name his Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confess'd as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.
  Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks:
For statesmen never want dog-tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
  Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occassion for a plot;
And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
  Tory. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have proved it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops all are dogs indeed!

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT.

1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat;
Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press,
His lading little and his ballast less?
Toss'd in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill[a] retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end[b] he founders in the port.
With water[c] fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are placed, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.[a]
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
  Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out we find at last
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry;
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell;
A trade our Boat[b] has practised here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus; and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's-green:[c]
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry; look, here's our Boat, and there's the
  pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree
No boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S[d] MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

Libertas et natale solum:[e]
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now thy words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;[f]
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious dean:
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.[g]
Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true,
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason when you stole 'em.

---

[a] A street in Dublin, leading to the harbour.
[b] A village near the sea.
[c] It was said he died of a dropsy.

[a] A cant word for a Jacobite.
[b] In condemning malefactors as a judge.
[c] Where the Dublin gallows stands.
[d] That noted chief-justice who twice prosecuted the drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him.
[e] This motto is repeatedly mentioned in the Drapier's Letters.
[f] Allan Broderick, lord viscount Middleton, was then lord-chancellor of Ireland.
[g] Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A.D. 1724.

By an unknown hand.

QUOTH king Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of colour more gay,
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honours.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my commands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes.
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER,

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason,
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,[a]
Join'd with a brazen politician,[b]
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment[c] of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long observation I have understood
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head without tail,
Enclosed *cap à pié*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears;
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.[a]
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possess'd,
Or sick of obtrusions and pains in her chest.
The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding-hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing-statesman or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps[b] in a caldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a fagot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

PROMETHEUS,

ON WOOD[c] THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE. 1724.

1

As when the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck,
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, conformists, presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And every one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

---

[a] The duchess of Kendal.
[b] Walpole, nick-named sir Robert Brass.
[c] The patent for coining halfpence.

[a] He was in jail for debt.
[b] Counterfeit halfpence.
[c] See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's Letter

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end
They say all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass—
(Venus[a] was bribed to let it pass),
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice on altars blazed;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye powers of Grub-street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725.

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep,
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better,)
Which, lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER.—1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the drapier and Harding.[a]

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d—d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade;[b]
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more

---

[a] Duchess of Kendal again.

[a] The drapier's printer,

[b] Two famous bankers.

To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which nobody can deny.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which nobody can deny.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which nobody can deny.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which nobody can deny.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which nobody can deny.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which nobody can deny.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which nobody can deny.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which nobody can deny.

The squire possess'd of twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I fear.
Which nobody can deny.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire's too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which nobody can deny.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which nobody can deny.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which nobody can deny.

The wisest of lawyers all swear they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which nobody can deny.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swopping her moles for the mange.
Which nobody can deny.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his majesty's kind.
Which nobody can deny.

Now God bless the drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which nobody can deny.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which nobody can deny.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown:
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which nobody can deny.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds.
Which nobody can deny.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

BRAZIER, TINKER, HARDWAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE.

When foes are o'ercome we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil;
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store,
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.
Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name.
My tale is a wise one, if well understood;
Find you but the friar, and I'll find the Wood.
I hear among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech,
And said, "By my shoul he's the son of a Beech."
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret, and pray do not blab:—
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us verjuice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast
That none are more properly knights of the post.
But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;

He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps,[a] and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.
Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
'Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil's a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.
But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood's mouth, or speaks from his guts:
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe'er, let us try him, and see how he'll burn:
You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission.
I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image's breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about,[b])
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I'll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He'll bellow as loud as the devil in a drum.
From me I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.
Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This Brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;
I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.
I often have seen two plays very good,
Call'd Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell then for gold, or he can't show his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland's good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend's love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;
But with honest Wood's love there is no contending,
'Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be cross'd?
I hope he will find that no love is lost.
Hear one story more and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.[c]
I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he and how we at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

To the tune of "London is a Fine Town," &c.

O Dublin is a fine town
And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down,
Come listen to my ditty.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.
O Dublin, &c.

The bankers would not let it pass
For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
And fill their small-beer cellars.
O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
The Gild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
And so their names they writ.
O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
They want so many grains.
O Dublin, &c.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Woods an inch,
We know he'd take an ell.
O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
Of honour and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence
They will be all cast down.
O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vext,
Take money stamp'd on leather.
O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.
O Dublin, &c.

And that if Woods were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.
O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Woods, that cunning scoundrel knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down.
O Dublin, &c.

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[a] Forging his own copper coin.
[b] He was repeatedly burnt in effigy.
[c] The place of execution near Dublin.

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.
O Dublin, &c.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.
O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.
O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confounded in a maze,
They seem'd to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.
O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Woods, have at you.
O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Woods has got a rope.
O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

The church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand:
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married.

ON THE SAME.

(THE JUDGE SPEAKS.)

I'm not the grandson of that ass Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christchurch cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce.*

EPIGRAM, April 1735.

In answer to the dean's verses on his own deafness.

What though the dean hears not the knell
Of the next church's passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not: At the Drapier's ear
Chink but *Wood*'s halfpence, and he'll hear.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.
Unhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars that used thy course to guide
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold, it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.
A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia's rights, and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday night:
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,
And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick, when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF

ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos, with the fleecy ore,
Jason arrived two thousand years before.

Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown:
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilise;
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins who are thy younger sons.
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
  Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time has made in thee!
The christian rites I introduced in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
  By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth nor scorpion's sting.
  With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
  As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
  See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
  Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,[a]
The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
  Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
Thou still with tyrants in succession cursed,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,[a]
But all turn leasers to the mongrel breed,[b]
Who, from thee sprung yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
  I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister[c] so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he[d] who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
  Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ;
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,

---

[a] The university of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth

[a] Wood's ruinous project was supported by sir Robert Walpole.

[b] The absentees.

[c] Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

[d] Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate;
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curs'd?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,
And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be spent;
Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 1728.

"Having lately had an account that a certain person of some distinction swore in a public coffeehouse that party should never die while he lived (although it has been the endeavour of the best and wisest among us to abolish the ridiculous appellations of Whig and Tory, and entirely to turn our thoughts to the good of our prince and constitution in church and state), I hope those who are well-wishers to our country will think my labour not ill bestowed in giving this gentleman's principles the proper embellishments which they deserve; and since Mad Mullinix is the only Tory now remaining who dares own himself to be so, I hope I may not be censured by those of his party for making him hold a dialogue with one of less consequence on the other side. I shall not venture so far as to give the christian nick-name of the person chiefly concerned; lest I should give offence; for which reason I shall call him Timothy, and leave the rest to the conjecture of the world."—*Intelligencer*, No. 8.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter,
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and fagot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marrall, gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropp'd their arms and seized the plunder;
And when the war is past you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites, (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served than by his foes:
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapp'd up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:[a]
'Tis true; nor need I to be told
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age
Till he appears upon the stage:

---

[a] King William III.

And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap;
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sold the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his noise;
The reason why no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes like you and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he's teazed,
How well are the spectators pleased!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in:
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.
T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer.—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, "a plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snowball destined at thy chaps;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied;
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, (viz.)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. ——)
I have a coat at home, that you may try:
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:

Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all humankind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanac 'tis clear
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long misspent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G—d d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM AND THE FABLES.

My meaning will be best unravell'd
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had seen the World:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely dress'd,
The beau in all his airs express'd.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By —," says Tim, and let a f—t,
"This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave:
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at f—g.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skipp'd the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issuing wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For, as he shakes his wainscot chaps,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz in show,
Like a fresh t—d just dropp'd on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

Foulest brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul:
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just
That thou should'st take an honest trade
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries "Dust to carry out!"

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules;
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C—
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of p—g in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys;
To better judgment still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the house of peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing baby in her new stays.
Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antechamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

TRAULUS. PART I.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.[a] 1730.

Tom. Say, Robin, what can Traulus[b] mean
By bellowing thus against the dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?
Robin. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crack'd.
T. What mischief can the dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, sprawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper
Which gave the dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nursed,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random p—es,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels, with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail;
The neighbours all cry "Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangued,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—d! I'll bring you off as clean—"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possess'd
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes

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[a] Son of the rev. Dr. Charles Lesley.
[b] Lord Allen.

A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.
Yet still the dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS. PART II.

Traulus, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of hell?

A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.

One time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester.
The doctors all in concert join'd,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The Lion in this consternation
Sends out his royal proclamation,
To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they're gather'd round his den,
He spoke,—My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let's judge from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest beast
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that's ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder'd many a gallant horse;
Robb'd woods and fens, and, like a glutton,
Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company.—
He had gone on, but chancellor Fox
Stands up——What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honour'd when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,
Not fit for courage or for battle;
And being tolerable meat,
They're fit for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,
Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice;
Hunting's a princely exercise:
And those, being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, if sir, this will not content ye,
We'll vote it NEMINE CONTRADICENTE.
Thus after him they all confess
They had been rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight excuses
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could but stratch and bite,
Nay e'en the Cat, of wicked nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An Ass of stupid memory,
Confess'd, as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a churchyard full of good grass,
Finding they'd open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop'd down and eat [ate].
Hold, says judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
'Twas sacrilege, and this vile Ass
Shall die for eating holy grass.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 1731.

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of hell.
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:[a]
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhorsed them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Carr, and lord Howard,[b]
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
  When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
  What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy, forsooth, must take up with their leavings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
  Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't),
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.
  But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building your spitals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
  Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the commons, for biting the biters!

---

[a] The bishop of Ossory.

[b] Dr. Theophilus Bolton was archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr, bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard, bishop of Elphin from 1729 to 1740.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ., LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

Patron of the tuneful throng,
  O! too nice and too severe!
Think not that my country song
  Shall displease thy honest ear.

Chosen strains I proudly bring,
  Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
  Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
  Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
  Theban Pindar's lofty strains.

Still the old triumphant song,
  Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
  Warns, instructs, and pleases well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
  In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
  Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
  Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
  Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
  By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
  Fondly pleased to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
  Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
  Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
  Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
  Waged the ten years' famous war.

But their names, unsung, unwept,
  Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
  And shall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
  Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
  Some old king, without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
  While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
  Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
  On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
  The perishing inscription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
  Envious G———n's cursed spite,
And P———l's derogating lies,
  Lost and sunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labour and thy care,
  What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
  And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
  For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
  Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He in wealth or poverty
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death!—no, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

ON MR. PULTENEY'S[a] BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

Sir Robert,[b] wearied by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in't
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master's throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.
A hare had long escaped pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when):
Out bounced the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distress'd!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest;
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt:
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.[c]

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND. 1733.

An inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we, the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby[a] Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton[b] his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother protestants and christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians:
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

---

[a] Right honourable William Pulteney, esq., since earl of Bath.

[b] Sir Robert Walpole, premier, who resigned, Dec. 4, 1741, and on the 19th of Feb., 1742, created earl of Orford.

[c] This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath.

[a] This word occasioned Bettesworth's attack upon the dean.

[b] Afterwards lord chief-justice of the common pleas.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

Well! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:
Lampoon'd did I call it?—No—what was it then?
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one;
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard?
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddised by madrigal Namby?[a]
  A man is no more who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
Re-act our old deeds, and make what's past present;
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant, a patriot, a Titus, or Nero;
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so; so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in gospel and law,
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

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[a] Ambrose Philips.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD.

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the tune of "Derry Down."

Grub-street Journal, No. 189, August 9, 1734.—"In December last Mr. Bettesworth, serjeant at-law and M.P., swore, before many hundreds of people, that upon the first opportunity he would murder or maim the dean of St. Patrick's. Upon which the principal inhabitants of that liberty signed a paper to this effect: 'That, out of their great love and respect to the dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, they would endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said dean against a certain man and all his ruffians and murderers.'"

Jolly boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the dean.
  Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse!
  Knock him down.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jest, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
  Knock him down.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
  Knock him down.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.
  Knock him down.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a christian as good as the rest of the herd.
  Knock him down.

He only the rights of the clergy debates;
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less;
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
  Knock him down.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the dean.
  Knock him down.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounced, and he swore how he swore.
  Knock him down.

Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
  Knock him down.

On this worrier of deans, whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
  Knock him down.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
  Knock him down.

And when this is over we'll make him amends,
To the dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
  Knock him down.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave who will coax his superiors
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
  Knock him down.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
  Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL [DR. BOLTON], AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move:
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice,
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the men what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses!*
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates by their good behaviour
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * *

ON NOISY TOM.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. IV., PARAPHRASED. 1733.

If Noisy Tom[a] should in the senate prate,
"That he would answer both for church and state;
And, further, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
All mortals must be curious to inquire
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
"What! thou, the spawn of him[b] who shamed our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though, by the female side,[c] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire,[d] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:
Whose master Moore[a] preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
Thy founder's grandson,[b] and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?[c]
Then vote a worthy citizen[d] to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

1734-5.

Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost,
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
  Yet, were he heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most
Who know there is a Holy Ghost;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
  Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a christian more than they.
  We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
  There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
  Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refused *episcopari.*
  Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.

---

[a] Sir Thomas Prendergast.

[b] The father of sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

[c] Cadogan's family.

[d] A poor cottager condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

[a] The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq., who procured him a pardon.

[b] Guy Moore was elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him.

[c] "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."

[d] Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. sergeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, having made a complaint to the house of commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And well we know the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head so weighty and profound
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB. 1736.

Whilst Swift was writing these satires on the Irish parliament he was seized with one of those fits, the effect of which was so dreadful that he left the poem unfinished; and after that period very rarely attempted a composition, either in verse or prose, that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one or two sittings to finish. One of these was "The Beasts' Confession." From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he foresaw was his lot, when he must become, as he said, a perfect slabberer. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to Almighty God, "to take him away from this evil to come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.
Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies you might swear
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod!
And the gospel will inform us
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling-quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let sir Tom,[a] that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient;
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul:
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What! said I, is this the mad-house?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.

---

[a] Sir Thomas Prendergast.

When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
Privilege of parliament,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian streams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one,
Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your p—s;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and sink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks:
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.
Those are Allens Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sit Clements, Dilks, and Harrison;
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell?
Harrison, and Dilks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us! Morgan, art thou there, man
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks I own
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers?
Morgan, would it not surprise one?
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze?
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

ON A PRINTER'S[a] BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;

---

[a] Mr. Faulkner, for printing "A Proposal for the better Regulation of Quadrille"

And swagger while the coast is clear:
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR, A NEW BALLAD,

Written by a shoeboy, on an attorney who was formerly a shoeboy.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

With singing of ballads and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley[a] set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventured his fortune to push;
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's[b] full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing.
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost that had been so witty:
Without more ado he vamps up my spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?[c]

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

BY JAMES BLACKWELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET.

"But he, by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same."

I sing the man of courage tried,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,—
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternise his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So with a colonel[a] at his back,
The libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharged with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
And so the Ephesian villain fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

AY AND NO. A TALE FROM DUBLIN.

Written in 1737.

At Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case,
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL.

"A traiterous libel written several years ago. It is inconsistent with itself. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him." At the bottom of the paper is subjoined this postscript. "I copied out this wicked paper many years ago, in hopes to discover the traitor of an author, that I might inform against him."

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,

See the next poem.

[b] Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office.

[c] The Proposal for Regulation of Quadrille.

[a] Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons.

Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right prince of Wales,
To succeed when (God bless him!) his majesty fails;
Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two protestant *parallel* lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,
Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.
But alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be master'd;
For take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY,

BY SWIFT AND OTHERS.

The following epigrams were selected by Dr. Barrett from two scarce pamphlets in the Trinity college library. One is entitled, "Mezentius, 1734." (Marked R. R. 19. 60.) The other "Florilegium Carthianum," in the same year. They are probably the productions of Swift, Dunkin, Sican, &c.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

Containing on one side the original Latin, on the other his own version.

This I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS.

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus braced!
For here we see the man and there the beast.

ON THE SAME.

Once Horace fancied from a man,
He was transformed to a swan;
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

ON THE SAME.

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;
Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longæva senectus,
Te vero extinxit, Carole, prima dies.

IMITATED.

So blush'd Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom'd the goddess in a mortal's arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish'd on its natal day.

AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM.

Lectores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Mævius omnes:
Sic triviis veneranda diu, Jovis inclyta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

IMITATED.

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command,
But who can bear the death's head in his hand?

AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME.

While with the fustian of thy book
The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look
As pitiful as Tom M'Lobe.
Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount,
And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumble once into the fount,
He'll make it muddy as a bog.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS.

High as Longinus to the stars ascends,
So deeply Carthy to the centre tends.

RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA.

Æthereas quantum Longinus surgit in auras,
Carthius en tantum ad Tartara tendit iter.

ON THE SAME.

What Midas touch'd became true gold; but then,
Gold becomes lead touch'd lightly by thy pen.

CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY,

For saying he could not live by the profits of Carthy's works as they did not sell.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm;
I broke his teeth, but where's the mighty harm?
My work he said could ne'er afford him meat,
And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat

TO CARTHY,

On his sending about specimens to force people to subscribe to his Longinus.

Thus vagrant beggars, to extort
By charity a mean support,
Their sores and putrid ulcers show,
And shock our sense till we bestow.

TO CARTHY,

On his accusing Mr. Dunkin for not publishing his book of poems.

How different from thine is Dunkin's lot!
Thou'rt curs'd for publishing, and he for not.

ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS.

So witches, bent on bad pursuits,
Assume the shapes of filthy brutes.

TO CARTHY.

Thy labours, Carthy, long conceal'd from light,
Piled in a garret, charm'd the author's sight,
But forced from their retirement into day,
The tender embryos half unknown decay;
Thus lamps, which burn'd in tombs with silent glare,
Expire when first exposed to open air.

TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN.

[From the Gentleman's London Magazine for January.]

My lines to him you give; to speak your due
'Tis what no man alive will say of you.
Your works are like old Jacob's speckled goats,
Known by the verse, yet better by the notes.
Pope's essays upon some for Young's may pass,
But all distinguish thy dull leaden mass;
So green in different lights may pass for blue,
But what's dyed black will take no other hue.

UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR.

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O bard, how you proceed:—
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM ON ONE DELACOURT'S COMPLIMENTING CARTHY ON HIS POETRY.

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717

Deliciæ, Sheridan, Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo

Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi, nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget, tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi;
Ast, illi causas orant: his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
  Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
  Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
  Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
  Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernas;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Et cœlum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Some ancient authors wisely write
That he who drinks will wake at night,
Will never fail to lose his rest,
And feel a streightness in his chest;
A streightness in a double sense,
A streightness both of breath and pence:
Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
He that comes home at hour unseasonable,
(Besides a fall and broken shins,
Those smaller judgments for his sins,)
If, when he goes to bed, he meets
A teazing wife between the sheets,
'Tis six to five he'll never sleep,
But rave and toss till morning peep.
Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
Because you feel your lungs inflamed;
But if you would not get a fever,
You never must one moment leave her.
This comes of all your drunken tricks,
Your Parrys and your brace of Dicks;
Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
Too, was the time you saw that Drab lae a Pery.[a]
But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
And always cries he is like Cassandra;
I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
If once this company you were rid on,
Frequented honest folk, and very few,
You'd live till all your friends were weary of you.
But if rack punch you still would swallow,
I then forewarn'd you what would follow.
Are the Deanery sober hours?
Be witness for me all ye powers.
The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckon'd
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,
And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word
The coach is come, I 'scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a talking
How sweet a night it is for walking;
For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
I'd think a quart a-piece unreasonable;
It strikes eleven,—get out of doors.—
This is my constant farewell.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dine with me than with the provost.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW

IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE.

Soon after Swift's acquaintance with Dr. Sheridan, they passed some days together at the episcopal palace in the diocese of Kilmore. When Swift was gone it was discovered that he had written the following lines on one of the windows which looks into the churchyard:—

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to live on earth?

Dr. Sheridan wrote underneath the following lines:

Thus spoke great Bedel[a] from his tomb:—
"Mortal, I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state,
To be unfortunately great;
To flatter fools, and spurn at knaves,
To shine amidst a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain,
And only rise to fall again:
No! let my dusty relics rest,
Until I rise among the blest."

THE UPSTART.

The character of haughty, presuming, tyrannising upstarts always kindled the indignation of the dean. A person of this description resided in the parish of Laracor. The following lines were written by the dean upon this man.

"——— The rascal! that's too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar's brat;
As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run,
Witness his lazy lousy son!
Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense.
See with what consequence he stalks!
With what pomposity he talks!
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar!
How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall Virtue hide her face,
And leave her votaries in disgrace?
—Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains.—
Let purse-proud C——n next approach;
With what an air he mounts his coach!
A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave!
His heart in poison deeply dipp'd,
His tongue with oily accents tipp'd,

---

[a] So in the manuscript.

[a] Bishop Bedel's tomb lies within view of the window.

A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—"

* * * * * *

ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD.

WHILE viewing this town the dean observed a stone bearing the city arms, with the motto, URBS INTACTA MANET. The approach to this monument was covered with filth. The dean, on returning to the inn, wrote the Latin epigram, and added the English paraphrase, for the benefit, he said, of the ladies.

——URBS INTACTA MANET—semper intacta manebit,
Tangere crabones quis bene sanus amat?

TRANSLATION.

A THISTLE is the Scottish arms,
Which to the toucher threatens harms:
What are the arms of Waterford,
That no man touches—but a ———?

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

Atria longe patent, sed nec conantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas!
MART. lib. 12. ep. 50.

SEE, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;[a]
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

TO THE CITIZENS.

AND shall the patriot who maintain'd your cause,
From future ages only meet applause?
Shall he, who timely rose t' his country's aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray'd?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn'd for parricide.
Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,
Some hero, with superior virtue bless'd,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress'd!
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil'd of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero's heart;
Struck with the sight, your souls would swell wi [grief,
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief.
But if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to—die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast?
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?
If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down, your ruin,
If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence:
That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise:
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom whilst yourselves are free.

M. B.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY.

THIS is an address of congratulation to the grand jury who threw out the bill against Harding the printer.

POOR Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.[a]
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.

So Nell of the dairy, before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.
Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no vonder dat you vere collogue,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You be but von fool after seventeen rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for profit 'tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerrard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland and haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.
Which nobody can deny.

But P——r and copper L——h we'll excuse;
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse;
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
Which nobody can deny

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

DR. KING, archbishop of Dublin, rose high in Swift's estimation by his opposition to Wood's coinage.

BY HONEST JO, ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL.

To the tune of ———.

I sing not of the drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.

---

[a] A lion tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim house: a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator.

[a] Whitshed or Carteret.

In ev'ry council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by't.
And though some think him in the wrong, yet still there comes a season
When ev'ry one turns round about, and owns his grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it swore,
Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand pounds and more.
Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than Woods's dross.
To beg his favour is the way new favours still to win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to give a pin.
Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all in money wallows,
He would not give a groat to save his father from the gallows.
"A bishop," says the noble squire, "I hate the very name,
To have two thousand pounds a-year—O 'tis a burning shame!
Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! and I to have but five!"
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to thrive:
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece of ground,
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the pound.
Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me, "Honest Jo,
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before you go."
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the money locks,
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor man's box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in the face:
Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to obtain;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
"Then," said my lord, "I'm very glad to see thee, honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope they soon will mend,
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when you can;
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest man.
Then said his lordship with a smile, "I must have lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Woods's trash!"
"God bless your grace!" I then replied, "I'd see him hanging higher,
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin spire."
To every farmer twice a-week all round about the Yoke,
Our parsons read the drapier's books, and make us honest folk.
And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way I found
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
"Why, sirrah," said the noble squire, "how dare you see my face?
Your rent is due almost a week, besides the days of grace."
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the rack,
That only for the bishop's lease 'twould quickly break my back.
Then God preserve his lordship's grace, and make him live as long
As did Methusalem of old; and so I end my song.

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A POEM.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo.——Hor.

Great, good, and just, was once applied
To one who for his country died;
To one who lives in its defence
We speak it in a happier sense.
O may the fates thy life prolong!
Our country then can dread no wrong:
In thy great care we place our trust,
Because thou'rt great, and good, and just:
Thy breast unshaken can oppose
Our private and our public foes:
The latent wiles and tricks of state
Your wisdom can with ease defeat.
When power in all its pomp appears,
It falls before thy rev'rend years,
And willingly resigns its place
To something nobler in thy face.
When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
Had drawn his sword for Marius' fall,
The godlike hero with a frown
Struck all his rage and malice down;
Then how can we dread William Wood,
If by thy presence he's withstood?
Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
In vain he brings his brazen shield;
Though like the sibyl's priest he comes,
With furious din of brazen drums,
The force of thy superior voice
Shall strike him dumb and quell their noise.

PUNCH'S PETITION TO THE LADIES.

——— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?——

Fair ones who do all hearts command,
And gently sway with fan in hand
Your favourite—Punch a suppliant falls,
And humbly for assistance calls;
He humbly calls and begs you'll stop
The gothic rage of Vander Hop,
Wh' invades without pretence and right,
Or any law but that of might,
Our Pigmy land—and treats our kings
Like paltry idle wooden things;
Has beat our dancers out of doors,
And call'd our chastest virgins whores;
He has not left our queen a rag on,
Has forced away our George and Dragon,
Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
To doctor Faustus nor the devil;
E'en us he hurried with full rage,
Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
And faith our fright was very great
To see a minister of state,
Arm'd with power and fury come
To force us from our little home—
We fear'd, as I am sure we had reason,
An accusation of high treason;
Till, starting up, says Banamiere,
"Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
For 'gainst the Brass we used no power,
Nor strove to save the chancellor.[a]

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[a] Lord-chancellor Middleton, against whom a vote of censure passed in the house of lords for delay of justice occasioned by his absence in England.

Nor did we show the least affection
To Rochford or the Meath election;
Nor did we sing, 'Machugh he means.' "
"You villain, I'll dash out your brains.
'Tis no affair of state which brings
Me here—or business of the king's;
I'm come to seize you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,
From sight of every friend in town,
Till fifty pound's to me paid down."
"Fifty!" quoth I, "a devilish sum;
But stay till the brass farthings come,
Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From castle down to lowest stews;
That sum shall to you then be told,
Though now we cannot furnish gold."
Quoth he, "Thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest?
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home?
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train."
"Votre très humble serviteur,
I'm not in jest," said I, "I'm sure;
But from the bottom of my belly,
I do in sober sadness tell you,
I thought it was good reasoning
For us fictitious men to bring
Brass counters made by William Wood
Intrinsic as we flesh and blood;
Then since we are but mimic men,
Pray let us pay in mimic coin."
Quoth he, "Thou lovest, Punch, to prate,
And could'st for ever hold debate;
But think'st thou I have nought to do
But to stand prating thus with you?
Therefore to stop your noisy parley,
I do at once assure you fairly
That not a puppet of you all
Shall stir a step without this wall,
Nor merryandrew beat thy drum,
Until you pay the foresaid sum."
Then marching off with swiftest race
To write despatches for his grace,
The revel-master left the room,
And us condemn'd to fatal doom.
Now, fair ones, if e'er I found grace,
Or if my jokes did ever please,
Use all your interest with your sec[a]
(They say he's at the ladies' beck);
And though he thinks as much of gold
As ever Midas did of old,
Your charms I'm sure can never fail,
Your eyes must influence, must prevail;
At your command he'll set us free,
Let us to you owe liberty.
Get us a licence now to play,
And we'll in duty ever pray.

BALLAD.

To the tune of 'Commons and Peers.

I.

A WONDERFUL age
Is now on the stage:
I'll sing you a song if I can,
How modern Whigs
Dance forty-one jigs,[b]
But God bless our gracious queen Anne

II.

The kirk with applause
Is establish'd by laws
As the orthodox church of the nation;
The bishops do own
It's as good as their own;
And this, sir, is call'd moderation

III.

It's no riddle now
To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed
Nor is't banter or jest,
That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

IV.

For no soil can suit
With every fruit;
Even so, sir, it is with religion;
The best church by far
Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet's ass or his pigeon.

V.

Another strange story
That vexes the Tory,
But sure there's no mystery in it,
That a pension and place
Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

VI.

For if it be not strange
That religion should change
As often as climates and fashions;
Then sure there's no harm
That one should conform
To serve their own private occasions.

VII.

Another new dance,
Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of pretender,
And those that dare own
The queen heir to the crown
Are traitors not fit to defend her.

VIII.

The subject's most loyal
That hate the blood royal,
And they for employment have merit
Who swear queen and steeple
Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

IX.

The monarchy's fix'd
By making on't mix'd,
And by non-resistance o'erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

X.

That viceroy [lord Wharton] is best
That would take off the test,
And made a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found 'twould not do,
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

XI.

'Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is't any wonder or riddle
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

---

[a] Abridged from secretary, *rythmi gratia.*
[b] The year of the rebellion, 1641.

XII.

But now, sir, they tell
How Sacheverell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn'd rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open'd the eyes of the nation.

XIII.

Then let's pray without spleen,
May God bless the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people:
May they prosper and thrive
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

PARODY

ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT, PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE following is the original speech from the London Gazette of Tuesday, April 17, 1716. The provost, it appears, was attended by the rev. Dr. Howard and Mr. George Berkeley (afterwards bishop of Cloyne), both of them fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. The speech was praised by Addison, in the "Freeholder," though his classical taste must have suffered, while his loyalty approved.

"Then the provost proceeded and made the following speech to his royal highness:—

"Permit us, most illustrious prince, with hearts full of duty to approach your royal person. His majesty's loyal university of Dublin, which glories in its most renowned foundress, queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, aspires now with greater honour, and, zealous for the dignity and welfare of their body, seeks a head and governor equal in birth to their glorious foundress, the same munificent patron of learning, constant defender of our true religion, and bright example of virtue—a character belonging only to your royal highness.

"As this noble view alone fills all their thoughts, and most agreeably points out their choice, pardon, most gracious prince, the ambition of their present address; deign, with that goodness which guides all your actions, to receive into your protection a society which, from duty, interest, and affection, humbly hopes to be placed under it; that society wherein his majesty's faithful subjects of Ireland received those principles that render them now eminent in the service of their country, firm in their allegiance to their prince, and unshaken in their zeal for the apostolical faith established amongst them. Here it was they first were taught obedience to the king, and wisely instructed that out of the illustrious house of Hanover would come the greatest and best of kings.

"Happy indeed were our presages, and joyful altogether is the accomplishment of them. Our eyes behold a prince now sitting on the throne of his royal ancestors, wise, valiant, just, and magnanimous: a monarch loaded with all the martial glories of the field, and long distinguished for the nobler arts of peace and of civil government. His early years he devoted to the cause of religion against Turks and infidels; he afterwards employed his arms in defence of the liberties of Europe, at a time when they were in the utmost danger from abroad; and now he completes his glories at home in delivering Britain, the bulwark of the protestant faith, from the inconsistent rule of a popish pretender. By his wisdom he has defeated all secret attempts; by his valour conquered in the open field; his justice awes the daring and the violent; his clemency gains the weak and deluded; his large revenues he employs in securing those liberties for whose preservation his undoubted title is most justly founded, and in endowing that church whose rise and fall, like a true and affectionate friend, does ever accompany the English monarchy. A prince of fewer virtues might make a nation happy; but every quality of his exalted mind has contributed to our present peace and safety.

"Forgive me, most serene prince, that I attempt thus faintly to touch that great character so fully copied in your royal person; but there a noble virtue which adorns the rest forbids me, in your august presence, to name those heroic qualities which in other places are the constant subject of our praise and delight. We congratulate each other on the felicities of the present reign: a glorious successor lengthens out the pleasing prospect; and we see our joy perpetuated in a beautiful offspring which fills our palaces. The pious care and example of a most excellent princess instils their parent's virtues; and virtue recommended in these lovely forms must draw the imitation of all below them. Hence may these kingdoms date a second reformation from vice and irreligion, a glory which Providence seems to have reserved to your illustrious house.

"And such happy assurances his majesty's university of Dublin has conceived of those blessings which will attend your royal family that joyfully they lay hold of this first opportunity to place themselves under the immediate government of it. Not content to share with their fellow subjects the distan influences derived through other hands, they approach nea the throne, submitting themselves with the profoundest veneration to your princely authority. And most willing mus their obedience be to those commands where private interes cannot mix or designs be formed against that happy settlemen whose preservation lies nearest at all our hearts.

"Descend then, most mighty prince, to give us laws. Ireland submits its harp into your royal hands. Rule, instruct and nourish the attending muses; make them the envied subjects of your present care and the lively image of a happy people. Protect and govern now the nursery of that faith, whereo we daily beseech Heaven, in sincerity of heart, to establis your royal highness the next most glorious defender."

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS prince, we're come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.[a]

II.

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm'd our thoughts and fix'd our spirits
With zeal so warm and hearty,
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

III.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloister'd life,
We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.[b]

IV.

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting:
But now we're come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant[c] bishopric,
This bait can't fail of hitting.

V.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty;
For you surpass all princes far,
As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

VI.

To you our Irish commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
Their principles from ours springs,
Taught, ere the deil himself could dream on't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't
Should rise the best of kings.

VII.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

---

[a] The rev. Dr. Benjamin Pratt was, at this time, April 171 provost of Trinity college.

[b] The statutes of the university enjoin celibacy.

[c] The see of Killaloe was then vacant, and to this bishop the rev. Dr. George Carr, chaplain to the Irish house of co mons, was nominated.

VIII.
Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous;[a]
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

IX.
For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side;
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

X.
Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

XI.
Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio[b] Phœbus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

XII.
If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favour;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve
By future good behaviour.

XIII.
Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

XIV.
If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

RIDDLES BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.[c]

Written in or about the year 1724.

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723.

From Venus born thy beauty shows;
But who thy father no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin singed the soil
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespuccio's name,
For so conjectures would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strew'd.
The bird of Pallas[a] knows his post,
Thee to attend where'er thou goest.
Byzantians boast that on the clod
Where once their sultan's horse hath trod
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree.
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.
The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait,
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
Thou darest the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments died.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long conversed with you,
Knows how to scrawl a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refined,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust and voice that stuns:

---

[a] Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession.

[b] This is spelled Chloe, but evidently should be Clio.

[c] In the Dublin edition we find, "About nine or ten years ago (*i. e.* about 1724), some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and send them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed, both here and in England. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement; although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use.

[a] Bubo, the owl.

But you have moulded them afresh,
Removed the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.
How famed thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retired to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he traced,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march:
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capital secured,
A siege as long as Troy endured.

ON A PEN. 1724.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd:
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
Nay; man my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth,
How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy livery dress'd!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refused to lend them fire.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face:
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way;
For those who raised me I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, to luxury, and dice,
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.
By riding post I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

ON THE POSTERIORS.

Because I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence;
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd;
And my oppression gives them rest.
Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still:
An humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.
In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind;
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

ON A HORN.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

ON A CORKSCREW.

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat,
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleased till I make one;
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the poll,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

1724.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears
When all the sad reverse appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.
This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As, half ashamed and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offering here.
A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works,
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here the gifts convey
Are forced to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen;
In royal garments each was dress'd,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stripp'd,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ripp'd;
Twice were they buried, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounced among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

LOUISA[a] TO STREPHON. 1724.

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies!
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embraced thee closer than a wife:
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin (a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains;
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

A MAYPOLE. 1725.

Deprived of root and branch and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind:
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand.
I join'd them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing.
And though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke:
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol raised on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restored all three—
I mean the church, the king, and me.

ON THE MOON.

I with borrow'd silver shine;
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

ON A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

ON INK.

I am jet black, as you may see,
The son of pitch and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
And so applied to different use.

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[a] This riddle is solved by an anagram

Most wondrous is my magic power;
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings;

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip their clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very souls away.

ON THE FIVE SENSES.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
If wine's bought or victuals dress'd,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

FONTINELLA [A FOUNTAIN] TO FLORINDA.

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There's nought so beautiful in thee
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
In me you see them full as white:
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And so am I, while thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with disdain:
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

AN ECHO.

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the lovesick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy;
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear:
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet everything that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet everywhere I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but never new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the chameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone:
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor ne'er can die,
Then, pr'ythee, tell me what am I?

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And, as I please, they're great and small;
Invading foes, without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance:
Again, as I'm disposed, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies,
The quickest ship I can surprise,

And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child, and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant:
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

ON THE GALLOWS.

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heaven and earth and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter:
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way;
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here
But strips himself to pay the porter.

ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

ON SNOW.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin;
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

ON A CANNON.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain.
Many to our counters run,
Some are made and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

ON A CANDLE.

To lady Carteret.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dosed with smoke and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the fair am I,
Polish'd neck and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too;
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart;
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:
Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender:
Like Flora, deck'd with fairest flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

TO LADY CARTERET.

By Dr. Delany.

I reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger or stirring a foot
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder,

Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side
Through a wonderful wicket not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror I'll show you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell;
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

With half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
When you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and they live above ground:
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt;
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

TO LADY CARTERET.

By Dr. Swift.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Nor Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Your house of hair, and lady's hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
And for the rhyme to you're the man,
What fits it better than a fan?

A RIDDLE.

I'm wealthy and poor,
I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
I'm witty and dull.
I'm foul and yet fair;
I'm old, and yet young:
I lie with Moll Kerr,
And toast Mrs. Long.

ANSWER, BY MR. F——R.

In rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He's a wit to the fools and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit; [scab;
He paints and perfumes while he rots with the
'Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty and lies with a drab.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

Sir,

Pray discruciate what follows.

The dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast, and famed college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast, and mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

PROBATUR ALITER.

A long-ear'd beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals doth often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms' first gifts to their mates,
Is by all pious christians thought
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast, and medicine's use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.
A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.
A long-ear'd beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.
A long-ear'd beast, and Flanders college,
Is Dr. T——l, to my knowledge.
A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.
A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.
A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.
A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark and give a smart.
A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie
No bird in air so swift can fly.
A long-eár'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.
A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.
A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At Whist they will make a desperate sweep.
A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.
A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest for jest.
A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all unless I look'd better.
A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.
A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there nothing comes so near.
A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.
A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.
A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.

POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford knight,[a]
While each with stubbed knife removed the roots
That raised between the stones their daily shoots,
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fix'd
Than strongest weeds that grow those stones betwixt;
My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake
(I spare the thistles for sir Arthur's[a] sake):
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside:
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanced to tug,
When the dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'p'orth[b] never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipp'd,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipp'd;
Dennis[c] was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and loused him all a sunshine day;
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch:
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide:
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold,
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues[d] to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins[e] comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight[f] full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn,[g] while it sticks in my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house we now must consider.
"First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;

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[a] Sir Arthur Acheson.

[a] Who was a great lover of Scotland.
[b] Halfpenny-worth.
[c] Sir Arthur's butler.
[d] Shoes with flat low heels.
[e] A sort of flummery.
[f] Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.
[g] A large old house, two miles from sir Arthur's seat.

And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack the crown is my tenant ;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't :
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent ;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate ;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife :
" It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus ;* no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.[a]
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here ;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain ;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,[b] who listen'd to all that was pass'd,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, " Madam, why surely my master's possess'd.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.[c]
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
You might have a barrack whenever you please ;
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets ;
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink :
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived ;
Of this to be sure, sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
" Now see when they meet how their honours behave :
' Noble captain, your servant'—' Sir Arthur, your slave ;
You honour me much'—' The honour is mine.'—
' 'Twas a sad rainy night'—' But the morning is fine.'—
' Pray, how does my lady ?'—' My wife's at your service.'—
' I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
' Good morrow, good captain'—' I'll wait on you down'—
' You shan't stir a foot'—' You'll think me a clown.'—
' For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther'—
' You must be obeyed—Your servant, sir Arthur !
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
' I hope you will use my house as your own.' "

" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet : what was it I said ?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state :
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate :
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow.
Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace :
O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With a fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears ;
With ribbons in knots at his tail and its ears :
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Draw up in our court ; when the captain cries, STAND !
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver
(His beaver is cock'd : pray, madam, mark that ;
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle) ;
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt !)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
' Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congée profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
' Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us ;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us ;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day :
You're heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year ;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
' Lord, madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam ; the kingdom must grant—'
' You officers, captain, are so complaisant !' "—
" Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming"—
" No, madam, 'tis only sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
The dean and the doctor[a] have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side ;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first ;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table ;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose ;
But the devil's as welcome, wherever he goes :
G—d d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent ;
But, z—s ! by their looks, they never keep Lent :
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid :
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock and smoothing your band.'
(For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny.)
' Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.

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[a] A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.
[b] My lady's waiting-woman.
[c] Two of sir Arthur's managers.

[a] Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs,[a] and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the dean,
As who should say, 'Now am I skinny[b] and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730

We give the world to understand
Our thriving dean has purchased land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided to improve the ground
He will but add two hundred pound;
And from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's-hill;
That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved,
When none the drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs[c] are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's-hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I will not build on yonder mount;
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended;
Nor can you tax me as unsteady—
I have a hundred causes ready;
All risen since that flattering time
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind;
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect
That, near the knight of Gosford placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums;
Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbour 'cross the way:
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friend withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold,
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or with his fingers beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high
To understand Malebranche or Cambray:
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirit's with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crack'd head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.
The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,

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[a] Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

[b] Nicknames for my lady.

[c] Medals were cast (see the Drapier's halfpenny in this edition), many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honour of the dean, under the name of M. B., Drapier.

Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy-chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I used to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after pound;
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage;
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves;
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine;
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH.[a] 1730.

Resolved my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
  Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it if they dare.
  Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
  My heart with emulation burns,
To make you suitable returns;
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne, of Market-Hill!"
  I thus begin: my grateful Muse
Salutes the dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's[a] coadjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;[b]
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
  Proceed we to your preaching[c] next:
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
  Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port
As clearly shows you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate;
You next to Dennis bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
  Your usher's post must next be handled:
How blest am I by such a man led!

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[a] The lady of sir Arthur Acheson

[a] The names of two overseers.

[b] My lady's footman.

[c] The author preached but once while he was there.

Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship;
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant and weak
To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphy, or an earl;
A duchess or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan[a] take every joke.
I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improved so well,
That I have almost learn'd to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean
Conversing with that rusty dean?
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily;
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient sties;
Or ponder long with ancient thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.
Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter[b] never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace:
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,[c]
But with his hand the dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache;
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceased:
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have raised your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks;
Raised up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he's and she's
Here pay their vows on bended knees:
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush,
Here unobserved she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come
Return with unpolluted thumb!
Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralise awhile.
Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn ruled the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown,)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Received the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries placed
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleased to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;

---

[a] The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill.

[b] A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

[c] It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it.

The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then Gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chops, and wagging chin
Braced like a drum her oily skin;
Wedged in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoûts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.
This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confined thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapp'd up in fur,
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches' side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, placed in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble tinged,
My petticoat is doubly fringed.
Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injured offering out.
But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus, in a midnight dream
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream.[a]
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;[b]
With Peggy Dixon[c] thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit;
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
"But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right;
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the dean in Smedley's lines."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs:
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL

1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:

---

[a] In the bottle, to make butter.
[b] The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.
[c] Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.

By faction banish'd, here unite
A dean,[a] a Spaniard,[b] and a knight;[c]
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The dean and Spaniard find it too well.
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The dean, to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-Hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While in his lordly castle fix'd,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place and saved a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here,
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangued?
You never ventured to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compared with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms:
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river walk, with friendly shade,
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes deprived,
I have a stratagem contrived.
By these embroider'd high-heel shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose:
So well contrived her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,
While tortured madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone;
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault;
The valiant Dennis[a] you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:[b]
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion!
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;
Then (let me see), we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write.
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer[c] to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise,
Despatch the rogues by whom they rise.

ROBIN AND HARRY. 1730.

SONS OF DR. LESLY.

Robin to beggars with a curse
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house if anybody come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum;
Where goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach-and-six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour;
If gaffer Harry would endow her;

---

[a] Dr. Swift.
[b] Colonel Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.
[c] Sir Arthur Acheson.

[a] The butler. [b] The housekeeper. [c] The agent.

And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birthright for a mess of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour
Was metamorphosed to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a-week will shave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728.

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the drapier:
He, that of every ear's the charmer
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains;
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No, not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass;
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung;
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge without the least pretence
To common law or common sense;
A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penhurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—"Why let him, if he will:"
And so I bade sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we see him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—"My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, sir, I know you hate a crowd."

Or, "Mr. Dean—I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnecloy,[a]
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill."

The house accounts are daily rising;
So much his stay doth swell the bills:
My dearest life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses too eat all our hay.

O! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
With *Skinnybonia*, *Snipe*, and *Lean*?[b]
O! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting tyrant dean!

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL. 1727.

At Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs, sat and sung.

Sir Archibald,[c] that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's lord.[d])

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining toward the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

---

[a] The seat of Acheson Moore, esq., in the county of Tyrone.
[b] The dean used to call lady Acheson by those names.
[c] Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.
[d] Drummond of Hawthornden, and sir William Alexander, earl of Stirling, who were both friends of sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chattering with incessant din:
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Received its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murderer's ears:
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless dean, to mischief born;
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, lord Arthur,[a] shalt escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so,
(An old retainer to your house,)

"May that fell dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and Teagues,
Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare,)
Then, bloody caitiff! think on me."

EPITAPH

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried, June 18, 1728, aged 63.

---

[a] Sir Arthur Acheson.

MY LADY'S[a] LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teazed day and night
By a dean and a knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the dean.
The dean never stops,
When he opens his chaps;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here,
To sponge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbow he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chaps,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
A useless machine.
If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast out of spite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet;—
No eating in quiet,
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person.
What court breeding this is!
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them, sir Arthur
Is forced to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.
Now changing the scene,
But still to the dean;—
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil divine!
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.
I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
What, madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear;
"That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:
What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild
Come be a good child;
If you are inclined
To polish your mind,
Be adored by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen,
I'll show you the way;
Read six hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
To make you learn faster,
I'll be your schoolmaster,
And leave you to choose
The books you peruse.
Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious
Is very imperious
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind
Than thus be confined.
But while in an ill tone
I murder poor Milton,
The dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus.
He little believes
How they laugh in their sleeves
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wits

---

[a] Lady Acheson.

In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks,
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter,
To his harbour for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear friend, doctor Jinny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those;)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmsley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

TRIFLES PASSING BETWEEN SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN,[a] 1718.

Delany reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, or four,
But, because the three former are long ago pass'd,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum.*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round:
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood;
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modester language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down;
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school till he's heaved from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. I will send you the rest when I have leisure; but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

---

[a] The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,

IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER.

Since your poetic prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
I'll tell you at once, sir, I'm now not your man, sir;
For, pray, sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran back;
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o' my conscience,
And so brought to light what before was stark nonsense.
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mr. Dean, I can't think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;
As much as a game-cock's excell'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.

T. Sheridan.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left hand.

Oft have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers falling all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verses which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet:
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant, Time:
Alas! what cannot Time subdue?
Time has reduced my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again;
I'll send you wings, and send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this? I think I have vex'd her;
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter.*

T. Sheridan.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Reverend and Learned Sir,

I am teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's-street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, though I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself; therefore I made bold to send you the enclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left hand in Crocker's-lane.

I am yours, reverend sir, to command,

Pat. Reyly.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.—Horat.

Ad te, doctissime Delany
Pulsus à foribus Decani,
Confugiens edo querelam,
Pauper petens clientelam.
Petebam Swift doctum patronum,
Sed ille dedit nullum donum,
Neque cibum neque bonum.
Quæris quàm malè sit stomacho num?
Iratus valdè valdè latrat,
Crumenicidam fermè patrat:
Quin ergo releves ægrotum,
Dato cibum, dato potum.
Ita in utrumvis oculum,
Dormiam bibens vestrum poculum.

Quæso, reverende vir, digneris hanc epistolam inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio abjecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissimus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestrâ benignitate et clementiâ in frigore et fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc epistolam reverentiæ vestræ non scripsissem; quam profectò, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere partem nullus dubito. Sævit Boreas, mugiunt procellæ, dentibus invitis maxillæ bellum gerunt. Nec minus, intestino depræliantibus tûmultu visceribus, classicum sonat venter. Ea nostra est conditio, hæc nostra querela. Proh Deûm atque hominum fidem! quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum, viscera concessit natura? mehercule, nostro ludibrium debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum. Huc usque evasi, ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens, quem nisi bene nôssem succurrere potuisse, mehercule, neque fores vestras pultâssem, neque limina tetigissem. Quàm longum iter famelicus peregi! nudus, egenus, esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans; sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In viâ nullum fuit solatium præterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes, Mæcenatis convivium, ita me picturâ pascens inani, sæpius volvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit Musarum sacra fames? Hæc omnia, quæ nostra fuit necessitas, curavi ut scires; nune re experiar quid dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo malè, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo benè: quod negamus:
Pinguis et lautè saturatus ille
Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetæ
Nobilis læti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepidè jocantis
Non sine curâ.

Quis potest versus, (meditans merendam,
Prandium, cœnam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestrâ
Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunus tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quæso digneris renovare fauces,
Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanæ tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Ædibus vestris trepidante pennâ
Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem! Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed præstat rogitare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenæ imponere vestræ?

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Dear sir, since you in humble wise
Have made a recantation,
From your low bended knees arise;
I hate such poor prostration.

'Tis bravery that moves the brave,
As one nail drives another;
If you from me would mercy have,
Pray, sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain'd the field
With true poetic vigour;
Now you lay down your pen and yield,
You make a wretched figure.[a]

Submit, but do't with sword in hand,
And write a panegyric
Upon the man you cannot stand;
I'll have it done in lyric:

That all the boys I teach may sing
The achievements of their Chiron;
What conquests my stern looks can bring
Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep'd a pen,
From magazine of standish
Drawn forth, 's more dreadful to the dean,
Than any sword we brandish.

My ink's my flash, my pen's my bolt;
Whene'er I please to thunder,
I'll make you tremble like a colt,
And thus I'll keep you under.

Thomas Sheridan.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Dear Dean, I'm in a sad condition,
I cannot see to read or write;
Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
Whose days are all transform'd to night.

My head, though light, 's a dungeon grown,
The windows of my soul are closed;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
My verse and I are both composed.

Sleep, did I say? that cannot be;
For who can sleep that wants his eyes?
My bed is useless then to me,
Therefore I lay me down to rise.

Unnumber'd thoughts pass to and fro
Upon the surface of my brain;
In various maze they come and go,
And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
The fiery sparks at random run;
Now here, now there, some turning back,
Some ending where they just begun.

Thomas Sheridan.

AN ANSWER, BY DELANY,

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dear Sherry, I'm sorry for your bloodsheded sore eye,
And the more I consider your case, still the more I
Regret it, for see how the pain on't has wore ye.

---

[a] A leg awry.

Besides, the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, "He's a poor blinded Tory."
But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori;*
Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as you can *ab uxore;*
And then if friend Dick[a] will but ope your back-door, he
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory!
(Though I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry's,—there's an end of my story.

A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY.

I LIKE your collyrium,
Take my eyes, sir, and clear ye 'um,
'Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the doctor so wise [Dr. Davenant],
Who open'd the eyes of the nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly;—
You know, there's in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat,—
Don't I write in the dark like a Tory?

Your water so far goes,
'Twould serve for an Argus,
Were all his whole hundred sore;
So many we read
He had in his head,
Or Ovid's a son of a whore.

For your recipe, sir,
May my lids never stir
If ever I think once to fee you;
For I'd have you to know,
When abroad I can go,
That it's honour enough if I see you.

ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN.

My pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
Your long sorry rhymes which you made on my eyes;
As the dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and skies!
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,
To answer your stuff and the doctor's likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak enemies.
Whoever opposes me certainly dies,
Though he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
The women disturb me a-crying of pies,
With a voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit frize.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dear Tom, I'm surprised that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was but single.
For, as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I'd pay off your bacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides, Dick[a] forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.
In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ cæcior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cœnanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cœcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus
Nunc benè nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abundà,
Nec Phœbi fili versum quîs mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris
Mixtus Saturno; penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mî bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis.
Hæc tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my lady,
Huic te des solæ, nec egebis pharmacopolæ.
Hæc somnians cecini,
Oct. 23, 1718. Jon. Swift.

AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN.

Perlegi versus versos, Jonathan bone, tersos;
Perlepidos quidèm; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phœbus, oculis collyria præbes,
Ne minus insanæ reparas quoque damna Dianæ,
Quæ me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicum binum permit, et negatis mihi vinum.
O terra et cœlum! quàm redit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere dic cum?
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam sæpe prolato,
Vina crepant: sales ostendet quis mihi tales?
Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppæ gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura mavellem.
Amphora, quàm dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho:
Clarius evohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosa propago, hæsit sic vocis imago.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

Whate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand,[b] just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.

---

[a] Dr. Richard Helsham.

[a] Dr. Richard Helsham.

[b] N.B. The Strand in London. The fact may not be but the rhyme cost me some trouble.—Swift.

Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes nip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my muse but ill able
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Sir, I thank you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Pareus wrote but sorrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog
To challenge every Irish pedagogue.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall;
Upon the comic dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggoty;
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The devil himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
[*] I believe you give him now the slip o' days;
But mum for that——pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day:
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy-mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn:
We'll have a friend or two, sir, at table,
Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
Because I'm troubled much with laziness,
These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1718.

Dear Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle? [deal,
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You'll find if you read but a few of your histories,
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries,
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean, sir?
"Not I, by my troth, sir."—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last,
When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh
And when with much labour the matter I crack'd,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid,[a] was the first man's damnation;
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1716.
past 12 at noon.

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN.

Don't think these few lines which I send a reproach
From my Muse in a car to your Muse in a coach.
The great god of poems delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far
For were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd
We'd see him no more than we see through a cloud
You know to apply this—I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.
Now first you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is; What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you are still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can. [bran?'
D. "Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the
I tell you in short, sir, you should[b] have a pair o
stocks
For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finish'
your letter.
Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden—the first man's damnation?
A damsel—Adam's hell—ay, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceiv'd it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phœbus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog and my schoolhouse thi
weather [ther
Make up the best catch when they're coupled toge

From my Ringsend car, Sept. 12, 1718.
past 5 in the morning, on a repetition
day.

TO THE SAME.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

12 o'clock at noon,
O. S. September 12, 1718.

Sir, perhaps you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider 'tis noon. [i
For all his acquaintance well know that friend To
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phœbus exalted, sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,

---

[*] N.B.—You told me you forgot your Greek.

[a] A damsel, *i. e. Adam's hell.*

[b] Begging pardon for the expression to a dignitary of th
church.

Into poems and business, my skull's split in two,
One side for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that scrawl.
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I'm a-reading my deeds for a purchase.
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn'd with the noise of the crier.
My right hand's inditing these lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myself I'm divided in two.
Dear dean. I shall ne'er be divided from you.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Sir,

I cannot but think that we live in a bad age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage.
My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
But now let us hear what the Muse from your car says.
Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
But let me advise you, when next I hear from you,
To leave off this passion which does not become you;
For we who debate on a subject important
Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle.
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A schoolboy know this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissors.
Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.[a]
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar
By riding this morning too long in your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
And you durst not talk thus if I saw you at our alehouse.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can;
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan.
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say;—you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pallas?
As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
I will either explain, or repay it by trucks;
Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches, methinks,
Are harder than ever were put by the sphinx.
And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks,
Which is all at present from the
Dean of St. Patrick's.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1718,
just 12 at noon.

[a] Ut tu perperam argumentaris

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Sir,—Your Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me? a'nt I one of the Tories?
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a heathen, to Phœbus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this god should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
'Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse speak.
This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
Her damn'd pointed tongue pierced almost to my heart;
Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a ——,
I'd have you to tell on both sides her ears,
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down stairs:
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my knee
You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Melpomene.
You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger:
Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Appollo shine through you.
Don't think, sir, I fear a dean, as I would fear a dun
Which is all at present from yours,
Thomas Sheridan.

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Sir,—When I saw you to-day, as I went with lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he!
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?
Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro?*
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres*—school-din:
And I think I may say you could many good shillings get,
Were you dress'd like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate;
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheelbarrow;
Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche.*
Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta.*
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago.*
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart:*
Your ink is your poison,[a] your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink,[b] your pen is your pot.
To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better manners.

[a] Viz. ut tu prædicas.

[b] Viz. ut ego assero verius.

If once in your cellar my Phœbus should shine,
I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
What he ripens above ground he sours below it.
But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year?
Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort
Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they watch for't.
Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing high-day:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridæ.

Jon. Swift

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bed-side, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

Erratum in your last, l. antepenult, pro "fear a *Dun*," lege "fear a *Dan*:" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.[a]

Dec. 14, 1719, nine at night.

Sir,—It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow or no.
If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?
For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies[b] this night;
And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone and come back from the deanery, and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.
Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.
Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone about ten jaunts.
Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.
However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.
I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:
But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.
I would present my humble service to my lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.
But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

1st P.S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teazing me.

2nd P.S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

3rd P.S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling:
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart:
I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing,[a] I'd be glad of a knoggin:[b]
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with a spoonful;
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop.
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we smell it.

Stella.

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER.

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain;
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain;
Your most humble servant, dear sir, I remain,

T. S—n.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any:[c]
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY.

The verses you sent on your bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examined them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine;
O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,[d]
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like lord Masserine.
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If when you return your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite, circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine:
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.

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[a] In this letter, though written in prose, the reader, upon examining, will find each second sentence rhymes to the former.

[b] Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

[a] A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity.

[b] A name used in Ireland for the English quartern.

[c] *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country clergy.

[d] The seat of lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.

If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES,

FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT LARACON, NEAR TRIM.

MUSA CLONSHOGHIANA.

That Downpatrick's dean, or Patrick's down went,
Like two arrand deans, two deans errant I meant;
So that Christmas appears at Bellcampe like a Lent,
Gives the gamesters of both houses great discontent.
  Our parsons agree here, as those did at Trent,
Dan's forehead has got a most damnable dent,
Besides a large hole in his Michaelmas rent.
  But your fancy on rhyming so cursedly bent,
With your bloody ouns in one stanza pent,
Does Jack's utter ruin at picket prevent,
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent;
So this moment at crambo (not shuffling) is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet quaterze, point, and quint,
Which you know to a gamester is great bitterment;
But whisk shall revenge me on you, Batt, and Brent.

Bellcampe, Jan. 1, 1717.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Written July 15, 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George,[a] Dan,[b] Dean,[c] and Nim,[d]
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim.
Ay b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a merry whim,
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i'th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a megrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swall'w'd s'v'r'l brim-
Mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
Ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were ('s 'tis n't) 's strong 's tim-
Ber, 't must have ach'd. Th' clans of th' c'llege Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that 's t' say, D'ln', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lsham, Capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks Timm.[e]

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are),
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compared with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
  Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly braced.
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in:
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will n'er be smooth nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail'd like a box;
Thy muse is tuck'd up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are link'd:
Thy words together tied in small hanks.
Close as the Macedonian phalanx?
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
  Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug, 2, 1721

Dear Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here.
For why should you stay in the filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that's witty, to joke w' ye?
For as for honest John,[a] though I'm not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd, lest he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the lord Anglesey.[b]
O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye.
O! I forgot too: I believe there may be one more, I mean that great fat joker, friend Helsham, he

---

[a] George Rochfort. [b] Mr. Jackson. [c] Dr. Swift.

[d] Mr. John Rochfort, called by the dean Nimrod, or Nim, rom his attachment to hunting,

[e] Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bishop of Cloyne

[a] Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.

[b] Arthur earl of Anglesey.

That wrote the prologue,[a] and if you stay with him, depend on't, in the end he'll sham ye.
Bring down Longshanks Jim[b] too; but, now I think on't, he's not yet come from Courtown,[c] I fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-courting sly Nancy.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it we may venture,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy centre.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient
GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES.

BY DR. DELANY IN SHERIDAN'S NAME

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height!
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt won't to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.
Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.
Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.
O thou, of all the Nine inspired!
My languid soul, with teaching tired,
How is it raptured when it thinks
Of thy harmonious set of chinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes?
Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train of variegated dye
Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike impress'd by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verse—(ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,—
The long, long string, with which you fly kite
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo[a] in good humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes with Rhattah-whittah-whit.[b]

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

'PON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters
By humble companions were sent to their betters
And as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*, [is,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme
That we walk all about like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd
In each single verse, took up a diameter. [metre,
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?[c]
'Twill appear to your cost you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether, [ring,
As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the
Three fellows with whips, and the dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty[d] presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.[e]
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

With music and poetry equally bless'd,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly address'd:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, vice Apollo, disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus! and grant
Relief or reward to my merit or want.
Though the dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine! [abode;
With them I'm content thou should'st make thy
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleased; and, resolving to jest,

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[a] It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class just before they entered the university.

[b] Dr. James Stopford, bishop of Cloyne.

[c] The seat of ——— Hussay, esq., in the county of Kildare.

[a] At Gaulstown there is a remarkable famous echo.

[b] In allusion to the sound produced by the echo.

[c] Their figures were in the centre of the verses.

[d] Daughter of the earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, esq.

[e] Miss Thomason lady Betty's daughter.

Replied, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

To fair lady Betty Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqued her.
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observed it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She raised up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose:
And if lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outside, says Dan, with a vapour;
Say you so? says my lady; I've lined it with paper.

Patr. Delany, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Clarissa draws her scissors from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produced a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissors to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

Thos. Sheridan, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME.

If you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it.
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

Thos. Sheridan, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. Rochfort, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

Whilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic,

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid lady Betty recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissors,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

Jonathan Swift.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poesis.*

Three merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre.
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce;
The squire, in French, as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side.

But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be:
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many;

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir:

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed: a word or two t' ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone,
In your opinion, are all one:
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As things so different to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judged them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block;
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A prroper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refined, sir:

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took,)
you'll find, sir,

S, H, E, she—and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry;
D, A, N, Dan—makes up the three
syllables;

Dan is but one, and Sherry two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore, I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him:
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I'm amazed you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange that your monstership's crany
Should be envied by him, much less by Delany;
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envied, since a fiend of hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspired by the subject we drew.
Inspired we were, and well, sir, you knew it;
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspired,
Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we were fired.
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be denied that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse;
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

Three merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care:
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and sleek their chaps,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it:

Those loads of paint upon your toilet
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet:

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t' your gullet.

A REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't:

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me,

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir:

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir,

Dan's noble metal, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master; your crany
has lead in't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster!

Henceforth acknowledge that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines;[a]
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment.
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan, the victorious,
Presents as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie;*
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t'attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

THE PARDON.

THE suit which humbly you have made
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;
And as 'tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you're so bruised, another blow
Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;

---

[a] A village near Dublin.

I pardon, now you ve courted;
And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
For you're with grief transported.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, you own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
Since you've declined Dan Jackson.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

—— MEDIOCRIBUS esse poetis
Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from "Horace's Art of Poetry," which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:—

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:—

You'll have a gosling—call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
'Tis true, because the god of wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He'll be a lame, crack'd poetaster.
At length for stealing rhymes and triplets
He'll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, &c., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I'll make a line for every rung;[a]
There's nine, I see,—the Muses, too, are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine?
1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Euterp, in tragic numbers do the same.
3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the gods; ah, do 't;
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rds the starry sky:
7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend,
8. And, Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd an hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on schoolboys' bums,
The more they frisk and skip:
The schoolboys' top but louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut and cry *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine he fell;
'Tis true he roar'd and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

LEAN TOM, when I saw him last week on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison),
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man,) I should be glad then of it.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

A HIGHLANDER once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;

---

[a] The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder.

Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawney with backsword did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"
Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon and skulk behind Dan;
For he's not to be pierced; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,
Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Through the horrible grin of your *larva's* wide bore.
Nay, farther, which makes me complain much, and frump it,
You make his long nose your loud speaking trumpet;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from 'other.

You made me in your last a goose;
I lay my life on't you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse;
My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue;
And slit, just like a bird will chatter,
And like a bird do something more
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
I'll change you to a blackamoor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave.
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY.

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They're fit for nothing else but pasquils,
I've often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue.
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard
You're my goose no other man's;
And you know, all my geese are swans:
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call'd you goose instead of gander:
For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
I'm sure you cackle like the sex.
I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose:
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I've something else to do than watch
As for your writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Deanery-house, Oct. 27, 1718.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

I can't but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain,
But still I try and try again.
I'm now, sir, in a writing vein;
Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain,
Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean;
I will not tell, because it's plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
For her and you; your life's a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
Enough to crack the strongest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend, Tom Sheridan

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

Poor Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance?
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under Cancer;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?
If this be your practice, mean scrub I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate and your new friends, each Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin,

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head!
You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words does not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day in anger call'd you a goose:
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that's as much as to say that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.

Everybody knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my master's stocking),
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a bad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,
MARY.

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE LIFE.

COME, sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas,[a] Ford,[b] Grattan,[c] and Merry Dan,[d]
Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

ON STEALING A CROWN,

WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

DEAR dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have oped your mouth and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose:
Since oftentimes it has been found
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend: dear dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens[a] and sixpence-ha'penny.
To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady[b] at St. Catherine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,[c]
And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY

PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL.

Spoken by one of the scholars.

As in a silent night a lonely swain,
'Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you,
O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one,
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain:
No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then, as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

THE EPILOGUE.

Now all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell,
Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We're all content to act the play again:
'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guess'd long since you all desired to move:
But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir
Who does not take up Plautus first, and construe.
Him we'll dismiss that understands the play;
He who does not, i'faith, he's like to stay.
Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;
We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge,
How much they've read, I'll leave you all to judge.

THE SONG.

A parody on the popular song beginning,
"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent."

MY time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent
When Bacchus went with me wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily bless'd?

---

[a] Dr. Thos. Sheridan.
[b] Chas. Ford, of Woodpark.
[c] Rev. John Grattan.
[d] Rev. Daniel Jackson.

[a] A shilling passes for thirteenpence in Ireland.
[b] Lady Mountcashel.
[c] Agmondisham Vesey, esq., of Lucan, in the county of Dublin, comptroller and accomptant-general of Ireland.

But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of "honey," and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.
My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now, out of humour, I with a sour look
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my bŏok;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are
Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become, [away?
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

TO QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah[a] toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Nor seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A COMPANION with news; a great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat or choose; a church without pews;
Our horses astray; no straw, oats, or hay; [at play.
December in May; our boys run away; all servants

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose.
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina;
I'm charm'd at home with your Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers' meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why, so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs that in twelve days
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Faden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks,
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid or gone astray;
My fish all stolen or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.
A man come now from Quilca says,
"*They*'ve[a] stol'n the locks from all your keys;"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "*They* stole the keys before.
They've stol'n the knives from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"*They*'ve stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe,—
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
Because I've more vexation here.

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY

ON THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO —— ROOM,

IN T. C. D.

IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER.

Written in the year 1725.

——Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.—VIRG.

IMPRIMIS, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all bespotted.
A bed of flocks, as I may rank it
Reduced to rug and half a blanket
A tinder-box without a flint
An oaken desk with nothing in't;
A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of bellows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows;
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting
Either for table-cloth or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But patch'd and fallen in the stitches,

---

[a] The name of an Irish servant.

[b] Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

[a] *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan: for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "They have stolen it."

Hung up in study very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing.
A trencher and a college bottle
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book, which he seldom handles;
A save-all and two farthing candles.
A smutty ballad, musty libel,
A Burger's dicius and a bible.
The C * * * * Seasons and the Senses
By Overton, to save expenses.
Item (if I am not much mistaken),
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,
Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slipper.
And chairs a couple, I forgot 'em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my schedule's ended.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

Great sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
  Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, dean,
  Should you compassion show.

Take those iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
  And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl or save your paste
The next time when you have a feast;
  They'll save you many a book.

To burn them you are not content;
I give you then my free consent
  To sink them in the harbour:
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
  So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
  A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
  Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
  A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
  While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
  And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
  Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find;
All day you could conceal your mind;
  But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
  You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:
  As she must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, 'tis your own;
  The poet's only riches.

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE,[a]

WITH THE DOCTOR[b] AT THEIR HEAD.

N.B. The ladies treated the doctor.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728.

Fair ladies, number five,
  Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
  To feast on ale and steaks;
While he sits by a-grinning
  To see you safe in Sot's hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
  And neither mugs nor pots whole;
Alas! I never thought
  A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
  He'll put you in a ballad;
Where I shall see your faces,
  On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
  Then Venus like an owl.
And we shall take you rather
  To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
  With Beelzebub in black.
It fills my heart with woe
  To think such ladies fine
Should be reduced so low
  To treat a dull divine.
Be by a parson cheated!
  Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
  By captains and by majors.
See how corruption grows,
  While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
  From pulpits choose gallants.
If we, who wear our wigs
  With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs,
  Z—ds! who would be a rake?
Had I a heart to fight,
  I'd knock the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
  Egad! I'd wear a gown.
Then leave him to his birch;[c]
  And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
  I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU,

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

BY DR. SHERIDAN

You little scribbling beau,
  What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
  As much as you can fight.
For compliment so scurvy,
  I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
  Into a mug of beer.

---

[a] An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.
[b] Doctor Thomas Sheridan.
[c] Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grisette;

Shall we, of sense refined,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

Why, how now, dapper black!
I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back
As Tisdall[a] smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter;
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk cheese.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN.[b] 1728.

All you that would refine your blood
As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux,
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipp'd for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipp'd with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Celia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in;
But, since I'm here to heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

---

[a] A clergyman in the north of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.

[b] A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling:
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipp'd when Sheelah stripp'd,
To wash herself our well in,
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

To make a writer miss his end,
You've nothing else to do but mend.

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind,
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When, bellowing, they discharge their thunder:
So, when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
The clouds about the welkin roam,
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleased, his fears beguiled,
And all is clear when she has smiled.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike,)
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Celia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow;)
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birthday night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:—
Dear ladies, be not in a passion;
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

AN ANSWER

BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder:
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her—
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to burst a lace.
Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages:
But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen;
His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors called *nubigenæ;*
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet,)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es!
While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phœbus ever shows his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side;
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;

While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
  Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
  But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus,
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
Observe the case—I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;
From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.
And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing?
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her?
And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.
  But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birthday beau.

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS.[a]

TO DR. HELSHAM.[b]

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

Sir,—When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church[c] when she grew sick,
And as fast as she could to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick:
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick,
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

The doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick:
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
  There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.
    Of rhymes I have plenty,
    And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

    "Can you match with me,
    Who send thirty-three?
    You must get fourteen more,
    To make up thirty-four:
    But, if me you can conquer,
    I'll own you a strong cur."[a]

  This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear from good hands that my poor cousin Hugh's sick:
By quaffing a bottle and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
    I'll do my best
    To send the rest;
    Without a jest,
    I'll stand the test.
  These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick.
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;

---

[a] This medley, for it cannot be called a poem, is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the dean has been too severely censured.

[b] Richard Helsham, M.D., Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin.

[c] St. Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was performed.

[a] The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines.

I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR;

Upon lending his house to the bishop of Meath, until his own was built.

An oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging grown quite grey;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:
And thus his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not as well as doctor Swift?

AN INVITATION TO DINNER,

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1727.

I've sent to the ladies[a] this morning to warn 'em,
To order their chaise, and repair to Rathfarnam;[b]
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your deanship
Can take up with me, and my friend Stella's leanship.[c]
I've got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding bret,
That's just disengaged from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus, they gazed till they died,
And now they're to lie in some crumbs that are fried.
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
'Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love, I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.[d]
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We'll wean you from sighing for England I hope;
When we are together there's nothing that is dull,
There's nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We've sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

Your answer in half an hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION.

Though the name of this place may make you to frown,
Your deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town;
[e]A glass and no wine to a man of your taste,
Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste;
Be that as it will, your presence can't fail
To yield great delight in drinking our ale;
Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake,
And as we can brew, believe we can bake.
The life and the pleasure we now from you hope,
The famed Violante can't show on the rope;
Your genius and talents outdo even Pope.
Then while, sir, you live at Glassnevin, and find
The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favour bestow,
To drink with Delany and others you know:
They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together,
Talk over the news of the town and the weather;
Reflects on mishaps in church and in state,
Digest many things as well as good meat;
And club each alike that no one may treat.
This if you will grant without coach or chair,
You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there;
For Peg is your neighbour, as well as Delany,
An housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

VERSES BY SHERIDAN.

"When he was disengaged, the dean used to call in at the doctor's about the hour of dining, and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour *tête-à-tête*, and have slices sent them, upon plates from the common room, of whatever was for the family dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the dean as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject of the poem is an account of one of these casual visits."—*Sheridan's Life of Swift.*

"When to my house you come, dear dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad, uneasy parlour-door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carved with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives,)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they're my neglect.
Ah, that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is further cursed.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me—no—let me try—
This turn will open it, I'll engage:"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you disposed to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight
Out goes its legs and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up!"—"Ho, Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without a poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker I suppose."

---

[a] Mrs. Johnson (Stella) and her friend Mrs. Dingley.

[b] A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country-house.

Stella was at this time in a very declining state of health. She died the January following.

He means Stella.

A pun on *Glassnevin—Glass—ne, no*—and *vin, wine.*

Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay, sir—I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate."
"Pox take your maid and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly raised as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—"So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't even puff the smoke away."
"And is your reverence vex'd at that?
Get up, in God's name, take your hat;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come, blow the fire, good doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can teaze you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarrel'r
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish aught of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
"You saucy scab—you tell me so!
Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter;
Or getting such a deal of meat
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner
Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out, and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute:
Here comes the plate and slices in it;
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTHDAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736.

To you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birthday poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme.
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways,
Through all the several forms of praise,
What eulogy may best become
The greatest dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought—
Sure this will do—'tis good for nought—
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning:
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon it—the rhyme is earth—
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forced to quit it.
Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birthday;
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition;
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment,
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birthday send.
I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more;
"Let ev'ry patriot him adore."
Alack-a-day, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.
Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel;
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the dean.
Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birthday poem in the street;
So, after all my care and rout,
You see, dear dean, my dream is out.

TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.[a]

While I the godlike men of old,
In admiration rapt, behold;
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er,
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine:
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these;
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
"'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold, in Swift revived appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years

---

[a] Written by Mrs. Pilkington at the time when she wished to be introduced to the dean.

Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Ièrne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

ON DR. SWIFT. 1733.

No pedant Bentley, proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dared
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard,
Nor Envy does, nor Ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* aught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS.

I.

The dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the dean!

II.

O Genius of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies,
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!
Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the dean for kindred *thus* provide!

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY.

BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Between the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
The queen of dreams, well pleased to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil traced my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's dean:
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
So far he does belong to you:
But in my church he's born again,
My son adopted, and my dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish'd hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile,
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age.
When ruin lately stood around
Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And saved it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift,
As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."
The Caledonian saint, enraged,
Now closer in dispute engaged.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
"Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name;
Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;
He's now the same Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero's sword."
Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
"Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search heaven's record; and there you'll find,
That he was born for all mankind."

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.[a]

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Bindon's[b] colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the dean:
He only breathes Bœotian air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"

---

[a] Created baron Nugent and viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766

[b] A celebrated painter and architect.

Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, wit, and humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid honour, truth unmix'd,
Imperial reason, thought profound,
And charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan,
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce:
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread Arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds.
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

ON THE DRAPIER.

BY DR. DUNKIN.

Undone by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit breathed in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights for which you stand, he fell.

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT.

1745.

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NUPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARUM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT,
TRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC FAVILLAM
SI QI IS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1745.

Two geniuses one age and nation grace!
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn.
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace bless'd the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;

Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defaced,
Their form belied, and human shape disgraced!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! Superstition's sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know Sir Isaac, and The Dean?

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

When wasteful death has closed the poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspired,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retired;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;
And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
Envy's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse;
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs who most applauses gain.
Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Where Swift's to boast—alike his merits claim
The statesman's knowledge and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end;*
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spared to make his bounties more;
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd
The friend triumphant or the friend distress'd;
Who could unpain'd another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundiced eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfined,
And in its scope embraced all human kind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
Virtue so clear, who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils
Who seeks renown from injured merit's spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues she herself admires.
O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:
Above the patriot's (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim).
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found.
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain, and talents with regret?
Add that thy spirit from the world retired,
Ere hidden foes its further grief conspired;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abused the fame that first bestow'd him bread
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal but survived to hear,
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supplied.
And he (at length) with more disdain had died.
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthly particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore
Where knaves molest and tyrants awe no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
And Pope, harmonious, joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too (no more to forms confined,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear,

R———t B———n.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

BY MR. JAMES STERLING, OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH

While the dean, with more wit than man ever wanted,
Or than Heaven to any man else ever granted,
Endeavours to prove how the ancients in knowledge
Have excell'd our adepts of each modern college—
How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd
In each useful science, true learning, and taste;—
While thus he behaves with more courage than manners,
And fights for the foe, deserting our banners;
While Bentley and Wotton, our champions, he foils,
And wants neither Temple's assistance nor Boyle's;
In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
—Would you think it?—he favours our cause all the while:
We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
And from our defeat to a triumph aspire;
Our great brother-modern, the boast of our days,
Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
St. James's old authors, so famed on each shelf,
Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself.

A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME.

From Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath) to Swift:—"You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme,—*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*"

Dulce, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer:
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quò nova vis animi, materiesque rapit?
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo tabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit;
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS.

Swift, wondrous genius, bright intelligence,
Pities the orphan's, idiot's want of sense;
And rich in supernumerary pelf,
Adopts posterity unlike himself.
To one great individual wit's confined!
Such eunuchs never propagate their kind.
Thus nature's prodigies bestow the gifts
Of fortune—their descendants are no Swifts.
When did prime statesman, for a sceptre fit
His ministerial successor beget?
No age, no state, no world, can hope to see
Two Swifts or Walpoles in one family.

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES

LATELY PUBLISHED AGAINST DEAN SWIFT, NOW DEAF AND INFIRM.

Thy mortal part, ingenious Swift! must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful nine!
The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by *asses*.

ON FAULKNER'S EDITION OF SWIFT.

[Ornamented with an engraving of the dean, by Vertue.]

In a little dark room at the back of his shop,
Where poets and scribes have dined on a chop,
Poor Faulkner sate musing alone thus of late,
"Two volumes are done—it is time for the plate;
Yes, time to be sure;—but on whom shall I call
To express the great Swift in a compass so small?
Faith, *Vertue* shall do it, I'm pleased at the thought,
Be the cost what it will—the copper is bought."
Apollo o'erheard (who as some people guess,
Had a hand in the work, and corrected the press);
And pleased, he replied, "Honest George, you are right,
The thought was my own, howsoe'er you came by't.
For though both the wit and the style is my gift,
'Tis Vertue alone can design us a Swift."

EPIGRAM

ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS ON SWIFT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

A sore disease this scribbling itch is!
His lordship, in his Pliny seen,
Turns madam Pilkington in breeches,
And now attacks our patriot dean.
What! libel his friend when laid in ground:
Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,
For what he writes George Faulkner prints.
Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
Yet after death resentment cools,
Sure his last act bespoke his favour,
He built an hospital—for fools.

TO DOCTOR DELANY,

ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED "OBSERVATIONS ON LORD ORRERY'S REMARKS."

Delany, to escape your friend the dean,
And prove all false that Orrery had writ,
You kindly own his Gulliver profane,
Yet make his puns and riddles sterling wit.
But if for wrongs to Swift you would atone,
And please the world, one way you may succeed,
Collect Boyle's writings and your own,
And serve them as you served the deed.

EPIGRAM

On Faulkner's displaying in his shop the dean's bust in marble, while he was publishing lord Orrery's "Remarks."

Faulkner! for once you have some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transform'd to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

AN INSCRIPTION,

Intended for a compartment in Dr. Swift's monument, designed by Cunningham, on College-green, Dublin.

Say, to the drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.
June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

Which gave the drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iërne's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.
1766. W. B. J. N.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE,

BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. GAY, &c.

COLLECTED BY DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE, 1727.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

BY MR. POPE, IN HIS YOUTH.

I. CHAUCER.

A TALE, LATELY FOUND IN AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Women, though nat sans leacherie,
Ne swinken but with secrecie:
This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in Ireland;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then ther passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway:
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew," crieth one;
"Ho!" quoth another, "couzen John!"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out.—
This sely clerk full low doth lout.
They asken that and talken this,
"Lo here is coz, and here is miss."
But, as he gloz'd with speeches soote,
The ducks sore tickleth his erse root:
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
"Te-he," cried ladies; clerke nought spake;
Miss star'd: and grey ducke crieth "quaake."
"O moder, moder," quoth the daughter,
"Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?
Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

II. SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon the stream is eyed,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by:
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry:
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl and hoarser screaming boy
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who, in her early days,
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mack'rel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie chatters.
With Envy (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bulldog's at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spared ne lace ne band:
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all:
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call.
Whene'er she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town;
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's dog and bitch;
Ne village is without on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

III. EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits!
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk:
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.[a]

PHRYNE.

Phryne had talents for mankind;
Open she was, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade!
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si signior*, 'twas *Yaw, mynheer*
'Twas *S'il vous plait, monsieur.*

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
Which curious Germans hold so rare,
Still vary shapes and dies;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

IV. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A chrysostom to smooth thy band in;
The polyglott—three parts,—my text:
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next—
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;

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[a] Let the curious reader compare Fenton's imitation of Dorset's manner with this of Pope.

Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at doctor Swift

THE CAPON'S TALE.

TO A LADY, WHO FATHERED HER LAMPOONS UPON HER ACQUAINTANCE.

In Yorkshire dwelt a sober yeoman,
Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
Fed numerous poultry in her pens,
And saw her cocks well serve her hens.
A hen she had whose tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks;
With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
All the plumed *beau monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a bristling up of feathers!
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing;
Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.
  Yet tender was this hen so fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear
Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of some dry-nurse to save her hen:
She made a capon drunk; in fine
He eats the sops, she sipp'd the wine;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.
The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoyed to see what God had sent;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A foolish foster-father-mother.
  Such, lady Mary, are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks.

AY AND NO. A FABLE.

In fable all things hold discourse;
Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.
Once on a time, near Channel-row,[a]
Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite.
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began.
  Stop, peevish particle, beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield, when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No:
Yet, in expensive, long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension:
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.[b])
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who served in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not master Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the civil list;
Ay, quick as Cæsar wins the day;
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ayes seem Noes, and Noes seem Ayes;
Ayes be in courts denials meant,
And Noes in bishops give consent.
  Thus Ay proposed—and for reply
No for the first time answer'd Ay.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

VERSES TO BE PREFIXED BEFORE BERNARD LINTOT'S NEW MISCELLANY[a]

Some Colinæus[b] praise, some Bleau[b]
Others account them but so so;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old Elzevir;[b]
Others with Aldus[c] would besot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus.*—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints heathen Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read:
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.
Oft in an Aldus or a Plantin
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their copy cost them not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines
To them, their heirs, or their assigns:
But Lintot is at vast expense,
And pays prodigious dear for—sense.
Their books are useful but to few,
A scholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit;
For some folks read, but all folks s***.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

[Apothecary, Abchurch-lane, London,]

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER

How much, egregious Moore, are we
  Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
  All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
  Vile reptile, weak and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
  Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
  E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
  That ancient worm, the devil.

The learned themselves we book-worms name,
  The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly termed a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
  That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
  And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
  Thus worms suit all conditions;

---

[a] A dirty street near the parliament-house, Westminster.
[b] In English two negatives make an affirmative

[a] The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany.
[b] Printers, famous for having published fine editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman classics."
[c] A famous printer.

Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah! Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee!

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's[a] wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY AN &c. AT THE END OF MR. D'URFEY'S NAME IN THE TITLE TO ONE OF HIS PLAYS.[b]

Jove call'd before him t'other day
The vowels, U, O, I, E, A;
All diphthongs, and all consonants,
Either of England, or of France:
And all that were, or wish'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of Tom D'Urfey.
Fierce in this cause the letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and mutes turn'd vocal.
Those four proud syllables alone
Were silent, which by Fate's decree
Chimed in so smoothly, one by one,
To the sweet name of Tom D'Urfey.
N, by whom names subsist, declared,
To have no place in this 'twas hard:
And Q maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with U;
So hoped to stand no less than he
In the great name of Tom D'Urfey.
E show'd a comma ne'er could claim
A place in any British name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valdè deflendus!
From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee
Than be no part in Tom D'Urfey.
P protested, puff'd, and swore,
He'd not be served so like a beast;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at least.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have released
His double share in *Cæsar Caius*
For only one in Tom *Durfeius*.
I, consonant and vowel too,
To Jupiter did humbly sue,
That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true Latin name;
For though, without them both, 'twas clear
Himself could ne'er be Jupiter,
Yet they'd resign that post so high
To be the genitive, *Durfei*.
B and L swore b— and w—s!
X and Z cried p—x and z—s!
G swore, by G—d, it ne'er should be;
And W would not lose, not he,
An English letter's property
In the great name of Tom D'Urfey.
In short, the rest were all in fray,
From Christ-cross to *et cætera*.
They, though but standers by, too mutter'd;
Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd,
That none had so much right to be
Part of the name of stuttering T—
T—Tom—a—as—De—D'Ur—fey—fey.
Then Jove thus spake: "With care and pain
We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme;
Not thine, immortal Neusgermain![a]
Cost studious cabalists more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to Egypt you'll repair,
And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unless i' th' name of Tom D'Urfey.
"Were you all pleased, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I say?
What if the Hebrew next should aim
To turn quite backward D'Urfey's name?
Should the Greek quarrel too, by Styx, I
Could never bring in Psi and Xi:
Omicron and Omega from us
Would each hope to be O in Thomas;
And all the ambitious vowels vie,
No less than Pythagoric Y,
To have a place in Tom D'Urfey.
"Then, well-beloved and trusty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels, much their better
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid must call;
Et cæt'ra represents you all;
Et cæt'ra, therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great name of Tom D'Urfey."

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard;
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song,
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness to EAT.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

---

[a] Button's coffeehouse in Covent-garden, frequented by the wits of that time.

[b] This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfey's having made a flourish there, which the printer mistook for an &c.

[a] A poet who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised.

PROLOGUE

TO THE "THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE."

AUTHORS are judged by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool is barbarous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ and shown no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it."
By running goods these graceless owlers gain;
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Molière's and Lopez' sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare Old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.
Gallants, look here! this fool's cap[a] has an air,
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap for such as will, to wear.
Our author has it now (for every wit,
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ);
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown;[b]
Let him that takes it wear it as his own.

SANDYS'S GHOST:

OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

As it was intended to be translated by persons of quality.

George Sandys, the old translator (whose ghost is introduced in the verses), was a man of great accomplishment, and pronounced by Dryden to be the best versifier of his age.

YE lords and commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all,
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin,
And from the keyhole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly,
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel seek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry Pembroke comes
In haste, without his garter.

Then lords and lordlings, squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers;
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses;
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let Warwick's Muse with Ash—t join,
And Ozel's with lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas.

L—— himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness lady Wortley.

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them and tell noses:
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis;

A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour—
"To what (quoth squire) shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, "To waste paper."

UMBRA.

CLOSE to the best-known author UMBRA sits,
The constant index to old Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "only Johnson"[a]—"C
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:"
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;

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[a] Shows a cap with ears. [b] Flings down the cap, and exit.

[a] Charles Johnson, a second-rate dramatist, and great frequenter of Button's.

But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go:"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense, like charity, "begins at home."

DUKE UPON DUKE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

To the tune of "Chevy-chace."

This ballad is founded upon a quarrel with sir John Guise, bart., M. P. for Gloucestershire, and Nicholas lord Lechmere, a Whig statesman of some eminence, at the time chancellor of the duchy court of Lancaster, which gave rise to the title by which he is here designated.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall;
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this same it is right sooth
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John duke of Guise
And Nic of Lancastere.

When Richard *Cœur de Lion* reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart,)
Like him his barons raged and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff,
And if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose;
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sate;
So broad it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dyed his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God;
And when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To Guise's duke was he:
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: he loved him dear,
And cast how to requite him:
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whisk ourself will play,
Sir duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;
"I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So sore the gout have I."

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington!

All on a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear:
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leapt duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke Nic.

Alas, O Nic! O Nic, alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee:
As who should say, alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do—what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, O woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d, instead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guise;
"No shift is here to save thee:
The casement it is shut likewise;
Beneath my feet I have thee."

"If thou hast aught to speak, speak out."
Then Lancastere did cry,
"Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself?
Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'st thou not me, who (God be praised!)
Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more
Than all the line of Lancastere
That battled heretofore?

"In senates famed for many a speech,
And (what some awe must give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
Still of the council privy;

"Still of the duchy chancellor;
Durante life, I have it;
And turn, as now thou dost on me,
Mine a—se on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in;
And duke Nic up leap'd he;
"I will not cope against such odds,
But Guise! I'll fight with thee:

"To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the greenwood tree;"
"No, not to-morrow, but to-night,"
Quoth Guise, "I'll fight with thee."

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies,
When, with his sword at saddlebow,
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranced he o'er the lawn;
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he spied the merry-men brown
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight:

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was Lancastere to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee:

And so he did—for to New-court
His rolling wheels did run;
Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife,
But business must be done.

Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore;
So slunk to Camden-house so high,
All in his coach and-four.

Meanwhile duke Guise did fret and fume,
A sight it was to see,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the greenwood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he fared,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic shall rue
The cudgel of that day.

"Meantime on every pissing-post
Paste we this recreant's name,
So that each passer-by shall read
And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from duke Nic,
That "pride will have a fall."

FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

If meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wish the man a dinner, and sit still;
If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print;
And who'll wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?
Should some more sober critics come abroad,
If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite:
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced those ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds,
Who thinks he reads when he but scans and spells;
A word-catcher that lives on syllables.
Yet e'en this creature may some notice claim,
Wrapp'd round and sanctified with Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
And wonder how the devil it got there.
Are others angry! I excuse them too:
Well may they rage; I gave them but their due.
Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard is his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The wretch, whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale[a] for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hardbound brains six lines a-year;
In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.
Johnson,[b] who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.[c]
Should modest Satire bid all these translate,
And own that nine such poets make a Tate,
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
How would they swear, not Congreve's[a] self was safe!
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires;
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise:
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise,
What pity, Heaven! if such a man there be;
Who would not weep, if Addison were he!

MACER.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1727.

When simple Macer,[b] now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town;
'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And in a borrow'd play out-did poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hidebound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse,[c] and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid:
Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity:
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left but, wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SYLVIA, A FRAGMENT.

Sylvia my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charm'd;
But some odd graces and some flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good-nature, she declared it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne:

---

[a] Ambrose Philips translated the "Persian Tales;" a book full of fancy and imagination.

[b] Author of the "Victim," and "Cobbler of Preston."

[c] Verse of Dr. Ev.

[a] Thus it originally stood in the "Miscellanies," though the name was afterwards altered to "Addison;" a circumstance, says Mr. Nicol, not noticed by the learned commentators upon Pope.

[b] Said to be the character of James Moore Smith.

[c] He requested by public advertisements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miscellany in 1713.

Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D———y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor, and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman's in her soul a rake,
Frail, feverish sex; their fit now chills, now burns;
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And a mere heathen in the carnal part,
Is still a sad good christian at her heart.[a]

IMPROMPTU

TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN WITS, IN THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphoes we admire no more;
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away:
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

EPIGRAM.

A bishop by his neighbours hated
Has cause to wish himself translated:
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteem'd by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SENT ON HER BIRTHDAY, JUNE 15TH.

O, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;
Not as the world its petty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face:
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy
In some soft dream or ecstacy of joy;
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!

SONG.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY [THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH].

I said to my heart between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?
Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.
When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refined,
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind;
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend; but I only admire.
Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes:
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.
But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.
O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dream'd it was she?

BALLAD.

Of all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
Of lovely dearest Nelly!
For many a swain it well had been,
Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,)
Across the Thuileries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens;
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provoked,
To see her so respected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly stroked,
And puss her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly,
Then said the duke *de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave philosopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it should appear
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly,)
He on his child does leer too;
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admired her *rose* and *lys sans farde*
(Which are your *termes Françoises*)
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly:
She, like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli's gardens and St. Clou
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, exposed to view
Stand naked in each alley:
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

---

[a] This character was designed for the then duchess of Hamilton.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
  'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
  But I should turn Pygmalion:
For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
  Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
  Her left toe and her right toe

ODE FOR MUSIC. ON THE LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

The longitude miss'd on
By wicked Will Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good master Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston
May both be bep-st on;
And Whiston and Ditton
May both be besh-t on.

Sing Ditton,   And Whiston,
Besh-t on;   Bep-st on.

Sing Ditton and Whiston,
  And Whiston and Ditton,
Besh-t and bep-st on,
  Bep-st and besh-t on.
Da Capo.

EPIGRAM

ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE!

ON MRS. TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

TWO OR THREE;

OR, A RECEIPT TO MAKE A CUCKOLD.

Two or three visits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
Two or three Jesuses and Let-me-dies,
Two or three squeezes, or two or three towzes,
With two or three thousand pound lost at their houses,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses.

EPIGRAM

IN A MAID OF HONOUR'S PRAYER-BOOK.

When Israel's daughters mourn'd their past offences,
They dealt in sackcloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches;
But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks;
They use white powder and wear Holland smocks.
O comely church! where females find clean linen
As decent to repent in as to sin in.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe balanced, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW, GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR;

Occasioned by his buying and selling the third South Sea subscriptions, taken in by the directors at 1000 *per cent.*[a]

Disdain not, Snow, my humble verse to hear,
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy counter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
  O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South Sea rocks and shelves where thousands drown'd!
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; no bill was sent unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's[b] boards,
And Atwill's[b] self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st; an Indian king in size and hue!
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
  Why did 'Change-alley waste thy precious hours
Among the fools who gaped for golden showers?
No wonder if we find some poets there,
Who live on fancy and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
No wonder they their third subscriptions sold
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons that a thing is still the same,
Though changed throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.
  Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who ruins thousands for a single groat:
I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.
  Though famed Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw,
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His sideboard glitter'd with imagined plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.
  As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers,
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eye observed the structure well:
A sharpen'd skewer 'cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cried, "Behold my castle walls,
My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
With land of more than twenty acres round!
All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).

---

[a] In the year 1720 the South Sea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551*l.* Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions; the first at 300*l.* per cent., the second at 400*l.*, and a third at 1000*l.* Such was the infatuation of the time that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums; so that 100*l.* South Sea stock, subscribed at 1000*l.*, was sold for 1200*l.* in Exchange-alley.

[b] Names of eminent goldsmiths.

The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear;
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good;
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd;
"Shall I, ye gods," he cries, "my debts compound?"
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thousand pound."[a]

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.[b]

WRITTEN BY MR. CONGREVE.

I.

When as Corruption hence did go,
  And left the nation free;
When Ay said Ay, and No said No,
  Without a place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille,
          Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
  And four fair suits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black
  All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for everything,
  Which well court-cards they name;
And statesman-like, calls in the king,
  To help out a bad game;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forced to loose Codille, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
  Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
  And call'd a party *quarrée:*
But now, meet when and where you will,
A party *quarrée* is Quadrille, &c.

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
  Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care,
  To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
  In comes th' apothecary;
And to the doctor cries alas!
  Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
  The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
  Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill;
For why? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
  (Thank God 'twas not in wrath,)
And made of many a 'squire and lord
  An unwash'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
  Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Postboy and Gazette
  The Quadruple Allies;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble realm,
  And God save eke Hanover;
And God save those who hold the helm
  When as the king goes over:
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille,
          Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

MOLLY MOG;

OR, THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

[The Rose Inn, Ockingham, Berkshire.]

Says my uncle, I pray you discover
  What hath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine and you whine like a lover?—
  I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
  In town you may find better prog:
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
  A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
  That women at best are a clog:
But I'm not so easily frighted
  From loving my sweet Molly Mog.

The schoolboy's delight is a play-day,
  The scholmaster's joy is to flog;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day;
  But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wisp leaves the traveller a-gadding
  Through ditch and through quagmire and bog
But no light can set me a madding,
  Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
  Your gamesters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
  So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
  It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
  'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
  In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
  Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
  My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
  But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
  Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
  Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
  I wish I were hang'd like a dog,

---

[a] Charles II., having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after shutting up the exchequer, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value as the South Sea had exceeded it.

[b] On the subject of this ballad, see a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to dean Swift, dated November 8, 1726

And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of hogan and nog
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept away to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone;
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee!
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her:
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scotfree from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress'd;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good Lord! how all men envied me!
She loved like anything.

But, false as hell, she, like the wind,
Changed as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru,
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post:
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND.

Being a new ballad, showing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blake *alias* Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial at the Old Bailey. 1725.

To the tune of "The Cutpurse."

I.

Ye gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich who can buy off the noose,
Ye honester poor rogues who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand: his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan stood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown
Some say there are peers and parliament-men
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers again.
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.
Since this happy day
Now every man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise;
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar.
But now, to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd through their hands,
Have purchased clean houses and bought dirty lands:
Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin.
But if ever you be
Assign'd a trustee,
Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery.
But take the highway, and more honestly seize;
For every man round me may rob if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his brass,
Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold:
But, if Ireland despise
The new halfpennies,
With more safety to rob on the road I advise.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

With every lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet, when his love the shepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reserved, demure, than snow more cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late at a ball he own'd his pain;
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.

The swain persisted still to pray,
The nymph still to deny;
At last she vow'd she would not stay;
He swore she should not fly.

Enraged, she call'd her footman straight,
And rush'd from out the room;
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with Ralph at home.

THE QUIDNUNCKIS:

A TALE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT OF FRANCE.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said, at dame Elleot's,[a] master Travers.)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
O! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the king were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land!
All France and England at a stand:
There's Meroweis—mark! strange work!
And there's the czar, and there's the Turk—
The pope——An India merchant by
Cut short the speech with this reply:
All at a stand? you see great changes?
Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges:
There dwells the nation of Quidnunckis
(So Monomotapa calls monkeys):
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now);
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug;
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug:
And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends or stroke them.
There have I seen some active prig,
To show his parts, bestride a twig;
Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing
(For power is but to have one's swing).
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces:
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne!
Never, ah never, to return!
Z——ds! what a fall had our dear brother!
"*Morbleu!*" cries one; and "damme," t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral screech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.
A while all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him whirling down the eddy:
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And bus'ness, on each monkey shore,
Runs the same track it ran before.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG. A PASTORAL.

Pope writes to Swift that the bookseller wished to print these following pieces before the second edition of "Gulliver's Travels," but he refused his permission, as not liking them much. He mentions commendatory verses from a horse to Gulliver, which do not appear.—See his letter to Swift, 8th March, 1726.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed:
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now,
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this," she cried, "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,

---

[a] Coffeehouse near St. James's.

And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my Grilly's drown'd!"
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast!
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court tricks, the money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
Ah! never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone:
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slipp'ry round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grov'ling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or, sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell and a straw thine oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as a speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The captain some time after his return being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years, I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st "cleave unto thy wife;"
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.
Biddel,[a] like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pennel,[a] absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compared to me;
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed?
Some say, the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are posses'd,
That bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the frost,
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where?"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."
At early morn I to the market haste
(Studious in everything to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose
(For I remember you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the , thefirst last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!
These for some moments when you deign to quit,
And at due distance sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increased my flame
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.

[a] Names of the sea-captains mentioned in "Gulliver's Travels."

How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death he sentenced me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain.
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by the best loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloed in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thine ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze
Lost I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size!
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head,
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake;
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest a host
Beneath his foot be lost!
Turn'd aside,
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks
Thunder breaks!
When he eats
Famine threats!
When he drinks
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

IN THE DORIC MANNER.

Shepherd.
Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
Echo. Try.

Shepherd.
What must we do our passion to express?
Echo. Press.

Shepherd.
How shall I please her who ne'er loved before?
Echo. Before.

Shepherd.
What most moves women when we them address?
Echo. A dress.

Shepherd.
Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
Echo. A door.

Shepherd.
If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo. Liar.

Shepherd.
Then teach me, Echo, how I shall come by her?
Echo. Buy her.

Shepherd.
When bought, no question, I shall be her dear?
Echo. Her deer.

Shepherd.
But deer have horns: how must I keep her under?
Echo. Keep her under.

Shepherd.
How shall I hold her, ne'er to part asunder?
Echo. A—se under.

Shepherd.
But what can glad me, when she's laid on bier?
Echo. Beer.

Shepherd.
What must I do, when woman will be kind?
Echo. Be kind.

Shepherd.
What must I do, when woman will be cross?
Echo. Be cross.

Shepherd.
Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
Echo. Wind.

Shepherd.
If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
Echo. Blows.

Shepherd.
But, if she bang again, still should I bang her?
Echo. Bang her.

Shepherd.
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo. Hang her.

Shepherd.
Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo. Guard her well

EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity
of his manners, than successful in accumulating
WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only person of his time
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY;
Retain his primeval MEANNESS when possessed of
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR

And, having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.
O indignant reader!
Think not his life useless to mankind!
Providence connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH in the sight of
GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

JOHANNES jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsàn et Antipodes.

Applied to F. C.

Here Francis Chartres lies[a]—be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the devil.

EPIGRAM.

Peter complains that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short:
Consider, Peter, he's in heaven:
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

ANOTHER.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

EPITAPH OF BY-WORDS.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of God the good dean did endeavour;
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagined to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despised ev'ry soul she met here;
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but queer.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

EPITAPH.

Well then, poor G—— lies under ground
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KITCAT CLUB. ANNO 1716.

Whence deathless KITCAT took its name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from PASTRYCOOK it came,
And some from CAT and FIDDLE.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pellmell pack of toasts
Of old CATS and young KITS.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

What's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

VERSES

To be placed under the picture of England's arch-poet [sir Richard Blackmore], containing a complete catalogue of his works,

See who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung Arthur,[a] then sung Alfred;[b]
Praised great Eliza[c] in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—,
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras:[d]
Then, hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite:
Made every reader curse the light;[e]
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire;[f]
Next in three books sunk Human Nature;[g]
Undid Creation[h] at a jerk;
And of Redemption[i] made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once, and dipp'd her
Full in the middle of the Scripture:
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded;
Made David[k] seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought king Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon,[l]
But judged R'oboam his own son.
Moses[m] he served as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah as she Siserah;
Made Jeremy[n] full sore to cry,
And Job[o] himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow?
Shall Arthur use him like king Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siserah him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot
To treat him like her sister Scot?
Shall William dub his better end?[p]
Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
No, none of these—Heaven spare his life!
But send him, honest Job, thy wife.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

AN EPISTLE FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM TO A DOG AT COURT.

To thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play
Now frisking this and then that way,
Chanced with a touch of just the tip
To hurt your lady-lapdog-ship:
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
Sure, Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come,
To fart and piss about the room.
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you—snap!

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[a] Thus applied by Mr. Pope:—"Here lies lord Coningsby."

[a] Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
[b] An heroic poem, in twelve books.
[c] An heroic poem in folio, ten books.
[d] Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.
[e] Hymn to the Light.
[f] Satire against Wit.
[g] Of the Nature of Man.
[h] Creation, a poem in seven books.
[i] The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in six books.
[k] Translation of all the Psalms.
[l] Canticles and Ecclesiastes.
[m] Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah &c.
[n] The Lamentations.
[o] The whole Book of Job, a poem, in folio.
[p] Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

The worst that envy or that spite
E'er said of me is, I can bite;
That idle gipsies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that, to touse such things as flutter,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.
While you and ev'ry courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking fops suppose,)
That under cloth of gold or tissue
Can smell a plaster or an issue.
Your pilf'ring lord, with simple pride,
May wear a picklock at his side;
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.
When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venis,
And motley, squinting Harlequinis,
Shall lick no more their ladies br—,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames, from either echoing shore,
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.
See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons, and not one fop!
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief!
Not one without permission feed
(Though some of J—n's hungry breed);
But, whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldest born resides not far,
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star:
My second (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates:
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door;
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.
And, O would fate the bliss decree
To mine (a bliss too great for me!)
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,
Iulus' side, as erst Evander's,
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders,
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare lord Fannys from his ear,
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure which, of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find.
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality assign'd
To any beast but Dryden's hind:[a]
Yet master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now no loftier themes he sings,
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing
Either for goddess or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing

Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cried) those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise—"
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all Heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you!

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible, soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. GAY, &c. &c.

COLLECTED BY DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE. 1727.

PREFACE.

Twickenham, May 27, 1727.

The papers that compose the first of these volumes were printed about sixteen years ago, to which there are now added two or three small tracts; and the verses are transferred into a volume apart, with the addition of such others as we since have written. The second (and perhaps a third) will consist of several small treatises in prose, in which a friend or two is concerned with us.

Having both of us been extremely ill-treated by some booksellers (especially one Edmund Curl), it was our opinion that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves would be to publish whatever loose papers in prose and verse we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the world (very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit), but such as in any probability hereafter may run the same fate; having been obtained from us by the importunity, and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by promises which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking.

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[a] "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."
Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

But the consequences have been still worse: we have been entitled, and have had our names prefixed at length to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which we never saw nor heard of till they appeared in print.

For a forgery in setting a false name to a writing which may prejudice another's fortune, the law punishes the offender with the loss of his ears; but has inflicted no adequate penalty for such as prejudice another's reputation in doing the same thing in print; though all and every individual book so sold under a false name are manifestly so many several and multiplied forgeries.

Indeed we hoped that the good nature, or at least the good judgment, of the world would have cleared us from the imputation of such things as had been thus charged upon us by the malice of enemies, the want of judgment of friends, the unconcern of indifferent persons, and the confident assertions of booksellers.

We are ashamed to find so ill a taste prevail as to make it a necessary work to do this justice to ourselves. It is very possible for any author to write below himself; either his subject not proving so fruitful or fitted for him as he at first imagined; or his health, his humour, or the present disposition of his mind unqualifying him at that juncture: however, if he possessed any distinguishing marks of style or peculiarity of thinking, there would remain in his least successful writings some few tokens whereby persons of taste might discover him.

But since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our want of prudence, and determine for the future to be less communicative: or rather, having done with such amusements, we are resolved to give up what we cannot fairly disown, to the severity of critics, the malice of personal enemies, and the indulgence of friends.

We are sorry for the satire interspersed in some of these pieces upon a few people from whom the highest provocations have been received, and who by their conduct since have shown that they have not yet forgiven us the wrong they did. It is a very unlucky circumstance to be obliged to retaliate the injuries of such authors, whose works are so soon forgotten that we are in danger already of appearing the first aggressors. It is to be lamented that Virgil let pass a line which told posterity he had two enemies called Bavius and Mævius. The wisest way is not once to name them, but (as the madman advised the gentleman who told him he wore a sword to kill his enemies) to let them alone and they will die of themselves. And according to this rule we have acted throughout all those writings which we designed for the press: but in these, the publication whereof was not owing to our folly but that of others, the omission of the names was not in our power. At the worst, we can only give them that liberty now for something, which they have so many years exercised for nothing, of railing and scribbling against us. And it is some commendation that we have not done it all this while, but avoided publicly to characterise any person without long experience. *Nonum prematur in annum* is a good rule for all writers of characters, because it may happen to those who vent praise or censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent English poet, who celebrated a young nobleman for erecting Dryden's monument upon a promise which his lordship forgot till it was done by another.

In regard to two persons only we wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit and of honour; and of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning.

We cannot deny (and perhaps most writers of our kind have been in the same circumstances) that in several parts of our lives, and according to the dispositions we were in, we have written some things which we may wish never to have thought on. Some sallies of levity ought to be imputed to youth, (supposed in charity, as it was in truth, to be the time in which we wrote them;) others to the gaiety of our minds at certain junctures common to all men. The publishing of these, which we cannot disown, and without our consent, is I think a greater injury than that of ascribing to us the most stupid productions which we can wholly deny.

This has been usually practised in other countries after a man's decease, which in a great measure accounts for that manifest inequality found in the works of the best authors; the collectors only considering that so many more sheets raise the price of the book; and the greatest fame a writer is in possession of, the more of such trash he may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is apparently the editor's interest to insert what the author's judgment had rejected; and care is always taken to intersperse these additions in such a manner, that scarce any book of consequence can be bought without purchasing something unworthy of the author along with it.

But in our own country it is still worse: those very booksellers who have supported themselves upon an author's fame while he lived have done their utmost after his death to lessen it by such practices; even a man's last will is not secure from being exposed in print; whereby his most particular regards, and even his dying tendernesses, are laid open. It has been humorously said that some have fished the very jakes for papers left there by men of wit: but it is no jest to affirm that the cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead have been broke open and ransacked to publish our private letters, and divulge to all mankind the most secret sentiments and intercourse of friendship. Nay, these fellows are arrived to that height of impudence, that, when the author has publicly disowned a spurious piece, they have disputed his own name with him in printed advertisements; which has been practised to Mr. Congreve and Mr. Prior.

We are therefore compelled, in respect to truth, to submit to a very great hardship; to own such pieces as in our stricter judgments we would have suppressed for ever: we are obliged to confess that this whole collection, in a manner, consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future, but unworthy even of the present age; not our studies, but our follies; not our works, but our idlenesses.

Some comfort, however, it is, that all of them are innocent, and most of them, slight as they are, had yet a moral tendency; either to soften the virulence of parties against each other; or to laugh out of countenance some vice or folly of the time; or to discredit the impositions of quacks and false pretenders to science; or to humble the arrogance of the ill-natured and envious; in a word to lessen the vanity and promote the good humour of mankind.

Such as they are, we must in truth confess they are ours, and others should in justice believe they are all that are ours. If anything else has been printed in which we really had any hand, it is either intolerably imperfect, or loaded with spurious additions; sometimes even with insertions of men's names which we never meant, and for whom we have an esteem and respect. Even those pieces in which we are least injured have never before been printed from the true copies, or with any tolerable degree of correctness. We declare that this collection contains every piece which in the idlest humour we have written; not only such as came under our review or correction, but many others which, however unfinished, are not now in our power to suppress. Whatsoever was in our own possession at the publishing hereof, or of which no copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all possibility of the like treatment.

These volumes likewise will contain all the papers wherein we have casually had any share; particularly those written in conjunction with our friends Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay; and lastly, all this sort composed singly by either of those hands. The reader is therefore desired to do the same justice to these our friends as to us; and to be assured that all the things called our Miscellanies (except the works of Alexander Pope, published by B. Lintot, in quarto and folio, in 1717; those of Mr. Gay, by J. Tonson, in quarto, in 1720; and as many of these Miscellanies as have been formerly printed by Benjamin Tooke) are absolutely spurious, and without our consent imposed upon the public.

JONATHAN SWIFT.
ALEXANDER POPE.

ADVERTISEMENT TO A FOURTH VOLUME.—1729.

OF the following volume we need only say that it contains the remainder of those miscellaneous pieces which were in some sort promised in the preface to the former volumes, or which have been written since. The verses are paged separately, that they may be added to that volume which wholly consists of verse, and the "Treatise of the Bathos" placed in their stead in this. The reader may be assured no other edition is either genuine or complete, and that they are all the things of this kind which will ever be printed by the same hands. There are in this volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces by other hands.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIFTH AND SIXTH VOLUMES.—1736.

As most of this author's writings have been already published in "The Drapier's Letters," "Gulliver's Travels," and the four volumes of "Miscellanies," printed for Messieurs Motte and Gulliver, it would have been injurious to the English buyer, as well as proprietor, to have reprinted here the Dublin edition of his works. We are therefore only to assure both that these two volumes consist of such pieces as are NOT in the forementioned volumes, but, excepting three Tatlers, contain everything in the Dublin edition besides.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ;

OR, THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY.

As the best perhaps of all advertisements we give the following opinions by some of the great critics who followed the distinguished author:—

"Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and, to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire), under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded, therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning, and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their design, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of 'The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.'

"*Moral satire* never lost more than in the defeat of this project, in the execution of which each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent, besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in everything which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they all had in equal measure, and in a measure so large that no age perhaps ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom art had brought it to higher perfection."—BP. WARBURTON.

"The 'Memoirs of Scriblerus' extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of queen Anne, and denominated themselves the *Scriblerus Club*. Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage as an event very disastrous to polite letters. If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned; he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away; he cures diseases that were never felt. For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read it has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier by remembering it. The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to 'Don Quixote,' there will be found in it particular imitations of the 'History of Mr. Ouffle.' Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his travels; and with these the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed."—DR. JOHNSON.

"The life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously, and says it is taken from the 'History of Ouffle,' is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of Cervantes; for it is not easy to say why Fielding should call his 'Joseph Andrews,' excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner. 'Don Quixote' is in truth the most original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes consists in having painted his mad hero with such a number of amiable qualities as to make it impossible for us totally to despise him. This light and shade in drawing characters show the master. It is thus Addison has represented his sir Roger, and Shakspeare his Falstaff. How great must be the native force of Cervantes' humour, when it can be relished by readers even unacquainted with Spanish manners, with the institution of chivalry, and with the many passages of old romances and Italian poems to which it perpetually alludes! There are three or four celebrated works that bear a great resemblance, and have a turn of satire similar to that of these 'Memoirs:' 'The Barbon' of Balsac; 'The Life of Montmaur,' by Menage and others; the 'Chef d'Oeuvre d'un Inconnu' of Mathanase; and 'La Charlatanerie des Savans' of Menken.

"Whatever may be determined of other parts of these 'Memoirs,' yet the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading. The rich vein of humour which, like a vein of mercury, runs through these 'Memoirs,' is much heightened and increased by the great variety of learning which they contain. It is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of art and humour have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than 'Hudibras.'"—DR. WARTON.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the reign of queen Anne (which, notwitnstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayest possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eye hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river-god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, and whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike anything of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit took him for one, and others believed him some high priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Acccordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the queen or her first minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the queen's ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropped from under his cloak, which my servant picked up and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words: *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly conceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the piazza by the dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him, in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English as follows:—

"Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the stars and my art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in dame nature, not indeed an unkind but a very coy mistress; watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in his island (a soil fruitful of philosophers); but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes.* I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who are possessed of the *arcanum magnum.* But at present I am forced to take sanctuary in the British court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the city of Madrid, in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who, finding some letters I had written to the duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and waylaid, through several nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now, by means of some British ship (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach), I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the queen's ministry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his conversation, he has for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his strictures on the Dunciad; since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

It hath been long (my dear countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprise that, whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digested the art of ancient poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited as to perform the like for the modern; although it is universally known that our everyway industrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings and in the velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that, while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or sublime, no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our βάθος or profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra* of true modern poesy! When you consider (my dear countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture, there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprise: the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia: and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed; and their precepts, however strict, obeyed only by fits and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus, who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars), though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens, they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed, when any of these have gone so far as by the light of their own genius to attempt new models, it is wonderful to observe how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cœlo* from us.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE PRESENT AGE.

The taste of the bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions and in such images as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the greatest number is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we shall find those who have a taste of the sublime to be very few; but the profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wise authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: from whence it follows demonstrably that their productions must be suited to the present taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that, though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of rank or fortune from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these it would be ingratitude not to own that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAPTER III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS, PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

Furthermore, it were great cruelty and injustice if all such authors as cannot write in the other way were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim; that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth that there is hardly any human creature, past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *nascimur poetæ*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the person is said to conceive; now, such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving, for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. We find by experience that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets are condensed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry: nay, I know not but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim upon the single authority of Horace.[a] Why should the golden mean and quintessence of all virtues be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these writers with those great spirits who are born with a *vivacité de pesanteur*, or (as an English author calls it) an "alacrity of sinking;"[b] and who by strength of nature alone can excel. All I mean is, to evince the necessity of rules to these lesser geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

WE come now to prove that there is an art of sinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any sober practitioner affirm that a diving-engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the authors of antiquity we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profund as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this, namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant that to excel in the bathos a genius is requisite; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is among the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task, unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the bathos as with small beer,[c] which is indeed vapid and insipid if left at large and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopped, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The profund of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain that anything of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution why common sense hath either been totally despised or held in small repute by the greatest modern critics and authors.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

AND I will venture to lay it down as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art, that whoever would excel therein must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common sense*. His business must be to contract the true *goût de travers;* and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by head or tail, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprise by a contrariety of images.

> Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.—HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since the great art of poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising, our author shall produce the credible by painting nature in her lowest simplicity, and the surprising by contradicting common opinion. In the very same manner he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time form a complete body of modern ethics and morality.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors than that the world hath long been weary of natural things. How much the contrary are formed to please is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequins and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheelbarrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be, how are they struck with transport and delight! which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and anti-natural way of thinking to such a degree as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely below it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle:—

---

[a] ————Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, &c.——POPE.

[b] Spoken by Falstaff of himself in Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

[c] The same simile is repeated in the "Dunciad."—DR. WARTON.

The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new-born world in their soft lap embraced,
And all around their starry mantle cast.[a]

If he looks upon a tempest he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:—

The ocean joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.[b]

The triumphs and acclamation of the angels at the creation of the universe present to his imagination "the rejoicings on the lord-mayor's day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating their Creator by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets:—

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order placed,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwellings graced.
Through all the enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw;
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain:
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.[c]

If a man who is violently fond of wit will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame if he who is smit with the love of the bathos should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:—

Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of Providence,
In which we stray.[d]———

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus:—

Thus have I seen in Araby the blest
A phœnix couch'd upon her funeral nest.[e]

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius prompted by this laudable zeal is not able to lessen, hear how the most sublime of all beings is represented in the following images:—

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvass, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the sight.[f]

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.[g]

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruised,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loosed.[h]

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sunbeams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours which arise,
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.[i]

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee.[k]

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.[a]

In the following lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air.[b]

Then a FULLER.

———Th' exhaling reeks, that secret rise,
Borne on rebounding sunbeams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece.[c]

A MERCER, or PACKER.

Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cerulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?[d]

A BUTLER.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds his floating bottles fill.[e]

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy ovens baked their bread.[f]

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUSES IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion that the bathos is an art, and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature and unassisted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the father of the bathos, and indeed the Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters who would never hit a nose or an eye have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herrring; and seldom are we without geniuses for still-life, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

A universal genius rises not in age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian[g] that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a general would, with equal application, have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.[a]

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[a] Prince Arthur, pp. 41, 42. [b] P. 14. [c] P. 50.

N.B. In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of their works. That which we use of "Prince Arthur" is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition, revised.—POPE.

[d] Ambrose Philips on the death of queen Mary.—WARBURT.

[e] Anon. [f] Blackmore, opt. edit. duod. 1716, p. 172.

[g] Blackmore, ps. civ. p. 263. [h] P. 75. [i] P. 170.

[k] P. 70.

[a] Blackmore, p. 61. [b] P. 181. [c] P. 18. [d] Psal. p. 174. [e] P. 131.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely asserts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse, exemplified in the "Poem on Creation;" but Ambrose Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in his poem, communicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; so that there are perhaps nowhere in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written.—DR. WARTON.

[f] Blackmore, "Song of Moses," p. 218.

[g] In a fine passage of the tenth book.

1. The Flying Fishes: these are writers who now and then rise upon their fins and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S., A. H.,[b] C. G.[c]

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T.,[d] W. P., Lord H.[e]

3. The Ostriches are such whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E.[f] the hon. E. H.[g]

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W. B., W. S., C. C.,[h] the reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W.,[i] G. D.[k] esq., the hon. sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D.,[l] C. G.,[m] I. O.[n]

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W.,[o] I. M.[p] esq., T. D.[q] gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W.,[r] L. T.,[s] P. M.,[t] general C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P.,[u] W. B.,[x] L. E., the right hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the bathos, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

We have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the garret or the printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curll himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a triticalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect bathos by the most elaborate low expression: it can at most be only carefully obscured or metaphorically debased. But it is the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath waters:—

> She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame
> To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame!
> Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
> And the same stream at once both cools and burns.[a]

What can be more easy and unaffected than the diction of these verses? It is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprise us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justice it ought) goes still deeper:—

> Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,
> And thought herself just risen from the waves.[b]

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus not knowing herself from the lady.

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frighted stag in a full chase, who, saith the poet—

> Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
> And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.[c]

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself:—

> None but himself can be his parallel.[d]

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield who writ in large letters of the picture of his elephant—

> This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However, our next instance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant:—

> So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
> A child, as poets say, sure thou art he!
> Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
> Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
> There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
> And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's; and lastly, they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet that shines forth amid a circle of critics:—

> Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
> And amid monsters rises into day.

---

[a] This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers, which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.—Dr. Warton.

[b] Aaron Hill thought that he was designated under the letters A. H., "although," says Pope, in reply, "every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner, and in truth (*except some few*) those letters were set at random to occasion what they did occasion—the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know."

[c] Charles Gildon.—Bowles.

[d] Tibbald.—Bowles.

[e] Lord Harvey.—Bowles.

[f] Laurence Eusden.—Bowles.

[g] Hon. Edw. Howard, called in the Dunciad "High-born Howard."—Bowles.

[h] Colley Cibber.—Bowles.

[i] Leonard Welsted.—Bowles.

[k] George Ducket.—Bowles.

[l] John Dennis.—Bowles.

[m] Charles Gildon.—Bowles.

[n] John Oldmixon.—Bowles.

[o] Edward Ward.—Bowles.

[p] James Moore.—Bowles.

[q] Thomas Ducket.—Bowles.

[r] Leonard Welsted.—Bowles.

[s] Tibbald.—Bowles.

[t] Peter Motteux.—Bowles.

[u] Ambrose Philips.—Bowles.

[x] William Broome.—Bowles.

[a] Anonymous.

[b] Idem.

[c] Dr. Ridley is said to have told Mr. Steevens, Mr. Spence informed him that these lines originally stood in Pope's "Windsor Forest." Mr. Spence, on the other hand, affirmed to Dr. Warton, that they were quoted from his unpublished juvenile epic, called "Alcander." Amid this contradictory evidence, we may be excused believing that Pope had written them "for the nonce," to fill the place which they occupy in this very treatise.

[d] Theobald, "Double Falsehood."

What a peculiarity is here of invention! The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in its way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children were no monsters: there were only the centaur and the maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters he made so.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES; AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours is their choosing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar: but those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but, above all, preserve a laudable prolixity; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently the worst consequence of all to our author.

Job says, in short, he washed his feet in butter; a circumstance some poets would have softened or passed over: now hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius:—

> With teats distended with their milky store,
> Such numerous lowing herds before my door,
> Their painful burden to unload did meet,
> That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.[a]

How cautious and particular! "He had," says our author, "so many herds, which herds thrived so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have washed his feet in it."

The ensuing description of hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances:—

> In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
> Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
> The liquid burnings dreadful colours show,
> Some deeply red, and others faintly blue.[b]

Could the most minute Dutch painter have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!—

> His eyeballs burn, he wounds the smoking plain,
> And knots of scarlet ribbon deck his mane.[c]

Of certain cudgel-players:—

> They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves,
> Their hands a woven guard of ozier saves,
> In which they fix their hazel weapon's end.[d]

Who would not think the poet had passed his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make, a cudgel!

Periphrase is another great aid to prolixity, being a diffused circumlocutory mannner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprise when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure:—

> A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
> And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.[a]

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find it means a great crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following!—

> Nature's confectioner——
> Whose suckets are moist alchemy:
> The still of his refining mould
> Minting the garden into gold.[b]

What is this but a bee gathering honey?—

> Little syren of the stage,
> Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
> Wanton gale of fond desire,
> Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.[c]——

Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?

We may define amplification to be making the most of a thought: it is the spinning-wheel of the bathos, which draws out and spreads it into the finest thread. There are amplifiers who can extend half-a-dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words: "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?—

> Canst thou set forth the ethereal mines on high,
> Which the refulgent ore of light supply?
> Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
> In which I melt the golden metal down?
> Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast
> As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.[d]

The same author has amplified a passage in the civth Psalm: "He looks on the earth and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke:"—

> The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
> Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
> The woods, with terror wing'd, outfly the wind,
> And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.[e]

You here see the hills not trembling, but shaking off woods from their backs to run the faster; after this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

CHAPTER IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilvy, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Eusden of Blackmore? Therefore, when we sit down to write,[f] let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question: "How would sir Richard have said this? do I express myself as simply as Ambrose Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?"

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets who have excelled in the sublime: yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds anything lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall show in our next chapter.

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[a] Blackmore, Job, p. 133. [b] Prince Arthur, p. 89.
[c] Anonymous. [d] Prince Arthur, p. 197.

[a] Job, p. 78. [b] Cleveland. [c] Ambrose Philips to Cuzzona.
[d] Job, p. 108. [e] Job, p. 267.

[f] An admirable parody on the fourteenth section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes have expressed themselves on this subject?"- Dr. WARTON.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of Ætna in the third Æneid?—

> ——Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
> Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
> Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
> Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit:[a]
> Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
> Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
> Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the colic:—

> Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
> Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
> Blown up to rage; and roaring out complain,
> As torn with inward gripes and tott'ring pain;
> Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
> And with their melted bowels spread the ground.[b]

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars;[c] but Empedocles, to fathom the profund, threw himself into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there from this description?

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakspeare, wherein the resemblance lay in one single line:—

> And so good morrow t'ye, good master lieutenant.[d]

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, *nevertheless* was constantly *nathless*, *embroidered* was *broidered*, *hermits* were *eremites*, *disdained* *'sdeigned*, *shady* *umbrageous*, *enterprize* *emprize*, *pagan* *paynim*, *pinions* *pennons*, *sweet* *dulcet*, *orchards* *orchats*, *bridge-work* *pontifical*; nay, *her* was *hir*, and *their* was *thir*, through the whole poems. And in very deed there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read to any purpose the works of such men as Milton and Shakspeare.

It may be expected that, like other critics, I should next speak of the passions; but as the main end and principal effect of the bathos is to produce tranquillity of mind (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness), we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the emollients and opiates of poesy; of the cool, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark that nothing contributes so much to the cool as the use of wit in expressing passion; the true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper similes on such occasions: this we may term the pathetic epigrammatical, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the passions of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed that to move anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the state. As for shame it is a silly passion, of which, as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAPTER X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

But we proceed to the figures. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the abuse of speech. They ought to lay down as a principle to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head which distinguishes all writers of this kind: or (as I may say) to refer exactly the mould in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures, but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the bathos, under three classes.—

I. The variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes and figures;

II. The magnifying; and

III. The diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names: but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother-tongue.

Of the first sort nothing so much conduces to the bathos as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,

> "Mow the beard,
> Shave the grass,
> Pin the plank,
> Nail my sleeve."

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind as to the eye, when we behold harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a teapot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.:—

> Laced in her cosins[a] new appear'd the bride,
> A bubble-boy[b] and tompion[c] at her side,
> And with an air divine her colmar[d] plied:
> Then O! she cries, what slaves I round me see!
> Here a bright red coat, there a smart toupee.[e] [f]

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[a] These two words, after he had said "Attollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombast and supertragical, ουτϱαγικα, says Longinus, but παϱατραγωδα.

[b] Prince Arthur, p. 75. [c] "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

[d] From Rowe's tragedy of "Lady Jane Gray."

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[a] Stays. [b] Tweezer-case. [c] Watch. [d] Fan.

[e] A sort of periwig: all words in use at this present year, 1727.

[f] These five lines are quoted from his own youthful poems, as indeed are most of those marked *anonymous*.

The SYNECDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *pretty-face* and *pig's-eyes*, and sometimes *snotty-nose* and *draggle-tail*. Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called *split-cause*, a tailor, *prick-louse*, &c. Or of things belonging to a man for the man himself; as *a sword-man, a gown-man, a t-m-t-d-man; a white-staff, a turn-key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "what shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or, "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the lowest things, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

> The lords above are hungry and talk big[a]

Or if you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus:—

> Though he (as said) may riches gorge, the spoil
> Painful in massy vomit shall recoil:
> Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
> Like his own ordure, cast with scorn away.[b]

The second, that whenever you start a metaphor you must be sure to run it down and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negotiation follow it in this manner:—

> The stones and all the elements with thee
> Shall ratify a strict confederacy;
> Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
> And for a firm alliance with thee treat;
> The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
> Shall send a scaly embassy for peace;
> His plighted faith the crocodile shall keep,
> And seeing thee for joy sincerely weep.[c]

Or, if you represent the Creator denouncing was against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war:—

> Envoys and agents, who by my command
> Reside in Palestina's land,
> To whom commissions I have given
> To manage there the interests of heaven:
> Ye holy heralds, who proclaim
> Or war or peace, in mine your master's name,
> Ye pioneers of heaven, prepare a road,
> Make it plain, direct, and broad;
> For I in person will my people head;
> —— For the divine deliverer
> Will on his march in majesty appear,
> And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r.[d]

Under the article of the Confounding we rank—

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raises so many images as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just opposite to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist, painting the spring, talks of a snow of blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:—

> The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
> Whose livid flashes sick'ning sunbeams drown.[e]

What a noble confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sunbeams, gaping, pouring, sickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

> Thy head shall rise though buried in the dust,
> And 'midst the stars his glittering turrets thrust.[f]

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

> Upon the shore; as frequent as the sand,
> To meet the prince, the glad Demetians stand.[a]

Quære, Where these Demetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the jargon such as the following:—

> Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
> And desolation lie for ever waste.[b]
> Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
> And seems converted to a stone in stone.[c]

But for variegation nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,[d]

where a word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split; as this of Mr. Dennis:—

> Bullets, that wound, like Parthians as they fly.[e]

Or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted:—

> ——Behold the virgin lie
> Naked, and only cover'd by the sky.[f]

To which thou may'st add—

> To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
> She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,[g]

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these on a lady who made herself appear out of size by hiding a young princess under her clothes:—

> While the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape
> Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape.[h]

On the maids of honour in mourning:—

> Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.[i]

> ——His eyes so bright
> Let in the object and let out the light.[k]
> The gods look pale to see us look so red.[l]
> ————The fairies and their queen,
> In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.[m]
> All nature felt a reverential shock,
> The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.[n]

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE writer of the profund will take care never to magnify any object without clouding it at the same time; his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that darkness is an essential quality of the profund, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be, as Milton expresses it,

> No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or impossible.[o]

For instance, of a Lion.

> He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
> His very shadow durst not follow him.[p]

Of a Lady at Dinner.

> The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
> Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the same.

> ——The obscureness of her birth
> Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
> Which make her all one light.[q]

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[a] Lee's Alexander.

[b] Blackmore, Job, pp. 91, 93.

[c] Job, p. 22.

[d] Blackmore, Isaiah, c. xl.

[e] Prince Arthur, p. 87.

[f] Job, p. 107.

[a] Prince Arthur, p. 157. [b] Job, p. 89. [c] T. Cook, Poems.

[d] A happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun often quoted:

"And brought into this world a world of woe."

Atterbury would point it thus:—

"And brought into this world, (a world of woe,)"

in a parenthesis, and putting the repeated word in apposition to the former.—Dr. WARTON.

[e] Poems, 1693, p. 13. [f] Welsted, Acon, and Lavinia.

[g] It were to be wished our author himself had not been so very fond of this figure.—Dr. WARTON.

[h] Waller. [i] Steele, on queen Mary. [k] Quarles.

[l] Lee, Alexander. [m] Philips's Pastorals.

[n] Blackmore, Job, p. 176.

[o] Into which even the great Corneille has sometimes fallen.

[p] Vet. Aut. [q] Theobald, "Double Falsehood."

Of a Bull-baiting.

Up to the stars the sprawling mastiffs fly,
And add new monsters[a] to the frighted sky.

Of a Scene of Misery.

Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes.[b]——

And that modest request of two absent lovers :—

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The Periphrasis, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of magnifying may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect :—

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low?
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high.[c]

III. The last class remains; of the diminishing. 1. the Anticlimax, and figures where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprise.

On the Extent of the British Arms.

Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.[d]

On a Warrior.

And thou, Dalhousy, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar.[e]

On the Valour of the English.

Nor art nor nature has the force
To stop its steady course;
Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep it out
——Nor fortified redoubt.[f]

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low or quite ridiculous; a surprise resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a leviathan at sea :—

His motion works, and beats the oosy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream,
Does like one pot of boiling ointment seem.
Where'er he swims he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary with age, or gray with sudden fear.[g]

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing:

Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron bars removed,
And to and fro huge heaps of cinders shoved.[h]

2. The Vulgar

is also a species of the diminishing: by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand :—

The mighty Stuffa threw a massy spear,
Which, with its errand pleased, sung through the air.[i]

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog.

I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw.[k]

And clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity :—

Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

3. The Infantine.

This is when a poet grows so very simple as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way. Hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer :—

Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hither, British muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty nursling see.

When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green:
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May:

Then the neck so white and round,
(Little neck with brilliants bound).

And thy gentleness of mind,
(Gentle from a gentle kind,) &c.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men, &c.[a]

And the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?—

Teach me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep.[b]

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death :—

That ever she could die! O most unkind!
To die and leave poor Colinet behind!
And yet,—why blame I her?[c]

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths :—

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.[d]

4. The Inanity, or Nothingness.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances :—

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep).[e]

To the grave senate she could counsel give
(Which with astonishment they did receive).[f]

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls from the grandeur of his majesty.[g]

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew—you sip and sing.[h]

Where you easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse.

The noise returning with returning light.

What did it?

Dispersed the silence and dispell'd the night.[i]

The glories of proud London to survey,
The sun himself shall rise—by break of day.[k]

5. The Expletive,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors :—

Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,[l]
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

Or in pretty drawling words like these :—

All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more.[m]

The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same;
While wretched we remember'd thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name![n]

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[a] Blackmore, p. 21. [b] Anonymous. [c] Ibid.
[d] Ibid. [e] Ibid. [f] Dennis on Namur.
[g] Blackmore, Job, p. 197. [h] Prince Arthur, p. 157.
Prince Arthur. [k] Job, p. 41.

[a] Ambrose Philips on Miss Cuzzona.
[b] Philips's Pastorals. [c] Ibid. [d] Ibid. [e] Ibid.
[f] Philips on Queen Mary. [g] Ibid.
[h] T. Cook on a Grasshopper. [i] Anonymous.
[k] Autor. Vet.
[l] I am afraid he glanced at Thomson.—Dr. Warton.
[m] T. Cook, Poems. [n] Ibid.

6. The Macrology and Pleonasm

are as generally coupled as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries[a] employ this figure:—

> The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
> The food of armies and support of wars,
> Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
> Lessen his numbers and contract his host,
> Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
> Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.[b]

Of all which the perfection is

The Tautology.

> Break through the billows, and—divide the main.[c]
> In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.
> Divide—and part—the sever'd world—in two.[d]

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.

CHAPTER XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

The expression is adequate when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always grammatical, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number:—

> The sword and pestilence at once *devours*,

instead of *devour*.[e]

Sometimes the wrong case:—

> And who more fit to soothe the god than *thee*?[f]

instead of *thou*.

And rather than say,

> Thetis *saw* Achilles weep,

she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful of two things; first, in the choice of low words: secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our poets are naturally blessed with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen who had made prose all his life without knowing it.[g] Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words; I take them from my last-cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple:

> If not, a prize I will myself decree,
> From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.[h]
> ——Full of days was he;
> Two ages past, he lived the third to see.[i]
>
> The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
> By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.[k]
>
> That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
> The most despised of all the gods am I.[l]
>
> Then let my mother once be ruled by me,
> Though much more wise than I pretend to be.[m]

Or these, of the same hand:[a]—

> I leave the arts of poetry and verse
> To them that practise them with more success.
> Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
> And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.[b]

Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire owes all the spirit of the bathos to one choice word that ends the line:

> And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fried.[c]

And in that description of a world in ruins:—

> Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
> He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack.[d]

So also in these:—

> Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink
> Come from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.[e]

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:—

> He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
> That cheers the forest and the garden trees.[f]

It is also useful to employ *technical terms*, which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature; and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his *linen* was finely *spun*, and *bleached* on the happy plains.[g] Call an army of angels *angelic cuirassiers*;[h] and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

> Fresh troops of pains, and regimented woes.[i]

Style is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall mention only the principal, which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement or entire invention.

1. The Florid Style,

than which none is more proper to the bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

A fine writer of this kind presents you with the following posy:—

> The groves appear all dress'd with wreaths of flowers,
> And from their leaves drop aromatic showers;
> Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
> Exchanged their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses.
> As if the willing branches strove,[k]
> To beautify and shade the grove.[l]

Which indeed most branches do. But this is still excelled by our laureate:—

> Branches in branches twined compose the grove,
> And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
> The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
> And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
> The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
> And to the sighing alders alders sigh.[m]

Hear also our Homer:—

> His robe of state is form'd of light refined,
> An endless train of lustre spreads behind.
> His throne's of bright compacted glory made,
> With pearls celestial, and with gems inlaid:
> Whence floods of joy and seas of splendour flow,
> On all the angelic gazing throng below.[n]

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[a] Even such pure writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have sometimes been guilty of pleonasms; of which there are examples in the "Miscellaneous Observations of Jortin," p. 37, vol. ii.

[b] Camp.

[c] Tonson's Miscellany, 12mo., iv. 291, 4th edit.

[d] Tonson's Miscellany, vi. 121.

[e] Our author himself has more than once fallen into this fault.

Tickell, Homer, Il. i.

[g] Jourdain, in Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

[h] Tickell, Homer, p. 11. [i] P. 17. [k] P. 19.

P. 34. [m] P. 38.

[a] Asserting plainly that the first book of the Iliad, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison.—Dr. Warton.

[b] Tonson's Miscellany, 12mo., iv., 292, 4th edition.—Dr Warton.

[c] Ibid., vi. 119.

[d] Job, p. 263. [e] Prince Arthur, p. 151. [f] Job, p. 264.

[g] Prince Arthur, p. 19. [h] Ibid., p. 339. [i] Job, p. 86.

[k] It is surprising to find so false and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines in a writer generally so cha and correct as Addison:—

> "While here the vine on hills of ruin climbs,
> Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes."—*Campaign*

Dr. Warton.

[l] Behn's Poems, p. 2. [m] Guardian, 12mo., 127.

[n] Blackmore, Ps. civ.

2. The PERT STYLE.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of "The London Spy," and all the Spies and Trips in general, are herein to be diligently studied; in verse, Mr. Cibber's prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous as when it is employed in modernizing, and adapting to the taste of the times, the works of the ancients. This we rightly phrase, *doing them into English*, and *making them into English;* two expressions of great propriety; the one denoting our neglect of the manner how; the other, the force and compulsion with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this style that Tacitus talks like a coffee-house politician, Josephus[a] like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Asgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snip-snap, and honest Thomas à Kempis, as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

The ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being new, and has the happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it in the description of a sun in a mourning coach upon the death of queen Mary:—

See Phœbus now, as once for Phaëton,
Has mask'd his face, and put deep mourning on;
Dark clouds his sable chariot do surround,
And the dull steeds stalk o'er the melancholy round.[b]

Of prince Arthur's soldiers drinking:—

While rich burgundian wine and bright champagne
Chase from their minds the terror of the main.[c]

Whence we also learn that burgundy and champagne make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments:—

——He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid regiments does keep.
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea;
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,
Entrench'd in works of rock and lines of sand.[d]

Of two armies on the point of engaging:—

Yon armies are the cards which both must play;
At least come off a saver, if you may:
Throw boldly at the sum the gods have set;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.[e]

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best fashions of our metropolis.

But the present branch of the alamode is the PRURIENT; a style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the first quality, and, by the encouragement of the ladies, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed, its incredible progress and conquests may be compared to those of the great Sesostris, and are everywhere known by the same marks, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * and * * * * * *hiatus magnus lacrymabilis* * * * * And selling of bargains, and *double entendre*, and Κιϐϐιδρισμος, and 'Ολδφείλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL STYLE,[f]

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the alamode; as the following:—

Of a brook dried by the sun.

Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sunbeams stole away.[a]

Of an easy death.

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee, ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary.[b]

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs and passes by.[c]

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleased liquor pines, and lessens all the while.[d]

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words; and the BUSKIN, or stately, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once then is the bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the wrong one. Will not every true lover of the profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?—

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongued gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there?

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.[e]

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what nature, tailor to the bear,
To man himself denied; she gave me cold,
But would not give me clothes.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguished life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust.[f]

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door:
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.[g]

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence discovered the hidden sources of the bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered that all and every individual of the bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures arises from their being divided into several branches and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric were the several parts branched out in like manner.

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[a] Josephus, translated by sir Roger L'Estrange.
[b] Ambrose Philips.
[c] Prince Arthur, p. 16.
[d] Blackmore, Ps. civ. p. 261.
[e] Lee, Sophonisba.
[f] In which Felton's "Superficial Dissertation on the Classics" is written, who is very fearful to be thought a scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin.—DR. WARTON.

[a] Blackmore, Job, p. 26.
[b] Ibid., p.23
[c] Denn.
[d] Anonymous, in Tonson's Miscellany, part 6, p. 224.
[e] Tempest.
[f] Theobald, "Double Falsehood."
[g] These verses are his own —DR. WARTON.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith that "the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis*,[a] or circumlocution, is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at clubs; the *ellipsis*, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the *aposiopesis* of courtiers; the *litotes* or diminution of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiplosis* of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate; sarcasm and irony learned upon the water; and the *epiphonema* or exclamation, frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the "Hear him" of the house of commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure would doubtless attain to perfection, and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed), a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist for his allegories; to the simile-maker for his comparisons; to the ironist for his sarcasms; to the apophthegmatist for his sentences, &c., whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient despatch, at the public expense, a rhetorical chest of drawers consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be divided into *loci* or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate or valiant officer, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state, which will sufficiently guard against any mischief that might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will also accrue to our society.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES; AND OF THE COLOUR OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as speed and despatch. Great pity it is that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportioned to their heaviness; for it is with the flowers of the bathos as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish, and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that profit which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in showing the quickest method of composing them, after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First, of panegyric. Every man is honourable who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon the public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expenses, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides, they are, by prescription immemorial, invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.[a]

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift and who will not pay a just debt may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

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[a] All this paragraph down to the words in it, "house of commons," is wonderfully acute and satirical, especially the mentioning the bear-garden.—DR. WARTON.

[a] A sarcasm on three orders of knighthood.

The second is the rule of contraries: it is certain the less a man is endued with any virtue the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all; for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire, wherein we are ever to remark that whoso loses his place or becomes out of favour with the government hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise or dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons I refer to our rhetorical cabinet, concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their ears in the pillory.

CHAPTER XV.

A RECIPE TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.[a]

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them, for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Molière observes of making a dinner, "that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot do it without he has his art for nothing." The same may be said of making a poem. It is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which any author in the bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the Fable.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions; put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve books, at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you stain them sufficiently.

For the Manners.[a]

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or not it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines.

Take of *deities*, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for you greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his "Art of Poetry:"—

> "Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit;"

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance but when he is in great perplexity.

For the Descriptions.

For a *Tempest*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantam sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *Burning Town*. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration,"[b] well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for *similes* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.[c]

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[a] A severe animadversion is here intended on Bossu.—Dr. Warton.

[a] A stroke of ridicule on Bossu.—Dr. Warton.

[b] An undeserved sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory.—Dr. Warton.

[c] The "Discourse of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all Nations," added to his "Henriade," contains many false and rude opinions, particularly some objections to "Paradise Lost."—Dr. Warton.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.[a]

It may be thought that we should not wholly omit the drama, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of by the present managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the bathos.

Here, therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, when the people of this age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to outdo even their own outdoings; and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all the works of to-day, may this testimony of a contemporary critic to their fame be extended as far as to-morrow.

Yet if to so wise an administration it be possible anything can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names and dated the second of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

"1. It is proposed, that the two theatres be incorporated into one company; that the royal academy of music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

"2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expense, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators; which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience since the new entertaintments.[b] That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two houses of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who shall all have their places frank.

"3. If Westminster-hall be not allotted to this service, (which, by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament above mentioned seems not altogether improper,) it is left to the wisdom of the nation whether Somerset-house may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that side which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surrey, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may in the readiest manner convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affection to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

"4. That the theatre above-said be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings fitted for the accommodation of decayed critics and poets; out of whom six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society; provided, nevertheless, that the laureate for the time being may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient poet and critic to be found in the whole island.

"5. The male players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The actresses are to make their beds and wash their linen.

"6. A large room shall be set apart for a library, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the council of six to sit and deliberate on the merits of plays. The majority shall determine the dispute: and if it shall happen that three and three should be of each side, the president shall have a casting voice, unless where the contention may run so high as to require a decision by single combat.

"7. It may be convenient to place the council of six in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs, the whole audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased.

"8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the council of six by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

"9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall, at the public expense, be brought up a page to attend the council of six: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet; and a greater still for the son of a critic.

"10. If it be discovered that any actress is got with child during the interlude of any play wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of robbery and theft. In all other cases, particularly in those for debt, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a place of privilege. And whereas it has been found that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any poet or critic of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an arrest.

"11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives a very little will be deemed sufficient), the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent man-

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[a] The character of a player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamelle, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France.—Dr. Warton.

[b] Pantomimes then first exhibited in England.

ner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but paint, diet-drinks, spitting-pots, and all other necessaries of life, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

"12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the council of six (which is indeed larger than any intrusted to the great officers of state), this may be obviated by swearing those six persons of his majesty's privy-council, and obliging them to pass everything of moment previously at that most honourable board."

Vale & fruere,
MAR. SCRIB.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

SUMMI CRITICI, CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM SPECIMEN.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pœnè mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

IT is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature, who drag forward

A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's deposed, and B with pomp restored.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we are now enabled to read. "I am persuaded," says Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who lavished so much of their time upon the question whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples." Dict. tom. v. p. 795.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. 1.

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi superûm——

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto,
Vi superûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550—*flatu* ventorum *Æoli*, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum *Æneas* aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii ver. 193—*jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *numen Junonis* adoret?
Et quisquis *nomen Junonis* adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *numen*, et procul dubio sic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt——

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt——

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*, quia epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput——
Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet*——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virûm——

Armi hominum: ridiculè antea *arma virûm*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.
Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

Summas et leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est: mirificè altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla, Æn. xi.

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret, &c., hyperbolicè.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*
Jam *fæces* et saxa volant, *fugiuntque ministri:*

uti solent, instanti pericula—*Fæces facibus* longe præstant, quid enim nisi fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus antrum.*

Sic malim, longè potiùs, quàm, *scopulis pendentibus:* nugæ! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? in quorum usum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo——

Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima; hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? at *motus et ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immò et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones.*

Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones.*

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes! *tectis* succedite nostris.

Lectius potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat; Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *juvenes!*

Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ:*
Anna! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

> *Huc uni* [*viro* scil.] potui succumbere; *culpas?*
> Anna! fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. Ver. 1.

> Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
> Inde toro *pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.
>
> *Concubuere* omnes, *intentèque* ora tenebant;
> Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere et ora tenebant*, tautologicè dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris musæo, legitur, *ore gemebant;* sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. Ver. 3.

> *Infandum*, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
> *Infantum*, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse; quod satis constat ex perantiquâ illâ Britannorum cantilenâ vocatâ *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba:—

> *The child may rue that is unborn.*

III. Ver. 4.

> Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
> *Eruerint* Danaï.
>
> Trojanas ut *oves* et lamentabile regnum
> *Diruerint*.

Mallem *oves* potiùs quàm *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

> Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
> Et quorum pars magna fui.
>
> Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
> Et quorum pars magna fui———

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tamquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

> Quis talia *fando*
> Temperet *a* lachrymis?
>
> Quis talia *flendo*,
> Temperet *in* lachrymis?

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quàm solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

> Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
> Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.
>
> Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
> Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solùm innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, auroræ adventum annunciant.

> Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
> Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem*.
>
> Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
> Et *brevè ter* Trojæ *superûmque* audire *labores*.

Curæ Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quàm diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores exposcit:* *Ter* enim pro *sæpe* usurpatur. *Trojæ, superûmque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. v. 610, *etc.*

> Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
> Incipiam——.
>
> Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit.*

Resurgit multò propriùs dolorem *renascentem* notat quam ut hactenus, *refugit.*

VII. Ver. 19.

> *Fracti* bello, fatisque repulsi
> Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
> Instar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte
> Ædificant———*etc.*
> *Tracti* bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracti et repulsi, antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti*, frigidè et vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus: quem si *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso insonuere cavæ*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

AN ESSAY ON THE LEARNED
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,
CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES

Written to the most learned Dr. ———, F.R.S., from the deserts of Nubia.

Among all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive there is none more worthy the search of a learned head than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them among us attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means, since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom below the grave of Cambyses; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is as yet a secret. The highest period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer [Hom. Il. iii.], Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the very air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military

achievements in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government: though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happened to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible than that one of the Baleares was wasted by rabbits, Smynthe by mice [Eustathius in Hom. Il. i.], and of late Bermudas almost depopulated by rats [Speede, in Bermudas]. Nothing is more natural to imagine than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed till they were found out by Osiris in his travels to instruct mankind.

"He met," says Diodorus [l. i. ch. 18.], "in Ethiopia a sort of little satyrs who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilising of mankind." Now of this great personage, Pan, we have a very particular description in the ancient writers, who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us. And since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilising of mankind, it should seem that the first principles of science must be received from that nation to which the gods were by Homer [Il. i.] said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," saith Diodorus [l. iii. ch. 69], "whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a tail on his loins, as likewise had all his progeny, in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the much celebrated order of gymnosophists. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their life will easily find them to have imitated with all the exactness imaginable the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be overrun with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch says [in his Oration on Alexander's Fortune], "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their beds made of leaves or moss." And Herodotus [l. i.] tells us that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things.

Hence we see that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Egypt is so well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images, and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers, in just gratitude as it should seem to the mouth from which they received their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece, where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece first heard the name of satyrs or owned them for *semidei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called king by Theocritus. [Παν ’Αναξ. Id. i.] If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strongest reports in all antiquity. One is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus, which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances, which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said it is highly credible that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances is that great mimic genius, Æsop [Vit. Æsop. initio.], for whose extraction from these *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage, insomuch that he might have lived in the woods had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third proof is his acute and satirical wit. And lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is Socrates. [See Plato and Xenophon]. First, it was a tradition that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men. Secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look. Thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of the respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces, so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles; it rose in one generation to their arms; in the second it invaded their necks; in the third it gained the ascendant of their heads till the degenerate appearance in which the species is now immersed became completed, though we must here observe that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity, there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed the defection from their nature was not so entire but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy. At the first appearance of these wild philosophers there were some of the least mixed who vouchsafed to converse with mankind, which is evident from the name of Fauns [Livy], *à fando*, or speaking. Such was he who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable era, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer, and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision or scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's [vid. Plutarch in Vit. Syllæ] time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only showed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil, whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons who are related in the sixth Bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware), they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden called Ægle, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, and several hieroglyphical fables, under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolic as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom, but, as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of who seemeth to be of the true race is said by St. Jerome to have met St. Anthony [Vit. St. Ant.] in a desert, who inquiring the way of him, he showed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections), a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative, to whom in Malabar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Maffæus's [l. i.] opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great as made his followers doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection, and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten [ch. 44.], the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due respect Orang Outang the great, the last of this line, whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Orang Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Orang Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson[a] has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us of relieving some from the spleen and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons; with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life! and what surprising relations have le Comte[b] and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them! If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men, what prodigies may we not conceive of those who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive, longeval, and antediluvian man-tigers who first taught science to the world!

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what but that they should abate their pride and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts? that these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now distinguished and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger and the monkey?

As to speech, I make no question that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to show themselves to be men that they may be protected not only from work but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

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[a] Dr. Tyson's Anatomy of a Pigmy, 4to,

[b] Father le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.

But now were it possible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? no nation where the women with easy freedoms and the gentlest treatment might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but, alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour state would incline me to wish it were Holland—

> Sed lævâ in parte mamillæ
> Nil salit Arcadico.

It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers I mean of Ethiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? the man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court-pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing of each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale & fruere.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

OR THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE APPROACHING CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS JUPITER, MARS, AND SATURN.

By Mart. Scriblerus, Philomath.

> In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
> Corpora———

I SUPPOSE everybody is sufficiently apprised of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant Dec. 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the metamorphostical conjunction; a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies), the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk a barber and a midwife; the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swaddling clothes to the barber. Accordingly, Thales Milesius, (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians,) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, "then," says he, "shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and child-bearing."

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms: "Then," says he, "shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into the positive, their — into + (*i. e.*), their *minus* into *plus*."

Plato not only speaks of this great change but describes all the preparations toward it. "Long before the bodily transformation," says he, "nature shall begin the most difficult part of her work, by changing the ideas and inclinations of the two sexes: men shall turn effeminate and women manly; wives shall domineer and husbands obey; ladies shall ride a-horseback, dressed like cavaliers; princes and nobles appear in nightrails and petticoats; men shall squeak upon theatres with female voices and women corrupt virgins; lords shall knot and cut paper; and even the northern people ἀρσένα κυπρὶν ὀρινεῖν, a phrase (which, for modesty's sake, I forbear to translate) which denotes a vice too frequent among us.

That the ministry foresaw this great change is plain from the calico act; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England to convert their useless female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools; undressing themselves (as it were) before their transformation.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprising to people who search into the bottom of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shown us how man was at first created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himself; a circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man's happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas* that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne and another by the late bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears that this system of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows that a woman is but an introverted man: a new fusion and *flatus* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity; but I forbear, for the sake of my modest men-readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In some subjects the smallest alterations will do, some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contrived with that female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the *ébauche*[a] of a good sturdy man. If nature could be puzzled it will be how to bestow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-sized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday, the 29th instant. Accordingly, about eight at night, as Senezino shall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he shall be observed to make an unusual motion; upon which the audience will be affected with a red suffusion over their countenance; and because a strong succession of the muscles of the belly is

[a] Sketch, rough draught, or essay.

necessary toward performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a profuse involuntary laughter. Then, to use the modest term of Anaximander, "shall negative quantity be turned into positive," &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a number of untouched virgins within those walls; but, alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion is the chief design of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies, forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a calico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider that Nature, who never destroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying-in; so that not to be transformed will be the same as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortress that is to be demolished in a few days, let them reflect that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a bastard—a posthumous bastard as it were—to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a dry-nurse.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature to balance matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be returned; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phenomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown; this being a case not provided for by the Salique law. There will be no preventing disorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chastity do not bind, but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a scandal among protestants for husbands and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the husband being *femme couverte*. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe whether the transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes.

The pope must undergo a new groping: but the false prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his successors; for as the grand signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen at his devotion.

These are surprising scenes; but I beg leave to affirm that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows and giggling girls about town that they would not put themselves in a high twitter when they go to visit a general lying-in of his first child; his officers serving as midwives, nurses, and rockers, dispensing caudle; or if they behold the reverend prelates dressing the heads and airing the linen at court, I beg they will remember that these offices must be filled with people of the greatest regularity and best characters. For the same reason I am sorry that a certain prelate [Dr. Atterbury], who, notwithstanding his confinement [in Dec. 1722], still preserves his healthy cheerful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly entreat the maids of honour (then ensigns and captains of the guards,) that at their first setting out they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: that the present grooms of the bedchamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green-sickness: and, in general, that the men would remember they are become retromingent, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy, but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chambermaids, (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet-counsellors to the princes of the earth,) manage the great intrigues that will be committed to your charge with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye exchange-women! [shopkeepers of Exeter 'Change] (our right worshipful representatives that are to be,) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation, like a spendthrift heir, has run out: be likewise a little more continent in your tongues than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women, who now preside over the confectionary, (henceforth commissioners of the treasury,) be so good as to dispense the sugar-plums of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids, (the hopes of the bench,) exert but your usual talents of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate, (just ready to be called to the bar, and coifed like your sister-serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the time and lessening the expenses of lawsuits; for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians! who in the figure of old women are to clean the tripe in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation: the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is so evident that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: if there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone, at present, about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of standing-forces, with arms in their hands: that those are masters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the rest, I believe nobody will deny. It is no less true in fact that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum, have been employed to no purpose to settle peace among those sons of violence. Pray who is he that will say unto them, "go and disband yourselves"? but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the halcyon days of public tranquillity return: for neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age to come: *bellaque matribus invisa*, wars odious to mothers, will not grow immediately palatable in their paternal estate.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in family tranquillity than it is in national. Great faults will be amended; and frailties forgiven on both sides. A wife, who has been disturbed with late hours, and choked with the *haut goût* of a sot, will remember her sufferings, and avoid the temptations; and will for the same reasons indulge her mate, in his family capacity, in some passions which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex; such as vanity, fine clothes, being admired, &c. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding-qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt herself? In short, all unreasonable demands upon her husband must cease, because they are already satisfied, from natural experience, that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen those of their household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of

Their most sincere well-wisher,
M. S.

A KEY TO THE LOCK;

OR, A TREATISE, PROVING BEYOND ALL CONTRADICTION THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF A LATE POEM, ENTITLED

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

TO GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

Written in 1714.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into parties, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in allegory and fable. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of "John Bull and his wife:" if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an ant with a white straw is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of "Count Tariff."

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, entitled "The Rape of the Lock," which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of anything is dubious, one can noway better judge of the true intent of it than by considering who is the author, what is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now that the author of this poem is a reputed papist is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by jesuits or others is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author, with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the character of sir Plume. Upon his going out I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a Roman catholic knight.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and showing his snuff-box and cane, to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a Roman catholic lord.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young lady to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint, in his dedication,[a] that he meant something farther. This lady is also a Roman catholic. At the same time, others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them Roman Catholics.

But to proceed to the work itself.

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clew at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of his intricate composition.

First, then, let it be observed that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me is, that by THE LOCK is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY.[b]

I. First, then, I shall discover that Belinda represents Great Britain, or (which is the same thing) her late majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her:—

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore;

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross, which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the lock, or barrier treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissors, my lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the lock, or treaty, the duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of great Britain, prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterward: but I shall first explain the foregoing.

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[a] "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty."—Dedication to the "Rape of the Lock."

[b] For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see "The Conduct of the Allies," and "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

The first part of the baron's character is his being adventurous or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice:—

——an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances; hinting thereby that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a fan; which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the ladies of the bedchamber. The garter alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the half-pair of gloves a gauntlet, the token of those military employments which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayers soon to obtain, and long to possess:—

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the duchess of Marlborough appears both by her nearness to Belinda and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war:—

To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries:

but more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock or treaty. Among other things she says, "Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?" Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears survey;
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with prince Eugene:—

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes——

'Tis remarkable this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His "earnest eye," or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstance of a "round unthinking face."

Having now explained the chief characters of his human persons, (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the sequel of this discourse,) I shall next take in pieces his machinery, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The sylphs and gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for, these being placed in the air, and those on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the heads of parties; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation:—

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says, in express terms,—

——The chief the care of nations own,
And guard, with arms divine, the British throne.

And here let it not seem odd if, in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person who has before been represented by the baron, again described in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in the fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremond that all the different characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observe, in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the ear of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary that this person must be the minister who was nearest the queen. But whoever would be further convinced that he meant the treasurer may know him by his ensigns in the following line:—

He raised his azure wand.

His sitting on the mast of a vessel shows his presiding over the South Sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her majesty? But let us hear the lines:—

———Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bedchamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her majesty's dresser, and impudently given nicknames to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the sylphs are said to be wondrous fond of place, in the canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the baron before:—

Amazed, confused, he saw his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired:

Being another prophecy that he should resign his place, which it is probable all ministers do, with a sigh.

At the head of the gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy spirit, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy minister. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described, in the house of spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the whimsical.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the sylph, that is wounded with the scissars at the loss of the lock; by whom is undoubtedly understood my lord Townshend, who at that time received a wound in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm: to signify that it came to nothing and his lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under angels and men, so he has others under animals and things inanimate: he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a dog and a noted writer as a tool. Let us examine the former:—

> ————But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
> Leapt up and waked his mistress with his tongue.
> 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
> Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this Shock, it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverell, who leaped up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his tongue, that is, with his sermon, which made so much noise, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a dog. Or, perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his speech at his trial, since immediately thereupon our author says, her eyes opened on a billet-doux. Billets-doux, being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addresses of loving subjects to her majesty which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third canto:—

> Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
> And strike to dust the imperial tow'rs of Troy
> Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
> And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steele. A very artful pun, to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at ombre is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making spades the trump; spade in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the queen, and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that play against her, viz. the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:—

> Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
> And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
> Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
> Falls undistinguish'd————

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions is very plain, from an unguarded stroke toward the end of this game:—

> And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
> On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and thanksgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines:—

> The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
> The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in), that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterward be cursed which was then celebrated with so much joy:—

> Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
> And cursed for ever this victorious day.

As the game at ombre is a satirical representation of the late war, so is the tea-table that ensues of the council-table and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place appears by the passage which represents the sylphs particularly careful of the rich brocade; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich gold stuff suits which were said to be made her majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry, in plain terms, taking frequent cups—

> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by calling it

> Coffee that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us it was this coffee that

> Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
> New stratagems.

I shall only further observe that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where but at the council-board should the barrier treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing contentions of the parties upon the loss of that treaty are described in the squabbles following the rape of the lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

> All side in parties——

and here you have a gentleman who sinks beside the chair, a plain allusion to a noble lord who lost his chair of president of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British sceptre, so revered in the hand of our late august princess. His own note upon this place tells us he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain they need no remark:—

> The same (his ancient personage to deck)
> Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck
> In three seal-rings, which, after melted down,
> Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
> Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
> The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
> Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
> Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon hereditary right! The three seal-rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions from which he forms the prospect that both should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

> Behold how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
> And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a star, or the old barrier treaty into a new and glorious peace. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It put me in mind of a fellow who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days with these lines:—

> God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
> And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the most extraordinary star that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence not Mr. John Partridge alone, (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules,) but all true Britons, may, with no less authority than he prognosticate the fall of Lewis in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shown that it has two different walks of satire, the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the late transactions in general; the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the ministers of state in particular. I shall now show that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of guardian angels and patron saints in the machinery of his sylphs, which, being a piece of popish superstition that has been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2ndly, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular:—

> Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful sprite.

3rdly, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations:—

> Her guardian sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
> 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
> The morning dream.

4thly, They are made to be subordinate to different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command:—

> Superior by the head was Ariel placed.

5thly, They are employed in various offices, and each has his office assigned him:—

> Some in the fields of purest ether play,
> And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
> Some guide the course, &c.

6thly, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of dress; intimating thereby that the saints preside over the several parts of human bodies. They have one saint to cure the toothache, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest:—

> The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care,
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7thly, They are represented to know the thoughts of men:—

> As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
> He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:—

> Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:—

> Of these the chief the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the papists to defend England; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Spain, &c. Now what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The toilette is an artful recommendation of the mass and pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome. The unveiling of the altar, the silver vases upon it; being robed in white, as the priests are upon the chief festivals; and the head uncovered, are manifest marks of this:—

> A heavenly image in the glass appears,
> To that she bends——

plainly denotes image worship.

The goddess who is decked with treasures, jewels, and the various offerings of the world, manifestly alludes to the lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the incense-pot in the following line:—

> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion or the whore of Babylon, who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies:—

> Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
> The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
> Than issuing forth the rival of his beams
> Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a cross on her breast, the ensign of popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:—

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Next he represents her as the universal church according to the boasts of the papists:—

> And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget them a...

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:—

> For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
> Propitious Heaven and ev'ry power adored.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to matins; in the second, by adoring every power, the invocation of saints.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous wax-lights, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:—

> ———Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
> When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The lunar sphere he mentions opens to us their purgatory, which is seen in the following line:—

> Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

It is a popish doctrine that scarce any person quits this world but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the Romish church. Nor is it much to be wondered at that the moon should be purgatory when a learned divine [Dr. Swinden] hath, in a late treatise, proved the sun to be hell.

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern, in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's "True History," Barclay's "Argenis," and Rabelais's "Garagantua," and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge that the explanations here laid down are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars; furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretations of either party on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able state decipherers themselves, if, according to their art, anything can be more fully proved or more safely sworn to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words, he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire, and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many further discoveries might be made both of this poet's and his abettors' secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.,

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.[a]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled "The Importance of a Man to Himself;" but, as it can be of very little use to anybody besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I, P. P., by the grace of God clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish clerk: and to that end it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass that I was born in the year of our Lord *anno Domini* 1665, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, esquire Brett, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said "that one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts—its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at school my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, "The Lady and Death," "The Children in the Wood," and "Chevy-chace;" and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy I always ventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet, be it acknowledged that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dexterous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after, I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies; thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes redound to our advantage! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

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[a] It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country; though these parties arise from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this prelate's "History of his Own Time" was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories as praised and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a persecutor and a benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood. Bevil Higgins, and lord Lansdowne and others, wrote remarks on him; as did the great lord Peterborough, whose animadversions, as his amanuensis, a Mr. Holloway, assured me, were very severe; they were never published. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by king William, and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution, his narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed in these Memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple have taken occasion to censure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openness and frankness of nature, of much courtesy and benevolence, indefatigable in his studies and in performing constantly the duties of his station. His character is finely drawn by the marquis of Halifax; one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment; his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest and most painful duties of his calling; are such unprelatical qualities, that, let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter." Few persons or prelates would have had the boldness and honesty to write such a remonstrance to Charles II. on his dissolute life and manners as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may easily guess what the sycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate master, said and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter. —DR. WARTON.

[Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.]

No sooner was I elected into mine office but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when first I took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear; and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. justice Freeman, the grave Mr. justice Thomson, the good lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my young master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

[The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:]

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs'-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water,) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

[Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.]

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery I also practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes, instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray; he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty; whom God preserve! Amen.

[The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned that when he speaks as a shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the bulls of Basan, of Simon the tanner, &c., and takes up four or five pages to prove that, when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.]

[The next relates how he discovered a thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms that had cured agues.]

[I pass over many others, which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried: the last of which articles he concludes thus:]

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

[The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.]

Now was the long-expected time arrived when the psalms of king David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our overabundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship.—What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

[Then follow full seventy chapters containing an exact detail of the lawsuits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tithes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.]

[The next contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2*s.* 7¾*d.* For fifty families ruined by fire, 1*s.* ½*d.* For an inundation, a king Charles's groat, given by lady Frances, &c.]

[In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words, "Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.]

[In another he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes, "that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening."]

[We find in another chapter how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection that, if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.]

[In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but, above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher (says he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d, and 11th, affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?" Were the first minister to point out a preacher before the house of commons,[a] would not he be wise to make choice of these words? "Give, and it shall be given unto ye." Or before the lords, "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed," 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, "Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire," Psal. civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts as too tedious.]

[From this period the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverell, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.]

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell.[b] I had ever the interest of our high-church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose did I institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Postboy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myself.

First, of the first, Robert Jenkins. He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a whig or a fanatic but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin College, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

[After this the book is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the earl of Oxford, duke of Ormond, lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all P. P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose: but could not find the least trace of him; till by accident I met an old clergyman who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Phillips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood was, that he had been taken notice of for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white cur, with one ear, that constantly followed him.]

[In the churchyard I read this epitaph, said to be written by himself:]

O reader, if that thou canst read,
  Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man
  That never spareth none

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[a] This application of texts is equal in humour to what is said on the same subject in Eachard's "Contempt of the Clergy;" a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift.

[b] Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverell, in his Dedication to sir Robert Walpole, says, "You had a sermon to condemn, and a parson to roast; for that, I think, was the decent language of the time, and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance or the means employed to bring about the Revolution than the Revolution itself."

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED BY THE COMPANY EXERCISING THE TRADE AND MYSTERY OF UPHOLDERS, AGAINST PART OF THE BILL

For the better viewing, searching, and examining Drugs, Medicines, &c. 1724.[a]

Being called upon by several retailers and dispensers of drugs and medicines about town to use our endeavours against the bill now depending for viewing, &c. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill.

That the company of upholders are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence; and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade and the consumption of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe that there has been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens, whom we have attended. Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman, who, after her first burial, having burdened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any further charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill or care in our company.

We humbly conceive that the power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians to restrain any of his majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking, what medicines they please, is a manifest encroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.

As the company exercising the trade and mystery of upholders have an undisputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the subjects of the kingdom, we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delays, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are: burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased who, by certain mechanical motions and powers, are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due police in this particular our company have been great sufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preserve the genealogies of families and the honours conferred by the crown, which are nowhere so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion; to maintain necessitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate on Sundays; to feed the great retinue of sober and melancholy men who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover, we desire that it may be remembered that by the passing of this bill the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lie upon their hand, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as it is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of carrying some people to church.

We are afraid that by the hardships of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our company and the decay of trade.

That as our company are likely to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume that the interest of the several trades and professions which depend upon ours may be regarded; such as that of hearses, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feathermen, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crapes and the makers of stuff, who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN

OF THE CITY OF LONDON,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE COLLIERS, COOKS, COOKMAIDS, BLACKSMITHS, JACKMAKERS, BRAZIERS, AND OTHERS,

Sheweth,—That whereas certain *virtuosi*, disaffected to the government and to the trade and prosperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the Catoptrical Victuallers, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the sunbeams, by the help of certain glasses, to make, produce, and kindle up several new focuses or fires within these his majesty's dominions, and there to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions, to brew, distil spirits, smelt ore, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires, and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention: We beg leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, servants, and trades on them depending, there being nothing left to them after the said invention but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the winter-time. That the abolishing of so considerable a branch of the coasting-trade as that of the colliers will destroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the said catoptrical victuallers talk of making use of the moon by night as of the sun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallow-chandlers, and impair a very considerable branch of the revenue which arises from the tax upon tallow and candles.

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[a] In the year 1724 the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without the prescription of a physician; during which this tract was dispersed in the court of requests.

That the said catoptrical victuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the sun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roast mutton. And we humbly conceive it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom to confine, forestal, and monopolise the beams of the sun. And whereas the said catoptrical victuallers have undertaken, by burning glasses made of ice, to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the despatch of business; and to those who, by reason of their northern exposition, will be still forced to be at the expense of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality as is inconsistent with common justice; and the same inconveniency will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks and cookmaids to study optics and astronomy in order to know the due distance of the said focuses or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day and the seasons of the year; which studies at these years will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cookmaids, not to say anything of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of cookery into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the health of his majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience that meat roasted with sunbeams is extremely unwholesome; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said catoptrical victuallers; forasmuch as the sunbeams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectual moisture.

That sunbeams taken inwardly shed a malignant influence upon the brain by their natural tendency toward the moon, and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this inward light will occasion the growth of quakerism to the danger of the church, and of poetry to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations through which the sun passes will with his beams be conveyed into the blood; and when the sun is among the horned signs may produce such a spirit of unchastity as is dangerous to the honour of your worships' families.

That mankind, living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these, being impregnated with the sunbeams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots, and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, &c., for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said solar cookery, the fricassées being deprived of the *haut goût* they acquire by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, should it happen by an eclipse of an extraordinary length that this city should be deprived of the sunbeams for several months, how will his majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In consideration of these and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the sunbeams for any of the useful purposes of life, or, in the ensuing parliament, procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings per yard square; reserving the sole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the Royal Society, and to the commanders and crews of the bomb-vessels under the direction of Mr. Whiston, for finding out the longitude, who by reason of the remoteness of their stations may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the reverend Mr. Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS; OR, LONDON STREWED WITH RARITIES.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear at the house of Mr. Ratcliff, in Bishopsgate-street; as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing-woman; and of the copper-farthing dean from Ireland. And lastly, of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toils; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry; 1726.

We shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orson, that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind; nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplished is most easily interpreted:—

When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne break the assiento;
When eagle split shall fly to China,
And christian folks adore Faustina:
Then shall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats shall he achieve———

The pope is now going to Benevento; the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced that it was not the empress Faustina that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident by several tokens about this wild gentleman that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no register of his christening his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appears to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity; so far is true that he endeavoured to kiss the young lady Walpole, who for that reason is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle says that man is the most mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court: his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thrust his hand into everybody's pocket; to climb over people's heads, and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the lord-chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence some have conjectured that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain or the earls of Kingsale in Ireland. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition: he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered what wild beast had nursed him; observing children to ask blessings of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought that he is Ulrick's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages (that care being left to the ingenious physician who is intrusted with his education), yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound which expresses wolf. A young lady is a peacock; old women magpies and owls; a beau with a toupee, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; a heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men that came out of the hold he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep that were driving to the shambles of their danger; and upon uttering some sounds they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the Mews to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by he neighed to the horse at Charing-cross, being as it were surprised to see him so high; he seemed to take it ill that the horse did not answer him; but I think nobody can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresses his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it, and besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general observation that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds; witness harlequins, scaramouches, and masqueraders; on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresses by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion that he ought always to attend the censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries' shops.

I am told that the new sect of herb-eaters [Dr. Cheyne's followers] intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility in the chromatic, enharmonic, and diatonic style; and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person that ought to decide between Cuzzoni and Faustina.[a] I cannot omit his first notion of clothes, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a-flaying.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected people who say he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute than those of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding truffles; his hearing is more perfect, because, his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

"Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that, as this wild youth by being brought to court has been made a christian, so such as are at court and are no christians may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the gospel."

THE NARRATIVE OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS,[b]

CONCERNING THE STRANGE AND DEPLORABLE FRENZY OF MR. JOHN DENNIS, AN OFFICER OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Being an exact Account of all that passed between the said Patient and the Doctor till this present day; and a full Vindication of himself and his Proceedings from the extravagant reports of the said Mr. John Dennis.[a]

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[a] Two rival singers at the opera.

[b] Addison highly disapproved of this bitter satire on Dennis, and Pope was not a little chagrined at this disapprobation; for the narrative was intended to merit the favour of Addison, by defending his Cato; in which seeming defence Addison was far from thinking Pope sincere.

> ——excludit sanos Helicone poetas
> Democritus.—Hor.

It is an acknowledged truth that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession of honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has passed between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman, with tears in her eyes, and told me that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow by inquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the customhouse, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances, with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him when the cause of his distemper was found out. "Alas, sir," says she, "this day fortnight, in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room but he cried out, 'the devil was come.' He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word Cator or Cato, or some such thing. Now, doctor, this Cator is certainly a witch, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this, I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of the door; but I don't find my master is at all the better of it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window, when any one knocks, crying out, ''Sdeath! a messenger from the French king! I shall die in the Bastile.'"

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up three pair of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable friends and physicians who might attempt his cure,) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned calls himself a grammarian, the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "'Sdeath, a Frenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?"—"Sir," said I, "here is neither plot nor conspiracy but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account." I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious; his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved; believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eyebrows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when anything was spoken; insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel nightcap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ancles.

I observed his room was hung with old tapestry which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words ABSURD, MONSTROUS, EXECRABLE, were everywhere written in such large characters that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fireside lay three-farthings-worth of small coal in a "Spectator," and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them but he was either quite moped or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were anywhere else to be found; such as "Gibraltar," a comedy; "Remarks on Prince Arthur;" "The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry;" "An Essay on Public Spirit." The only one I had any knowledge of was a "Paradise Lost," interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas-eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprised to hear the man speak in the following manner:—

"Beware, doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very manner to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person whom he supposed a lunatic. Behold, doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself and all the great ancients spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom ye see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more since your art may farther certify you."

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[a] The history of Mr. Dennis is to be seen in Jacob's "Lives of the Poets," or in Mr. Pope's "Dunciad," among the notes upon which the curious reader may find some extracts from his writings. The occasion of this narrative sufficiently appears from the doctor's own words. A mistake of Mr. Granger's, in respect to Dr. Case's attending John Dennis in his frenzy, is pointed out in Dr. King's works, vol. ii. p. 302.

I thereupon seated myself upon his bedside, and placing my patient on my right hand to judge the better in what he affirmed of his legs, felt his pulse.

For it is Hippocrates's maxim that if the pulse have a dead motion with some unequal beatings it is a symptom of a sciatica, or a swelling in the thigh or leg; in which assertion of his this pulse confirmed me.

I began now to be in hopes that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone but that some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in the narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Doctor. Pray, sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Denn. By a criticism.

Doctor. A criticism! that's a distemper I never read of in Galen.

Denn. 'Sdeath, sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a-day at it; and are you a doctor and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, sir.

Denn. Cato, sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato.[a]

Old Wom. For God's sake, doctor, name not this evil spirit; 'tis the whole cause of his madness; alas, poor master's just falling into his fits!

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z———! what fits? A man may well have swellings in his legs that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the "Remarks."

Doctor. The "Remarks!" what are those?

Denn. 'Sdeath! have you never read my "Remarks?" I will be damned if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z——! I published advertisement upon advertisement, and if the book be not read it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Doctor. We do not talk of books, sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed his delirium; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse. I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man; I suppose, sir, you are his apothecary?

Gent. Sir, I'm his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been under your care? You remember I suppose the passage of Celsus, which says if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter; you utterly mistake.

Doctor. Mistake! am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my nostrums?——You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of Ratcliff's which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus præscribat,* says Celsus. Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. 'Sdeath, sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who like myself professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary? By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my "Remarks," had a hand in my "Public Spirit;" nay, assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my "Appius."

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries? O destruction! perdition! Opera! Opera![a] As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry fails cities are overturned and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Doctor. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain 'tis half a cure. Pray, sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of everything, of everything; I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas, what is become of the drama, the drama?

Old Wom. The dram, sir? Mr. Lintot drank up all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

Denn. O shameful want! scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy! Z——! no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good sir, be not angry; I'll fetch change.

Doctor. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the "Remarks?"—[*Here* Mr. Lintot *scratched his head.*]

Doctor. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow.——Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and as you are a friend to the patient be so kind as to stay this evening while he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *pericranium,* and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! Is the man whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a bookseller who has lived upon my labours take away that life to which he owes his support?

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[a] Remarks on Cato, published by Mr. Dennis in 1712.

[a] He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill-treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripœtia.*—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit I should perceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning I perceive you are a violent sort of a person, I am loth to say quack, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment; I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

These were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses: in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head and behind his ears but the gentleman above mentioned, bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with the cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head to be Gruterus's "Lampas Critica;" and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin was Scaliger's "Poetics." After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage.——He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Mr. Verdier's servant were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No. —, where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an "Essay on Criticism," just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till, coming to these two lines,

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd,
> Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last"—

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried out, "by G—d he means me."

That, being in his company on a certain time, when Shakspeare was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakespeare was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakspeare.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and, had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not but the whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish the whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported that I entered into his room *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called "Coriolanus," which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, he has given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, he told others that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Custom-house, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French king to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the bastile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a christian, ROBERT NORRIS, M.D.

From my house on Snow-hill, July the 30th, 1713.

God save the queen.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF A HORRID AND BARBAROUS

REVENGE BY POISON,

ON THE BODY OF MR. EDMUND CURLL, BOOKSELLER;[a] WITH A FAITHFUL COPY OF HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Published by an eye-witness.

HISTORY furnishes us with examples of many satirical authors, who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any booksellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

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[a] The memory of Edmund Curll has been transmitted to

Everybody knows that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, entitled "Court Poems," in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Mr. Gay; by which indiscreet method though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll about settling a title-page, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taste differed not from common sack, yet it was plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife, observing his colour change, said, "Are you not sick, my dear!" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a-vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her that he was bewitched; but he soon let her know that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot, in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll," says he, "I fear you have got the vomiting distemper, which I have heard kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied, in a moving tone, "Your author's sack I fear has done my business."—"Z—ds," says Mr. Lintot, "my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintot infer that he chose to die as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot," says he, "I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul; and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his nightcap, in the following manner:—

"GENTLEMEN, in the first place I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting author's names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

"I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly I hope it will be considered that, if I have vilified his grace the duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late duke of Ormond; if I have abused the honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the lord Bolingbroke; so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

"I call my conscience to witness that many of these things which may seem malicious were done out of charity; I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

"The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and has not yet paid the charge of the advertisements which I was obliged to publish against him: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying christian.

"The French Cato, with the criticisms showing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's (which I wickedly ascribed to madame Dacier), may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

"I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of 'Callipœdia,' and an incorrect edition of his poems, without his leave, in quarto. Mr. Gildon's 'Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger,' did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe, though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

"Heaven pardon me for publishing the 'Trials of Sodomy' in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope my printing sir Richard Blackmore's Essays will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madame Mascranny."

[*Here* Mr. Pemberton *interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if* Mr. Lintot *had not interposed, and* Mr. Curll *vomited.*]

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posterity with an obloquy he little deserved. Whatever were his demerits as a bookseller, they were amply atoned for by his indefatigable industry in preserving our national remains. Nor did he publish a single volume, but what, amidst a profusion of base metal, contained some precious ore, some valuable reliques, which future collectors could nowhere else have found.

[What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterward was so indistinct, and in such broken accents (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings), that the reader is entreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.]

"Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife and helpless child.

"The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation."

[*In this last paragraph* Mr. Curll's *voice grew more free; for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

"For the copies of 'Noblemen's and Bishops' Last Wills and Testaments,' I solemnly declare I printed them not with any purpose of defamation, but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from Doctors'-commons at one shilling a-piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

"For 'Mr. Mainwaring's Life' I ask Mrs Oldfield's pardon; neither his nor my lord Halifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me; but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead."

While he was speaking these words Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon," said poor Mr. Curll, "to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the 'Court Poems,' as was stipulated. When I am dead where will you find another bookseller? Your 'Protestant Packet' might have supported you had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted, "Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?" and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll, now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him he had several taking title-pages, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them, and earnestly desired that when they were written his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's-prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a common-prayer-book, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by sir Richard Blackmore that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE MOST DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER:

SINCE HIS BEING POISONED ON THE 28th OF MARCH.

To be published weekly. London printed, and sold by all the publishers, mercuries, and hawkers, within the bills of mortality 1716.

The public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's empoisonment, by a faithful though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and a half, and the author of a threepenny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit," says sir Richard Blackmore, [Essays, vol. ii.] "proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an influence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the ingenious particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call madness. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Emund Curll, bookseller, has been afflicted ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan tavern in Fleet-street. For though the neck of his retort, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length, yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel, and refusing two-and-ninepence for sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a— by violence.

But at last he came to such a pass that he would dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipped syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository for a radish with bread and butter.

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a bill into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched stationer, distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

"Worthy Mr. Lintot,

"You and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself till that melancholy day that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that, if he wanted daily books, we wanted daily bread. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's ivory-headed cane upon the counter.—Pray recommend me to your pastry-cook, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disobliged ours since his fits came upon him;—before that, we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his son out of the way, for fear of mischief: so, wishing you a merry Easter, I remain your most humble servant,

"C. Curll.

"P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o' calf, it is really groundless, for he always binds in sheep."

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to send a general summons to all his authors. There was but one porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop, to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll's Authors.

"At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way under the blind arch, ask for the historian.

At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

At a blacksmith's shop in the Frier's, a pindaric writer in red stockings.

In the calender-mill room at Exeter Change, a composer of meditations.

At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson; he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black; my best writer against revealed religion.

At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's in Lewkner's-lane, the man who wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

At the Farthing-pie-house in Tooting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.

At the laundress's, at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitor's-alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my Church History;—if his flux be over—you may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my index-maker.

The cook's wife [Mrs. Centlivre] in Buckingham-court; bid her bring along with her the similes that were lent her for her next new play.

Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used to go to in the cockloft; I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping.

I don't much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetled-browed critic [Dennis], and the purblind poet at the alley over against St. Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time."

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room but all of them showed in their behaviour some suspicion of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that showed at once fear and indignation; each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they cackle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke (but without rising from his close-stool):—

"Whores and authors must be paid beforehand to put them in good humour; therefore, here is half-a-crown a-piece for you to drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison and all other successful writers.

"Ah, gentlemen! what have I not done, what have I not suffered, rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations! I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the chaps; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered and beshitten.——I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest method of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-change gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the index-maker said there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"Resolved, That towards the libelling of the said Pope, there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and ninepence (not including advertisements).

"Resolved, That Mr. Dennis make an affidavit before Mr. justice Tully, that in Mr. Pope's Homer there are several passages contrary to the established rules of our sublime.

"Resolved, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the popish religion.

"Resolved, That the printing of Homer's battles at this juncture has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"Ordered, That Mr. Barnivelt[a] be invited to be a member of this society in order to make further discoveries.

"Resolved, That a number of effective *erratas* be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of the society *gratis*.

"Resolved, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of the society for coffee and tobacco, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in coffee houses.

"Resolved, That toward the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed to abuse him at ladies' tea-tables, and that, in consideration our authors are not well dressed enough, Mr. C—y and Mr. Ke—l be deputed for that service.

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[a] The "Key to the Lock," a pamphlet written by Mr. Pope, in which the "Rape of the Lock" was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of Esdras Barnivelt, apothecary.

"Resolved, That a ballad be made against Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Gildon,[a] and Mrs. Centlivre[b] do prepare and bring in the same.

"Resolved, That above all some effectual ways and means be found to increase the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceedingly low, and to give their works the greater currency, whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

"Resolved, That no member of this society for the future mix stout in his ale in a morning, and that Mr. B— remove from the Hercules and Still.

"Resolved, That all our members (except the cook's wife) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the vivifying drops, or Byfield's sal volatile.

"Resolved, That sir Richard Blackmore[c] be appointed to endow this society with a large quantity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to enliven their cold sentiments (being his true receipt to make wits)."

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a pope out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased moderator of the general assembly in Scotland, to be taken inwardly, as an effectual antidote against antichrist; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive that the liver of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of sir Richard's Essays on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and beshit the Essays (which may probably occasion a second edition); then, without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves and flapping their covers at him:—

"Now G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not a beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen, born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on grey peas, bullock's liver, and porter's ale? Was not the first light you saw the farthing candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper? And have I not clothed you in double royal, lodged you handsomely on decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality? Must I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheep's clothing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return. Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons? Why cry ye at every word to me, ye bawdy poems? To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn, like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this present emotion of my bowels how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with!"

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the "Conduct of the Earl of Nottingham."

A STRANGE BUT TRUE RELATION HOW

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

OF FLEET-STREET, STATIONER,

Out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change Alley, and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent Jews:
And how he was circumcised and initiated into their Mysteries.

Avarice (as sir Richard, in the third page of his Essays, has elegantly observed) is an inordinate impulse of the soul toward the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorf, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age; but now our young men are turned usurers and stock-jobbers; and instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become venal which should be venereal.

In the first place, let us show you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as sir Edmundbury Godfrey did to the papists?

Did not Themistocles let the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus has it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison has very well observed), though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred rix-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty sestertii, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of "Feasts and Festivals."

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla, the Roman consul, shot Alcibiades the senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several bank-bills and 'chequer notes to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied christian burial. Hence comes the proverb *incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known and often quoted by historians, viz. Echard, Dionysius Halicarnasseus, Virgil, Horace, and others. 'Tis that I mean of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Antony); all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches-pocket when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

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[a] Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr. Pope in several pamphlets and books printed by Curll.

[b] Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, the "slip-shod Sibyl" in the Dunciad.

[c] Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope, in very high and sober terms, of profaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll, the stationer, should renounce the christian religion for the mammon of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of stocks?

It having been observed to Mr. Curll by some of his ingenious authors (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion), what immense sums the Jews had got by bubbles,[a] &c., he immediately turned his mind from the business in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the christian faith, which he for some time zealously, and like a good christian, obstinately defended. They promised him paradise and many other advantages hereafter, but he artfully insinuated that he was more inclinable to listen to present gain. They took the hint, and promised him that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them Roman catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations that to convince them of his christianity he called for a pork griskin

They then promised if he would poison his wife and give up his griskin, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They now talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding it was observed had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his godliness was only gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of avarice.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the Apostles' Creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the nine-and-thirty articles for a bull;[b] but insisted hard upon black-puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his bottomry; upon this he was persuaded out of his christian name; but he still adhered to black-puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with a forty-pound subscription in Ram's bubble, for which he was content to give up the four Evangelists; and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black-pudding and circumcision, for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man with a sallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of shears, and in his left a red-hot searing-iron. At sight of this Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and, unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now entreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that unmanly ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised that he would eat a quarter of paschal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing, for they threatened him that all contracts and bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the outward and visible signs of Judaism.

Our apostate, hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high priest take up the cleft stick, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the effluvia that issued from him convinced the old Levite and all his assistants that he needed no present purgation, wherefore without further anointing him he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which by the Levitical law is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight, at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet-street; his wife (poor woman!) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

(To save the stamp.)[a]

"Keep us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who, albeit they abhor the blood of black-puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white ones. And that we may avoid such-like calamities, may all good and well-disposed christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the heinous sin of avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, papists, and stock-jobbers. Amen."

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY MR. POPE.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

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[a] *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which sub-criptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720.

[b] Bulls and bears. He who sells that of which he is not possessed is proverbially said "to sell the skin before he has caught the bear."

[a] All Forms of Prayer and Thanksgiving, Books of Devotion, &c., being excepted in the statute of 12th Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet with one half-penny, and every such paper being one whole sheet with a stamp-duty of one penny for every copy.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work, which, depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions: like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad, ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember that the only end of it is peace: but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties: each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

When we are young we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle is there about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric, in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to them who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of anything, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing oneself, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough left to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn anything, for this reason, because they understand everything too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building or any other piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition or to fill the idea of an immortal soul.

It is a certain truth that a man is never so easy or so little imposed upon as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased with both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men for the most part are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of time past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts owned by a plagiary bring him more shame than his own ill ones.

When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with the falsest flatterer and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them awhile, and, when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever still most used as their truth is most questioned.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband than one who admired the Hesperian fruit would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife because he cannot always live chastely is much like a man who, finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants; what we call the charities and ties of affinity prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters' portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live the more we shall be convinced that it is reasonable to love God and despise man as far as we know either.

That character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women is very different from what is thought so in men; a very good woman would but make a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do any.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to his nose, it is a stink and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a christian.

Several explanations of casuists to multiply the catalogue of sins may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies; the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little or inconsiderable things than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern, which serves their own turn and guides them their own way, but is never known (according to the Scripture phrase) either to shine forth before men or to glorify their Father in heaven.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The people all running to the capital city is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company would lessen if we reflected that most people seek companions less to be talked to than to talk.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman who is to make a morning visit ere he comes, for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the wisdom of God and the madness of man.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves for prevention, while others only end so after disappointment.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy that can be done for the public good are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character he needs only to be a man of common honesty well advised.

No woman hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

The eye of a critic is often, like a microscope, made so very fine and nice that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies and secure our property, it is well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers or men of parts and business so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad it is generally more from the necessity of their situation than from a natural bent to evil.

Whatever may be said against a premier or sole minister, the evil of such a one in an absolute government may not be great, for it is possible that almost any minister may be a better man than a king born and bred.

A man coming to the waterside is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one makes applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the waterside, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect!—the picture of a minister when he comes into power and when he goes out.

A WONDERFUL PROPHECY.

Taken from the mouth of the spirit of a person who was barbarously slain by the Mohocks [rakes and debauchees]; proving also that the said Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelation; and therefore that this vain and transitory world will shortly be brought to its final dissolution.

BREATHED FORTH IN THE YEAR 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

Woe to London! Woe to Westminster! Woe to Southwark! and Woe to the inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built and those that are not built!

But Woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses! Woe to the men, the women, and the children; for the Mohocks and the Hawcubites are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near resemblance between the names of Mohock and Gog, Hawcubite and Magog (though I think there is a great deal even in that), I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the Mohocks and Hawcubites: the things that are not, are Gog and Magog; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the Mohocks and Hawcubites came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are Gog and Magog also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

[*Here the spirit paused awhile, and thus again proceeded.*]

Now listen to what is to come:

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out. Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected—fear not—but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient Whig, the antichrist of St. John, shall lead the van like a young dragon, but he shall be cut piecemeal and dispossessed.

The dragon upon Bow church and the grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange shall meet together upon Stocks-market, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! My time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the south! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah, poor deluded christians! Ah, blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-star only shaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, such a tail as may reach and be told to all posterity.

I am the porter that was barbarously slain in Fleet-street: by the Mohocks and Hawcubites was I slain when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils asunder; they sent me as they thought to my long home, but now I am returned again to foretel their destruction.

The time is at hand when the freethinkers of Great Britain shall be converted to Judaism; and the sultan shall receive the foreskins of Toland and Collins in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yet upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day those emblems of Gog and Magog at the Guildhall shall fall to the ground and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the Mohocks and Hawcubites, and the whole world shall perish with them.

[*Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.*]

THE COUNTRY POST:

FROM TUESDAY, AUGUST THE TWELFTH, TO THURSDAY, AUGUST THE FOURTEENTH.

[*From the henroost, August the 4th.*]

Two days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us; he made several motions, as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces the kitchen-maid came to our relief, but we were soon convinced that she had betrayed us and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid, for she twisted off two of our companions' necks and stripped them naked; five of us were also clapped in a close prison in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black hen was last night safely delivered of seven young ducks.

[*From the garden, August the 3rd.*]

The boars have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

[*From the great pond, August the 1st.*]

Yesterday a large sail of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they foraged with very good success. While they were upon this enterprise an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being somewhat rainy they set sail again, and took several frogs. Just now arrived the parson's wife, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not; however, two of them were condemned. 'Twas also observed that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

[*From the little fort at the end of the garden, August the 5th.*]

Last night two young men of this place made a detachment of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two overtures of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already bombarbed by the rear-guard of Sarah and Sukey, who, fearing these young men were come to beat up their quarters, deserted their necessary posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed by reason of several stinkpots that had been flung there the same morning.

[*From the barley-mow, near the barn, August the 3rd.*]

It was yesterday rumoured that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said mow. Upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved that the mow should be removed to prevent the further destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy-nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitchforks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse that was close pursued took shelter under Dolly's petticoats; but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep morass, and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was observed to make water under the said mow as she was going a-milking.

[*From the great yard, August the 2nd.*]

It is very credibly reported that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock and the pied hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together; he yesterday made her a present of three barley-corns, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

[*From the squire's house.*]

On Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer: the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson: we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants confirmation.

[*From the justices' meeting, August the 7th.*]

This day a jackdaw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage for crying "cuckold" to a justice of the quorum; and the same evening certain apples for hissing in a disrespectful manner as they were roasting were committed to lamb's-wool. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipped to death, and eat the same, being convicted of squeaking on the 10th of June.

[*From the church, August the 8th.*]

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual, though we have seldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

[*From the churchyard, August the 8th.*]

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony for the future to be performed, not in his own court, but in the churchyard, where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the gravestones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey, were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the singing clerk of this place.

[*Casualties this week.*]

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There have died of the falling-sickness two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders. Smothered (in onions), seven rabbits. Stifled (in a soldier's breeches), two geese. Of a sore throat, several sheep and calves at the butcher's. Starved to death, one bastard child, nursed at the parish charge. Still-born, in eggs of turkey, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. Drowned, nine puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of small beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk; so that, for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the stocks, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.

GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST PUNNING.

SHOWING THE MISERABLE FATES OF PERSONS ADDICTED TO THIS CRYING SIN IN COURT AND TOWN.

Manifold have been the judgments which heaven from time to time, for the chastisement of a sinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but just the punishment should be general. Of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that destructive pestilence whose mortality was so fatal as to sweep away, if sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of christian souls, besides women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful conflagration ensuing in this famous metropolis of London which consumed, according to the computation of sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thousand houses, not to mention churches and stables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered these funest disasters when the abomination of playhouses rose up in this land; from hence hath an inundation of obscenity flowed from the court and overspread the kingdom; even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant representations of the members of generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large capitals; an enormity observed by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and popery were driven hence by the happy Revolution, still the nation so greatly offended that Socinianism, Arianism, and Whistonism triumphed in our streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet still, after all these visitations, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, first, by that unparalleled eclipse in 1714; secondly, by the dreadful coruscation in the air this present year; and thirdly, by the nine comets seen at once over Soho-square, by Mrs. Katharine Wadlington and others; a contagion that first crept in among the first quality, descended to their footmen, and infused itself into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of Punning. This does occasion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God translated into our language, which certainly every sober christian must tremble at.

Now such is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles not only commit punning over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's day, and in the king's chapel; therefore, to deter men from this evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against punsters.

The right honourable the earl of ——, but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been seen, which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves; this young nobleman was not only a flagitious punster himself, but was accessory to the punning of others by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation wryed his nose.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third, of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice was permitted to fall into the arms of a Dalilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave in to this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense he hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at Tilbury fort.

—— Eustace, esq., for the murder of much of the king's English in Ireland, is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel, an Irishman, for his forward attempt to pun was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with bulls and blunders.

George Simmons, shoemaker, at Turnstile, in Holborn, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors nobody would trust him, so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the University of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

A Devonshire man of wit, for only saying in a jesting manner *I get up pun a horse*, instantly fell down and broke his snuff-box and neck, and lost the horse.

"From which calamities the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c." So prayeth the punless and pennyless J. Baker, knight.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON DURING THE GENERAL CONSTERNATION OF ALL RANKS AND DEGREES OF MANKIND, ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY LAST.

On Tuesday the 13th of October Mr. Whiston[a] held his lecture near the Royal Exchange to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings apiece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation lest my veracity should be suspected, which makes me appeal to the men who were present, of which number I myself was one. Their names are—

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[a] This conscientious and learned divine is well known by his numerous writings, and by the "Memoirs of his own Life," written by himself and published in 1749. He died, in his 85th year, Aug. 22, 1752.

Henry Watson, haberdasher.
George Hancock, druggist.
John Lewis, drysalter.
William Jones, cornchandler.
Henry Theobald, watchmaker.
James Peters, draper.
Thomas Floyer, silversmith.
John Wells, brewer.
Samuel Greg, soapboiler.
William Cooley, fishmonger.
James Harper, hosier.
Robert Tucker, stationer.
George Ford, ironmonger.
Daniel Lynch, apothecary.
William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft, } apprentices.

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject-matter of his intended discourse. Here he paused, and seemed for a short space, as it were, lost in devotion and mental prayer, after which, with great earnestness and vehemence, he spake as follows:—

"Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative science is at an end; the period of all things is at hand: on Friday next this world shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren, for to-morrow morning, five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in that instant the comet shall appear of which I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence and prepare your wives, your families, and friends for the universal change."

At this solemn and dreadful prediction the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper as to return a shilling apiece to the youths, who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men, in two or three hours the news had spread through the city. At first indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greatest dealers in stocks thought only a court artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the South Sea that very evening fell five per cent., the India eleven, and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town our attestations were entirely disbelieved or turned into ridicule, yet nevertheless the news spread everywhere and was the subject-matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great lady who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers, but he was not now to be found; and since at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the lady's faith or inquisitiveness that occasioned her to send is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me that so zealous and honest a man should be ordered into custody as a seditious preacher, who is known to be so well affected to the present happy establishment.

It was now I reflected, with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disused family prayers for above five years, and (though it has been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions, but two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the comet had made its appearance.

Zachery Bowen, a quaker and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy but he made me a visit. I informed him of everything I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities, for were these things to happen they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this set of people) was his only reason against believing me; and as he was fully persuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admonished me against selling my stock at the present low price, which, he said, beyond dispute must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the comet appeared; for at three minutes after five by my own watch I saw it. He indeed foretold that it would be seen at five minutes after five; but as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour all Cheapside was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought that through all that part of the town there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony I am confident I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians and mysteries of state; for which reason I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand, insomuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock; these it is said went thither to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature it is necessary that the council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with, and this I affirm to be the true and only reason that the churches were not that morning so well attended, and is in noways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which the freethinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day), and with a very large congregation were disappointed of the service.

But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence we had a piece of fine cambric carried off by a shoplifter, so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the bank; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to sir Gilbert Heathcote's[a] sagacity that all the fire-offices were required to have a particular eye upon the bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters, yet ever and anon he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden run upon the bank which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account as might appear fair in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed, too, that he had but few visitors that day. This added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in everything but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his counting-house. It is said too that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any further than in giving half-a-crown a-piece to several crazed and starving creditors who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour sent to countermand their birthday clothes; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pall-mall to buy each of them a bible and "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying." But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge that they showed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from those innocent freedoms and little levities so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birthday suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the tailors and mantuamakers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent when everybody was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies, both by nature and custom, addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner, or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since upon this very account.

The term being so near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said, too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction that there had been but few state trials of late years. Several attorneys demanded the return of fees that had been given the lawyers; but it was answered the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice as to suffer it to be sunk in the attorneys' pockets. Our sage and learned judges had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the barristers rejoiced in that they were not attorneys, and the attorneys felt no less satisfaction that they were not pettifoggers, scriveners, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed and undaunted as if nothing was to happen; I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St. James's-park. But possibly it was by choice and on consideration that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occasion to suspect that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A duel was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction. I am apt to believe that a young officer, who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

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[a] Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the bank when in equal danger, by petitioning against the lord-treasurer Godolphin's being removed as a measure that would destroy the public credit.

There was an order issued that the chaplains of the several regiments should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable physicians, by their outward demeanour, seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time they everywhere insinuated that there might be a pestilential malignancy in the air, occasioned by the comet, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the christian resignation of the people increased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy showed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of souls; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or less according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the court, for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the names of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander; so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons who showed the least joy; except three malefactors who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who, being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in 'Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the Jews, who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves christians, who offered to buy for time; but as these were people of great distinction, I choose not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice and infidelity.

The run upon the bank is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one person whatever (except the directors themselves and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a bill all that day into specie; all hands being employed to serve them.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five who publicly and solemnly declared before the congregation that they took to wife their several kept mistresses, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priest not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Bride's church in Fleet-street Mr. Woolston (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour), in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandeville[a] (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. James's-gate; as did also at the Temple church several gentlemen who frequent coffeehouses near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them that they dropped dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the players who had very little faith before were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman catholic religion: the same thing was observed of some bawds and ladies of pleasure.

An Irish gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advised me to hire a boat for the ensuing day, and told me that unless I gave earnest for one immediately he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging that, in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the safest place.

There were two lords and three commoners who, out of scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great pensioners I was told had their scruples quieted by a clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city in common charity gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who plied about the church-doors; and at a particular church in the city a wealthy churchwarden with his own hands distributed fifty twelvepenny loaves to the poor, by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts which he had eaten of at their expense.

Three great ladies, a valet-de-chambre, two lords, a customhouse-officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet (all noted gamesters), came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands; the parties whom they had defrauded being either out of town or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble or vulgar gamesters (though the profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these), through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the highwaymen, housebreakers, and common pickpockets were very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in such dreadful apprehensions that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in private transfers, which by malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were so crowded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for, as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

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[a] Author of the fable of the Bees, a deistical work, the design of which was to prove that private vices are public benefits.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour; at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every freethinker and atheist. Great numbers went together to the taverns, bespoke suppers, and broke up whole hogsheads for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were perfectly ashamed, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day, even the common people as well as their betters appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited; but I cannot omit relating that Mr. Woolston advertised in that very Saturday's "Evening Post" a "New Treatise against the Miracles of our Saviour;" and that the few who had given up their pensions the day before solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

END OF VOLUME I.

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